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TOWN TALK

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San Francisco, July 1, 1899 Vol. 7—No. 357 Price, 10 Cents

Town Talk

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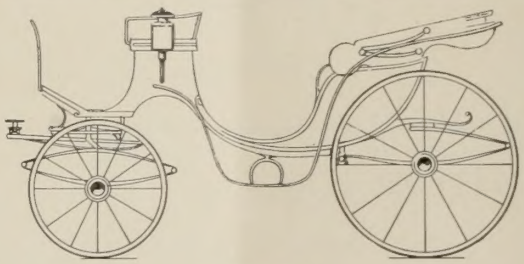

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, July 1, 1899

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OUR OPINION

NOTHING gives the Washington correspondent greater pleasure than to state something which he will be able to follow up with a denial. His favorite method is to send out a piece of news on the authority of "a well known statesman whose identity for obvious reasons is not revealed," and then discuss the subject in all its phases in a series of dispatches. After an editorial controversy has been precipitated all over the country the circumstance of the original report's being a fake leaks out and the ready newspaper liar of Washington, D. C., puts the usual contradiction on the wire with plausible explanations concerning the foundation of the story. Lately the journalistic liar has devoted nearly all his attention to one theme—the resignation of the secretary of war. He has pictured General Alger in the act of making his exit from the cabinet a half-dozen times since the close of the Cuban campaign, but Alger is still drawing his salary in the same old job. Alger never had any intention of resigning from the cabinet. As secretary of the war department he is in a position where it is easy for him to punish his political enemies or force them, as he did with General Merritt, to bend the pregnant hinges of the knee; and the revengeful old rogue has yet a few more scores to settle.

DISSENSIONS DIRE and complications galore have been playing havoc with the local republican party. The bosses are distrustful of one another and they can see nothing ahead but factional strife. Some time ago a nice little compact was entered into by which it was agreed that Colonel Burns should manipulate state politics and leave the local machine to Kelly and Crimmins to handle. But the compact has been broken, for Kelly and Crimmins have caught the colonel trespassing on their political preserves, and their confidence in the senatorial candidate has been shaken. They have characterized him in the vernacular of their profession as a gold brick man and have warned people to beware of him. And now they are endeavoring to organize for the campaign according to their own ideas and as though D. M. Burns was no longer doing business at the old stand. But they are in trouble. It is the same trouble that confronted them a year ago when they wanted a man to oppose J. D. Phelan in the mayoralty fight. They are on the qui vive for a name to conjure with and a sack to enthuse with. The mere name will no longer suffice; it must have a sack attached. At this writing it does not seem likely that any man can be found who would undertake the leading of such a forlorn hope even though somebody else supplied the sack, as was the case last year. But the old proverb about the birth of a sucker every minute receives verification in the field of politics as elsewhere, and the bosses are not entirely discouraged. Knowing that Irving M. Scott is anxious to become United States Senator they are trying to entice him into the fold by appealing to his political sagacity. He has been told that if he becomes mayor he will have so much patronage at his disposal that he will gain great power and be able to control the San Francisco delegation to the next legislature. The question of the hour is: "Will the big fish take the bait?"

Nine-tenths of the men who come before me tell me the truth and nine-tenths of the women are liars. They can't tell the truth if they try.—Magistrate Crane of New York city.

Magistrate Crane is a plagiarist. His assertion regarding feminine partiality to falsehood is a bald steal from the court philosophy of our own Judge Coffey of the probate department. Judge Coffey had the temerity to stigmatize women as natural born liars just before a campaign in which he figured as a candidate for re-election. Many women who have confidence in their own veracity were highly offended at what they regarded as a slander upon their sex and on election day they undertook to defeat Judge Coffey by visiting the polling places and urging their fathers, husbands and brothers to resent the aspersion with their ballots. The ladies made the question of their veracity an issue of the day and the vote was overwhelmingly against them. And now comes Magistrate Crane of New York with his reiteration of the charge against the sex. But the women who appear in his court are not of the character of those that swear to all sorts of things in Judge Coffey's department. Magistrate Crane deals with the denizens of the slums and the side-streets who are arrested for crime. Judge Coffey meets widows genuine and widows fictitious and he administers oaths to fair damsels of the smart set who inherit large

estates. He has been able to test the credibility of women in all stations of life, and although he does not say that "they can't tell the truth," his experience on the bench has led him to believe that they have not the capacity to appreciate the solemnity of an oath and, being reluctant to reveal the facts when concealment is advantageous, they are prone to perjury. Some women do not take Judge Coffey seriously and they content themselves with the retort that he is a woman-hater, a theory that receives color from the circumstance of his being a bachelor. This he denies however, while he firmly adheres to the conviction that when it is to a woman's interest to prevaricate she finds the truth repugnant.

ONE JOHN MATTHEWS of England is hard at work finding crests, coats of arms and armorial bearings for such members of our American aristocracy as are willing to pay him for providing them with a descent and pedigree. One volume of his American Armory and Blue Book has already been issued. In this volume the Smiths, Thompsons and Jenkinses are set forth as entitled to lions and leopards and griffins as rampant as those of any duke or earl. Munsey's says in commenting upon this subject: "To manufacture an ancestry, to select a crest from a jeweler's book of samples, and to choose a motto from the 'Beginner's Latin Book' will continue to satisfy the aristocratic cravings of many worthy Americans. And here, as Mr. Matthews was probably aware when he compiled his Armory, there is no Earl Marshal to prohibit the use of spurious arms and to limit any social aspirant in the number of coronets upon her carriage door." It is told of a quick-witted native of the Green Isle, one of whose ancestors had paid the penalty of being prominent in a losing cause, that being in the company of a number of snobs who sought to humiliate him, they expatiated at length upon their armorial bearings, and then turning to him asked for a description of the coat of arms of his family. Quick as thought the Irishman responded: "Two sticks standant and one crossant, a rope pendant and a man hanged on it." The fathers of the republic made a great mistake in not establishing an order of nobility, but their grandsons are doing their best to provide for the delinquency. The Chicago Inter-Ocean has a department devoted to Genealogy, in which are published inquiries for information concerning missing links and long-lost ancestry; and one of Stockton's absurdities made mention of an art factory where family portraits are turned out by the hundred—old ladies with Bibles and spectacles in their laps, colonial dames and sons of revolutionary sires, all complete except the faces, which were to be painted in to order, so as to give a sufficient resemblance to their newly acquired descendants. What with modern antiques in furniture and china, and great grandmothers' initials on last year's spoons, it will be a poor family indeed which cannot boast something in the way of ancestry, with some show of evidence to back up its pretentions.

Clara Foltz Attorney-at-Law. Offices Crocker Building, San Francisco . . . . . .

MR. ALFRED AUSTIN, the poet laureate of England who keeps inspirations in stock ready to be placed on the bargain counter at a moment's notice, desires to correct what he believes to be the popular impression regarding the incompatibility of poetic genius and common sense. At a recent meeting of the Dante society of London, of which he is vice president, he endeavored to demonstrate that a man may have poetic fire and at the same time be capable of conducting business affairs. He vehemently denied that poetic genius was but a rudimentary condition of insanity, and he declared that the greatest poets of the world were men like himself, men of perfect, unaffected respectability who in addition to having the ability to write verses could also handle successfully, financial enterprises of great moment. He cited the case of Chaucer who was secretary to Elizabeth's deputy in Ireland, and he declared that Wordsworth and Tennyson were men who also combined poetic genius with sound judgment. Mr. Austin's conceit serves to weaken his argument, for he is surely no living example of the compatibility of poetic genius and common sense. If he would content himself with writing bad verse, it might be conceded that he at least had sense enough to go in when it rains, but when he compares himself with the greatest poets of the world we begin to realize the utter hopelessness of his case. The man that writes bad verse and knows it is certainly a villain, but the alaustin who has no conception of the enormity of his offense is indeed a pitiful wretch. What a sad commentary on the degeneracy of British letters that such a man as the present poet laureate is permitted to wear the crown of Tennyson!

CERTAIN MEMBERS of the democratic county committee, better known as the Committee of One Hundred, are again arrogating to themselves the right to challenge the democracy of all men who desire to become active in support of the organization. These are the men who were in a measure responsible for the defeat of the party at the last election. They supplied ammunition to the traitors who systematically knifed the ticket. They encouraged treachery by compelling the isolation of men who were not awed by their arrogance. They organized a political aristocracy and regarded with a contemptuous air of superiority all men whose names were not in the democratic blue book. And now they appear to be engaged in fostering a repetition of history. Fortunately the democrats who revenged themselves on the junta last year and who expected to profit by their treachery were sorely disappointed, and are now contrite and eager to testify to their allegiance. It will be difficult to force them out of the party again, and moreover the committee of One Hundred is no longer absolutely under the control of the breeders of dissension. It is to be earnestly hoped that they will gradually be relegated to obscurity. They have no influence in the party beyond that derived from their connection with the county committee and when that is reorganized they will once more be found in their proper sphere. If it were not for these promoters of discord the impudence of

Buckley in seeking to intrench himself once more would excite nothing but derision.

THE BOARD OF EDUCATION has announced its intention of rigorously enforcing the rule which requires a (female) teacher to resign her position if she enters into matrimony. Apart from the purely legal question as to whether the law will uphold any regulation in restraint of marriage, or whether a precept based solely on a consideration of sex can be enforced, there is another side to the question. The rule is based theoretically upon the idea that a married woman has or ought to have home duties enough to occupy her time. In fact it is an open secret that the design is to make vacancies for the directors to fill. Now, observe, there is no objection raised against the married women who were already holding positions, nor is there aught against the appointment of married women, and so when Miss Mary Ellen Smith, teacher and spinster, possessed of a strong enough "pull," elects to become Mrs. John Jones, she duly tenders her resignation, sets her "infloonce" to work and enjoys a short vacation. At the end of a few weeks, Mrs. Jones is appointed to a position in the school department and who but the initiated are to so much as suspect that here is another instance of the return of the feline? The regulation should be made to include all married women, or else be abolished entirely. The Los Angeles school board, having a similar regulation, proposes to investigate into the circumstances of married teachers to determine whether they are in need of the additional income. Pray, are the schools maintained for the benefit of teachers or pupils? How would it do to determine whether these married teachers are performing such astonishing feats in the way of training children or imparting knowledge that the schools cannot dispense with their services?

AGAIN THERE IS a movement set on foot to liberate Mrs. Maybrick from her English prison. Mrs. Maybrick, it will be remembered, is the "beautiful" young American woman who married an elderly and wealthy Englishman and according to the findings of a jury helped him on his journey to the better land by administering doses of arsenic. The evidence was circumstantial, but means and motive were both shown to exist. No one else had any interest in Mr. Maybrick's death and no one else had the opportunities of his wife. No new evidence has been discovered and there is no reason in either law or equity why Mrs. Maybrick should not pay in full the penalty of her crime. English courts are still so far behind our own that they do not recognize the right of a woman to a divorce, a breaking up of a home and scattering of children for causes that would hardly be sufficient to gain a spanking for a schoolboy. They are slow to adopt the American idea that a woman may dispose of an objectionable husband by compassing his death, and insanity, accepted as a defense for crime, carries with it the penalty of incarceration in an asylum for the criminal insane with the certainty of a trial and punishment on conviction so positive that prisoners are in no haste to declare their restoration to reason. This ten-minute insanity for the purpose of committing murder is not recognized in the realm of Her Gracious Majesty and beautiful young American women—they are always beautiful and young—who have an ambition to pose as interesting widows, should induce their elderly incumbrances to accompany them to this land of the free, where killing is no murder, provided the victim is "only a husband."

MR. WHITELAW REID, editor of the New York Tribune, and son-in-law to D. O. Mills, has contributed an article to Lady Randolph Churchill's magazine, the Anglo-Saxon, in which he endeavors to correct the impression that his friend President McKinley blundered egregiously in paying twenty million dollars for the Philippines. He explains that the money was not paid as the purchase price of territory already acquired but "solely in recognition of the principle that debts attaching to a territory and incurred for its benefit should be transferred with its sovereignty." This is the first that we have heard of Uncle Sam's recognition of the Philippine debt. It has always been supposed that after taking the islands he decided to give an international object lesson in generosity, and thereupon fixed the purchase price of the islands at twenty million dollars. Nobody ever suggested that we should recompense Spain in the amount expended by that nation in its futile efforts to subdue the Filipinos Moreover it must be regarded as somewhat singular that the principle set forth in Mr. Reid's magazine article was not invoked in the case of the transfer of Cuba and Porto Rico. We were asked to pay the debts of the captured territory in those islands and refused to do so. Come again, Mr. Reid. If you are the mouthpiece of the administration you are still in order. You can take the head of the class as soon as you answer the question: "Why did we pay twenty million dollars for the Philippines?"

THE NATION'S HOLIDAY

ALL THE WORLD that pines for country air will go out of town for the Fourth. The excursions on the California Northwestern railway company, whose special rates are given on TOWN TALK'S front page, will attract the largest crowds, because of the liberal rates offered and the fact that this is *the* picturesque route of California. On Sunday, Monday and Tuesday round trip tickets will be sold from San Francisco to all points north of San Rafael at the rate of one single fare. Petaluma, Santa Rosa, Sebastopol, Guerneville, Windsor, Healdsburg, Lytton, Geyserville, Cloverdale, Sonoma, Glen Ellen, Hopland and Ukiah are included in this reduced rate excursion. The return limit is fixed at Wednesday, July fifth. Further information may be obtained at the ticket office, 650 Market street or at Tiburon ferry, foot of Market street.

ON A WHEEL

THE VISITOR to the country who wishes to extract the most enjoyment from his sojourn finds he cannot get along without a wheel. A bicycle is not a luxury but a necessity where roads are long and resting places few and far between. The best wheel is, of course, the Stearns Cushion Frame Bicycle, a splendid roadster, light, easy and comfortable. Experienced wheelmen choose the Stearns above all others.

AT BONANZA SPRINGS.

Arrivals at Bonanza Springs last week were Mr. and Mrs. Seth Rickabaugh, Misses Madge, Ruth and Hester Rickabaugh, Wilda and Seth Waile, of Kelseyville; J. B., M., Jacob, Budd and Claude Baker of Woodland; Mr. C. Orengo, Miss C. Orengo, Mr. and Mrs. F. W. Duncan and Floyd Duncan of Capay.

Art

THOU BREATHEST on the cold insensate stone,
And lo! it throbs with immortality;
The canvas, with thy conjuring pigments strown,
Glows with a beauty that will never die;
The deepest fountains of the heart run dry,
When o'er the trembling strings thy hand is thrown;
And when we hear thy tongue's rich sorcery,
We know not why we laugh, or weep, or moan.

We know not why, nor do we care to know
Where rise the waters of that mystic stream,
Whose current bears us onward in its flow,
Till far away upon emotion's sea,
The captive senses float as in a dream,
Waifs on the golden tide of ecstasy.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

THE HABIT of becoming a temporary suburbanite is growing in this community. It is a cheap way of convincing your selfthat you are enjoying a summer vacation. If you cannot afford to withdraw from the madding crowd into the recesses of the Yosemite or to enjoy an aristocratic outing at Castle Crag or the seaside you can give an imitation of the swells that will vary the monotony of existence in the summer months by hying yourself to Ross valley or some other cheap resort of easy access from this city. It is cheaper to live at Ross valley than at your home in the city. Moreover you get plenty of good exercise sprinting for the boat and the train and you acquire speed in dressing yourself in the morning. And on Sunday you have every facility for enacting the role of the man of leisure. Marin county is now thronged with summer visitors, some of whom are living in arks, others in tents and a large number in hotels and cottages and with an easy conscience they affect the air of the "real thing" in suburban society.

One of the resorts in Ross valley is Mira Monte, which was formerly the property of the McAllisters. It is now a very nice boarding house. Among the swells stopping at that place are two young married women whose husbands "come over" every night. One of the ladies before her marriage was a very accomplished typewriter and earned good wages. Both move in about the same circle in San Francisco and they are friends. Since taking up their temporary abode at Mira Monte they have become so exclusive that they shudder until their silk skirts rustle audibly every time they are brought in contact with any of the other guests. The Vere de Vere repose of the erstwhile typewriter is of a quality that would make the leading lady in a society drama green with envy. But it has a different effect on the guests at the Miramonte. At first they admired the two distinguished looking exclusives and wondered what particular aristocracy they belonged to. They afterwards learned that one was formerly an artist in typewriting and then they turned up their noses with one accord. The snobs have been systematically snubbed ever since and all Ross valley is watching for developments.

The genuine swells of Marin county are housed at the Hotel Rafael. There the golf players and tennis players abound. A short time ago some of the smart girls at that hotel began to cultivate a thirst for plebeian steam beer but they have not taken the world into their confidence. They start out ostensibly to journey to the golf links but they stop at a brewery not far distant where there are several picturesque rustic houses for the accommodation of patrons who like steam beer when it is fresh from the tap-room. Several days ago a couple of very swell society girls of this city visited this resort and imbibed steam beer enough to float a gasoline launch. Steam beer is rapidly becoming the fashionable beverage in San Rafael.

Mr. Golf: Does Miss Millionaire's mother disapprove of the match?
Mr. Tennis: Yes She says the love is all on one side.

One of the fastest young men in town these days is Percy Hicks, a step-son of the late John S. Hager. He is what is known in the parlance of the tenderloin as a high-roller. He has been cutting a wide swath in this city and also in San Rafael for some months. Judging from the way he spends money for hack hire one might fancy him to be a Crœsus. I never heard of his inheriting any part of Judge Hager's fortune but he pays his bills and consequently nobody need worry about the source from whence the simoleons flow. Suffice it to know that he has the cash and is putting it in circulation. His hobby is baseball and he has been anxious to get into the business. He has been negotiating for the purchase of both the Santa Cruz and Sacramento teams.

Rumor says that the reason the second sister in the trio of heiresses will travel on the continent this year instead of flitting about as usual from one summer resort to another is that she is stalking big game. Another reason advanced for her absence is that she shares the objections of her late maternal parent against

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the man who has adored her eldest sister ever since the latter made her debut in society. And I am told that this match may come off as soon as the sisters' period of mourning is over. But it is fancied that the second sister does not intend to be present at the marriage.

I do not imagine that it will ever become the mode in San Francisco for society women to attend prize fights. Yet that is the latest freak of the up to date damsel in the New York four hundred. The grand empechement to the local smart woman's following in the footsteps of her metropolitan sisters is the fact that this city is too small. There would be too much talk created and though there are plenty of young girls and matrons in San Francisco, Oakland and vicinity who like well enough to be talked about there are right and wrong ways of effecting this eminence. We have not yet arrived at that proud position when we are so sure of ourselves that we can pursue any course, satisfied that the king can do no wrong. But in New York the smart woman feels herself a princess and if she is young, rich and pretty beside being of swell parentage she cares nothing for the good opinion of the common herd. Thus it was that a golden-haired matron of the metropolitan swim attended the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons contest at Coney island and her example was imitated by others of her set who had learned of her intention beforehand. The women were disguised—but not effectually so, for several reporters discovered their sex —in masculine attire, wearing slouch hats pulled down over their faces. It is likely we may hear of some such frolic in our midst soon, for to follow New York in its most advanced follies is the aim of most of our gilded youth of both sexes.

A good thing in "Theophilus Trent," the only novel from the pen of the late Benjamin F. Taylor, is: "Many a thing is charged to total depravity, when it is only a foul stomach and a bolus of blue mass, followed up sharp with a big dose of castor oil, might be a good preparation sometimes for the sanctuary. Pills first, preaching afterwards."

There is a fair member of the local swim who owns to the possession of a grudge against the Russian river, an overpowering dislike which she finds it impossible to banish. She has been visiting some friends who have a home on the banks of the Russian river and she was having a charming time until a most untoward occurrence disturbed the even tenor of her peace of mind. The young woman is very fond of bathing and not a day passed during her stay that she did not don her bath suit and enjoy a swim in the river. Her friends have only lately built their cabin in the redwoods and as yet they have no bath-house. Therefore one afternoon, when the oppressiveness of the atmosphere moved the young woman to a cooling dip in the river, she was compelled to discard her attire in the bushes, as usual. When she had almost divested herself of her clothes, she heard the splash of oars in the water and knew that a boat was coming. She hastily ducked down into the bushes and stayed there till she was sure that the boat was far out of sight. Then she grabbed her bathing suit and stood up. But what was her horror to find herself in full view of another boat's crew—and this one a party of club men who had a camp a short distance from her friends' house! The next day she returned to San Francisco, but she still blushes desperately when anybody speaks of "the altogether."

This reminds me of another adventure of this same young woman, who seems fated to find herself in unpleasant dramatic situations. She was taking a walk with a girl friend over in San Rafael one day when she found that her petticoat had burst loose from its moorings and would shortly be making a voyage of discovery that could not fail to embarrass its wearer.

"What shall I do?" she asked her friend.

"That's easy enough," said the other, "we can drop into this cottage and you can ask the owner for a pin. She will let you go inside and fix it."

So the two went up to the door of the cottage and rang the bell. However, it was not a woman who answered their ring, but a man, And it so happened that it was a man they both knew!

Mrs. Carroll's younger daughter will have a formidable rival at Del Monte this season in Miss Ethel Keeney, who has elected to spend another summer at Monterey. Miss Keeney is one of the most dashing girls in the swim and possesses a gift at repartee that is Gyp-like in its brilliancy. While Miss Gertrude Carroll is clever—she could not fail to be with her mixture of Spanish and Celtic blood—she lacks the snap and chic of her rival of this season. She is a very popular girl and inherits the winning manner of her mother. Mrs. Whittier is more like her father and it is a thousand pities that poor Dick Carroll could not have lived to have seen his two lovely daughters. I can imagine the delight he would have taken in the elder one, especially, for she possesses so many of his own tastes.

The mother of two marriageable daughters, who worked without reward during the entire social season just closed, has taken her family to a quiet resort in Lake county for the summer. She should be able to recuperate for the winter at very little expense and perhaps, incidentally, provide the two girls with husbands during the summer campaign. It is so easy to make it pleasant for a man in the summer, so easy and so cheap. For all he desires is plenty of iced drinks, a bath always ready for him, a hammock, the daily newspapers and a pretty girl near by to flirt with when he feels like enjoying a whiff of romance. I really believe we may hear of more than one engagement in the swim this year, particularly as it is told on fairly good authority that the Sausalito bachelor has succumbed at last. He was considered to be absolutely Cupid-proof.

Speaking of Sausalito, I often wonder whether the benedict of two seasons back ever thinks of the two women who worshiped at his shrine and who were all broken up by his marriage to the beautiful heiress, the eldest of a large family of sisters and brothers? He seems to be happy and probably no thought of those two women ever disturbs his night's rest. They were both grass widows, both strikingly handsome, and one at least had good reason to believe she might some day be chosen queen of his picturesque house on the hill. But the owner of the house thought otherwise and when he married chose a society girl not only without a past but of quite different complexion from the two women who had previously been favored with his fancy.

There are lots of 'A. A.' brands of whisky, but only one Jesse Moore 'A A.'

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I happened to be in a downtown store the other day when my attention was attracted by a very fresh-faced, attractive young girl who accompanied a decrepit old man. He was not only aged in appearance but his whole attire breathed the fact that he was neglectful of personal cleanliness. His gray beard was matted and his straggling locks were uncombed. He was evidently purchasing a bridal outfit for the girl by his side and he was desirous of getting good bargains. He would not buy anything until it was marked down several degrees below its appraised value but he spent fully a hundred dollars on cambric underwear and other appurtenances of feminine apparel. I was told that the old fellow was the wealthy widower, Walker, from across the bay and that the young woman with him was the Oakland girl who had captured his hand and heart. But I do not think, from what I saw, that she holds the key to his strong-box.

When May fair is wedding December
It might be as well to remember
That though age may dote upon beauty
It is not the most pleasing duty
To fling out the dough.
Therefore, to keep 'live love's last ember
May must go quite slow,
And keep her bills low;
'Tis a pity—but so.

To be properly in the swim at Coronado this year you must have a golf suit, a cycling suit and a swimming suit. Golf is going to be the chief form of amusement at Coronado but the bike will also receive its share of attention and of course the surf will not be neglected. Among those who have already gathered at this resort are Mrs. John D. Spreckels, her sister Mrs. Walter Gibson, Mrs. Sands Forman, Miss Gertrude Forman and the five O'Connor girls. Arthur P. Brander will also spend some time there.

The strange anomaly comes from Oakland of Marshall Law being arrayed against the sentiments of a Valentine.

The press dispatches several days ago told of the divorce granted to Harrison J. Wolfe-Williams, an actor, from Bettina Girard, the degenerate daughter of the late General Albert Ordway. About a year ago this depraved young woman, who was once noted for her beauty, was sent to a sanitarium on account of her excessive use of alcohol and it was supposed at the time that she had but a short time to live, but she is still one of the attractions of the New York tenderloin. Her first husband was Arthur Padelford who obtained a divorce from her in Austria about ten years ago. She has by him a daughter ten years of age. Padelford married again and died in 1896. I have learned that it was recently determined that his daughter by Bettina Girard should share in his estate which is estimated at close to a million dollars.

First Playwright: Would you like to know a sure road to fortune?
Second Playwright: Cert. How?
First P.: When Alfred Dreyfus is acquitted, have a play ready for him to star in the leading role.

There appears to be a mistaken impression in the east that people all over the United States are deeply absorbed in the preparations for the marriage of Julia Grant to a nobleman whose pedigree is vouched for in the Russian stud-book. The general opinion in this neck of the woods is that the old soldier has been particularly unfortunate in his descendants. The spectacle of his namesake trying to buy a seat in the United States senate is one that will not soon be forgotten in California. And the story has reached us that when Colonel Fred Grant had his attention called to the quality and conditions of the rations provided for the soldiers, his command was to "serve it to them any way." It is only a few years since we were regaled with accounts of the wonder and surprise with which the Sartoris children listened to stories of American history, their education having been strictly English and the land in which their mother grew up and in which their grandfather held the highest office in the gift of his countrymen, terra incognita to them. In all probability they regarded the rank of their papa as an English gentleman, much superior to that of their grandfather, who was only president of a republic Presumably the future little Russian aristocrats will have their geographies carefully censored lest they should become aware of such a land of savages.

Chief Clerk of the Grand Hotel: Five rooms in the hotel were burglarized last night.
Chief of Police: Whom do you suspect?
Chief Clerk: Well, it may be only a coincidence, but the Fourth of July committee has its headquarters in the hotel.

The recent influx of Pacific coast visitors is truly remarkable, writes my Chicago correspondent. We have had more Californians among us this summer than during the last winter when there were so many drawing attractions. Why they prefer to visit us during the hot spell when old man humidity does his best to drive Chicago's fashionables to cooler northern resorts is certainly a mystery. The thermometer has been hovering around the ninety mark for some time and we are existing on salads, cold cereals, berries, ice cream and chilled drinks. I have seen so many familiar faces in our streets lately that unless the names are jotted down as they pass they are soon forgotten. Last week I noticed Mrs. Henry E. Highton looking at the fine cut glass exhibit in Burley's and later on brushed past Mrs. George E. Morse as I was strolling through Marshall Field's big establishment. Her husband, I understand, is also in the city. Herman Franklin appeared to be much interested in a fashionable haberdasher's latest stock of madras goods and lingered some time in front of the splendidly dressed window. Some of the season's colors are dashingly stunning and worth a long, lingering look. Carlton C. Crane, the handsome Montgomery street representative of an eastern road, is here; his stay with us will be brief. George H. and Adolph Roos have been here gathering in all the latest ideas from the large clothing houses.

In the corridor of the Auditorium I met A. E. Brooke Ridley and E.E. Ewing. I learn that George L. Withey and W. L. Ducey are also stopping there. In State street, passing the old Palmer house, I saw M. F. Mayer and his wife, while in Madison street I ran into A. W. Bradbury. Mrs. J. C. Eaton of Oakland and William M. Weil of San Francisco are to remain with us a short while. Following in the theatrical footsteps of Mabel Love, Maude Berry Fisher, Etta Butler, Alice Neilsen, Truly Shattuck, Joaquin Miller and Denis O'Sullivan—who have all appeared on the stage here during the past three months—comes clever Freda Gallick, who is appearing with Downing at the Chicago opera house. Little May Cook is also at the same house and her artistic singing and good work on the cornet have made quite a distinct hit.

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Nekafor Ptetson, another San Franciscan, is appearing with the Castle Square opera company. They will soon give their one hundredth performance in this city. Mrs. Margaret J. Wood has returned from Boston, where she spent the spring months with her daughter. We shall no longer see Octave Alpiser's handsome face and figure. He has deserted us and his permanent residence will be St. Louis. George Stratton has recovered from his recent illness and is again doing special work on the road for Robert Dickson's company.

Nat C. Goodwin has successfully produced "An American Citizen" at the Duke of York's theatre in London and I am told by recent arrivals from England that Madeleine Lucette Ryley's comedy might easily run a year in the British metropolis if Goodwin so desired. But I doubt if the genial Nat would consent—even if his American engagements would permit his doing so —to stay abroad so long. Nat is an American citizen and his heart, when it is not in Chicago, is wrapped up in New York. He is fond of London where he has a host of friends but he loves the Lambs, he loves Broadway and he loves the breezes that blow off Larchmont in the summer. Therefore I do not believe anything could induce Mr. Goodwin to make a stay of twelve successive months on the wrong side of the Atlantic. And, apropos of the Titian-haired comedian, I am told by a student who is spending his vacation in this city that Nat has a namesake who is a student at Yale college. When Goodwin played an engagement last season in New Haven, this student gave a dinner in honor of the comedian and his wife, beautiful Maxine Elliott. Though before this neither Goodwin was acquainted with the other Nat C , the student says that they became great friends during the actor's visit in Connecticut. They found out, too, that neither was in any degree related by blood to the other.

The Cosmopolitan gives a whole page with illustrations to this "poem" by Charlotte Perkins Stetson:

The people people work with best are often very queer;
The people people own by birth quite shock your first idea;
The people people choose for friends your common sense appall
But the people people marry are the queerest folks of all.

One can imagine *Mr.* Charlotte Perkins Stetson saying a devout amen to that last line. The only way in which to do justice to Professor Peck's article, "The Women of Today and Tomorrow," would be to quote it entire. Professor Peck is of the opinion that when man wakes to the consciousness that he has enough of this down-trodden-women nonsense he will put his foot down and command a halt once for all. Speed the day! The great trouble with the majority of women in this day and generation is not too much work but too much leisure. Except in the smart set, where it is considered the correct thing to have a large family of children, babies are no longer fashionable and should one accidentally make its appearance in a household it is hustled out of sight as quickly as possible and handed over to a nurse with a bottle of some patented food. Later on the kindergarten absorbs it and then the school. Clothing is all found ready-made in the shops and the wash goes to the Chinaman, while mamma goes to the woman's congress or for a ride on her bike. The nearest bakery supplies bread and pastry and if any one of the family becomes seriously ill a trained nurse is called upon. The duties that once absorbed all of a woman's time are now shifted upon other shoulders and instead of being kept too busy to have time for discontent, the woman has a too abundant leisure, which she uses not to the best advantage.

The writer of the "people-people" poem quoted in the preceding paragraph is herself an admirable example of the advanced modern woman. Mrs. Stetson has ideas which are far ahead of those bothering the brains of "The Yellow Aster" and "Heavenly Twins" heroines, or "The Woman Who Did." It will be remembered that Mrs. Stetson permitted her husband to obtain a divorce from her that he might marry her friend, whom he loved better than he loved his own Charlotte. This was of course nothing more than a Meissonier-Ruskin copy but it was considered quite an unusual happening in the lives of three prosaic American people.

Jones: You critics are mighty lucky in these hot days, you can sit all day in your office where it is cool and comfortable.

Smith: Yes, but it's mighty warm when the paper comes out next morning.

An uncommonly clever minstrel show was given on Tuesday evening by sixteen young ladies of St. Peter's church. They were all young and pretty girls but they concealed their comeliness under coats of burnt cork. Their costumes were uniform, scarlet hose being the distinguishing feature. The ends and interlocutor gave utterance to many brilliancies of wit and the songs and dances were of a professional brightness. The pretty minstrels deserve uncommon credit for the perfection of the manner in which their original idea was carried out.

Maurice Barrymore, who is now in Europe, will originate the role of Rawdon Crawley in "Becky Sharp," the new adaptation for the stage of "Vanity Fair," upon his return to New York. If anybody can enact this role with entire success it should be Barrymore, who is the prince of bohemians and the proper interpreter of the character as sketched by Thackeray, the big, bluff, honest and handsome Captain Crawley. The play should prove a welcome change from the succession of modern problems phrased in dramatic dialogue to which we have been treated during the past twelvemonth. And I can imagine, if it ever comes to San Francisco, with what pleasure it will be received. We have so many Rawdon Crawleys in our midst, people who live upon the interest of their debts as it were, and the Becky Sharps of the social swim are by no means an unknown quantity. There is one society dame, for instance, who lives on the fat of the land in a comfortable home, entertains liberally and is envied by the smaller fry who occupy a less important social station. What would these think if they knew that it costs the lady in question absolutely nothing to live, that she has the art of housekeeping down to so fine a point that her bills are her mode of subsistence—and these she never pays.

Much favorable comment is being expressed at the elegant and improved appearance of the show windows of J. J. O'Brien & Co., the old reliable dry goods house which from its pioneer days has continued to lead in the uptown trade of the city. Its display of ladies' underwear, ribbons and boys and children's clothing during the past week has attracted wide attention.

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* * *

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Miss Annie Galloway Lyle has not greatly changed since her Stanford days. She is as beautiful in her tall, slender, blonde way as ever. Miss Lyle is taking the medical course at the Johns Hopkins university in Baltimore, but returned on Saturday to spend her vacation with her mother in this city. I can imagine that the atmosphere of the Johns Hopkins would be very agreeable to Miss Lyle, for it is quiet, refined and ultra-exclusive. The students at the university and the probationary nurses at the hospital all keep themselves far apart from the common herd and, though they have good times as good times go, they are not like the merry Vassar girls or the co-eds of some other colleges. When Miss Lyle was a student at Stanford she did not occupy a room in the girls' dormitory but lived in a little cottage near the college grounds, and she had a maid to wait upon her and attend her when she took her daily walks abroad. The beautiful blonde was regarded as a great swell by the students who accepted the rooming accommodations provided by the college authorities. She wore expensive tailor suits and the fact that she had a maid and a house all to herself seemed to prove that she was remarkably well fixed financially. Miss Lyle was noted, when she attended the Girls' High school in this city, for her literary, especially poetical talent. She is also gifted musically and was the flutist of the original Saturday Morning orchestra.

Said Ouida: "How expensively one may live upon nothing if one just gets the knack, and of how far a fashionable reputation, like a cake of chocolate, will go to support life when nothing more substantial is obtainable."

Though the Martin brothers have not decided where they will make their most extended stay this summer, San Rafael will not be without its attractive masculine contingent, for the Folgers will be at the Hotel Rafael. These two prominent residents of Oakland would not miss a Fourth at the Rafael for anything, I am told, and they have laid some heavy wagers on the Hardys. When Sam Hardy declared his intention last year of giving up tennis, a unanimous wail was heard throughout Oakland, and there was general rejoicing when upon reflection he decided not to desert the field in which his star shines so brightly. Apropos of San Rafael one of the season's brides is to make her home there this summer, Mrs. E. S. Heller (Clara Heyman), and it is expected she will be very popular among the younger set. The ordinary bride of the day is well up in the later twenties, if she has not already crept into the thirties, therefore such a youthful matron as Mrs. Heller is a rarety.

Mrs. Will Jones was one of the advance guards of summer visitors to Santa Cruz this year. Mrs. Jones has been at the Ocean house for several weeks and she has been having a very gay time. She is a woman of exceedingly lively spirits, as the people of Santa Cruz can testify. Mr. Will Jones has visited his wife occasionally since she has been domiciled in the seaside burg but Mrs. Will Jones is not the woman to suffer from ennui during the absence of her liege lord. She was formerly Miss Maggie Cousins, the daughter of Captain Cousins of dry dock fame. During his life time Captain Cousins enjoyed the reputation of being a wealthy man but his children inherited only a paltry forty thousand. The captain had a way of spending his money that nobody dreamed of until after he was gone when it appeared that there were more Cousins in the world than his immediate family had any record of.

Mrs S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, has a beautiful new line of summer dress hats.

General Antonia Luna of the Philippine army, who it is reported has been assassinated, is a humorist in his way. He is of somewhat mixed descent, counting among his ancestors Spanish, Filipino, Tagalo and Chinese. He says: "It is an unpleasant mixture in some respects. The Spanish in me wants to kill the Filipinos; the Igorrote has the same feeling to the Spanish; the Tagalo hates them both and the Chinaman takes no interest whatever in the other three."

On the Links:

He: I should call it a dangerous hazard—Mrs. Silly's flirtation with young Cad.

She: To me it looks more like a spoon shot.

Mrs. F. E. Willson has come up from Arizona and will spend the next three months with her mother, Mrs. Philip Heuer, at 2117 Taylor street. Mrs. William Giselman, Miss Grace Giselman and Marshall Giselman will shortly leave for an extended trip abroad. Miss Marion Smith left on Monday for Russian river and will not return until after the Fourth. Miss Eliza D. Keith is at Camp Douglas, Boulder Creek, for her vacation.

The Tuesday Night club held its sixth and final reception for this season in Cotillon hall last week. It was if possible a more charming affair than its predecessors. The ball-room was handsomely decorated and a smart company was present. An exceedingly pretty figure of the german was led by Miss B. Freund and R. L. Garnier assisted by Miss M. Vincent and C. T. Lampe.

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If Miss Goelet marries the crowned head of Europe with whom the papers are uniting her, no one need be envious of her position. She would only be a morganatic wife, for royalty cannot legally wed a commoner with or without dispensation from a holy source. When such a consummation as a marriage between a prince or princess and a private citizen does occur, it is of no benefit to the latter. That is, there may be lots of love in it but if there are children they forfeit the rights and privileges of legitimate heirs and heiresses. A wife of the left hand, as the morganatic bride is termed, is in reality nothing but a legalized mistress. Her children may bear titles but they will always lack social prestige. Prince Henry of Battenberg, for instance, to whom Queen Victoria's youngest daughter, Beatrice, gave her hand and heart was the offspring of a morganatic union, and his wife, in spite of her being a princess of the blood royal of England, had to suffer the mortification of seeing lesser lights of nobility take precedence of her in formal functions given during her visits to Germany. Therefore Miss Goelet will stop and think twice before she places herself in the anomalous position of a wife of the left hand. A royal husband might continue to love her but state reasons might award him another bride—and then where would the fair American find herself?

Ernest Wiltsee is going to take a party of friends to Catalina this year on his yacht and I understand that John D. Spreckels will also have a yacht party with Coronado as its destination. It is a fine thing to own a yacht and every society girl who knows a yacht owner is sure to smile sweetly upon him in the spring that she may get an invitation to sail on his boat in the summer. I am surprised that Walter Martin has not invested in a yacht, a palatial boat such as George Gould or Willie Hearst sails about in the waters off New York. Then there is Peter Martin; why does he not invest some of that lately discovered gold in a swell centre-boarder? We have many rich youths who waste their wealth on trifles when they could easily surround themselves with blooded horses, well bred canines or ocean grayhounds. And in the purchase of yachts, for instance, they give pleasure not only to themselves but to hosts of their friends.

"Before my husband won my hand," said Mrs. Pacific Heights, "he used to swear he would never love another."
"And now?"
"Oh, it is now a different matter with both of us."

The advent of the company of Japanese actors and the manner in which the audiences received their performance reminds me of a story told by M. G. Okada, a highly educated Japanese gentleman, and the editor of one of the local papers published in that language. Mr. Okada says the Japanese are regular patrons of the American theatres, which they attend with a view to perfecting themselves in our tongue. One evening as the audience was passing out of Morosco's Grand opera house a young native son who had acquired a few words of the oriental language without the shadow of an idea of their meaning, but with the evident intention of impressing his companions, approached an educated Japanese gentleman and addressed a remark which he in all probability assumed to be a mere complimentary greeting or an ordinary salutation. In reality the brilliant young linguist had asked the gentleman to give him a cup of tea—a request which, considering time, place and circumstances was hardly to be complied with, even if one takes no note of the impudent ill-breeding of the affair. In all probability young America is blissfully ignorant to this day of the fact that he made a fool of himself. If one cannot understand what he is talking about it is much better not to dally with foreign languages. Many children pick up vulgar expressions from the Chinese servants employed by their parents, without a knowledge of their meaning. But conceive their horror if they should ever attempt to use these phrases in polite conversation in exclusive oriental society.

In the Suburbs:
"Mrs. Jones says her house is full now."
"A full hand, eh?"
"Quite so. The only one that isn't full is the cat."

Tod Sloan has not grown snobbish with his accession to fame as the foremost jockey of two continents. Tod does not forget his old friends and is as easy to approach as in the days when he was poor and humility was the paramount feature of his attitude. The noted jockey's foster-parents live in a small town in Indiana. I am told that Tod is very liberal in his gifts to the people who picked him up on a door-step and took the place of parents to the neglected infant.

Jack Reis, bohemian, bon vivant and bonhomme, distinguished in club circles and on the Rialto, has returned from St. Louis loaded with honors. He attended the Grand Lodge of Elks at St. Louis as a representative of San Francisco lodge and although he had no intention of becoming a candidate for office he was elected Grand Esteemed Loyal Knight. This chair is third in rank to the highest in the gift of the

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order. The bestowal of such a high honor upon Mr. Reis is regarded as a splendid compliment to the local lodge, the character of whose personnel gives it a standing in the order throughout the country not enjoyed by the local branch of any other fraternal organization. The Elks of San Francisco are much enthused over the election of Mr. Reis and they gave him a reception in their sumptuous lodge room last night.

Through its corresponding secretary, Alice G. Demorest, the Sorosis club of New York recently sent a request that amounted to a command to all the metropolitan dailies excluding their reporters from the meetings of the organization. This request was regarded by the newspapers receiving the polite notes from the secretary as being not so much a shrinking from publicity in the fair members of the club, but as a slap at the well known propensity of the reporters to satirize the meetings and their minutes. Sorosis is the smart woman's club of New York and it is upon its actions that most of the other women's clubs in the United States model their own doings. I am wondering, therefore, whether our local Sorosis, Forum, Laurel Hall and California clubs will copy after the action of their older sister. None of these clubs has ever courted privacy with regard to its meetings but the officers may consider it necessary to do so now that the New York club has practically pronounced publicity bad form. The Century is the only local club that has always kept severely to itself and been chary about admitting reporters to its sittings.

Miss Fiancée: I am getting on first rate with the gloves.
Her friend: What started you to take up boxing?
Miss Fiancée: Oh, I want to be able to knock my husband out if he doesn't treat me well.

I am told by a gentleman who has seen the real thing in Japan that the geisha dances of Madame Yacco in the play "Bojoji" at the California last week give but a faint idea of the genuine article. He says that the opera singer who cavorts in the first act of "Carmen" as the cigarette girl gives no more the simon pure Spanish dance than does Madame Yacco's pas seul approach the real geisha dance. Yacco is graceful; the genuine geisha is voluptuous. The actress introduces refinement into her movements, while the geisha girl of Yeddo shows little if any conception of delicacy. Indeed the proper ending to the geisha solos, as I have heard from more than one reliable witness, is for the dancer to shed her clothes piece by piece in the dance until the finale is reached and she stands a nude statue in pale bronze before the spectators. But of course we would not expect a legitimate actress to treat us to such an exhibition—especially after "The Turtle."

I am glad to see that Frank Mathieu is getting on in his profession. I was one of the first to predict his success when he decided to go on the stage as a professional and it is always pleasant to have one's predictions fulfilled. The seceder from the ranks of San Francisco's commercial army went east with the Frawleys and was, as is usually the case with our Californian boys and girls who choose the dramatic profession, coaxed to secede to the Daly and Frohman ranks. The persuasions come from the management of both companies, I understand, but Mr. Mathieu said he would stand by the Frawleys if Timothy Daniel so ordered. Frank is coming home, I hear, via Milwaukee and Los Angeles—long leagues apart but his company's route—and will probably be in town to spend a few weeks with his wife and children before returning east.

A serious illness is often averted by the prompt use of a pure and wholesome stimulant. The famous old Jesse Moore Whisky is the best.

It is said that Mr. Frawley will not be so generous in the matter of débutantes during his forthcoming season. The immaculate T. D., you may remember, has never been niggardly with his public in this respect but has always launched each season several novices into stage life and rarely with indifferent success. But Mr. Frawley has found that the average young woman seeking fame from the footlights' glare is not a maiden looking for a career but a wife who finds married life too tame and seeks diversion in enacting minor roles in comedies while nursing her ambition for something higher. About nine out of ten dramatic aspirants are married women and it is the introduction of these that Mr. Frawley has decided to prohibit from his company. Asked the reason of his prohibition, he said:

"Married débutantes are not reliable. They begin all right and have about ten times the snap and dash of their unmarried sisters, but they don't always keep it up. Their ambition fluctuates and they mingle dreams of shining on the stage with visions of becoming oracles in society. And then there are the inevitable consequences of married life."

It is these "inevitable consequences' above all other reasons that have decided Mr. Frawley against numbering young matrons among his rank and file. He has right on his side, too. I can point to a late instance where a very talented young women decided to go upon the stage She was a leader of the social push in Los Angeles and her husband, though he had serious objections against his wife's embracing a public life thought the only way out of the difficulty was to give her her head. They had been married about a year but dull domestic duties palled upon l'esprit gaulois of the young matron. She had distinguished herself in amateur theatricals and her friends persuaded her that she was another Sarah Bernhardt. Therefore she took the drama seriously, made all preparations for a début as Juliet—and retired into private life almost upon the eve of her premier as a professional. I heard the other day that the young couple were rejoicing over the birth of a son and heir.

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AT BEDROCK PRICES.

About as breezy a bit of writing as Frank Norris has ever done was his reply in the Sunday Examiner to J. F. Rose-Soley who the previous week had used three columns of the same paper to expose in the Rose-Soley opinion "What Frank Norris does not know about the sea," and incidentally what Frank Norris does not know about San Francisco or the art of novel writing. En passant, one would like to inquire: Who are these Rose-Soleys—there are at least two of them—who have suddenly dropped down from Mars or the moon to set up their standard of measurement for us? J. F. of the hyphenated afterpart is evidently one of that class of critics who believe it their duty to read a book by the aid of a microscope and set about acquiring a reputation for literary acumen by dint of picayunish fault-finding. He knows something about yachting under certain conditions and he can imagine no other circumstances. As the old preacher said long ago, "If the facts do not conform to the theory, so much the worse for the facts." "Little localized powers and little, narrow streaks of specialized knowledge are things men are very apt to be conceited about," remarked O. W. Holmes. One does not read a romance for lessons in seamanship and "Moran of the Lady Letty" loses nothing in interest whether one knows a main brace from a marlin-spike or a keel from a capstan. "It is impossible to conceive Stevenson making such a blunder," says the Rose-Soley, the aforesaid blunder being the exclusive property of Rose-Soley. Stevenson was a good man, a good writer, though by no means the phenomenon that the Rose-Soleys seem to imagine. He must have been a model step-father, but he was not God. Norris is holding his own in spite of this Donnybrook Fair style of criticism —"whenever you see a head, hit it"—to which he has been treated since he attracted the attention of eastern publishers. No other book which has been before the public for the same length of time as "McTeague" was referred to so often in the literary magazines of the past month. One critic says: "The reader may hate it, but he cannot belittle it and he will not put it down." Another calls it a compelling book, whether it compels one favorably or not.

The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones.

I have no desire to perpetuate the memory of any of the peccadilloes, political or other kind, that marked the career of Senator Tim McCarthy, but I wish merely to call attention to the lavish praise bestowed upon him by the dailies. The good will surely not be interred with his bones. It will live in the obituary notices of the newspaper reporters who probably have no recollection of the days when Tim served his constituents at Sacramento. Tim McCarthy was a good old soul, as practical politicians go, but I never knew that he was the incarnation of all the virtues or that his death would be regarded as a great calamity. He was one of "de gang" in the legislature of 1878 which made itself famous by cleaning out the treasury of this city by numerous acts of special legislation. The new constitution was adopted in the following year and its adoption was regarded as a protest against the acts of the members of the previous legislature.

In the eighties McCarthy was sent back to the legislature but he failed to gain distinction except as an associate of the members of the lobby. I remember that during that session whenever McCarthy voted he would rush out to join the lobby and ascertain its opinion of the position that he had taken. He was a strict organization man and was versed in all the dips, spurs and angles of practical politics. In early days he was an associate of Mannix & Brady, the bosses of the period, and later on he was a worshiper at the throne of Buckley. Some years ago he went to New York and was banqueted by the Tammany braves. The affair was written up as a burlesque by the Sun. Upon his return he stopped at Sacramento to exhibit to his friends a huge pin which was presented to him by Tammany. He attended a banquet at the capitol and was called upon to respond to the toast "Me Tammany Pin." I believe he did the subject justice in his quaint way.

Cad: I always knew that Miss Swell, when she went on the stage, would end badly.

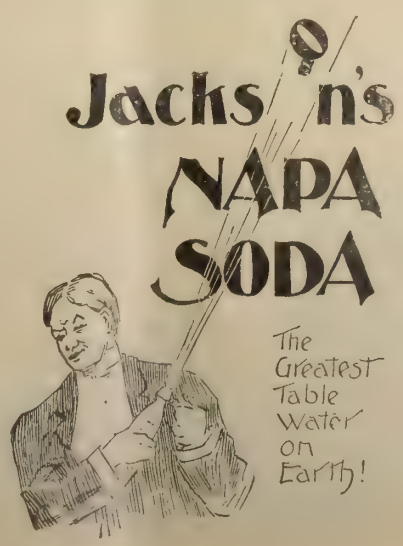
Jones: There you're mistaken. I assure you her ankles have a very decent taper.

Dr. R. Beverly Cole, that gallant old chap whose admiration of feminine charms is said to increase with his years, has a new summer home somewhere in the vicinity of Napa. A story is told of a recent housewarming there, on which occasion the doctor invited suggestions as to the name that should be given his country house. His guests responded with a variety of familiar names borrowed from fiction and foreign countries but none satisfied him. Presently a vivacious and precocious bud declared that there could be nothing more appropriate than "The Rake's Retreat."

San Rafael will miss the Hagers this summer. I understand that Emilie and Ethel will spend the season at Del Monte, while Alice will remain abroad.

That professional patriot with the long reach—Colonel T. P. Robinson—has once more been called upon to explain. The colonel's career is made up of one long chapter of explanations and consequently he is not feazed in the slightest degree by the latest demand upon him growing out of his connection with the Fourth of July fireworks' committee. Although the colonel is a patriot by instinct nobody is so green as to believe that he gives his services to the Fourth of July committee through pure patriotic zeal. A few weeks ago I called attention to the fact that the colonel was again acting the part of the Fourth of July impresario and I suggested that the grand jury should investigate the affairs of the committee of a year ago but I did not expect the new committee to develop a scandal so soon. I now submit that something should be done to restrain

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.



the noxious cupidity of the rogues that make the Independence day celebration the means of facilitating the indulgence of their penchant for plunder. If the grand jury cares to do its duty in the premises I respectfully refer it to Mr. Jake Rauer who admitted to me that he could prove the guilt of a certain individual who pocketed a portion of the funds of last year's committee.

There was a young lawyer named Chertien,
Who thought 'twas by no means a breach in
The law of the land,
To stretch out his hand
For the dough; his forte is long reachin'.

The Church of the Advent of Oakland is in a bad way and all because of a difference between the rector, Reverend V. Marshall Law, and John J. Valentine, a wealthy member of the congregation. I know nothing of the merits of the controversy but I have been watching the course of Mr. Valentine of late and have been somewhat curious to know what motive impels him to keep himself before the public eye by means of newspaper essays and pulpit speeches. My curiosity is probably due to the circumstance of his being the president of Wells, Fargo & Co., a corporation that evaded payment of the tax imposed by the government for war revenue purposes. Mr. Valentine has lately been posing as a public-spirited citizen and, while I do not like to doubt his sincerity of purpose, I cannot altogether suppress a feeling of skepticism. I believe Mr. Valentine received his training as a financier under that distinguished citizen, Mr. Lloyd Tevis, whom Mr. Authur McEwen used to refer to as one of the predatory rich. The spectacle of Mr. Tevis' successor addressing a church congregation from a pulpit could not fail to be impressive. But it appears that Mr. Tevis and Mr. Valentine are totally dissimilar in their natures as well as their manners and customs. Mr. Tevis never wasted any time in trying to persuade people to believe that he was a public-spirited citizen or that he lay awake at nights trying to devise plans for the amelioration of suffering humanity. Mr. Tevis is today a very old man and when you see him in the street he impresses you with the notion that he has a conscience and that it is exceedingly active.

A young society man of San Diego, writes my correspondent, had a rather shocking experience lately. He claims to be a "sensitive," as the spiritualists would say, and is guided by the "impressions" he receives. The other day he met a young couple on the train and, as the feminine portion of the couple was exceedingly attractive, his impression compelled him to make their acquaintance. When the train reached San Diego the trio were very good friends and the impressionable young man promised to introduce his newly made acquaintances to the delights that San Diego offers. The next day he drove them about the city and was planning further regalement for them when the shock came. He was piloting a San Francisco acquaintance through San Diego's gilded quarters when, among the bevy of besmudged angels who scintillate there he recognized—oh horror! his fair companion of the railroad journey. He has been thanking heaven ever since that the dénouement came early enough to save his reputation and thinks, forgetful of San Diego's all-seeing and all-hearing gossips, that his slip has passed unnoticed.

The Carey W. Thompsons, who for the past ten years have been prominent in San Diego, will hereafter reside in New York. Mrs. Thompson is at present in the Yosemite. A pretty San Diego wedding of last week was that of Miss Ruth Dantee, niece of Milton Dantee, and William Butler Allyn. Mrs. C B. Richards' progressive euchre party was the important function of last week. Miss Minnie Lane, daughter of the late Judge Lane of Canada, is visiting in Los Angeles. The J. W. Seftons are at Alpine for the summer. Many functions are being given in honor of Miss Lida O'Brien, who leaves soon for Europe. Miss Crocker, the talented artist who has lived at Coronado for some time, will start shortly for New York.

Mrs. Edward Abramson is slowly convalescing from a serious illness that for some days threatened her life but which is now happily banished to the past. Mrs. Abramson is probably better known to the musical and social world of San Francisco as Pearl Noble and her marriage to the president of the Abramson-Heunisch company was a quite recent event though I understand the engagement was one of about two years' standing. As a solo cornetist, Pearl Noble's name is known throughout the United States and it is with considerable regret that music lovers will accept the fact that in marrying Mr. Abramson his young wife has decided to renounce a public career. The bridegroom has furnished a luxurious home for his bride and the latter, when her health is entirely restored, will doubtless entertain in the informally hospitable fashion for which her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Burr Noble, are so noted. Later on a trip abroad will be enjoyed, including a visit to Mr. Abramson's parents who reside in Germany.

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Rates: by the day, $2 $2.50 $3
By the week, $14 to $17.50.
Bath rooms extra.

Season, June to September

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS GEO. SCHONEWALD, MANAGER
Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal, or Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crag, Cal.

A quiet but pretty wedding of last week, celebrated at the home of the bride's mother in Broderick street, was that of Miss Maymie Brown and Otis L. Swett, a prominent downtown merchant. Both bride and bridegroom are popular among a large circle of friends. Mrs. Swett's father died a few years ago, leaving his family a very comfortable fortune. Beside real estate in this city they own a country home near Sunol.

"You are looking very sad," said Jones to his friend Brown. "Business is dull, I suppose?"

"Business isn't bothering me," was the reply, "I suffered a severe disappointment last evening"

"What was it?"

"I surprised my wife in what the lawyers call a compromising attitude and thought I had a cinch for a divorce suit, but I found out that she was merely rehearsing a love scene with the leading man of the Pacific Heights' Benevolent Amateur Dramatic club."

"It must have been a realistic scene."

"Yes, my wife says it s no trick to make love to a handsome man."

The marriage of Irving M. Scott's daughter, Alice, to Reginald K. Smith, assistant surgeon U. S. N., was solemnized on Wednesday in New York at the Church of the Transfiguration. It seems only a short time ago that the papers were describing the nuptials of Miss Alice Scott and James Nash Brown and the fact that his widow so soon decided to shed her weeds and again enact the role of a bride speaks well for the disposition of the late Mr. Brown. A famous philosopher said that the highest compliment that a man can pay his first wife is, when the first one dies, to choose another with as much speed as is considered commensurate with the requirements of good form in mourning. This saying is naturally as applicable to a widow as to a widower. This second marriage of Mr. Scott's daughter appears to be tinged with the romantic and was the outcome of a meeting of the widow, Mrs. Brown, and Dr. Smith in the Hawaiian islands where she was sojourning for the benefit of her health, her nerves having been sadly shattered by her husband's death.

From Brown to Smith's not far to go
  Jones might well be the next;
A sermon could be preached, you know,
  With all this as a text.
Brown, Smith, Jones, Robinson and Green
The moral of it may be seen:
  Change of name and not of letter
  Is change for worse and not for better;
  But change of name and not of tone
  Is better far than living alone.

Once a newspaper reporter and now chief pedagogue of the normal school—such was the metamorphosis of Fred Burke. I remember when Burke came over from Oakland, where he had been associated with Frank Moffitt in the publication of a newspaper, to engage in metropolitan journalism. That was nearly fifteen years ago. He became a reporter on the Examiner staff and he was soon as thorough a bohemian as any man in the business and those were the days when bohemian and journalist were synonymous. Will Hearst was then in college and Clarence Greathouse, who afterward became minister to Corea and later on prime minister to the monarch of that country, was managing editor of the Examiner. Burke was a capable reporter but he appeared to lack ambition. Nobody ever suspected that he had energy enough to apply himself to study with a view of taking half a dozen degrees to certify to his proficiency in the classics. When he accepted a position as teacher of a class in a preparatory school at Berkeley his friends felt that that was just the sort of a soft berth to suit his phlegmatic nature and nobody expected him to develop higher aspirations. But he has been gradually going to the front and in view of the fact that he has become principal of the normal school at the age of thirty-five years it must be acknowledged that he made very good progress.

Several times in the annals of the play-going world have works been produced by San Francisco writers. Curtain-raisers have oftentimes been the modes chosen by the aspirants to fame as playwrights to test the power of their pens on the public. Mrs. Dominic Verdenal, Miss Louise Veiller and others have been successful in this field and now comes Miss Charlotte Thompson with her lever-de-rideau, "Only the Master Shall Blame," which will be given at the Alcazar next week. Miss Thompson is a San Francisco girl and is a teacher in the public school department. She is a graduate of the Denman grammar and the Girls' high school, having distinguished herself in both of these institutions of learning as a clever student.

A. T. Deckelman has returned from an extended eastern tour. Mr. and Mrs. George D. Graham have returned from Cazadero and have gone to Highland springs, Lake county, to spend several weeks.

OVERHEARD AT SANTA CRUZ

Dolly (from a fresh water state, donning her first bathing costume): Oh dear, I never can wear this thing.

Molly (a native daughter): Oh, yes, you can. Go ahead and put it on.

Dolly: But it'll look awful.

Molly: No it won't. Everybody wears them. Don't be silly.

Dolly: Oh, I can't go out in it.

Molly: But you must.

Dolly: But how can I?

Molly: Oh come ahead.

Dolly: But I look perfectly dreadful. I'll *die* if anybody sees me in this thing

Molly: Oh pshaw! Nobody'll notice you.

Dolly: Oh, I can't go out in it.

Molly: Come along. Are you ready?

Dolly (giggling): I–I guess so. I don't believe I'll go in after all Don't I look perfectly dreadful?

Molly: Oh for *goodness* sake, come along.

[They reach the water and enter.]

Dolly: Ow! its *cold*. Oo-o-o-o! Its *dreadfully* cold. Its *salt*! I got some in my mouth. Oh! isn't this *splendid*! I'm just *wild* over bathing. I intend to learn how to swim. I'm going in every day. Wouldn't it be fun to be photographed in my suit!

THE OBSERVER.

HO FOR THE DOGS

The sport at Union coursing park for the Independence day holidays will be provided by two stakes—one of sixty-four dogs, to be run on Saturday and Sunday, and a reserve stake with forty-eight entries for Tuesday, the Fourth. The stake for Tuesday will be drawn at the park on Saturday afternoon. It is limited to forty-eight dogs and is already filled to overflowing. It is limited to dogs which have run three times since January first, and have not won as good as third prize in an open or reserve stake. This lets in many excellent performers who have been unfortunate in being drawn against the fast dogs.

Why do so many

When the best hairdressing known is done for 25 cents, it's foolish to pay more.

When you can get switches and front pieces at half what other stores charge, is it any wonder that this place is so extensively patronized.

Ladies go to Lederer's?

World of Law

KNIGHTS OF rueful countenance are to be seen sliding over the polished floors of the county clerk's office. A settled gloom hangs like a pall over the place and from dark corners and secretive alcoves come murmurings of troubled spirits. Small knots of human beings gather themselves unto each other from time to time and there is much shaking of heads and profane language.

Now, all this commotion has been caused by the Supreme court. The tribunal of last resort created havoc in the county clerk's office by its decision of the other day. It may be law, no doubt is; the fault lies with the stupids who framed the laws in the legislature, not with the poor Supreme court that can but construe the laws according to law. It is, however, preposterous to expect the county clerk to run his office with the force which the decision, if it be not hereafter modified, leaves him. Besides, Deane is not deserving of this treatment. Curry was the man against whom Mayor Phelan was contending when he brought the suit finally decided in his favor last week. Curry openly said he would employ as many men as he pleased and that pledges might go to the devil. He was an extravagant county clerk. Can the same be said of Deane? I think not. From the day when the genial Billy took office every mother's son has had to earn his salary by the sweat of his hand and brain. There have been no loafers. Whereas, in the days of the Curry regime, men came and went as they pleased, and the race track daily received half the deputies. Deane established a rule to the effect that, with the exception of the regular time allowed for luncheon, no man shall absent himself from his post between the hours of nine and five without leave. And this rule has been rigidly adhered to.

Consequently, when everything was running so smoothly, and Deane was successfully battling with the legacy of unfinished work bequeathed him by his predecessor, it is hard lines that he should be peremptorily ordered to discharge fifty of the seventy-seven employees in his office, because of the unconstitutionality of the law under which they are employed.

It is hard on Deane, it is harder on the lawyers, it is hardest on the judges. The latter met the other day but decided to do nothing pending a petition for a re-hearing of the case. A re-hearing, however, usually amounts to so little that it looks as though the judges might decide at once whether to take the law into their own hands and appoint clerks for those departments deprived by the recent Supreme court decision, giving for the value of their services a peremptory order on the treasury, or to abide by the decision and put up with registry clerks to fill the vacancies. It is likely, from hints let fall by one or two of the judges, that the power of appointment will be exercised and, if need be, tested.

Balm to the wounded soul is furnished in a very emphatic declaration by ex-Judge Slack. It was Judge Slack who with Garret McEnerney was hired to represent the deputy county clerks in their struggle for existence. His Honor now says that, in his opinion, a rehearing of the case ought to be granted by the Supreme court. As he is a very careful, conservative man, that is a great deal for him to say. Judge Slack says that the court missed the entire drifts of the arguments delivered by counsel who defended Auditor Broderick's action in passing warrants for the extra clerks. The court held that Curry had no right to employ extra help because the laws under which he did so, to wit, the acts of 1880 and 1891, were unconstitutional. Judge Slack says he never argued that these laws were ever anything else than unconstitutional. He claimed, however, that the extra clerks, or, rather, the authority to employ them, was provided by the County Government Act.

The latter act provided for the employment of necessary extra help upon terms stated in the acts of 1880 and 1891. Now, it has been decided more than once in this state that the legislature may refer to an unconstitutional act for a particular purpose and yet its new act does not thereby become unconstitutional. Consequently, it does not matter whether the acts of 1880 and 1891 are constitutional or not; they can be used by the County Government Act for the purpose of designating the circumstances under which extra clerks can be employed. On these grounds, the point having been raised in the decision, Judge Slack thinks the Supreme court should and will grant a rehearing.

Billy Deane, with his head shaved like a convict's, is back at his post, recalled post haste from Tuscan springs, his well-earned vacation nipped in the bud by the dictum of an august tribunal. He vaguely says he won't make up his mind what to do, just yet. Joe Goddard, his able assistant, calls upon the last resources of the dictionary to explain to all comers the extreme gravity of the situation. "The diametrical influences that may be expected to adduce from the meretricious doctrines enunciated by our Supreme court no one can yet foresee," says Joe, with a wise shake of the head. "That which our consciences dictate to us as being the wisest course to pursue we shall expound to our attorneys at no distant date."

Ben I. Solomon, the talented clerk of Department 6, is walking about in a straw hat that he bought last year. While his respected sire wages Teutonic warfare with refractory witnesses in Department 11 the young hopeful tries to impress himself and others with the fact that he is enjoying his vacation, Judge Dunne having hidden himself somewhere for a month. How Ben did look forward to that vacation, and how he wonders will the next one be an enforced one.

Charlie Morris is wondering whether, should all trades fail, he can get something out of the Ingleside coursing. That is the hobby of the clerk of No. 7, coursing; he was one of the promoters of the Ingleside venture and has been prominent in most of its legal troubles.

Dick Welch laughs good humoredly, as usual, when he discusses the situation. He reflects with good sense that there is always the Potrero left. His is one of those happy natures that loom up bright under adverse circumstances. He will not meet trouble half way.

Ambrose Watson thinks of a cottage on a grassy bank near Glen Ellen, of a suit of overalls and a fishing rod. How many times, and oft have Judge Hunt, Dr. Belden and Ambrose Watson, all of Department 5, held court where the shyster troubleth not and the echo of the jury lawyer talking for his fee is lost in the melodious hum of the mosquito.

—o—

Bob Fitzgerald is of the knowing order. He knows enough, too, for he has been in politics for many long years. Bob says: "Well, if so be, so be; if not, well, all right. That's the way to play the game. Eh, old chappie?"

—o—

Oscar A. Tolle has lost the power of articulation I grieve to say this; but it is a fact. Such a pity, too, when he was getting along so nicely with his lessons in elocution during Judge Carroll Cook's absence. He takes an interpreter around with him wherever he goes. His consolation is a letter which he received from Judge Cook the other day, containing a tribute to Tolle's excellence as a clerk with many proffers of advice and assurances of friendship.

—o—

This is a good time of the year to get constitutional questions settled, for there is mighty little doing at the city hall. Court after court is adjourning; even Judge Coffey is off the bench. No one knows whither he has gone; but that is just what the probate judge likes.

—o—

Judge Hunt has rushed away for a month. He is located at Boca, on the Truckee river, nine miles from Truckee. There is a river there, there are mountains in the vicinity and there is a good hotel. Judge Hunt's companion is his son, whom he is bringing up in his own way, to become a sportsman and a lover of outdoor exercise. None of the worthy judge's old-time acquaintances can travel with him now. He has worn them all down, one after another, and the lean, gaunt man of fifty-seven years can today go through more hardships than most men of half his years. "Address us as 'Dombey & Son,' Boca," was Judge Hunt's parting word. "That'll find us. We're 'Dombey & Son, now, my boy and I."

—o—

Several prominent lawyers are showing signs of wear and tear. Brain work without proper rest will break any man down in time. Judge Slack is looking pale and overworked. Garret McInerney has had to lay off awhile. W. S. Goodfellow has broken down completely and is a very sick man. There ought to be here, as in England, a long vacation every year; there the courts adjourn from June to October and no lawyer in any good practice need stay in town.

THE COURT REPORTER.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

SEASONABLE AND RELIABLE

UNDER the locust trees,
Swayed by the zephyr's breeze,
In rocking hammock's ease—
Danger lurks yonder.

Hist! See the infant boy
With the taut guy-ropes toy;
Ah, with what fiendish joy
Parts them asunder.

Down to the cold, hard ground
(Thankful no one's around!)
With such a deadly pound—
Swears she, I wonder?

Infant boy yells with glee
Such a rare sight to see;
But joys short-lived to be—
'Twas his worst blunder.

Shingle and squirming kid
Mingle as never did.
Shrieks of dismay unhid—
Lightning and thunder!

THE SUMMER BOARDER.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "The Adventures of the Lady Ursula"—Clever and in Anthony Hope's best vein.
GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "The Lily of Killarney"—Shows that Thomas Persse has a neat Irish accent.
ALCAZAR. "Frederick the Great"—A fine production.
CALIFORNIA. "The Brownies"—Charming.
TIVOLI. "Shamus O'Brien"—With the O'Sullivan in his original role.
ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—Specialties galore and all good.
PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—Realistic and worth seeing.
GLEN PARK. Great circus today and tomorrow.

WHEN THE CURTAIN rises at the Columbia and introduces us into the snug, homelike living room at Lord Hassenden's where Mrs. Fenton, a kindly but proud old matron, discusses with her pretty niece the pranks of the Lady Ursula, one settles himself comfortably in his chair and follows with interest the dialogue After all, the eighteenth century girls seem to have but slightly differed from those of the present day and when Anthony Hope makes us acquainted with Lady Ursula and Dorothy Fenton, two happy, liberty-loving damsels, there seem to arise from the mist of the past entirely familiar friends for whom we feel particular interest. And when we follow the scheming secretiveness and almost audacious freedom of these chums, we applaud their innocent pranks and are glad of their happiness. Curiosity was one of the fascinating shortcomings of the fair sex in the last century just as it is today and curiosity entangled our fair friends in a disagreeable affair from which they must extract themselves. It is an unusual predicament; an unusual person concocted the plan; an unusual remedy is necessary to free the fair adventuress from the meshes of her own knitting. And thus in the pretty little head of Lady Ursula the idea is born to don her brother's garments, force herself into the presence of the one she thought to outwit and settle the affair to the satisfaction of all parties. There may perhaps be something else but the amicable settlement of an unforeseen calamity back of this risky adventure. Lady Ursula, deep in the secret shrines of her affectionate heart, is perhaps just a little interested in Sir George Sylvester and has made up her mind to woo him. Who can tell? She decides to don man's attire, to create the impression that she is one of the stronger sex. Why should she not ad pt at the same time a man's strategy? Oh, one does not wish to assert that Lady Ursula is immodest. No, no. But simply that her brother's danger is not the sole impulse that dominates her to present herself to Sylvester, but that just a little selfishness is hidden beneath it all. Does she not discard several costumes because their color does not suit her complexion? Ah! she desires to look pretty. And on her way to Sir Sylvester her plans certainly become more adapted to her own personality than to that of her brother. Lady Ursula is an unusual character and must needs adopt unusual methods to further her interests. Therefore Anthony Hope does not step out of the field of reality in his play. There may have lived a Lady Ursula in the eighteenth century and a Lady Ursula could not hesitate at anything when her mind is set to accomplish a certain enterprise. And we are all amused at the young girl's courage. We delight in her dare-deviltry, we smile at her embarassment, and become as interested in her adventure as though we had actually been taken into the plot. But then Miss Anglin creates such a lovable Lady Ursula that one cannot but be fascinated with this entrancing personage. How realistically she shrinks into a corner, how unaffected are her little frightened shrieks and how heartily she laughs. There is, after all, nothing so admirable as an actress who can laugh heartily, honestly and without any signs of restraint. A laugh that comes from the heart is contagious. Well, Lady Ursula, after considerable obstacles, finally closes her adventure. It proves highly successful. Her brother is freed from a heavy obligation and she has conquered the man who pledged never to look upon a woman's face again. Was it worth while to don male attire? Ask Lady Ursula and she will certainly answer you happily in the affirmative. Ask the audiences that went to the Columbia and they will assure you that it is worth a good deal to enjoy to your heart's content the enchanting escapade of Lady Ursula. It was wise of the management to retain the play for another week. Lord and Lady Algy will follow this play.

Scott Seaton, with "A Midnight Bell" Company at the California

Orpheum

AND NOW grand opera has also found its way into the Orpheum. One certainly cannot deny that the management of the Orpheum is up-to-date. Opera seems to be the battle-cry nowadays and Mr. Morrissey thinks rightly if everybody presents opera why the Orpheum can do so too, and he is perfectly correct. The prison scene of Faust as presented by Signor and Signora Pasquali assisted by Signor Abramoff, is executed in a decidedly artistic and polished manner. Signora Pasquali's soprano is one of those rarely dramatic organs that transmits emotion and translates human passion and sentiment into golden melodies. Her execution is worthy of imitation and her enunciation shows the thorough training she has undergone Her stage presence is delightful. Signor Pasquali's lyric tenor seems to be particularly adapted for a role like Faust; it is graceful, liquid and true. He sings easily without any bombast and without any desire to thrust his personality upon his audience, a virtue which should be imitated by all soloists. Abramoff, as we all know, has a basso of considerable compass and he sings with force and emphasis. In the trio he adapts the baritone key and thereby makes the finale particularly effective. He sings *schmetternd*. From the balance of the program, Will M. Cressy and Blanche Dayne's sketch Grasping an Opportunity, may easily be selected as worthy of mention. It is original, contains some solid wit and has entertaining situations. Miss Dayne is clever and chic. She is a bright artist and succeeds in securing all the fine points from a play. The new people at the Orpheum next week will include Hayes and Litton in a comedy skit, J. Morie, the tourist juggler, and the Gardner brothers in musical comedy. A special matinee is announced for Tuesday, July fourth and regular matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

California

TOMORROW NIGHT Hoyt's A Midnight Bell will make its appearance with the Stockwell company. Of course everyone knows the reputation that Mr. Stockwell enjoys but there are two members of the company that deserve to be especially noticed. One is Pearl Landers, the versatile little actress who captured the critics between here and Chicago, not only because of the fine development of her histrionic accomplishments, but because of her beauty, which is of that agreeable genuine type that repels all affectation. As Dot in A Midnight Bell she evidently found the role that fits her exactly and there will be a treat in store for those who visit the California next week. The other member of the company who has just arisen in the dramatic firmament is Scott Seaton, a clever young man who has adopted the stage as his profession but recently and has succeeded in working himself up from a talented amateur to a professional who has gained many admirers wherever the company has appeared. Surely A Midnight Bell ought to have a successful run for it is deserving of large patronage.

Grand Opera House

OF ALL THE diplomatic business strokes that have emanated from the active brain of Walter Morosco the acquiring of the Southwell opera company for permanent comic opera at the Grand was perhaps the greatest This supremely efficient organization has demonstrated in a large degree that it is worthy of the patronage of our theatre-going public and having considered it a pleasant duty to pay weekly visits to the opera house in honor of this finely equipped company, the people can but feel grateful toward Mr. Morosco for giving them a chance to hear all modern operatic works in a finished style and backed by perfect stage management. That this last venture of Mr. Morosco will be successful cannot be questioned. Julius Benedict's Lily of Killarney is being produced this week. While the music, especially the ensemble, is of the best, the action of the play is tedious and dragging In fact the plot seems only represented in its astral form. The most effective part of the play is the drowning scene, not so much because of its melodramatic character but because of the stage setting and the music. This scene is certainly one of Mr Jones' masterpieces, and he may well be proud of it. Mr. Persse develops considerable dramatic ability and a splendid dialect. Next week The Beggar Student will be given. It will be worth a good deal to hear that great chorus sing the sparkling waltzes and marches of Milloecker's dashing operetta.

Alcazar

LEWIS MORRISON essays the part of Frederick the Great with as much success as others which preceded it. Virginia Drew made her debut in this historical drama on the professional stage and it was a very creditable first appearance. Miss Drew, although portraying a character that is rather inferior, has amply demonstrated that she possesses admirable artistic facility and she will find that her rare physical charms, combined with her clear intelligence, will easily pave her a way into public favor. Frederick the Great will be withdrawn after tomorrow night to make room for a double bill consisting of a curtain-raiser by Charlotte Thompson, a capable local writer, entitled Only the Master Shall Blame, and Don Cæsar de Bazan. Morrison is said to be particularly effective in this latter play and he has devoted much time to a thorough study of the character of Don Cæsar, in which the young Salvini shone so brightly. Miss Roberts will again have an opportunity to display her brilliant versatility in the role of the gypsy. Mr. Whittlesley will have the part of King Charles II and the remainder of the capable stock company will be properly cast. Miss Thompson's curtain-raiser is derived from Kipling's L' Envoie. It is said to be of remarkable interest. The action is based upon the unjust accusation of a handsome and virtuous young lady at the eleventh hour of her marriage to a prominent and esteemed young man. She is accused of leading a life not in conformity with the reputation she enjoys, which results in the discontinuance of her engagement. Of course vindication and reconciliation finish the sketch.

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Summer Idleness

UMBOWERED in a locust's shade
Full many an hour I lie
And marvel how its golden green
Is latticed on the sky.

From some far height the sound of bells
Floats down on airy wings,
And somewhere in the maze of boughs
A bird is glad and sings.

IRENE CONNELL.

Music World

THE CLEVER YOUNG musical manager, Charles L. Young, whose energy and ambition have landed him in the front rank of his profession, has finally issued announcements for the coming season. I feel particularly interested in the work of Mr. Young, inasmuch as he has become so popular on this coast that one might well count him among local "talent." His list contains, besides artists of world-renowned reputation, young musicians making their appearance on the horizon of art. Another feature worth mentioning is the fact that the list contains mostly American talent. Because of these two revolutions Mr. Young is entitled to considerable praise. As the larger portion of these artists will visit this coast, it is of interest to publish this complete list: Sopranos, Caroline Gardener Clarke, Mrs Elizabeth Northrup, Mademoiselle Helene Noldi, Natalie Dunn; mezzo-soprano, Marguerite Hall; contraltos, Madame Rosa Linda, Lilian Carlsmith, Katherine McLeod Austin; tenors, Charles Abercrombie Charles A. Kaiser, Louis J. Mintz; baritones, Signor Alberti, Professor Zellman, George H. C. Ensworth; bassos, Geo. F. Chandler, Percy R. Stephens; pianists, Thuel Burnham, Aime Lachaume, Agnes Miles, Hilda Newman, Celia Schiller; violinists, Geraldine Morgan, Martina Johnstone, Dora Valesca Becker, Marie Storie, Ovide Musin, Rossi Gisch. Anna E. Otten; harpist, Josephine Sullivan; 'cellists, Flavie Van Dan Hende, Paul Morgan; the Morgan string quartet; the New York Ladies trio.

¶ ¶

Of particular interest to this coast is the fact that Miss Hilda Newman of Oakland is included in this list. This is good news. It is an endorsement of the assertion that encouragement is offered young, aspirant artists who may appear upon their merit without being compelled to buy themselves into public favor. I am truly glad that Miss Newman has an opportunity to assert her efficiency. She is a refined pianist of great merit and I am sure that throughout her engagement she will find numerous admirers who will be but too glad to bestow upon her that approval which she so honestly deserves.

¶ ¶

It seems that the coming season is to be particularly brilliant. The advance announcements from the various managers simply dazzle from the brilliancy of illustrious names, Ignace Paderewski heading the list and the Grau opera company immediately following. By the way speaking of the Grau company reminds me that Emil Paur has been appointed to conduct the German opera and will be here with the orchestra. This is indeed gratifying information. It is questionable whether Jean de Reszke and Marcella Sembrich will form features of the cast as the former seems to be reluctant to appear next season and the latter is reported to be about to elope to the concert stage. However there are rumors that Madame Gadski will form one of the Wagnerian stars, which should cause much rejoicing here.

¶ ¶

Among those constellations that are to be sent out here by the enterprising Victor Thrane are Petchenikoff, the famous violinist; Saville, the beautiful and well known prima donna—a former San Franciscan, by the way; Sieveking the brilliant pianist and Hamburg, who recently created quite a sensation because of his fine technical equipment as a piano virtuoso. Miss Jackson will be the lady violinist of the season and her reputation as a finished player will no doubt attract the attention of our patrons of music. So as may be seen there is ample work for the writers and it would be no harm to buy a special supply of nice soft pencils

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Sir Henry Heyman left for Alaska last Sunday on the steamship St. Paul as the guest of Leon Sloss, president of the Alaska commercial company. He will return in August. Miss Leontine Pirrie, a talented violinist, will leave soon for Leipsic in order to complete her studies. Harry Samuels—one of Heyman's ex-pupils—who has been studying with Joachim and Cæsar Thompson with gratifying success, will arrive here within a few days on a visit to his relatives.

¶ ¶

The Pacific Grove summer school of music was opened under auspicious circumstances on June twenty-first, a large audience being present to applaud the good work of the participants. The program of the first concert was: Polonaise in C sharp minor, Chopin, and Murmuring Zephyrs, Jensen-Niemann, James Hamilton Howe; It is not Always May, Gounod, Milton L. Lawrence; Recitative and Aria (from "In a Persian Garden) Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley; Ballade in G-Minor, Chopin, Miss Ada May Churchill; Aria, Oh Rest in the Lord (from Elijah) Mendelssohn, Mrs. Frances Moeller; Gondoliera and Tarantelle, Liszt, Mr. Howe; 'Twas April, Nevin, A Question, Lynnes, Ecstacy, Beach, Sweetheart Sigh No More, Lynnes, Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley; Recessional (text by Kipling) Milton L. Lawrence; The Worker, Gonuod, Mrs. Moeller; Duet, The Unfortunate, Saint Saens, Mrs. McCauley, Miss Churchill.

¶ ¶

Irwin Eveleth Hassell, the gifted young piano student, will leave for New York tomorrow accompanied by his mother and two sisters. On July thirteenth they will leave for Berlin where Hassell will complete his studies. He had no idea of going abroad this year, but owing to the advice of Rosenthal and Sauer he hastened his journey. From his several public recitals it has become evident that there is a brilliant future in store for the young man if he will but continue to work zealously along the lines upon which he started. And as he is endowed with sufficient poetical sentiment and possesses in a large measure acute powers of discrimination, there can hardly be any doubt as to his fitness to become a finished artist. Perseverance is another virtue which young Hassell seems to be fortunate enough to possess and which will be of invaluable assistance to him in his future studies. His friends certainly wish him all possible success and bon voyage.

¶ ¶

Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley has opened a class of vocal students in Santa Cruz and her efforts appear to be crowned with much success. I am really glad that Mrs. McCauley decided to benefit the Santa Cruz vocalists by her presence and

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hope she will find it worth her while to continue her class. The Sentinel had the following to say of her recent recital: "Mrs. McCauley sang several selections in a way that charmed her listeners. She possesses a voice of rare sweetness and cultivation. Mrs. McCauley has been a member of first-class operatic and concert organizations in the east and has always received the highest praise from the critics, therefore it was no wonder that those who heard her enjoyed a rare treat. Each selection, whether a difficult ballad or a coon song, was given with that charm of manner and voice that only a finished artist can give. Mrs. McCauley has received much encouragement while here, and has the promise of a large class in vocal instruction, for lovers of music recognize the fact that she is a teacher of ability and experience."

¶ ¶

Mr. and Mrs. Cecil Bauer of Portland, Oregon, are paying San Francisco a visit. Mr. Bauer is a brother of Miss Emilie Frances Bauer, formerly representative of the Musical Courier on this coast and now working for the same paper in Boston. Mrs. Bauer is better known to the musical world under the name of Rose Block. She received her musical education in Vienna and possesses a magnificent, ringing soprano which she understands well how to use. The young couple were married recently in Portland where Mr. Bauer occupies a lucrative position.

¶ ¶

The engagement is announced of Miss Lily E. Cramphorn formerly of Rochester, England, and now of San Jose, and James Hamilton Howe, Mus. B., formerly of Boston, now of San Francisco. Both are staying at Pacific Grove for the summer, where Mr. Howe is directing the Pacific Grove summer school of music, and Miss Cramphorn is officiating as secretary.

¶ ¶

Miss Marion Baer, the pianist and teacher, accompanied by her mother, will leave for San Rafael this week to spend the summer. Mr. and Mrs. Edward Xavier Rölker are spending the summer at San Rafael. Mr. Rölker is an efficient vocal instructor and owing to the duties connected with a conscientiously conducted studio, he really needs recreation. But he nevertheless continues his class here.

¶ ¶

Bertine Weill, the handsome young baritone, has returned from a camping trip to the Santa Cruz mountains. He is well loaded—with stories, of course—and seems to have escaped happily many adventures. There seems to be something fascinating in the Santa Cruz mountains, for Mr Weill will return there today to continue his vacation.

¶ ¶

One of the first concerts of next season will be that of Harry W. Brown, the baritone, who has just arrived from the east with an idea of settling here. He is now organist for one of the churches here and his efficiency seems to give general

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satisfaction. Dr. W. R. Linscott, one of Santa Cruz's foremost enthusiasts of music and much sought in social circles, was up last week attending the convention of dentists.

¶ ¶

Max Hirschfeld's new song, Because You Love Me, which I spoke of some time ago has now been published by Sherman-Clay. It is written both for soprano or tenor and alto or baritone. Unlike many modern composition it is totally devoid of all the cheapness and trashiness of so called popular music. It breathes sympathy and the music is in harmonious accord with the text. The text, too, is very poetical and no doubt assisted Mr. Hirschfeld a good deal in composing a meritorious melody to it. We have then in this song good music, melodious strains and a poetic text, three characteristics that must make this song a desirable one for all vocalists. Frank Coffin scored a great success while singing it lately.

¶ ¶

John Marquardt and his orchestra gave another Strauss evening at the Louvre last Tuesday and duplicated the artistic character of the program. There is no denying that as a concert master Mr. Marquardt has but few equals and he can manage a program more successfully than most of his colleagues.

¶ ¶

There is a rumor that Hermann Geuss the director, critic and pianist who recently arrived from Berlin will be the next conductor of the symphony concerts in this city.

¶ ¶

Fairy Flutterers, a neat composition by Louis von der Mehden Jr., is played at the Louvre by John Marquardt's able orchestra. It is a clever conceit and deserving of the greatest success.

ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

Miss Ida Belle Diserens, the pianist, has gone to the Diserens' fruit ranch, in the Saratoga foot-hills of Santa Clara county, to spend her summer vacation. She was accompanied by Mrs. Frederick Diserens, Mrs. Mary L. Belding, a Poco camera, the duplicate whist rules and "Beauty" Diserens, the family cat.

¶ ¶

Miss Caroline Shindler has moved her studio from Sutter street to 341 B San Jose avenue.

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Town vs. Country

God made the country, and man made the town.
What wonder, then, that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves?
Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as art contrives, possess ye still
Your element; there only can ye shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm,
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish
Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
The splendour of your lamps, they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes. The thrush departs
Scared, and th' offended nightingale is mute.

—Cowper.

The Reason Why

SOME PEOPLE SAID it was disgusting when they read in the papers that pretty Kate Little was going to be married to old Mr. Jones. They said that when a young girl weds a septuagenarian it is nothing more or less than legalized prostitution. But that is a hard term to apply to it and quite wrong in this instance.

Kate Little, at eighteen, when she graduated from the high school, was a good representative of the best type of Californian middle class girlhood. She was pretty, graceful and fairly well educated. Nobody ever considered her born to set the bay on fire, yet everybody knew she was not silly. She was not a new woman; she had no desire to have an independent career. When her teacher asked her what occupation she intended to take up when she graduated, Kate answered:

"I am not going to do anything. I shall marry as soon as I can."

You see Kate already had her man picked out. He was a nice young fellow, an insurance clerk, and they had been "keeping company"—as they called it in their set—ever since Kate was sixteen and Spencer eighteen. Every Sunday Spencer called at the Little residence, dined with the family, took a walk with Kate and did escort duty to church in the evening. They expected to be married some time—at least Kate did. I do not think Spencer ever made any definite matrimonial plans. His salary was only sixty-five dollars a month and he had never saved anything.

Old Mr. Jones was a widower of five months' standing. He owned a comfortable house in the same block as the Little home and, though he had often seen Kate walking to and from school, it had never come across him what an attractive young woman she had grown to be until, the week after her graduation, he saw her in the garden one day cutting roses.

He looked at her and thought:

"I wish I had a pretty young creature like that in my house."

As the thought passed through his mind Kate looked up. She had known old Mr. Jones by sight for a long time and, as she caught his glance, she smiled. Then she acted upon a second thought and threw him a rose. The septuagenarian was not decrepit and he had been a brave cricket player in his youth. He caught the rose and, with the air of a young gallant, raised his hat.

Then Kate ran into the house.

But old Mr. Jones said to himself, as he placed his rose in a glass of water: "I believe I'll ask that little girl to marry me."

On Sunday, Spencer came to dine as usual and after dinner Kate and he went for their usual walk. Kate felt in an unusually loving mood and she could not help thinking that Spencer was uncommonly dull. He seemed to take things so much for granted, as it were.

With the tact that women use when they wish to bring their affianced lovers to the point of setting the wedding day, Kate drew the conversation around to the subject of her graduation—and her future.

But Spencer was obstinately, stupidly dense, though unconsciously so. As a wind-up to his fate—he did not know what a blow he was dealing himself—he said:

"I'm going camping with some fellows this summer, Kitty. You'll have to miss me for two Sundays."

"Going away?"

"Yes, and we're going to have a jolly time; no girls along. Don't bother writing to me, because we intend cutting civilization even to the point of not visiting the post-office."

Old Mr. Jones did not know what a point in his favor was served by that Sunday walk. However, he came around to the Little residence the next day and, without any preliminary, preferred his suit.

Mrs. Little, to whom the proposal was made for her daughter's hand, was rather taken aback by the request. Nevertheless, weighing with maternal prudence the advantages of such a union, the suitor's age being the only drawback, she temporized by saying:

"I must ask Kitty herself."

The result we all know, for it was town talk the next day and made good writing for newspaper sensation scribblers. The engagement was announced of Miss Kate Little and Mr. Jones.

And Spencer is still wondering what was the reason.

THE HISTORIAN.

There isn't an ounce of headache in a barrel of it—Jesse Moore "A. A." Whisky.

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Apres l'Amour le Mort

HE KNEW it was only pastime. Lawrence knew he could not marry her. He had been engaged to another girl for five years and, after this long waiting, the day was set.

The affair was a boy and girl arrangement. There had never been any talk of rapturous adoration, or anything like that, on either side. It had simply happened in the same matter of course way that led Lawrence through school and college.

When the exigencies of his profession—he was a civil engineer—took him to Mexico he was rather glad to escape from town. Helen did not weep when he left. She was sure of having him all to herself some day; a few absences more or less, beforehand, did not matter.

And in the city of Mexico Lawrence met Tania Bell. She was quite the most fascinating feminine combination that Lawrence had ever seen. Her father was an Englishman, her mother Spanish and the mixture of blood had produced a charming woman. Tania was soft and sweet in manner at times, quiet and cold like her father's people. Then, all at once, her Spanish blood would begin to leap in her veins, her eyes would dance and her whole mood would change to the gayest of the gay. It was this double nature that made her so bewitching.

After meeting Tania at a military ball, Lawrence had followed up the chase with more vigor than he had fancied himself capable of. In fact, though he did not know it, having never really been in love before—though he had dignified many fitful bursts of passion by that name—he had fallen desperately in love with Tania Bell.

And she, with her English womanly coquetry added to the Spanish intensity of feeling, had against her will lost her heart to the young American.

Yet—

"You must not," she said, "you must not make love to me. What is only flirtation to you might become serious earnest to me. I might fall in love with you, you know."

"Well, what of that?"

"Well, what? Why, you have told me that your wedding day is set."

Lawrence had forgotten for the moment, but the words recalled to him his honor.

It was hard not to speak tenderly, lovingly and to overwhelm with kisses this girl whom he loved so wildly, so deeply, but he remembered his honor.

And a week later the conclusion of his business caused him to bid Mexico adios—and Tania.

* * * * *

Lawrence was walking along Kearny street. Tomorrow, at high noon, at St. Luke's Episcopal church, he was to be converted into a benedict.

Without rhyme or reason his thoughts reverted to Tania Bell, whom he had pushed obstinately to the bottom of memory's box and turned the key since his return to San Francisco.

But at this moment the lock flew open, Tania's image leaped into the mind's eye—and Tania in the flesh stood before him.

"My mother is dead," she said, and he saw she was gowned in black. "My father and I are on our way to London."

"And I am to be married tomorrow."

Lawrence did not mean to say that but without his volition the words leaped to his lips.

"Let us spend this day together," he said, as he walked along by her side. "Let us give ourselves up to fate; surely this meeting was planned by fate."

Tania knew the argument was specious, but it was so sweet. Besides, she was going away and Lawrence would be separated from her forever. The temptation was too seductive to be resisted.

They were as happy as children on a holiday. They went out to the park and walked about and talked. They had those old Mexican days to talk about, those old sweet days. Not once did thay talk of the future; that they tried to forget.

"It is only one day out of an eternity," extenuated Tania to herself her lapse from the strict performance of her duty. "I shall be miles and miles away and she will have him always."

Lawrence did not attempt any excuse. He did not care, but gave himself up to the pleasure of the hour.

The moments slipped by on roseate wings, and to them both it seemed as if they had just met when their car stopped in front of the Palace hotel and Lawrence walked with Tania to the door of her apartment.

He was about entering the elevator on his way back after saying good-bye, when a light step came tripping after him.

"Papa has gone out," said the girl, pinning on the hat she had just taken off. "Don't leave me alone. I do not know a single soul in this great city but yourself."

Was it fate?

It was for the last time, said Lawrence to himself. It came across his mind that he had forgotten to get his marriage license. Well, it was too late now. Tomorrow would do.

This evening he would give up to the one girl he had ever truly loved.

* * * * *

They had eaten little but had consumed a great quantity of wine. Lawrence had completely forgotten the fact that this was the eve of his wedding day. One idea only was paramount in his mind—he loved Tania Bell.

Stiff and in her most frigid English attitude, she sat opposite him, smiling occasionally with that witching smile, beaming upon him with those sweet eyes that mocked the coldness of her demeanor.

The sight of her maddened him.

He had never kissed her—but he would.

"No, no," she cried, tearing herself from his embrace, "you must not."

Then the hot Spanish blood came welling up in her heart, mingling with the English pride. It was all done so quickly that neither could have told how it occurred.

Lawrence fell back against the table, a little stream of blood trickling through the hole in his shirt-bosom and sullying its purity. Tania stood opposite him, horror in her eyes and a blood-stained hat-pin in her hand; such an innocent appearing jeweled hat-pin, in vraisemblance anything but a murderous weapon.

He put his hand over the wound to stanch the flow, but the knowledge was his that nothing was of any use.

Somehow, he did not care. Only—Helen would wait at the altar and he would not be there. Helen was so punctual—and she hated scenes.

He looked at Tania, and there was no hate in his eyes. A world of love looked from them.

"I am yours, Tania," he said, "yours in death."

It was his amende honorable.

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The sweetest story in Nature's love.
Where rich-robed mountains, the hazes through,
Stand guardian over the nestling bay.
Where blithesome breezes laugh lightly by.
Where home and youth's bright memories lie
I know the wild-roses are blowing today
From soft-lipped zephyrs whose amourous kiss
Is freighted with scents of more odorous flowers;
From languorous dreams in dim, tropical bowers,
I turn all a-weary, for e'en here I miss
That northern land. And wherever I roam,
Though heaven-on-earth be the spot where I stray,
'Twill only make dearer that happier day
I knew when wild flowers were blowing at home.

LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

World of Letters

THERE SEEMS to be an unnecessary amount of feeling over Kipling's suit against the Putnams, although the only argument put forth is that Kipling enjoys a large income from his writings and so has no grievance. The Putnams have been long in the business and were both early and loud in their outcry against "piracy." They understand all the ethics of the publishing trade and would probably have been quick to resent any infringement of their own rights. Kipling certainly is justified in suppressing his Departmental Ditties if he sees fit, whether his admirers agree with him or not. The cover design of the authorized American edition—an elephant's head and the signature in facsimile—were duplicated and whether or not the printed pages were bought from an authorized publisher and rebound the Putnams had no right to add poems not included in the purchase. Moreover, that Ken of Kipling, a biographical sketch largely made up of quotations and more or less of apochryphal anecdotes, which was included in the Putnams' Brushwood edition, was neither written nor authorized by Kipling but was roundly denounced as absurd and untrue. The Putnams have tacitly admitted that they were in the wrong, at least in part, by refraining from the further use of the cover design. And Richard Le Gallienne has only pity for the deluded public who buy and read Kipling's books! Kipling, by the way, has this week brought suit against Elbert Hubbard for infringements similar to those perpetrated by the Putnams. His fellow writers should make common cause with him, for it is as much to their interests as his to have their rights definitely determined by law. Literature at best is a precarious occupation, where, besides the usual competition of a crowded field, there are all the authors since the art of writing was invented, for the death of an author not only does not put him out of the battle, but not infrequently revives a waning interest which gives rise to the issue of a new edition of his works. And now someone has discovered that Kipling merely hums to himself some Irish tune and fits the lines of his poetry to its metre. "How easily Mandelay fits into Wearing of the Green," says this new Columbus. The rest of the world might whistle O'Donnell Aboo till the cows come home and be no nearer to creating a Recessional or a White Man's Burden than they are now. Ever since Kipling loomed up on our horizon we have had pictures of him, pen in hand, in full literary costume; we know just how and when and where he writes and how much he is paid for it. But who else has followed in his footsteps—unless we accept Jack London.

Hinds and Noble of New York have issued a little book called Mistakes in Teaching, otherwise known as the Preston Papers. These papers have attracted attention all over the country and not to be familiar with them is to be behind the times. They might be termed a plea for common sense in the schoolroom and a protest against ruts and set ways. The teacher who reads this book will be animated with courage to do the things her judgment commends even if the traditions are against her, and will receive suggestions of how to adapt her methods to the child in preference to the less rational process of adapting the child to her methods. It contains valuable hints on discipline, play, rewards and other live subjects and could be read with interest and profit by parents and all others who are interested in young people. It has not a dull line from beginning to end, and even if we do not agree with all that it contains, there is nothing in it that will not give rise to thought and suggest something perhaps better.

A literary prodigy has come forward in Boston, who it is claimed has had no equal since the days of Chatterton and Keats. This is Mary Antin, a little Russian Jewess fifteen years of age, whose book, From Plotzk to Boston, is introduced by a foreword by Israel Zangwill. The child left Plotzk in Central Russia with her father four years ago and her book is a record of the impressions and recollections of her journey. If one may judge it by extracts, it is both well written and interesting. Mary Antin appears to be a remarkable child. When she arrived in Boston four years ago at eleven years of age she understood no language but Yiddish. Now she is holding her own in the first year class of the Boston Latin school. She has a decided advantage over Maurice Rosenfeld whose Songs of the Ghetto created such a stir a few months ago, in that he could write and, I understand, speak only in Yiddish.

The books which Robert Louis Stevenson presented to his mother, all first editions, were sold at auction in London a few weeks ago and brought very high prices. One would suppose that sentiment would have retained these volumes in the family for at least a decade—but no!

> Money I want, money I crave,
> And if I don't get money
> I'll hound you all to the grave.

> To be honest; to be kind; to earn a little and spend a little less; to make, upon the whole, a family happier for his presence; to renounce, when that shall be necessary, and not be imbittered; to keep a few friends but these without capitulation; above all, on the same grim condition, to keep friends with himself—here is a task for all that a man has of fortitude and delicacy.

This was Stevenson's own philosophy of life. There is nothing in it of the commercialism of his family. How long before we shall have boxes, canes, plaques etc. made from bits of the Samoan home? We should have Stevenson pen-holders and paper-weights to decorate our writing tables from the Silverado shanty and—well, one need not make suggestions. Doubtless when the literary pickings give out—if they ever do—all these will be found to have been borne in mind. The house in which Stevenson was born in Edinburgh, even that, has been sold

ALWAYS KEEP ON HAND
Pain-Killer
THERE IS NO KIND OF PAIN OR ACHE, INTERNAL OR EXTERNAL, THAT PAIN-KILLER WILL NOT RELIEVE.
LOOK OUT FOR IMITATIONS AND SUBSTITUTES. THE GENUINE BOTTLE BEARS THE NAME,
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to a Dundee solicitor for four thousand dollars, doubtless an augmented price because of its association with the name of the anthor.

It is said that Harold Frederick, who made a hobby of philately, has left a collection of postage stamps which is worth a large sum of money. This will be cheering news to those who bear in mind the fact that after his death it was discovered that all his copyrights were found to be so heavily mortgaged as to yield nothing to his family. Mrs. Frederick survived her husband but a few weeks and the doubly orphaned children, the eldest of whom was but eleven years of age, were left destitute. A fund was started sometime ago for their benefit by the literary friends of their father but I have seen no reference to it lately. The whole business of funds, collections and benefits has been so overdone that it is seldom possible any longer to obtain an appreciable sum for even the most worthy of causes. It is to be hoped that enough will be accumulated from all sources to provide some maintenance for the children until they are able at least to contribute toward their own support. They are to be sent to America to make their home in New York with their grandmother.

The business office of the Chicago board of education has adopted the spelling reform recommended by the National educational association and approved by Dr. Andrews. The accepted spelling with them now is: altho, tho, thoro, thorofare, thru, thruout, catalog, decalog, demagog, pedagog and program. On the whole, demagog seems to fit the species better than the longer form demagogue, but the pedagog has lost a foot from his stature and suffers a corresponding loss of dignity. An old rule of the board of examiners in this state used to be: "Any grammar ancient, modern or antediluvian will be accepted as authority." I wonder if the Chicago board is as liberal in regard to orthography or if they still expect their pedagogs to hold by dictionary and spelling book for their orthography?

In His Name, the novel by Charles M. Sheldon, the Kansas city clergyman to which I referred a week or two ago, is having an enormous sale in England, three million, if reports are to be credited and three other books by the same author in penny editions have reached a total of nine hundred thousand in three weeks. This, I believe, is the highest figure ever reached by any book. East Lynne which has been the best selling of any copyrighted novel, has aggregated "only" four hundred and eighty thousand. That "only" is good.

There is always some unfortunate word in our language which is working overtime and doing duty on all possible occasions. Just now "classical" appears to be a sort of Man with the Hoe. Fistic encounters and horse races have so long been described as "classical events" that the memory of man hardly runneth to the contrary. A week or so ago we had a great headline in one of the morning papers—Classical Event for Leashmen—a simple everyday, or at least every Sunday coursing match.

David Harum, which is still the best selling book of the day and which has held its own against all comers for nearly three months, was refused by two publishing firms of New York, two of Chicago, one of Boston and one of Philadelphia, before it was accepted by the Appletons. Its author, Edward Noyes Westcott, was over fifty years of age when he took up his pen as an accupation for his invalid days and did not live to see his book in print. He is said to have left but one other piece of fiction, which has been secured by the Lippincotts

---

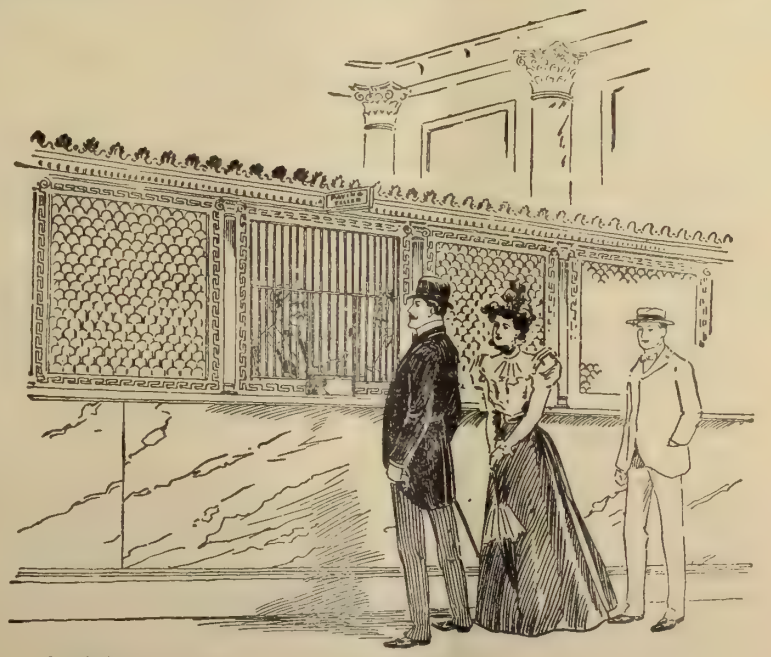
Some one paid seven hundred and fifty pounds for a first edition, uncut, of one of Sir Walter Scott's books. What possible use one could find for an uncut book is one of the "things that no fellow can find out." It would seem that the prime, whole and sole object of making a book would be to have it read and if the pages are never cut one might just as well own a block of wood, shaped and colored.

A novel which is making something of a sensation in England is entitled Unholy Matrimony, which is brought out by a canny Scot when no one else would have anything to do with it. The authority is ascribed to "John Le Breton" but is the joint work of Murray Forde, editor of Pick-me-up, and Miss Harte Potts who was once before associated with Mr. Forde in connection with a music hall journal known as The Encore.

Manx must be the finest lovers' language in the world. It is credited with having ninety-seven ways of saying my dear. Ian Maclaren says "Gaelic is the best of all languages for loving. It has fifty ways of saying darling;" but that is a long, long way behind the little Manx nation.

The Examiner has a small fame-making machine in full working order. Whether or not it will profit the young poet remains to be seen. It is only justice to Bailey Millard to state that it is not he who is turning the crank of that opinion mill.

THE BOOKWORM.



I think every man I see uses R·I·P·A·N·S.

Mr. Barry, our manager, takes one after every meal and so does his father and sister. The old gentleman has rheumatism if he don't take R·I·P·A·N·S. They use twelve a day in that house.

About half the people I know carry one of those 5-cent cartons all the time in their vest pockets.

I was in the Bowery Savings Bank to draw some money, and while I was waiting in the line a clerk came up to the paying teller and said: "Give me a Ripans!" The teller took a carton out of his pocket and handed it to the clerk, who took out one of the Tabules and handed the carton back. Then I watched him and saw him go to the water cooler and swallow the Tabule with some water; I saw him tip his head back.

It's just wonderful how everybody takes them.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores—FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at liquor stores and barber shops.

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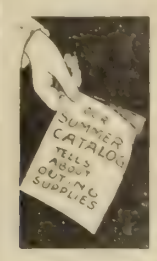

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LEGAL NOTICES

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE
WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE of HARRY I. THORNTON, Deceased. } Department No. 9, Probate. No. 15,715.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Bessie Thornton, praying that the executrix of the estate of Harry I Thornton, deceased, be authorized, empowered and directed to execute a note and to secure the payment of such note, to mortgage the real estate belonging to said estate, which is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain tract of land situated in the County of Contra Costa, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at an ash tree 12 inches in diameter, marked S X S with two notches on the east and west sides from which a sycamore tree 20 inches in diameter bears north 9 degrees east 81 links distant; this corner is about 60 chains by a direct line down San Pablo Creek from the northeast corner of the McCoun Place; the said ash tree stands in the middle of a gulch on the west side of San Pablo Creek; thence west 147.88 chains to a stake forming the southwest corner hereof; thence north 100 chains (by true meridian) to the northwest corner hereof; thence east 65.88 chains to San Pablo Creek: at an elder tree 16 inches in diameter in the bed of the Creek; marked S X S with two notches on the south and west sides the northeast corner; thence up center of creek with its meanderings to point of beginning; containing 1000 acres of land and no more; the said tract being a portion of the Sobrante, situate in Contra Costa County and on the west side of San Pablo Creek; in the Cruizita Valley:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Fresno, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

According to the official plats and system of surveys of the Government of the United States; in township 13 south range 19 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, of section 34 the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and the south half of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter, containing 60 acres of land, more or less, and also all water, water rights and privileges in anywise appurtenant or belonging to said land or any part thereof:

The southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 5 in township 14 south of range 19 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Lots 7 and fractional southwest quarter of southeast quarter of section 27; lot 1 and south half of northwest quarter and west half of northeast quarter of section 34, in township 12 south of range 19 east of Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, and containing 255.05 acres, more or less, as per survey:

Lot numbered 2 of northwest quarter of section 34 in township 12 south of range 19 east of Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, containing 35.71 acres of land, according to the United States Government survey:

All those pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Kings, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the north or west bank of Kings River where the north line of section 1, township 17 south range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, intersects said bank; running thence due west along said north line of said section 4055 feet more or less, to the northwest corner of said section, thence due south along west line of said section 1870 feet and 5 inches, more or less, to a point on the north bank of Cole Slough, and thence along the north bank of Cole Slough and the north bank of Kings River following the meanderings thereon, to the point of beginning; the same being all of said section 1, lying north of Kings River and Cole Slough, and containing 87 acres, more or less:

Beginning at a point on the north bank of Cole Slough, where the westerly line of said section 1, township 17 south range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, intersects said bank, and running thence due north 1092 feet and 5 inches to a point; thence due west 1320 feet to a point; thence due south 582 feet to a point on the north bank of said Cole Slough; thence along the north bank of said Cole Slough following the meanderings thereof, to the point of beginning; containing 22.6 acres of land, and being a portion of the northeast quarter of section 2, township 17 south, range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian:

Those certain parcels of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

One undivided third part of that certain lot situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the intersection of the southeasterly line of Market street with the northerly line of Seventeenth street; thence easterly along the northerly line of Seventeenth street 109 feet 8 inches; thence at right angles northerly 93 feet 9 inches to the southeasterly line of Market street; thence southwesterly along said line of Market street 144 feet 3 ½ inches to the point of beginning; being a part of Mission Block No. 115 as delineated on the official map of the City and County of San Francisco;

All that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point on the east line of Castro street 180 feet south from the southerly line of Sixteenth street; thence south along the east line of Castro street 25 feet; thence at right angles east 94 feet 4½ inches; thence northeast 46 feet 2¾ inches; thence west 123 feet 7½ inches to the point of beginning:

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in said Estate appear before the above-entitled Court on the 24th day of July, 1899, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day, at the Court-room of said Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the New City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the said real estate or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit: Twelve thousand six hundred and forty-three and 54-100 ($12,643.54) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, as is more fully set forth in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

Dated June 21, 1899.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Section 1578 C. C. P.

Endorsed.
Filed June 21, 1899.
WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By V. F. NORTHROP, Deputy Clerk.

TOWN TALK prints Briefs and Transcripts

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of CHARLES PRETTEJOHN, sometimes known as Charles Pettejohn, an insane person.

E. MYRON WOLF, the guardian of the estate of Charles Prettejohn sometimes known as Charles Pettejohn, an insane person, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of Court directing him to sell either at public or private sale the real and personal property owned by said Charles Prettejohn for the purposes therein set forth and,

IT APPEARING to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said Charles Prettejohn and his estate to sell the real estate and personal property described in said petition and which said guardian prays should be sold,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED by this Court that all persons interested in said estate and the next of kin of said Charles Prettejohn appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 18th day of July, 1899 at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, Department Number Ten (10) thereof, in the New City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian to sell so much of the real and personal property of the said Charles Prettejohn at either private or public sale as shall be deemed necessary, expedient and beneficial.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in TOWN TALK, a newspaper published in said City and County.

DONE IN OPEN COURT this 17th day of June, 1899.

CARROLL COOK,
Judge.

E. MYRON WOLF,
Attorney, Rooms 1015-1016 Claus Spreckels Building.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 2

CHRISTINA JACOBY Plaintiff vs HERMAN JACOBY Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therin within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff since the 11th day of December A. D. 1897, and for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff for more than one year last past; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Christina Penders, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT. } Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Joseph F. Byrne administrator of the estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 54-55 Crocker Building, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH F. BYRNE
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Byrne, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, July 1, 1899.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator, Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of JOHN BONNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Geraldine Bonner, administratrix of the Estate of JOHN BONNER, deceased, to the Creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of Gordon & Young, Rooms 6, 7, 8 and 9, No. 14 Sansome street, in the City and County of San Francisco, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

GERALDINE BONEER,
Administratrix of the estate of John Bonner, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 7, 1899.
GORDON & YOUNG, Attorneys for Administratrix.

LEGAL NOTICES

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2.

ANNA DE LAWCZYNSKI, Plaintiff, vs. THEOPHILE F. DE LAWCZYNSKI, Defendant — Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

Theophile F. de Lawczynski, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff since the 15th day of March, 1893; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Anna Fabry, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT — Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John A. Drinkhouse, administrator of the Estate of JOHN O'BRIEN deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said John A. Drinkhouse, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the estate of
John O'Brien Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 24, 1899.
A RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street

DIVIDEND NOTICES

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California Street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 30th of June 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of four (4) per cent on Term deposits and three and one third (3⅓) per cent on Ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California Street For the half year ending June 30, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on Term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on Ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post st. For the half year ending June 30, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of 3 and six-tenths (3.6) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN Association of California, 222 Sansome Street, has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1899, a dividend of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on one-year term deposits, 10 per cent to class "F" stock, and 14 per cent to class "A" stock. WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter. The board of directors declared a dividend for the half year ending June 30, 1899, at the rate of three and eighty-four one hundredths (3.84) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and twenty hundredths (3.20) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1899. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Dividend No. 94 (50 cents per share) of the Oceanic Steamship Company will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market street, on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899.
Transfer books will close on Tuesday, June 27, 1899, at 3 o'clock p. m.

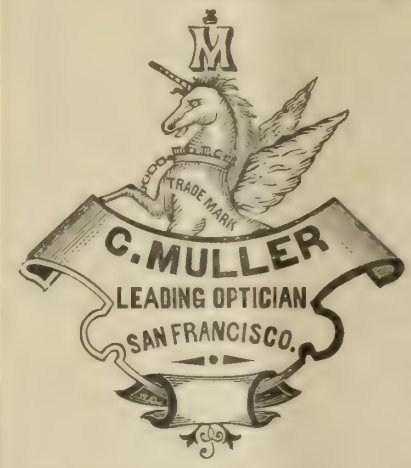
E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

SECURITY SAVINGS BANK, 222 Montgomery street, Mills Building. For the half year ending June 30, 1899, dividends on term deposits at the rate of three and six-tenths (3 6-10) per cent per annum and on ordinary deposits at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum, free of taxes, will be payable on and after July 1, 1899. S. L. ABBOT JR., Secretary.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, cor. Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 23, 1899—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1899, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1899.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

ESTABLISHED 1863



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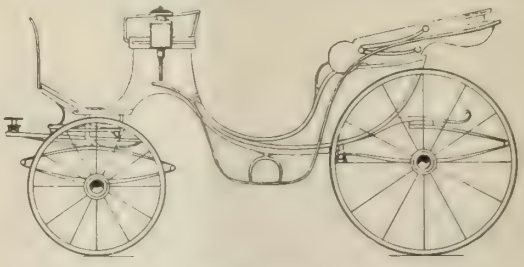

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, July 8, 1899

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OUR OPINION

THE REVEREND MR. HAMILTON, an Episcopalian minister of Newport, has appealed to the smart set of that fashionable borough to place the stamp of aristocratic disapproval upon divorce. In a recent sermon he admitted that without the co-operation of fashionable society the church could not discourage divorce. "The people of Newport," he said, "are endowed with the power to suppress the evil. Newport has more power to check it than the combined efforts of the Christian churches from Maine to the Pacific coast." In conclusion he requested Newport society "to refuse to recognize divorce, as a favor toward the church." This is a most remarkable attitude for a minister of the gospel to assume. It is a confession of weakness of startling significance, for if we must depend upon Newport society to preserve the sanctity of the home and family then we are surely drifting upon the rocks. The fashionable set of Newport is rotten to the core. It is composed of roués and women with a past and gay matrons who have grown indifferent to the refinement of vice and to violations of the moral code. Married women who have achieved an international notoriety through their escapades are the drawing-room favorites at Newport. The hostesses at the swellest functions are women who have passed through the divorce mill and wedded the men who enticed them into infidelity. And these are the people to whom the Reverend Mr. Hamilton has directed his appeal in the interest of morality. The canon of the Episcopal church permits divorce upon only one ground—that of adultery—and the state of New York recognizes no other offense as sufficient to warrant a dissolution of the marriage tie; and both the church and state deny the privilege of remarriage to the guilty party, yet the smart set of Newport, which is composed chiefly of members of the Episcopal church, has disregarded both the law of the church and the statute. Surely the Reverend Mr. Hamilton is not serious when he appeals to those people to discourage divorce. They could undoubtedly do so if they cared to make divorce socially disreputable by placing it under the social ban but there is no likelihood of their stirring up such commotion as would result from the issuance of a fashionable edict requiring the "marble heart" and "stony-gaze" to be given to all people who have been through the divorce mill.

RECENT HAPPENINGS in the inner circles of New York swelldom have prompted the suggestion that the Episcopal marriage service be amended by omitting the word "obey," and causing the final clause to read "till death or a divorce granted by a court of competent jurisdiction doth us part." This amendment would be in keeping with the spirit of the times, and would undoubtedly meet with the approval of society people. The marriage service of all churches should be similarly amended for it is an injustice to the bride and groom to require them to swear to do something which circumstances may make repugnant. Moreover the church should not encourage prevarication. The marriage ritual is not up-to-date. It is not in harmony with the law of the land which recognizes the right of married people to change their program after they find that a change would be agreeable. The marriage ceremony is old fashioned. It was good enough for our grandparents, who were easily satisfied and of prosaic temperament, but in this age of loose morals, lax laws and accommodating ministers who stand ready to tie a new nuptial knot as soon as an old one has been severed, we need something more elastic. The service should therefore be amended, or else it should be regarded as a holy sacrament, and the spirit as well as the letter should be strictly adhered to under the laws of the church.

IF THERE IS one subject which the newspapers of the country are afraid to discuss it is religion; they are quite willing to concede that theological problems should be handled exclusively by the pulpit. Although they occasionally lampoon a sensational minister and criticise severely a preacher who makes himself ridiculous they carefully exclude all theological topics from editorial debate. The New York Sun, however, is an exception. It has lately been devoting considerable space to the subject of anti-semitism, contending that it is entirely due to the fact that the Jews insist upon making themselves a distinct class of people by intermarriage, and this topic has been

followed by a discussion of the movement for Christian unity which has been started in New York. The Sun declares that the Roman Catholic church is excluded and that there can be no real Christian unity unless the majority of Christendom, which renders spiritual allegiance to the pope, is brought into it. The Sun boldly declares moreover that the Protestant sects are no longer at sword's points because there has been an obliteration of their lines of denominational distinction due to declining belief on both sides or on all sides. "If they come together," says the Sun, "it will be because they are now indifferent where once they were fired with earnest convictions." The fact is that orthodox Christianity is becoming more rare every day, for believers in scriptual inspiration are decreasing while those who regard the Bible as a fallible human production are becoming numerically stronger. There should be no difficulty in uniting the unbelievers for without the Bible as an infallible guide there should be no great or serious difference of opinion regarding the method of worship. The Bible has always been the keystone of the Protestant as well as of the Roman Catholic church but it loses its power when it is criticised as a human production, because it rests on miracles and its teachings cannot be analyzed in the light of science. If there is to be Christian unity it will be the unity of those who have ceased to regard the Bible as a divine book. There could be no other Christian unity unless it be effected for the purpose of opposing the Catholic church or the Jews and off-setting the influence which they exercise by reason of the united front which they present. But such a combination would be effected only for the purpose of religious warfare and not in the interest of humanity.

BECAUSE two political bosses have had a row San Francisco is to be denied protection from purveyors of impure food. Strange that such an effect should be produced by such a cause! Yet such is to be the consequence of Colonel Burns' violation of his political treaty with Phil Crimmins. The story current in political circles is that the two bosses agreed some time ago upon the division of patronage, and that subsequently the gentleman who manipulates state conventions and is now eager to adorn a seat in the United States Senate was caught in the act of trying to appropriate jobs that did not belong to him under the compact. This violation of political ethics aroused the indignation of the virtuous Mr. Crimmins who thereupon ordered his puppets in the board of supervisors to practice economy in the interest of the taxpayers; not general economy but just sufficient to deprive Colonel Burns' board of health from paying salaries to the colonel's minions. This is a resplendent instance of the value of the whip-hand in politics, for what doth it avail a boss to have a chattel mortgage or a health department if he cannot provide salaries for the employees?

Clara Foltz Attorney-at-Law. Offices Crocker Building, San Francisco

THE Secretary of Agriculture—one Wilson—bemoans the fate of the beef trust. Here is what he says:

> It will be a long time before the American meat packers recover from the hue and cry over the canned beef furnished the United States army. After years of unremitting efforts the packers had at last succeeded in introducing our canned meats to the European trade and there was no country where they could not be found and they were in use in most of the armies. As soon as the howl went up that these same packers had furnished rotten beef to the American armies their sales went down to nothing and now they have all their work to do over again.

And it is to be hoped that the fate of the American meat packing industry will serve as a warning to persons engaged in trade against deliberately placing deleterious foods on the markets. No person outside of McKinley's sympathetic cabinet regrets that tribulation has come to the men who poisoned American soldiers with embalmed beef. Two score of United States army officers have testified that soldiers were poisoned by the beef sold by these American meat packers. Why should anybody waste any sympathetic sobs over the losses of the men who were responsible for the poisoning of our soldiers?

TOWN TALK has been asked the question: Why are you opposed to the Committee of One Hundred? The form of the question indicates the assumption that such opposition exists, but it does not. The Committee of One Hundred is composed of public spirited citizens who have taken a deep interest in the welfare of the democratic party, and who have sought to give the city an honest government. Their efforts have not always been properly directed and they have been handicapped by the pernicious activity of certain professional job chasers who have been vouchsafed undue prominence. TOWN TALK is opposed to that element in the committee known as the "hammer-throwers." It is not a large element, but it is extremely active. It is composed of practical politicians who have identified themselves with bosses and reformers with equal earnestness. It is an element that promotes dissension. It should be relegated to the rear rank. The organization should not be required to go through another campaign burdened with the weight of the hammer-throwers.

MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH died last week, aged seventy-nine years. She was a most prolific writer, of whom comparatively little has been said in late years, though she still has a large following. Time was when Mrs. Southworth, Mary J. Holmes, Augusta Evans, Mrs. Henry Wood and Miss Braddon were the most popular female writers and held their own with Trollope, Dickens and Wilkie Collins, and there are few school girls in the last generation who had not managed to burn a midnight candle over "Lena Rivers," "The Hidden Hand," or "The Lost Heiress." And on the whole, in spite of the high-strung romance and melodrama, they were far healthier reading for young minds than the "Yellow Asters" and "Heavenly Twins" of the present age.

MARIN COUNTY has been enacting some new game laws, of course for the benefit of the leisure classes who shoot only for sport. The commonplace individual who goes gunning that the family dinner pot may boil to some purpose and the vulgarian who barters his bag for filthy lucre will find the laws drawn sharply against them, but the gentleman sport—the aristocrat—will have his game preserved that he may enjoy himself. More and more do we approach the English standard in this respect. The various clubs have so worked matters that none but the aristocracy may shoot ducks within a day's journey of San Francisco. Venison is an unknown luxury and small game of all kinds is beyond the reach of ordinary people. Game laws are all right and very necessary in this state, but game laws which make it a high crime for John Smith to shoot a single quail, while Clarence Columbus Kingston may "bag" a hundred are all wrong. At this rate it will soon fall out as in older countries, that to snare a rabbit will be a greater crime than to rob a bank.

THE regents of Berkeley university are having a difficult time trying to make both ends meet. It is no doubt true that like all other departments of the public service the university has been managed in an extravagant manner. It suffers from too much politics and its affairs are not improved by those regents who take too active a part in the direction of the educational system. The president should have control of the faculty and the regents should not interfere with his prerogatives. One of the causes of extravagance in educational institutions is the tendency to have all the latest fads, no matter what they cost or what they are really worth. Much of this is due to the pushing of specialists in different isms and various kinds of culture, each of whom thinks himself the great I AM and his specialty the specialty of the world and all of whom demand for their pet hobbies a comfortable place in the school system. The university has a department of pedagogy, although as the state supports nearly half a dozen normal schools such a department might be deemed a superfluity. The idea seems to be to have all you want, no matter whether it is really needed or not, the public will have to foot the bills anyhow, and if the public complains let it be———.

LITERATURE thinks we should have a holiday for the glorification of writers and writing. We have now so many days set apart for this or that special purpose that did any one attempt to observe them all he wonld be in the plight of the peasants of Southern Europe, who, a few decades ago, kept so many saints' days that they were idle oftener than they were at work. There is not a month in the year that has not its holiday, and wage-earners find themselves either debited one-sixth of their meagre weekly compensations or obliged to make up the extra day's work by putting in overtime on the remaining five. As to the form of observation, shall it be a banquet for the benefit of the Mutual Admiration Guild, "literary exercises" for the special friends of the committee, held in some stuffy hall and participated in by the elite or a procession of brass bands and bunting? A bicycle race meet would be a most fitting way to commemorate a literary holiday—or a picnic, with the usual accompaniments of beer galore and broken heads. A balloon ascension and fireworks might answer. In any event the politicians would come to the front and perhaps we should know that the president of the day would be as certain to be a candidate for mayor at the next election as it once was a foregone conclusion that the marshal of the St. Patrick's day parade would be one of the aspirants for the sheriff's office. The holiday business is overdone and employers and employees alike are in favor of ignoring instead of increasing them. Practically, instead of the dozen nominal holidays marked on our calendar in addition to Sundays, there are observed but four, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, Admission Day and Christmas.

AS USUAL one of the features of the Fourth of July parade consisted of prominent cits in carriages. Its grotesque character made it one of the most interesting features of the entire procession and if it were not for the display made by the Chinese that of the prominent cits might have been justly regarded as the very best. It must be conceded that the Chinese made the best showing from a picturesque standpoint. Their display was a novel one and it evoked the admiration of the multitude all along the line of march. But it was the novelty of the display more than the richness of the costumes worn and the picturesque character of the paraphernalia flaunted by the heathens, that made it the feature par excellence of the whole show. The prominent cits in carriages, however, were not intended by the Fourth of July committee to create a startling sensation by reason of the novelty of their appearance. They have been identified with Fourth of July parades for so many years that they have become as essential to its success as the brass bands and the grand marshal. We would all be disappointed if the procession should pass by without revealing an aggregation of our prominent cits. We should not know who our prominent cits really are if the committee failed to place them in hacks and parade them before us on the glorious Fourth. Moreover it would be an injustice to the community at large if the prominent south-side politician, and the prominent dispenser of steam beer and the prominent keeper of a hole-in-the-wall cigar store were permitted to enjoy their prominence in the solitude of their own insignificance.

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Good-Bye

WHAT SOULS about to leave their bodies bare,
Forc'd to forsake their long lov'd mansion there,
The dying anguish, the convulsive pain,
And all the racking tortures they sustain;
And, most of all, the doubt, the dreadful fear,
When thrust out hence, to go they know not where.
My soul such pangs, such sad distraction knew,
Forc'd by despairing love to part with you.
Fix'd on that face where I could ever dwell,
I sigh'd and shook, and could not say farewell.
Down my sad cheeks did tears in torrents roll,
And death's cold damp sat heavy in my soul,
My trembling eyes swam in a native flood,
As fast as they wept tears, my heart wept blood
My sinking feet seem'd rooted to their place,
And scarce could bear me to the last embrace.
Gods! where was then my soul? that parting kiss
Was both the last and dearest tale of bliss.
Ah! since that fatal time, I could not boast
Of love, of life or soul: all, all, is lost.
When the last moment that I had to stay
Call'd me, like one condemned to death, away,
Yet oft I turned, to take another view,
Oft gazed, and sighed, and murmured out, adieu!

B. & F.

The Saunterer

HOW FEW of the men who go to Del Monte or the Hotel Rafael to stay over from Saturday to Monday night possess plethoric purses. I begin to believe that a financial stringency has struck this part of the world, judging by the meagre manner in which the dollars fly this season. Seedy suits, last year's straw hats, unfashionable cuts of collars and cuffs—all are conspicuously apparent this summer in the get-up of the masculine elite who spend Sundays at the smart out-of-town hostelries. Everything, too, in the establishments of those owning suburban cottages appears to be run on an economical basis and where the host and hostess used to say to their friends, "Come and stop a week with us," they now couch their invitations in the less elaborate terms: "Come to dinner," or "Come and spend Sunday with us." What is the matter? Is it that we are growing less hospitable, or are times too hard to spend money in entertaining à la colonial days?

Another thing that is apparent even more so this year than has been noticed in former seasons is the indifference manifested by the wives of the hard-toiling merchants toward their better-halves The women who settle themselves at the fashionable hotels, surrounded by their broods of youngsters and the latter's nurses, are far from being ideal wives, in my opinion Some ugly tales have been brought to me about more than one matron who should be above suspicion and the status of the person telling the story places the gossip in the truth category. Men are few and far between on all the days of the week up to Saturday night but there are a few masculine loungers at every hotel and these manage to amuse themselves by culling sweets from every flower, as is the manner of butterflies.

The sturdy young college athletes who spend their time in the summer months at Burlingame are reviving interest in the national game. There are undergraduates of Yale, Harvard, Georgetown and other eastern colleges at Burlingame and it is their intention to organize a baseball team which will be prepared to meet all comers—professional and amateur. There is some talk of their making their appearance at Recreation park some afternoon in a game against the San Francisco team of the California league. Such a contest would undoubtedly arouse great interest. The eastern college ball-tosser is quite often as clever in the manipulation of bat and spheroid as the professional exponent of the game, and games between the National league teams and clubs representing Yale and Harvard are often played in the east in the presence of many thousands of people. Such games are regarded as great events and receive the approval of the swagger set. It is the popular impression that the athletes of Burlingame are better adapted to the playing of tiddledywinks and golf than to the more manly game of baseball and I am glad to learn that they contemplate showing that they are capable of violent exercise.

A well known attorney undertook to josh his wife the other day about the latest fashionable decree regarding the wearing of buttons in a conspicuous portion of the skirt. He declared it was an absurd as well as a vulgar fad that could have no possible excuse in reason. She thereupon requested an explanation as to why he

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should wear two buttons in the rear of his cutaway coat and he had none to offer.

The latest fad is very bad
Dame Fashion, you know that you're a tease;
Close fitting skirts look nice on flirts,
But why those buttons in the rear, please?

That was an exceedingly bright notion of the Golden Gate park authorities to add to the attractions of the place cheap modes of conveyance. In Central park, New York, the "park carriages" are considered as much a part of the place as are the museum and the menagerie. You can enjoy a ride all around the park for the small sum of twenty-five cents. Ten cents a ride is all our park charges—but then Central is in New York and Golden Gate only in San Francisco.

I presume every old gentleman in town who enjoys the society of a young wife and who was fortunate enough to receive from his loving better-half last Christmas a present of several silk "nighties" will, when he reads this story, immediately scrutinize the garments to find out whether he is the individual alluded to. The story is no longer new but as it was never published I hope to be pardoned for reciting it at this late day. It leaked out because the young wife who, by the way, is a rare beauty and a favorite in society, could not keep it to herself. She told it to the young man for whom the "nighties" were intended and as he regarded it as a very good joke he has been sharing it with his friends. This young man is on very friendly terms with the young wife as must be inferred from the circumstance of her purchasing for him costly robes des nuits. Nothing could more eloquently bespeak the character of a married woman's feelings for a young man unless it be his present to her of a fancy garter. The garments never reached the young man. They were delivered at the home of the married woman a couple of days before Christmas when she was sick in bed and were received by her husband who naturally surmised that they were intended for him. He was charmed. He never noticed that the initial over the pocket was not his. He rushed off to tell his wife how delighted he was with her selection. And strange to say he has been wearing them ever since. The telltale initial has never attracted his attention. And the young wife has been a steady occupant of the anxious seat.

I can well believe that there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth not only across the bay but in this city when the announcement was made that Athearn Folger had passed by all the fair buds of the season—not to speak of their presumably more fascinating, through additional experience, sisters of previous seasons—and had become the accepted suitor of a widow. Mrs. Cunningham née Luning is wealthy, but that could not have cut any figure with a Folger, for Athearn's mother possesses, in common parlance, "loads of tin." By her marriage to one of the Folger boys, Mrs. Cunningham will be elevated to a higher round in the social ladder from the one she at present occupies but I do not imagine, from what I have heard of her character, that she covets the position of leader of the swim. She is fond of home life and it is that feature of her disposition, more than any other, that would naturally attract a man of Athearn Folger's stamp. His mother, so says Dame Rumor, had picked out a nice, sweet society girl for her son's wife and had intended bringing affairs to a focus this summer at San Rafael—but there's many a slip 'twixt the cup and lip.

I cannot say overmuch for the patriotism of San Franciscans, at least that portion of us that is engaged in the hatters' business. On Friday when the returning cavalry troops of volunteers were riding up from the ferry there was one of the riders minus a hat. The hot sun poured down upon his uncovered head and he was really in danger of sunstroke. It would have been an easy action and one that could not have failed to have aroused agreeable emotions in the breast of the soldier and his comrades if some hatter along the line of march had been inspired with sufficient love of country to fetch out a hat and present it to the uncovered rider with his compliments.

Upon their return from their honeymoon trip Mr. and Mrs. Clarence A. Swett (Mayme Elizabeth Brown) will reside at 3014B Sacramento street and will receive their friends on second and fourth Wednesdays after August first.

"Mother may I go in the swim?"
"Yes my darling daughter:
Be sure you catch a wealthy Him
Who'll spend his dough like water."

Frank Flint has presented the trustees of the Whittier reform school with a large portrait of Governer Gage. I have no idea what the trustees intend to do with it but I presume they will hang it in a conspicuous place where it can be viewed by the inmates of the institution. It may serve as a valuable inspiration, particularly if any of the inmates have ever been engaged in the sheep-raising business. It may encourage reflection upon what can be accomplished by the transgressor if he cultivates luxuriant locks and a firm disposition. Incidentally it should be stated for the benefit of those who are interested in political gossip that the bearer of the portrait was Mr. John W. Mitchell, the southern gentleman who was an aspirant for membership in the code commission. George Denis is slated for the job that Mitchell was after but now that the latter is Portrait Bearer to his Excellency there is probably something else in sight.

I hear that Charley Fair contemplates a trip through the Yosemite valley on his automobile. He says that he can mount a forty per cent grade on his horseless carriage and that he will have no trouble in going over the roads of the Yosemite. The vehicle was in operation in Market street one afternoon recently and attracted a great deal of attention. Fair predicts that the automobile will soon be the popular vehicle all over the country. It has been in general use for some time in New York and the Prince of Wales is said to have introduced it to the smart set of London, which loves novelties.

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There are lots of 'A. A.' brands of whisky, but only one Jesse Moore 'A A.'

When he heard of the beautiful blonde's appoaching nuptials with another man, I wonder what were the feelings of the former fiancé of Miss Alice Ames? When the lovely solo violinist of the Saturday Morning orchestra returned from studying abroad and made her début in society, almost simultaneously announcing her engagement to a young man—an Oaklander, I believe—whom she had known for years, there was little astonishment expressed by the friends of both. The marriage as arranged was considered to be en regle in every respect. Miss Ames appeared at a concert given by the orchestra of which she was one of the original members and everybody acknowledged that should she choose a public career she would be a pronounced success and without a doubt be added to the ranks of violin virtuosi now so barren of feminine stars. But Miss Ames, who has a decided will of her own, said she intended to be married. She would not have an independent career but preferred a domestic life. I understood that the wedding day was fixed even—and then, the fiancée changed her mind.

It was given out that the engagement was off because the young people had found out that they had made a mistake. Their feelings for each other was but friendly and utterly lacking in the deeper element that makes legal union possible. It was Mrs. Rushleigh in Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney's novel, "Faith Gartney's Girlhood," who remarked: "You had better go through life alone than with a wife's half-love. If you have reason to believe she feels bound by anything in the past to what the present cannot heartily ratify—release her." And it was a sentiment of this nature, I imagine, that animated the parties to this betrothal when they decided to sever their bonds. The youth joined some friends in Marin county who were enjoying a summer in bachelor fashion and his ex-fiancée went to Boston to continue her musical studies and to visit friends.

While in the city of culture Miss Ames met the man whom fate had evidently intended for her and now the announcement is made that the wedding of Miss Alice Bradford Ames, daughter of Pelham W. Ames and Thomas Hinckley Robbins of Boston will take place next Wednesday fortnight at Grace church. William Bradford Robbins, the bridegroom's brother, will be the best man and Miss Bessie Ames, the bride's sister, will be the maid of honor. Since the wedding of Miss Alice Boalt and Hugh Tevis the interior of Grace church has not presented so imposing a sight as it will on the occasion of the Ames-Robbins marriage. There will be eight bridesmaids, Misses Smedberg, Polhemus, McBean, Crosby, Wilson, Little, Preston and Shoebert and eight ushers, three of whom—Mr. Willcott, Mr. Bellows and Mr. Berby—are Boston friends of Mr. Robbins. Walter Martin, Dr. Harry Tevis, Worthington Ames, Jean Polhemus and Bryant Grimwood will be the San Franciscans in the masculine octet.

Miss Ames is not the only San Francisco girl who has chosen a husband from Boston's citizens. There was pretty Henrietta Brown, Mrs. Dr. Brown's younger daughter, who married a Boston man and went east to live. Then there is Mrs. Fred Whitwell, daughter of the William Howards of San Mateo, who now resides in Boston and is a prominent figure in the social life of the Hub. Mrs. Whitwell's mother is at present visiting her daughter at the latter's home in Beverly, Mass. The refined atmosphere of Beacon street is said to be far more attractive to these young matrons than is the fast life indulged in at the present day by the smart set of San Francisco. The follies followed by the New York swim are, I hear, decidedly repugnant to the majority of the Bostonese who, though they are not slow, are not fond of dissipation with a capital D. The principal partaker in pleasures of the New York via London order has always been Mrs. "Jack" Gardner, who vibrates between the great metropolis and Boston and introduces the fads and frivols of the former city into the quieter routine of her own home.

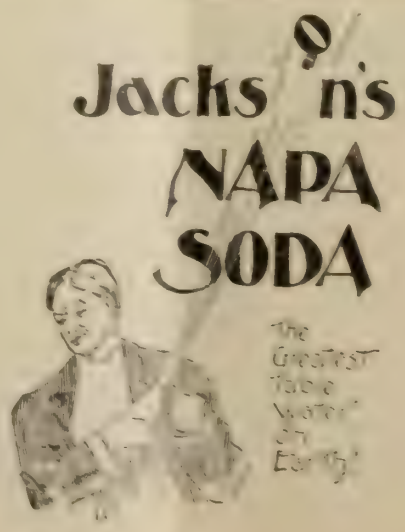
"That is what a ball-player would call an assist," remarked a blushing bud at Blingum when she saw Walter Hobart thrown over the head of his donkey last Tuesday.

"And yet," her friend remarked, "Mr. Hobart must feel 'put out.'"

William Bogen Jr. is at home from an extended European tour and has brought with him a fine collection of the latest thing in collector's fads—souvenir postal cards. They call them post-cards on the continent, as they do in Canada. Every European city that has an eye open to financial profit prints several varieties of these souvenir postal cards, each of which is adorned with a view of the show-places of the town, and every tourist is expected to add one or more of these to his collection. "Billy" Bogen did his duty in this respect at every town he visited while abroad.

Spelling reform has taken hold in earnest in France and before long the slang phrase "everything goes" will exactly describe the orthographic situation. Hereafter school children are not to be expected to take note of merely academic rules but are to be considered correct wheneyer their spelling is logical as opposed to the mere customary. I think myself that a dictionary of modern slang would be an admirable addendum to the curriculum of our public schools.

Most women at places of amusement now conform to the rule of removing their hats but occasionally one who has more selfishness than good sense makes a spectacle of herself by refusing to do so. This happened on Friday evening last at the representation of "The Barber of Seville." A lady (?) had to be requested three times by the usher to remove her headgear before she complied and seemed to be deaf, if one could judge by the indifference she displayed to the protests of those behind her. Or it is barely possible that she had just arrived from some backwoods region and was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ignorant of the custom which governs city theatre-goers. If so there is some excuse for her conduct, but there is none whatever for a woman who at this day offends from a mistaken sense of independence or from disregard for the rights of her neighbors. Such a one deserves the epithet of jay. It must be confessed that the process of removing the hat is a troublesome one. Hat-pins often stick fast and refuse to be coaxed out and carefully dressed locks become sadly disarranged. Then it is hard for a woman to reach up and preserve the balance of wrap, fan, glass and seat check, and when the hat is at last safely lifted off it is decidedly in the way on the lap. I believe a hook for suspending it on the chair in front has now been patented but I have my doubts about how it will answer. It is evident that reform will have to go one step farther and that, instead of a hat stiff and highly trimmed, ladies will learn to cover the head with something in the nature of a mantilla, lace scarf or coquettish little hood. These little pieces of vanity are always charming and invariably make a pretty woman look ten times prettier. They are worn now to dancing parties and it only wants some one to set the ball a-rolling to make them comme il faut for the theatre as well.

"Miss Swell says she will never be a good golf player."
"Is she afraid the people will call her fast?"

That marvel of industry, Leigh H. Irvine, has turned booksmith once more. There is probably no more versatile genius on the face of the earth than Leigh Irvine. I have often thought that if he had the power of concentration and were to devote himself to one occupation instead of scattering his efforts over a wide range of endeavor he would soon win recognition as a most successful man. But Irvine is an eccentric genius and like the proverbial Jack of all trades he is a master of none unless it be conceded that he is a competent newspaper reporter. When Irvine left college it was his ambition to become a lawyer. He accordingly studied law and was admitted to practice whereupon he proceeded to make a living in the newspaper business as though he were laboring under the delusion that proficiency in the law fitted him for journalism. His first important detail was the trial of a Chicago anarchist. While reporting that case he became interested in the subject of labor and wrote a philosophical work on "The Struggle for Bread," which was highly praised by economists all over the country. He afterwards came to this city and while working as a newspaper reporter he studied astronomy. He was soon a full-fledged astronomer and then he wrote a text-book on the planetary system. During the World's fair he spent considerable time in Chicago and later on he went through the country giving lectures on the exposition illustrated by stereopticon views. Subsequently he was impressed with the notion that so great was the popular craving for erotic literature that the authors of torrid stories were rapidly getting wealthy. He needed money so he wrote a novel called "The Wooden Man's Wife." It made the printers perspire when they were setting it up and almost super-induced spontaneous combustion when it was on the press. It was quickly followed by "Told in Whispers," which raised the temperature of Chicago and caused the arrest of the author. The police, I am informed, destroyed the printing plant that produced the work.

Irvine returned to San Francisco without a cent in his pocket. He plunged into the newspaper business once more and he has been pasturing in the field of journalism ever since but between details he has managed to find time to write "The Old Editor," a romance of forty thousand words which is now on the market. It is the story of a New York reporter who finds himself weary and hopeless over his prospects in life at the age of thirty-five. He is getting discouraged as he faces the prospect of growing old in the service, when he falls heir to a fortune. He afterwards meets the Old Editor, an interesting character with whom he travels to the Hawaiian islands where a number of entertaining incidents are developed. Some graphic war chapters are worked into the story and there are enough sidelights to show the abuses that abound in sensational journalism. Irvine is now at work on another novel which will soon be in the hands of the publisher.

The report of Billy Emerson's pitiful plight in Chicago caused a shock to many of the old-time friends of the popular minstrel in this city. Here was the scene of Billy Emerson's greatest triumphs. He was a favorite here for many years and San Francisco was his favorite place of residence. He made minstrelsy the popular form of entertainment in this city for years and won for it the patronage of the smart set. He made more money than any man who ever sat in a burnt-cork crescent and in the hey-day of his career he always had money to burn—and he never sighed over the ashes. His wife now occupies a palatial residence in Baker street close to the entrance to the park panhandle. She was formerly Mary Ellis, who was once noted for her beauty and vivacity. More than one club man in this city was plunged into a fit of melancholy when the handsome minstrel won the hand and fortune of the dashing beauty. Although the Emersons have been separated for some years I do not believe they ever had any domestic trouble. I have been told that the latch-string of the Baker street residence is always within reach of Emerson when he is in town.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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With all the newspaper talk about bicycling being a bygone fad and no longer indulged in by the social push, wheels continue to be sold and I have noticed no decrease in the number of riders in the park or on Alameda or Berkeley roads. In the eastern cities, I am told by my correspondents, cycling is more indulged in than ever. In Indianapolis, where you have to pay a license if you own a wheel, over twenty thousand licenses were issued this year. One of the most enthusiastic cyclists in the United States, I believe, is Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. She owns several makes of wheels and finds much enjoyment in biking. Birdie, by the way, will probably come out to the coast this summer with her sister. Mr. and Mrs. Herman Oelrichs will spend some weeks at Del Monte and those who remember the fine sports inaugurated by the former during his sojourn at Monterey last summer are rejoicing that he will spend another season there.

"How are you getting on with your bike, Miss Agile?"
"Oh, I find getting on much harder than getting off."

The professional gambler thrives in the most exclusive clubs in San Francisco as well as in those resorts in which the players are required to feed the "kitty." It may surprise you to know that this is the case. The professional gambler of the club is usually a man of leisure who is supposed to enjoy an income. He pretends to gamble for amusement only, but somehow he invariably gets the money. Visitors to the clubs are quite often his prey but of course they never suspect that they have been fleeced. If you are a member of any one of the leading clubs you will probably not find it difficult to recall the names of certain individuals who can generally be found at the card table and the source of whose income is in a measure enveloped in mystery. Certain army officers who recently spent much of their time in local clubdom were victims of professional gamblers and the losses of one man, I am told, almost developed a scandal.

The genteel gambler is not less averse to practicing a little judicious fraud than the professional short-card manipulator who makes no effort to deceive people as to his vocation. One of the most adept at that sort of thing was a member of a distinguished family in Canada who came to this city some years ago. He had the entrée to the Pacific-Union and the Bohemian clubs and being a man of excellent breeding and charming manners his companionship was much sought after. He never appeared anxious to engage in a game of cards but an invitation to do so was always accepted and he never lost. He seemed particularly fond of whist and whenever he dealt it so happened that his partner invariably received all the best trumps. A certain gentleman who happened to be his partner on more than one occasion had his suspicions aroused by the coincidence and one night he abruptly quitted the game. But the gambler was never exposed until he went east where, by the way, he was introduced to many people by Tom Williams, who met him in this city and who believed him to be a man of honor.

One of our clever young attorneys is ready at any time to asseverate that a mother-in-law is the sweetest thing on earth. I verily believe that Clay Greene had in mind the fair relative of the attorney—who is like himself a Bohemian club member—when he wrote "His Japanese Wife," in which a lovely belle mère was the chief character. The attorney is not on good terms with his father-in-law, who is also a star of the legal profession, but he dotes on his mother-in-law. The latter is a very generous woman and I hear that she not only helps out her son-in-law on the rent of his residence but she also furnished the home of her daughter with luxurious lavishness. She has now gone out of town for the summer but it was a matter of delight to the young attorney and his wife that la mère should choose the same place for her outing that they had picked out for their own summer sojourn. They have a little girl and its grandmother is uncommonly fond of the child.

The guests at Mira Monte are now wondering whether it was all a joke or whether Miss Whitney and young Jim Bride really were married the other day. The whole affair was so realistic that many of the gossips are inclined to believe that there was a mutual assumption of the marital rights and duties in strict accordance with law. It had its origin in the jocular suggestion of a friend that as they were inseparable and appeared to be badly smitten the proper thing to do was to get married.

"If you haven't any money I'll lend you the price of the marriage license," he said.

The proposition was promptly accepted by Bride who remarked that he was quite willing. Miss Whitney declared that she was, too. As I heard the story, they accepted the money and went straight to the courthouse. They were seen going in and coming out and as they emerged from the building they betrayed all the signs that suggest the bridal couple; the bride was blushing and of coy demeanor and the bridegroom looked as if he had robbed a hen-roost. They told all their friends who questioned them on the subject that they were married, so it was decided to give them a fitting reception at the hotel. A wedding cake was hastily made and a table laden with flowers was reserved for them in the dining room. As the bride and bridegroom appeared at the door the old familiar wedding march was played and then it was decided that all the men present should kiss the bride and that the ladies should do the Hobson act with Mr. Bride. The wedding function bore all the ear-marks of the real thing and it proved a very enjoyable affair. The honeymoon is being spent at Mira Monte but to what extent the realism of the affair has been carried nobody is prepared to testify. Mr. Bride is a student at Berkeley and Mrs. Bride—if such she really is—is a bookkeeper for the telephone company.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, has a beautiful new line of summer dress hats.

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Bakersfield, writes my correspondent, is not entirely made up of the residents of British birth who have been described as the chief element of the smart set. There are a great many bright, modern Americans here, and it is these who are the real backbone of the place. Most of these own beautiful homes, artistic in architecture and elegant in furnishings. The Dinkelspiel brothers, Emil and Louis, both own handsome homes and entertain hospitably. Mr. Alexander of Alexander & Weil has a most luxurious residence and H. H. Fish and his brother, O. D. Fish, are the possessors of lovely homes. All these are numbered among Bakersfield's "best people." Also under this classification come the Condicts. Mrs. Hollis, who was a Condict before her marriage, was a former pupil of Madame Rosewald; she has a fine voice and is soprano of the Congregational church. Mack, the banker, is one of the wealthiest residents; he has a beautiful home and an interesting family. The McMurdos are charming people and are counted among our aristocracy. Mrs. McMurdo is a native of Baltimore and possesses the delightful characteristics of the Marylanders. Mrs. Eliza Hayden and her daughter, Miss Alice Hayden, are very popular. One of the leaders in the cultured set is Mrs. Tom Young, who is gifted in many ways and is an exceptionally fine pianist.

The musical set, by the way, is in Bakersfield no especial clique but is divided much as it is in other small centres. One of the most brilliant representatives of the musical part of the community is Miss Ella Healy, who is not only a clever pianist but an uncommonly beautiful young woman as well; quite the prettiest girl here, I should say. Miss Thomas is another lovely young woman, whose musical education was obtained in New York. There are not many men here of musical inclinations. Decidedly the kingpin in this branch of culture is a young English rancher, Walter Manchester, who occasionally graces a program of the Woman's club, diversifying its succession of numbers by feminine talent with solos on his violin. He plays well and it is his intention, I understand, to go to San Francisco during the coming autumn to continue his studies there with a well known teacher of violin. Mr. Wright, the leading jeweler of this part of the world and a native of Queen Victoria's realm, has a brother who plays the violin. The former sings in the Episcopal church; he is a bachelor and consequently a matrimonial catch. Benjamin McDougall of McDougall brothers has many friends in San Francisco, where he formerly resided. He is an architect by profession and a social favorite. Another prominent Bakersfieldan and ex-San Franciscan is C. E. Arnold, the lawyer. He was recently married, his wife having been a widow.

But the beau par excellence of society in this section of California is Mr. Pope of the Kern County Land company. He is so much in demand at functions that his presence has to be requested several weeks in advance. I hear that his engagement calendars are crossed and recrossed and sometimes he has difficulty in figuring out which is which. Every young woman making her advent into the swim of the town is told that she must meet Mr. Pope and until that honor has been attained she does not feel fully initiated into the social fraternity.

LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

The president of the Woman's club is Mrs. Stevens, a most advanced woman in her ideas and with very clear views on parliamentary rules and their application. Mrs. Stevens has lately been appointed president of the San Joaquin Valley convention of women's clubs.

Quite a budget of gossip comes to me from Russian river, which appears to be a popular outing-place this year. The little hotel at the station which takes it name from the river is by no means swell but it has considerable of swaggerdom among its guests. I understand that club circles are laughing at the predicament three women found themselves in last week. When in town they reside at the California hotel and one of them is a Honolulu lady with a presumably long bank account. They came up to the Russian river inn expecting to find not only all the comforts of home but all the luxuries of a metropolitan hostelry. And they were bitterly disappointed, of course. A combined kick came from the trio and they immediately decided that Russian river was not good enough for them; they would move along to Camp Meeker. About nine o'clock in the evening a disconsolate bevy of females, attended by a farm-hand carrying a load of hand-baggage, was seen approaching the Russian river inn. It was the California hotel trio returning from Camp Meeker. They had found their expectations unrealized in regard to luxuries at the latter hotel, only straw beds being forthcoming and a table but sparsely supplied with the dainties of the season. Therefore they decided to return to Russian river. It was a long walk, up and down hill and over high trestles, but they managed the nine miles or so though I am told their shoes were in a sorry condition when they arrived at the inn by the riverside. Bread and milk was all they asked for supper and "any old

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place" to sleep. And the liberal Honolulan recompensed with a dollar the man who had carried the trio's luggage, which coin of the realm he will doubtless keep as a souvenir of the trip.

There was no more grumbling at the inn fare from the three women but I heard another good story about them, at least about one of the party. It sounds fishy but is really true. One evening last week the hotel porter was moving a stove from one kitchen to another. The California hotel trio sat upon the veranda and watched him. Finally Tom came out with a stove-pipe. One of the ladies, who has always displayed disdainful ignorance regarding household matters, stared inquiringly at the porter.

"What is that?" she asked, indicating the stove-pipe.

The porter explained.

"Really," said the lady, "and do you move your chimneys every night?"

At the same hostelry is staying the young widow of a naval officer who was killed in Samoa. Though she belongs to one of our wealthiest families they never seek the haunts of the swim in the summer season but always hie themselves to unfashionable hotels. Nevertheless, in spite of this idiosyncrasy they never fail to pack their trunks with smart toilets. At the Russian river resort, for instance, they electrify the other guests at the hotel by their beautiful costumes. They go in for short skirts which exhibit their shapely ankles and as they invariably wear silk stockings and low shoes of French make the effect is naturally enticing—a pity there are so few men enjoying outings this year!

J. G. Severance, the lawyer, goes in for fishing on the Russian and seems to enjoy his vacation. Otto Braunsdorf and his dog, a valuable spaniel, attract much attention. Dicky-boy, as the dog is called, is dearly beloved by his master, who has willed the clever beast three thousand dollars; at least that amount is to be expended on Dicky-boy's welfare if Mr. Braunsdorf passes away first. The dog's owner is an employe of the Western Sugar Refinery. He says Dickey-boy cost him thirty-five dollars the first month after he became the canine's master, his surgery and medicine bills figuring up that amount. Mr. Gump, a son of the picture dealer, was at Russian river last week. When asked if he had brought his kodak with him he almost shed tears. And thereby hangs a tale. Some time ago there was no more enthusiastic amateur camera artist in California than young Gump. He kodaked all his friends and finally persuaded the young woman to whom he was engaged to sit for her photograph. She was very willing to pose and got herself up charmingly for the occasion. Unfortunately just as Mr. Gump got ready to press the button, his fiancée opened her mouth to speak. When the negative was developed, the only feature noticeable was a pair of wide-open lips. The young woman was so angry, I hear, that she never spoke to young Gump again. He has never taken a snap shot since—and says he never intends to.

Two drummers who spent their holiday at Russian river failed to make a hit among the fair feminines at the hotel but that did not feaze them. They enjoyed themselves in their own way and though they did not succeed in getting any of the girls to accept their invitations to "enjoy a chat in the moonlight" they consoled themselves with a convivial supper en duo and minus feminine company. When the stage arrived to bear them away from the inn, I hear that they had to be assisted thereon.

The appointment of Adjutant-General Seaman was one of those surprises for which the wiseacres of the governor's inner circle can in no way account. I believe that nobody was more surprised over the appointment than was Major McLaughlin who is popularly supposed to enjoy the confidence of our eccentric executive. Some time ago when the adjutant-generalship was under discussion Governor Gage spoke of General Seaman in a way that warranted the inference that if the Los Angelan was the only man on earth capable of performing the duties of the office the state would have to worry along without an adjutant-general. There is a story told of the way in which Seaman managed to change the governor's views. It is said that one day he (Seaman) was severely roasted by the Los Angeles Times, the paper that scored Gage during the campaign. Seaman called the governor's attention to the roast whereupon the latter decided to make the appointment. He is a firm man, that governor of ours.

The display of Ribbons, Laces, Fine Silks, Mourning Goods, Gloves, Ladies' Tailor Made Suits, Ladies' Underwear and Boys and Children's clothing in the windows of J. J. O'Brien & Co. is most attractive and indicates enterprise and good taste upon the part of the management of the establishment. An elegant line of Ladies' Real Ostrich Boas is at present one of the attractions. The style and quality of these goods is particularly noticeable, as is also a splendid display of ribbons.

FOR A PRETTY EFFECT IN STATIONERY nothing is so chaste as the Fleur-de-Lis Linen when stamped with monogram in silver. Messrs. Cooper & Co. have superior facilities in this line, and show a number of new ideas.

A great many people

are appreciative of the low prices that **LEDERER** makes on . .

Switches, Combs and . .
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Hairdressing only 25 cents.

123 Stockton St., S. F.

If you can afford it

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Mechanics' Pavilion
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ONE DOLLAR (SIX ADMISSION) TICKET
On sale at all stores until July 15th; after that date admission is 25 cents.
Four Matinees. Bennett's Band. 3000 Free Seats. 48 Private Boxes.

A delightful hot drink may be made with the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky and the usual hot water, sugar and a little lemon skin.

Heaven and Hell

IF WITHIN those pearly portals where the just made perfect sing
Endless songs and hallelujahs in the presence of the King;

Where the Church Triumphant triumphs over all the things of earth,
Where they know the full fruition of their mystic second birth;

Born of water and the spirit into glory, into light,
Sunshine ever, darkness never, clothed in robes of spotless white;

Where through all the courts of heaven ring hosannas to the Lamb,
Where they glorify the Father, He, the One, the great I AM.

If, ye beatific spirits ever circling 'round the throne,
Ye are happy, still remain so, earth hath pleasures of her own.

Flesh and blood cannot inherit those eternal halls of light,
Though at times the baffled spirit tries to reach them in its flight;

Far above the clouds it rises on some heaven-storming strain,
But the weight of clay it carries drags it down to earth again;

Or, perhaps, when hearts are beating, and when tender lips are pressed
To our own in love's rare moments, then caressing and caressed,

Little care we for the raptures that the Sons of God may know,
Earth hath daughters still as fair as when they knew them long ago.

Where the gnawing worm ne'er dieth, and the cry of torture rolls,
Where the smoke through hell's hot hatches riseth up from burning souls,

Where old Dives, in his torment, heavenward rolls his pleading eyes,
Clutching with his shriveled fingers at the deaf and distant skies,

Sees the cool and crystal river, where the lazy Lazarus laves
His polluted limbs, and mocks him in his anguish as he raves,

Begging for one drop of water, but one drop to cool his tongue,
Though from off the leper's finger even that one drop were flung.

Where forever dwell the millions who preferred the primrose way,
Where they reap hell's hottest whirlwind and the price of evil pay;

If, my brothers in the brimstone, recollections with ye dwell
Of your earthly days, remember earth itself can turn to hell.

Go and ask that ghastly sleeper stretched upon the public slab,
When he sought the quick quietus, whether swift self given stab,

Boring bullet, gas, or poison, hell itself, he did not crave,
As his haunted, hunted spirit glared across the Stygian wave.

Go and conjure back the breath to its abandoned home of clay,
Then bend over his pale lips and listen well to what they say.

"Bankrupt purse, and tortured body, broken heart and burning brain
Fed upon me while I lived as vultures feed upon the slain,

And with hungry beak and talon did they at this carcass tear,
Till they fled their breathing banquet when the pistol shot rang clear.

Youth and health and wealth and station, all the world could give was mine,
Though the dregs were black and bitter, yet the draught was half divine.

Once I thought the light of heaven shone within a woman's eyes,
But the grail I loved and followed was the worm that never dies;

All unconscious of disaster did I clasp unto my heart,
One whose Judas lips did ever with betraying kisses part;

One whose harlot-hearted homage covered all her crafty ways,
Till hell's torturing torch was kindled, and on earth began to blaze;

In its lurid light I saw her, and by righteous vengeance swayed,
First I thought to slay the slayer of the life she had betrayed,

But a coward kindness showing, let *her* as the wronged appear,
Till her perjured plea "desertion" caught a judge's willing ear;

Then the court-created strumpet, licensed with her false decree,
Took my child, and took my name, and left me blasted, wrecked and free.

Tongues that had to me been silent, then the galling story told,
How when honored and beloved, and trusted in the days of old,

Had her stealthy footsteps wandered from me at the very first,
How her red adulterous lips had always known the guilty thirst;

Maddened with the revelation, quick a bullet crushed its way
Through my frenzied brain, and left me as you find me here today."

Go and give him comfort, Dives, thou art not alone accurst,
Thou but cravest drops of water, he, methinks, a hotter thirst;

Ask him as the flaming torments 'round about ye leap and blaze,
Whether hell's most cruel tortures equal his last earthly days.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "The Adventures of the Lady Ursula"—second week—continued success.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "The Beggar Student"—admirable at every point.

ALCAZAR. "Don Cæsar de Bazan"—a remarkably fine exposition of the drama.

CALIFORNIA. "A Midnight Bell"—clever and amusing.

TIVOLI. "Shamus O'Brien"—Denis is the star.

ALHAMBRA. Grand Opera—poor houses but good show.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—Specialties galore and all good.

PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—Realistic and worth seeing.

THE FACT THAT Miss Charlotte Thompson's one act play, Only the Master Shall Blame, was presented as a curtain-raiser might create a prejudice against it by those who listen to a performance profoundly. Somehow curtain-raisers are like a preface to a book—superfluous—and seem merely introduced to fill up a certain time or space. Usually the author crams a good many words into a comparatively scanty action and instead of being a story enacted upon the boards it becomes a series of dialogues and monologues that contain at times some very clever things but deal largely with anything but the actual plot. The result is that we are impressed as if listening to a well spoken recitation and not to a dramatic performance. Really good curtain-raisers are indeed a rarety. Miss Thompson's play bears a serious title and is based upon the idea of a serious master, hence it must be considered seriously, its pretensions being extensive. The one feature that strikes you when following this play is the graceful shape of its lines. Miss Thompson is evidently thoroughly familiar with the beauty of the English language, possesses fair discrimination regarding the daintiness of appropriate modulation and is a connoisseur in juggling well-poised conversation. She also seems to know how to clothe intellectual beauty in proper word-apparel and never falls into the error of providing a skeleton of indifference with the sham array of unmeaning phrases. In fact the language of Miss Thompson's play is too luxurious for a curtain-raiser. Next to the refined expression one notices that the play consists of three dialogues. The first one between Fred Belmont and Dulce Venable does not contain anything of particular moment and would not be missed if omitted. The second takes place between Richard Leary and John Venable and discloses some cleverly thought-out epigrams some of which sound strangely familiar to one who has read a good deal The third dialogue—which is presented in two parts—is the one between Richard Leary and Margaret Neil. This last exchange of thoughts is practically the whole play. One discovers there the plot, for Richard Leary figures as the accuser while Margaret Neil defends her honor. As a matter of fact there are but three characters to the real action of the story, namely, Richard Leary the accuser, Margaret Neil the accused, and John Venable the supposedly deceived lover. The other four characters are foreign to the play and are mere figure heads to fill out time, no doubt. However, one cannot deny Miss Thompson the gift of penetration which inspired her to make the heroine of her story an actress. Does she perhaps desire to defend the much-abused profession? If so it is a noble purpose. But unfortunately she cannot serve the purpose with Margaret Neil, for there is not sufficient stress laid upon the fact that Miss Neil is an actress. Only once or twice the auditor may infer through the conversation that this is the case and throughout the eloquent recital Miss Neil never emphasizes her profession. Perhaps Miss Thompson did not intend to create her character as an evidence of defense for the theatrical profession. From a purely literary standpoint the play is a complete success; dramatically however, it lacks action—the very foundation of a good play. In conclusion it will not be amiss to refer to Miss Thompson's article in Wednesday's Call. It is indelicate of an author to thrust herself upon the readers by debating upon her own effort. Especially repulsive is the idea of meting out praise to the players and mentioning how they pleased the author in their respective roles There is but one conclusion to be drawn from such an article and that is that its author must entertain a deep respect and high opinion of the value of her own work. If this be so why we poor fellows have nothing to say, even if we are told that our advice is "much appreciated." A. M.

Alcazar DON CÆSAR DE BAZAN, preceded by Charlotte Thompson's curtain-raiser Only the Master Shall Blame, seems to have pleased the public for those present have not been stingy in bestowing their applause upon the performances. Both plays are well rendered and Miss Roberts should not be denied the credit for exhibiting a versatility that is truly admirable. There is such a deep chasm between a Margaret Neil and a Maritana that it requires remarkable histrionic accomplishments to interpret them both correctly, even when called upon to portray them during long intervals. But to present these two characters on one evening is exceedingly difficult and such a task taxes the player's ability to the utmost. Miss Roberts presents both characters exceedingly well and thereby shows the extent of her artistic facility. Lewis Morrison as Don Cæsar duplicates his former successes. Tomorrow evening will be the last performance of the above-mentioned plays and Camille will be presented next week by special request. Florence Roberts, who played the title role so effectively last year, will again interpret this important emotional role. Armand Duval will be impersonated by White Whittlesey, the Alcazar's new leading man. His fine physique and handsome features should add strength to his declamation. New settings and costumes have been provided for this occasion. Romeo and Juliet will follow Camille. The Alcazar is deserving of the patronage of local theatre-goers, because it never fails to encourage home talent. A young man or woman who has reason to believe that his or her work is worthy of recognition need not hesitate to apply to the Alcazar management, for there the play will undergo an unprejudiced examination and if there is any artistic value in it, it will be sure to be brought out.

PEARL LANDERS
The Versatile Soubrette Who Plays Dot in A Midnight Bell

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

Mrs S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, very latest styles in dressy outing and sailor hats.

California WITH LEWIS MORRISON at the Alcazar and Henry Miller at the Columbia, L. R. Stockwell had to fight against heavy odds at the California and yet the fact that the audiences assumed fair proportions during this week must convince Mr. Stockwell that he has not yet lost popularity in San Francisco. Mr. Stockwell is one of those comedians who are at their best when they are themselves on the stage. This able artist will pardon the statement that his face assists him a good deal in essaying a role and in this instance it may safely be asserted that "his face is his fortune" or rather part of his fortune. Another advantage of Mr. Stockwell is his ability to deport himself on the stage in the same manner as in the street or at home. And a joke said in a natural, unaffected manner is always effective. There are but three members of Mr. Stockwell s company barring himself who can be considered from an artistic standpoint. Pearl Landers displays a considerable amount of versatility as Dot Bradbury. In repartee she manifests an appreciation of quick wit, ready return of speech, and discriminates correctly as to proper emphasis. Miss Landers is very, very clever in deportment and acts freely, without restraint and without affectation. She is pretty and knows how to enhance her beauty on the stage yet does not fall into the frequent error of thrusting her good looks upon the spectators. Gus Tate is very droll as Martin Tripp. He is the essence of a mischievous young fellow who is not overburdened with knowledge but who is gifted with a considerable amount of strategy and healthy wit. Scott Seaton seems to have solved the problem of the character of a clergyman. He is dignified, does not permit passion to rule over outward appearances and carries himself in a graceful, unpretentious manner. It is the best portrayal of this character the writer has seen. Nevada Heffron is absolutely unfit to essay the part of Nora. She is by far too brusque and does not seem to understand that Nora is gentle. Her mimicry, too, is faulty; she never relaxes her stern features and when she does smile it is much too forced. Miss Heffron may be all right in heavy roles—as an adventuress for instance—but as Nora she is a failure. Jennie Wiedman overdoes Lizzie Webber. An old maid is not necessarily a mush-eating curiosity, and Miss Wiedman talks as if she were advertising Beeman's pepsin chewing gum. But then Miss Wiedman may have been miscast in character work and it would not be surprising to find her a clever little artist in legitimate dramatic work. * * * Next Monday and Tuesday the Lambardi opera company will appear at the California. On Monday Mignon will be given and for Tuesday The Barber of Seville is announced. On both evenings all the strong members of the company will appear and the music lovers of San Francisco should not omit to take advantage of the opportunity and listen once more to such exceptional vocalists as Refretto, Sestegni, Barducci, Russo, Bardarocca and Ferrari. These two performances will be positively the last ones, as the company will then leave for Los Angeles. On Thursday, July thirteenth, the Frawley company will open at the California with its great success of last season, The Dancing Girl. Miss Bates will appear in the leading role. Much is promised of this Frawley season and Mr. Friedlander deserves to be congratulated on his enterprise.

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Grand Opera House WHENEVER one thinks that Morosco's excellent comic opera company has arrived at the pinnacle of its efficiency in a certain production, one invariably finds that it is still better in another. It was generally conceded up to last week that The Gipsy Baron was the most complete and artistic performance ever given at the Grand during the present operatic season and, now they present The Beggar Student at that place in a manner that causes you to open your eyes in wonder. It is simply astonishing what a resource of efficiency is hidden in this aggregation. There may be companies which present The Beggar Student as well as Morosco's accomplished artists, but you may safely wager that there are very, very few—if any at all—that can surpass that performance. The only two really pleasant surprises the writer has experienced during the present season were these performances of The Gipsy Baron and The Beggar Student. This time it is Arthur Wooley who has an opportunity to display the vast extent of his talent as a comedian. His deportment is exceedingly droll and his accentuation cannot but move the risibles of his auditors. When Mr. Wooley plays a comedy part he is humor personified; his face, his shape, the twinkle of his eye, his laugh—everything is funny. How exceedingly picturesque he looks when he asks, naively: "Was is das?" and how desolate and astonished he appears when his question is answered with a box on the ear! William Woolf, too, as the pompous General Ollendorf gives once more evidence of his refined humor and genuine wit. It is very difficult to give the English "sponge it out" the same expression as the German uses in the inimitable "*Scwamm Drueber*," but Mr. Woolf says it with an expression that brings it mightily near the original. His song containing this unique bon mot is hearily encored and every evening he is obliged to add a few more verses in order to satisfy his hearers. Of course Persse, as usual, essays the part of the lover with that dash and *Schneidigkeit* that contributes toward making him such a favorite. He is a fine looking fellow is Persse and his clear tenor is by no means subordinated to the pleasure created by his appearance. In histrionic accomplishments, also, Mr. Persse is entitled to hearty praise. Miss Mason looks as pretty as ever and her Laura emulates that of the foremost exponent of such roles. Miss Thorne has the first opportunity to show where her real strength lies, namely, in soubrette work that demands dash, vivaciousness and esprit. In the role of Bronaslava, she has ample opportunity to sparkle and she wins no chance to exhaust the subject. Her value to the company is indisputable. So much has been said about the musical accomplishment of the ideal chorus that it would not be amiss to add that it is an exceptionally fine looking chorus. The finale of the second act is somewhat weakened through the lack of a brass band, but perhaps San Francisco has not such a possession available and if it has, the price would doubtless be too extortionate to permit the management the additional expense every week. It is gratifying to hear that Carmen is to be presented next week; there may be another surprise in store. Special attention has been paid to scenery and costumes. This time Hattie Bell Ladd will have a chance to show whether the praise she received while east was honestly merited. She has done good work in the past and may perhaps prove a veritable surprise, much as Edith Mason was in the roles of Santuzza and Nedda. Julie Cotte, the youthful soprano, who was so graciously received as Mabel in the Pirates of Penzance, will sing Frequita. Winfred Goff, who created almost a sensation with his artistic Tanio, will no doubt duplicate his success with Escamillo.

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Orpheum MY SWEETHEART, Minnie Palmer, will be the big card for next week. She has scored a great success in vaudeville in her comedy Rose Pompon, in which she is assisted by Francis Jerrard from the Haymarket theatre, London George Wilson, the old-time minstrel, will be a strong feature. He has been credited with being the greatest hit in the monologue line that has been seen on the vaudeville stage. The Rixfords are also new and are European acrobats of renown. Millian and Shields are said to excel as talking comedians and are sure to make a hit. But Minnie Palmer will be the star.

———

Columbia NEXT MONDAY Henry Miller will present R. C. Carton's famous comedy, Lord and Lady Algy, which comes with the stamp of approval of all the New York critics and the credit of a long run at the Empire theatre this season. In fact its success has been so great that Charles Frohman has decided to place it upon the Empire stage again next season instead of a new play. It was only taken off after many continuations to make room for the long contemplated revival of Romeo and Juliet by Maude Adams. The production at this theatre will call for an unusually strong cast, with Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin in the leading roles, while a noteworthy fact is that of the appearance among the others of Mrs. Thorndyke Boucicault and Margaret Dale, who have generously consented to oblige the management, and at the same time strengthen the cast by appearing as Lady Pamela and Miss Mallinson respectively. C. Leslie Allen will be in the cast, making his first appearance during the present season at the Columbia.

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An interesting musical and elocutionary entertainment was given at Association Auditorium on Thursday evening of last week for the benefit of the Eureka Society for the Protection of Children when the program consisted of selections by Professor Charles F. Graeber's mandolin, guitar and banjo orchestra, an address by Charles Montgomery, songs by Miss Bertha Wadham and Mrs. H. Lewis, specialties by Mr. and Mrs. Stainley and Dody Scholz, recitations by Miss Mary G. Inglis. Miss Kilbourn and Professors Joseph Roeckel and Henry Bretherick acted as accompanists.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky taken at bed-time. Your druggist has it.

MOORE'S POISON OAK REMEDY

Cures Poison Oak and all Skin Diseases. It has been used successfully for the last twenty years and thousands will testify to its curative quality. It is a specific for Poison Oak. **AT ALL DRUGGISTS.**

The Proposal

SCENE: He is discovered alone. She may also be discovered, after a comparatively easy search, getting ready to come down and meet him:

HE: I'm going to do it tonight. If I don't I'm—Hello! here she is, the darling little—

She (entering the room radiantly, with his flowers in her hand): Oh, Mr. Harold, how can I thank you enough for these lovely flowers! It was awfully good of you.

He (advancing eagerly to meet her, taking her hand and holding it): I'm glad you like them, but they're a mere trifle. Happy flowers!

She (affecting surprise and looking up at him innocently): Happy flowers? Why should they be happier than other flowers?

He: Because you like them. [They seat themselves].

She: Like them? I love them. (to herself) I believe he *is* going to propose at last.

He: Love them? Happiest of flowers, then, I should say. I only wish I— (stops abruptly, suddenly aware that another word and he'll be in for it).

She (with downcast eyes but still encouragingly): W-e-ll?

He (to himself): Damn it! I wish I were *sure* she loved me. (Aloud) I was about to say-ah, that I only wish I-ah-could be the means of-of affording you more pleasure than I do. Don't you know, I think I must bore you sometimes terribly.

She (greatly provoked and to herself): Dick Harold, that isn't what you were going to say at all, and you know it! (aloud and with a touch of languid indifference): Oh, no, you don't bore me. I never allow myself to be bored.

He (maddened and to himself): I'm a fool! The girl doesn't care for me a snap! (aloud and rather stiffly): I was afraid you might. Amiable people often allow themselves to be imposed upon. (to himself): I wish I hadn't said that, damn it!

She (a flash in her eye): Mr. Harold, I don't like irony.

He (to himself): I've started a fight instead of a love scene. (aloud): I beg your pardon. I did not mean it that way. I hope I have not offended you?

She: Oh, no, not at all, Mr. Harold.

[A long pause which threatens to become awkward].

He (to himself): I don't blame her for being irritated I'm an ass. I'll get out of here as soon as I can. I must say something, I suppose.

She (to herself): He's disgusted with me, I'm sure, and he has a right to be. I wish he'd say something.

He (with an effort): How did you like Mrs. Borrelle's ball, the other night?

She: I did not enjoy it at all, to tell you the truth. How was it you were not there? (suddenly blushing furiously as she realizes the inference which may be drawn from the connection of the sentences).

He (noting her color but incredulous to its meaning): I was called out of town at the last moment.

She (impulsively to herself): The dear old stupid! He hasn't got a grain of conceit about him. (aloud): The Donners give some sort of a function tonight. I sent my regrets yesterday.

He (the fact that he had sent word yesterday that he would call tonight occurs to him, but he attaches no significance to the coincidence—aloud): Should think you would have enjoyed it.

She: But I would be depriving myself of another pleasure.

He (sublimely obtuse): Of course that would make a difference. Well, I think I-ah-must be going. (starting to rise).

She (looking up with tender reproachfulness): So soon? Are you going to begin and be formal with me? And after my staying away from the Donners, too.

He (quickly reseating himself and suddenly becoming very earnest): You don't mean to say—

She: Yes I do.

He: That you remained home to see me?

She: (faintly): Y-e-s, I thought it would be—well, more enjoyable.

He: (eying her fixedly as a light begins to break on him): Alice, I don't like irony either.

She (almost tearfully): Please don't think I could be guilty of it, Di—

He (determinedly): Alice—I can call you Alice, can't I?—I want to say something to you, but I can't.

She (involuntarily): Oh, yes, you can.

He: I tell you I can't.

She (playfully but tenderly): Spell it then.

He: I can't do that either. Alice, I-I-

She (timidly): The next word begins with l, doesn't it?

He (grabbing her): It does, Alice, my dearest. I love you, my darling. Will you be my wife?

She: Oh, Dick, this is so sudden.

WILLIAM A. TAAFFE.

W. D. Howells has decided to dramatize his Hazard of New Fortunes. This may lead him to modify his opinion that two bits is enough to pay for admission to any theatre, and if more is demanded, one had better eschew the play and invest the money in a book.

Mrs. Beatrice Priest Fine is singing at Rev. Dr Collier's church, Park avenue and Thirty-fourth street, New York. Her residence is at 966 Woody Crest avenue, Bronxville.

Jessie Dean Moore is at Guerneville for the summer.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Fifth week of the season Begins MONDAY NIGHT. On which occasion

HENRY MILLER AND A SPECIAL COMPANY

will present for the first time in this country outside of New York City, the great Empire theatre success

"LORD AND LADY ALGY"

by R. C. Carton, author of "Liberty Hall" etc.

Grand Opera House Morosco Amusement Co., Inc Lessees.

This week, last two nights of "THE BEGGAR STUDENT"

Commencing Monday, July 9th, elaborate production of Bizet's famous opera

"CARMEN"

Our New Prices—Orchestra, (Reserved) 35 and 50 cts; Dress Circle (Reserved), 25 cts; Family Circle (Reserved), 15 cts; Gallery, 10 cts.

Matinee Saturday. Best reserved seat in house may be bought for 25 cts.; Family Circle 15 cts; Gallery, 10 cts.

Branch Box Office Emporium.

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Week of July 10th

"CAMILLE"

FLORENCE ROBERTS as Camille — WHITE WHITTLESEY as Armand Duval

ALCAZAR COMPANY supporting. Special stage effects and handsome wardrobes.

Our never deviating prices prevailing - 15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

In preparation, 'ROMEO AND JULIET"

Orpheum O'Farrell Street between Stockton and Powell

Week Commencing Sunday, July 9th.

MISS MINNIE PALMER, the world famous comedienne, assisted by MR FRANCIS JERRARD of the Haymarket theatre, London, in the great one-act comedy, "Rose Pompon."

GEORGE WILSON, the greatest of monologue artists.

THE RINFORDS, acrobats

MAX MILLIAN & SHIELDS, comedians.

HAYES & LYTTON, MORIE, GARDNER BROTHERS, THE FARRELLS.

Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c

Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

California Theatre S. H. FRIEDLANDER, Manager.

Limited Engagement of five weeks and a half.

Commencing Thursday evening, July 13th.

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY AND BLANCHE BATES with a coterie of experienced players.

Thursday, Friday and Saturday Nights and Saturday Matinee. The late Augustin Daly's best play,

"THE LAST WORD"

Reserved Seats, 25, 50, 75, and 1.00.

July 17th, BLANCHE BATES in "The Dancing Girl."

Battle of Manila Bay

This Grand Historical Panorama is now on exhibition . . .

Lectures every half hour by the eminent orator, PROF. W. G. ROLLINS

Admission, 50 Cents

Children, 25 Cents.

Music World

"ES IST DAS GLUCK EIN FLUCHTIG DING"—GIEBEL

[AFTER THE GERMAN]

DAME FORTUNE is a nimble jade,
And she has been so ever,
You might pursue her round the world,
But overtake her, never.

Better to lie where the grass grows sweet,
And sing your songs unheeding,
Down through the blue air all at once
She'll come upon you speeding.

Seize her quickly and hold her fast
Nor prate meanwhile about her,
She'll slip you if she gets a chance
And you'll reach home without her.

IRENE CONNELL.

PROBABLY there are few persons who have ever paid any serious attention to the musical programs at the various theatres where legitimate dramatic performances are presented, and yet these very programs are of a certain importance that should not be underestimated. In pleasing contrast to European custom the American theatrical manager looks out considerably for the comfort of his patrons and therefore he has found means of entertaining them during the intermissions which at times occupy considerable length. This accommodation has become so well established and the public has been so perfectly accustomed to it that its discontinuance would evoke a storm of protest. And yet these programs are treated with an indifference that is even beginning to extend itself to the leader. It does not make any particular difference for what purpose any improvement is inaugurated, so long as its benefit is a matter of fact, but when this same improvement is introduced it should be done in an exemplary manner or not at all. In other words when the management of a theatre decides to entertain its patrons by means of a musical program it should be careful to see that the music is of a kind that really does entertain and not of the class that wearies. People who visit a dramatic performance, for instance, are not over anxious to listen to class cal or heavy music between the acts They like to be taken away from the seriousness of the play and rejoice in the sparkle of brilliant melodies. With this idea in my mind I listened to the various progr ms at the different theatres last week and found but one that contained the character adapted for the occasion and that program was played by Edward Lada at the Alcazar. It contained the following numbers: Overture, Franz Schubert, Suppe; selection from The Beggar Student, Milloecker; waltz from The Gypsy Baron, Strauss; prelude, siciliana and intermezzo from Cavalleria Rusticana, Mascagni; march, The King's Musketeer, Frank Hurson. That is what I call an entertaining program and Mr. Lada deserves credit for it. An example of a program as it should not be is this, which was played by August Hinrichs at the Columbia: Overture, Oberon, Weber; Faust fantasie, Gounod; selection from Il Trovatore, Verdi; and Meditation, or rather Ave Maria, Bach-Gounod. Of course no one will dispute the excellent quality of the music, but it requires a large and complete orchestra to do justice to those grand works. An orchestra like that at Mr. Hinrichs' command cannot possibly execute these works with the necessary vigor. The result is that the audiences feel bored. There was no more color to the Faust fantasie or the Oberon overture than there is to a glass of water. Of course the Ave Maria received an encore, because it was a violin solo and Mr. Hinrichs knows how to play the violin. But to play Il Trovatore and the other heavy works with a small orchestra is a grave mistake and I had given Mr Hinrichs credit for better judgment. There is but one class of music adapted for such a purpose and that is music of a light character, such as is embodied in Mr. Lada's program. It is of no use to select heavy music for two reasons. First, the people do not go to the theatres to listen to the music, and secondly, the orchestras are not complete enough to do justice to it.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Exclusive styles in fine millinery.

The other day Mr. Denis O'Sullivan told me that he had a grievance against me for stating that the orchestration of Shamus O'Brien is lacking force and vigor. Thinking that one hearing of the opera may not have been sufficient to receive a correct impression, I promised Mr. O'Sullivan to listen again to the work and pay particular attention to the orchestration. Following the word with the deed, I went twice more to hear Shamus O'Brien and am sorry to say that I am compelled to adhere to my first impression. Let us, however, stand pat on one particular fact, namely, that as far as originality, character and emotional quality are concerned, Shamus O'Brien stands alone in its class. No composer aside from Dr. Stanford has succeeded so well in interpreting the nationalism of Irish music. Its character stands unique and defies all adverse criticism. But what I contend is that Dr. Stanford did not completely exhaust his subject. He gives us emotion, such as love, anger and sorrow, but he does not give us the real article of passion. There is no passion in the music. The Irish people are surely not lacking in passion. They may not develop this sentiment in matters of affection but they most assuredly possess patriotic passion, a passion holier than that which Leoncavallo portrays in I'Pagliacci. Wherefore, I ask, are we denied to sip the nectar of passionate Irish music? The gem of the opera is the wail of the banshee. It is music that grips you and retains your closest attention for the reason that in it is embodied despair. It rises so much above the other strains because despair forms the nearest approach to passion. Imagine what could have been composed for the arrest, for instance. Here is a fine young fellow fighting for the liberty of his downtrodden people about to accomplish his plans and just at the moment his carefully erected structure is to be completed he is restrained by force, while his countrymen, who almost worship him, are compelled to stand by inactive. What a chance for a chorus! What a chance for an orchestration in which any instrument could shout passionate melodies! But instead we are compelled to listen to the wood-wind, which is typical of Irish music but which should be supported at places where there are unusual climaxes. Another opportunity for an outburst is during the parting of father and son and husband and wife. Some may argue that quiet sorrow is more expressive. But you must remember that the individuals are not the sole participants in this parting scene. We have the people there who witness it. It is not very likely that they keep silent at a moment of such importance to the welfare of their national independence, and the orchestration remains cold, much like a beautiful woman without a soul. I admire Shamus O'Brien as an artistic—intensely artistic—composition, but I feel no restraint in confessing that with the exception of the banshee wail it left me totally cold.

¶ ¶

As Shamus O'Brien, Mr. O'Sullivan is incomparable. He embodies in it all the bonhommie, *Mutterwitz* and patriotism of the Irish character. It is a sincere pleasure to watch his vigorous actions and follow the various emotions that flit across his countenance. I have been asked what I thought of Mr. O'Sullivan's voice. To tell the truth, I was so impressed with his acting that I totally omitted to pay much attention to his singing. But it seems to me that he sang exceedingly well. His voice has no particular carrying quality, neither is especially resonant but it is musical and pleasant. It tickles your ear and you never tire of listening to it. It is what may be termed a magnetic baritone. Mr. O'Sullivan sings and does not shout.

¶ ¶

From Miss Elizabeth Westgate's clever musical chat in the Alameda Argus, I glean that Mrs. Marguerite Wilbourn gave a pupil recital at Lafayette hall, Friday evening of last week The recital seems to have given general satisfaction. The duties of a teacher are responsible ones and often the nervousness of the student is laid on the shoulders of the teacher. Therefore pupil recitals should always be treated with a certain consideration. Mrs. Wilbourn, judging from the Argus report, seems to have accomplished some good work as a teacher. Miss Westgate says: "Both the vocal and piano students showed considerable individuality of

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method. Among the vocal pupils the best points noted were adherence to the pitch, clearness of enunciation, except in one instance, and almost entire absence of the annoying tremolo—a very commendable thing. Miss Bernstedt sings neatly. Miss Clara McCormick is a young singer with a voice of great sweetness. The Misses McDermott show talent and training and their duet was one of the features of the eveniug. Miss Mae Sadler is, without question, the most promising of the piano students. She has a feeling for music and a respect for the pedal, and her technic has been looked after. Mrs. Ralph Bennet played the old Blacksmith pleasantly. Miss Lillian Woolmington's small fingers got over two movements of the Mozart sonata in C major very nicely."

¶ ¶

And then comes something about the great violinist and composer Julius A. Haug, of Alameda. This time he played at a pupil's concert and the following words of encouragement which the critic of the Argus bestows upon him are apropos: "After the reading Mr. Julius A. Haug played upon the piano his composition representing the allegory in music. It was intended that this should have been given by violin, 'cello and piano; but it was not found feasible to do so on this occasion. Mr. Haug intends to arrange it for string quartet, and also for orchestra. It is program music, and the personifications of the various actors in the allegory are represented by motifs of originality and interest. For example, the white rose is a coquettish melody given to the violin; the 'cello has the faun theme; the boisterous wind, the young moon, the fountain, are each in turn represented by appropriate and agreeable motifs. It is quite a clever piece of work, and proves that Mr. Haug did not in vain spend four years at composition with teachers in Europe." Mr. Wurtsch played the Bach-Gounod Ave Maria as a 'cello solo and played it smoothly and well. Mrs. Wilbourn accompanied in a way to enhance the singing of her pupils.

¶ ¶

The Saturday club of Sacramento has issued its announcements for the season of 1899-1900. The officers of the society are: President, Mrs. J. B. Wright; vice presidents, Miss Nellie Siddons and Mrs. Egbert Adams; secretary, Miss Mildred Obarr; treasurer, Miss A. M. Waite. The executive committee consists of the following members: Mrs. Frances Moeller, Mrs. R. H. Hawley, Mrs. Albert Elkus, Miss Maye Carroll and Miss Helen Dunn Among the musicians from San Francisco who will participate in the concerts of the coming season at Sacramento are Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Hugo Mansfeldt and Mrs. Mary Fairweather.

¶ ¶

From the official program of the Fourth of July celebration at San Jose I see that James Hamilton Howe was the musical director. The San Jose oratorio society participated in the program and was at times augmented by the vast audience present which numbered about five thousand Mr. Howe's Unity was also sung on this occasion.

¶ ¶

Mr. and Mrs. Willard J Batchelder are spending their vacation in Sonoma as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Grant. Mr. Batchelder expects to resume teaching on August first.

¶ ¶

Manager S. H. Friedlander has concluded arrangements with Gilmore's band for a few concerts in San Francisco next

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season. This organization is considered by many as being superior to Sousa's band.

¶ ¶

It seems that the rumor of Mr. Hermann Genss' appointment as conductor of the Symphony orchestra for next season is assuming more feasible proportions. I see from a letter received from Chicago last week that Fritz Scheel expects to organize an orchestra and begin a series of symphony concerts in the eastern cities. If this be true the San Francisco Symphony society will be in need of a conductor who is a thorough musician, and that in Mr. Genss it will find the very man necessary for these affairs I shall prove within the next few weeks.

ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

Minor Notes

MISS ELLA McCLOSKEY left last Sunday for a visit of some weeks to Castle Crag and Portland. Cecile von Seiberlich is spending the summer months at Los Gatos. Charles von Oer is in the city, having come from Oroville on a visit. Miss Caroline Shindler, a local composer, will soon publish some new waltzes, Dreams of Love, that have been highly praised by Herr Stark, who will play them at Colorado springs this season. Miss Claire Cole, pianist of the Corona club, is now a member of the choir of St. Mary's cathedral. * * Cyrus Brownlee Newton mourns the loss of one of his brightest pupils, Miss Watkins, who died last week. She had made a bright beginning as a reader and would have become prominent in the profession, for while only eighteen she displayed more than ordinary ability. * * Roscoe Warren Lucy has been ill with blood-poisoning, but has recovered. * * Walter J. Talbot, a pupil of J. W. McKenzie, who has made quite a reputation in the east as a singer, was married recently in St. Joseph's Catholic church, Boston, his bride being Miss Frances Helena Curran of that city. Lawrence B. O'Connor, the eminent pianist of Boston, was the best man. Another pupil, Mr. Grodgens, who was always a favorite at the McKenzie concerts, has secured an engagement with the Bostonians. The society will give a concert this month.

MARY FRANCES FRANCIS.

¶ ¶

The organ recitals at Trinity church, which have been such a feature of the musical services since the erection of the new organ, now take place every Sunday afternoon beginning with a short choral service at four o'clock. Dr. Stewart's program for tomorrow will be as follows: Prelude and fugue in G, Bach; Cantilena, in A minor, Grison; Albumblatt, Kirchner; Christmas offertory, Grison.

¶ ¶

The beautiful silk flag at the right of the band stand on the Fourth added greatly to the impressiveness of Old Flag Forever, when that selection—the composition of Leila France—was played. One hears that this fine martial work was to have been played also at Metropolitan hall but the orchestration was not completed in time.

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World of Law

THE IMPRESSION is gaining ground every day that the Supreme court will surely grant a re-hearing of the county clerk's deputies' case. Ever since Judge Slack went so far as to say openly that the court had got mixed up between too many lawyers and had never grasped the exact legal situation, it is wonderful to note how many people there are who are forced to say: "In the interest of this community, a new trial should be had. The county clerk's office cannot be run with so few men as the Supreme court decision allows."

What nonsense all that is. If the Supreme court on careful examination of the record finds that it has been mistaken in its conception of what the attorneys for the deputies sought to establish, it will grant a re-hearing. But to grant a re-hearing merely because the city had been put into a tight place by its recent decision, because the community would be benefited by a decision the other way, the tribunal of last resort in this state has never done and never will do. It is the business of the legislators to frame the laws and for the Supreme court to construe them and to pass upon their constitutionality. It is not for the Supreme court to amend laws, to supply deficiencies, to remedy defects. If the men chosen by the people to represent the state in senate and assembly are so grossly incompetent as to pass laws which are so full of holes as to do the community more harm than good, that is the fault of the people who elect them. The Supreme court is bound to be iron-clad in its construction of the laws and can do no more.

As the petition for a re-hearing was filed some days ago, some disposition of it will probably be made soon after this appears, possibly before. But it will not be to do the community a favor that the Supreme court will grant a re-hearing, but only if it concludes that some important points have escaped its notice. One man, referring to the array of attorneys who fought the battle of the county clerk's office, said something about "too many cooks." Surely it would be better if one counsel only on either side of a case were to present the combined views of his associates and himself.

Judge Coffey is in hiding just now and enjoying a well-earned rest. The probate judge is so precise and elaborate in all that he does that he is often accused of doing an unnecessary amount of work. That is his nature, however, and if a fault it is one on the right side. He will be invincible if he runs for re-election next year. Apropos of the judge's reputation for saying smart things, I heard a good story the other day. The judge had the case of Ellen Murphy, deceased, on his calendar one day. Now, Daniel Murphy was the husband of Ellen, deceased, and the memory of the gone partner of his joys was so strong upon him that he took unto himself a second wife whose name, also, was Ellen. Mr. Charles F. Hanlon was the attorney for the estate, and everyone knows that Mr. Charles F. Hanlon's sense of humor is immense. The case came up and Hanlon called out:

"Ellen Murphy."

The judge looked up. "Yes, this is the estate of Ellen Murphy, is it not, Mr. Hanlon? And you represent the estate?"

"Yes, sir," returned Hanlon, stolidly. "Ellen Murphy, take the stand."

And a tall, buxom woman walked up and took her seat. Judge Coffey looked at his calendar and then at her, and for a moment was puzzled. Then he turned to Hanlon with a grin and asked:

"Mr. Hanlon, what is this you are working on the court? A miracle, or a resurrection?"

Now, if Hanlon had known his business he would have shouted with laughter at this juncture. Instead of which, he gravely and prosily explained to the court how there came to be two Ellen Murphys. Judge Coffey did not forgive him for some time.

Oscar A. Tolle, deputy county clerk and professor of elocution, left for Los Angeles last Sunday night. He will be the guest of E. J. Baldwin at the Santa Anita ranch. Afterwards he will go to the Tallac house at Lake Tahoe, where "Lucky" Baldwin also reigns supreme.

Edward J. Banning and Bert Schlesinger, the talented deputy United States district attorneys, have left for a horseback trip through Sierra county. Schlesinger was born in Sierra county and the two will visit his old home on their travels. They will be gone about two weeks.

Justice of the Peace Cook has suddenly discovered that he is a badly used man. The man who is popularly supposed to have seen nearly one hundred winters has been brooding long and painfully over what he is now firmly convinced was a gross injustice done him by Presiding Judge Daingerfield of the Superior court. I refer, of course, to the occasion of his being found guilty of contempt of court in having willfully disobeyed a writ of prohibition and his being fined five dollars for his offense. The aged justice on his trial swore that he had not received any writ of prohibition from any one until long after he had done the act which he was expressly forbidden to do. He gave a glib story of some man coming into his courtroom while he was engaged with attorneys Bergerot and Cobb—the attorneys in the case, by the way, whom the writ of prohibition most affected—and depositing a paper on the lawyer's desk in front of him. He didn't examine it; didn't know what it was. Bergerot corroborated Cook and said he picked the paper up and saw it was a writ of prohibition. He did not take further notice of it as he had his order already signed by the justice and so prohibition was no longer the legal remedy.

Judge Daingerfield did not believe nonogenarian G. W. F. He showed that by finding the old man guilty and fining him. At the time, Justice Cook appeared remarkably cheerful at getting off so easy and he paid his fine without a murmur. Since then, however, he has had time to reflect and also to look about his courtroom. He is now prepared to show in the clearest possible manner that he could not have committed the act of contempt imputed to him; that it would have been a physical impossibility. The old man demonstrated this to a friend of mine the other day. He led him up to the courtroom desk and showed him a fearful and wonderful pile of books of all sorts and descriptions towering in one cover thereof.

"Look there," he said, "look at that pile of books. In order to find me guilty they had to find that I received the writ of prohibition, saw what it was and passed it to Mr. Bergerot, who made away with it.

"How could I have done that," cried the old man as he hobbled round his desk. "Mr. Bergerot was in front of the desk, this pile of books between. I could not have passed the paper to him, I must have thrown it in the air like a skyrocket and it must have fallen on the lawyer's table in front of Mr. Bergerot. No, no, my friend, no such feats of jugglery for me at my time of life. The truth of the matter is that the young man came in, laid the paper down before Mr. Bergerot and never handed it to me at all."

My friend did not think it worth while to ask Judge Cook whether the pile of books was on his desk on the eventful occasion or whether they had been placed there since. Be that as it may, the aged justice had better hold his tongue about the whole occurrence. It was disgraceful enough, and the old man's very explanation shows that he knew perfectly well what the paper which was served on him was and why he concluded to ignore it.

"My sense of duty and honor compelled me to set aside that judgment," (and incidentally to release some property from attachment and so prevent an honest litigant from getting his money.) Judge Cook, go slow. Why was General Cobb employed in the case? THE COURT REPORTER.

THE CAKE WALK carnival that opens at Mechanics' Pavilion next Saturday will number contestants from Portland, Sacramento, Oakland, San Jose, New York, London, Chicago, Hawaii and Manila, so there will be plenty of variety in the pedestrianism. There will also be eight Chinese couples and five genuine Philippine islanders in the cake walk. Bennett's band will furnish the music. A part of the receipts will go to the California Soldier Boys' fund. Charles L. Patton is chairman of the committee of management and Louis W. Buckley is the manager.

THE DRAW for the dog races at Union coursing park today and tomorrow resulted in a seventy-four dog stake, in which several dogs make their first appearance. The coursing will begin at 1:30 P. M. Saturday and at 11 A. M. Sunday. The total stake money is $965 Among the dogs drawn for the races were Mialmo, Lady Blanche, Emin Pasha, Prince Hal, Mountain Beauty and For Glory.

THOSE popular mixologists, Ben Tarbox and Ed Parker, who are now the hosts of the Reception in Sutter street above Kearny, have added a grill to their establishment and beneath the bar they have located a handsomely appointed piano room which has become the rendezvous of the vocalists of the town. All the boys who sing know Ben Tarbox, for Ben has a fine organ himself, and impromptu musicales are now a feature of the Reception. Convivial bohemians who like good singing, as well as the succulent bivalve and the exhilarating cocktail, are habitues of the Tarbox & Parker establishment.

The Writing Desk

THE FAMILY lived in a large city in the eastern part of France. Monsieur occupied an important position in the government service, which kept him exceedingly busy. His beautiful wife was a prominent figure in the city's social life and their young daughter was attending a convent school as a boarder. Madame was carrying on a flirtation with a young officer and was infatuated with him to such a degree that no thought of child or husband restrained her insane passion. The husband, as usual, was in blissful ignorance of the affair. One day, however, the gossips learned that the lover had been promoted in rank and transferred to another city, while the husband was sent to the south, so near his landed estate that he could easily live on it.

After a month he resigned from the service, retired to his chateau, and the couple found themselves as alone as in the days of their honeymoon: he, more mature, but as loving as before; she, sullen, desperate, crushed by this unexpected change, not knowing whether or not it was premeditated, half suspecting that some one had meddled, but not knowing who.

Her husband's sudden resignation made her fear that he was trying to isolate her, and the thought that he had given up his career to be near her made her simply furious. To think that he was depriving her of her former liberty and hopelessly separating her from her loved one, was unbearable. Growing more restive every day, she was a score of times on the point of running away but was restrained by her lover's imperative letters counseling patience. Her disposition grew bitter, hard, ironical. Her only sentiment was hatred for her husband. He attributed his wife's ill-humor to the change of climate, to her pining for society, to that very nervousness which formerly had made her a woman of ever-varying charm. He sent for their daughter, hoping she might prove a welcome companion.

The only change after the daughter's arrival was that there were now two to suffer instead of one, and that madame insisted more and more on being left alone. At last she became ill with fever, the outcome of her suppressed passion. She grew rapidly worse and the doctor gave little hope.

"She is young and strong," he said.

And the unhappy husband became the most devoted nurse, watching with a smile on his lips and death in his heart the dreaded symptoms, asking questions in a cheerful tone, and not daring to insist on the answer, though life and death might hang upon it. He was assisted by his little daughter, who, with the instinct of unloved children, adored her mother.

The patient herself, at first, had rebelled and taken as a personal affront the illness which made her more than ever dependent on those about her. She became taciturn and gloomy in her passive suffering. When she grew too weak to even rebel, she was sometimes touched by the devotion of those two loving beings who tended her and occasionally she rewarded them with a smile or one of her graceful little gestures that they had missed for so long, and which now made her broken-hearted husband pray for the return of her former brusqueness.

She never for a moment doubted her recovery, not that she cared particularly to live, but the thought of death simply had not occurred to her. One day, because of an open door, she heard these words of the doctor's:

"The fever is abating. She may yet last five or six days. I can do nothing to save her, but she will pass away painlessly."

The voices and steps died away. She turned her face to the wall and repeated the cruel words to herself. They were sharp and precise as a death sentence, not leaving her the slightest hope. They seared themselves into her brain, and her physical being gave up the struggle.

Five days, perhaps six, and then all would be at an end. The unknown would begin. Her thoughts reverted to her absent lover. She must die without seeing him. She thought of her past joys and of the suffering she had undergone during the last few months. To her passionate love an irrevocable separation seemed preferable to what she must endure had she lived.

A slight noise made her open her eyes without changing her position. Her daughter's large, tender eyes were sadly gazing at her with a mingled expression of a child's fear and a woman's comprehension. Thinking her mother asleep the young girl's face brightened as by a ray of sunlight, and motioning to her father she again raised the curtain. He, still overcome by the doctor's words, shook his head. But the child's confidence made him obey her gesture, and with his knee on a chair and his head against his daughter's, he glanced at his wife. He hastily turned away, but the child clung to him and with consoling words rocked his fears to sleep. He remained.

Under the double scrutiny of these two beings, the invalid grew restless. What was she to them? What had she ever been? What would they lose in losing her? Nothing, forsooth! A certain joy filled her at the thought that hereafter she would always appear to them as she did at this moment, young, fascinating, beloved, idealized as are those who die so early. It would soon be over and she be delivered forever. Notwithstanding she had been imprudent, her husband was ignorant of her guilt. Surely no one would inform him now; her daughter would never know of her mother's fault.

She was about to open her eyes and smile when a sudden thought brought the sweat of agony to her brow. All her loved one's letters and her own, which she had insisted on having returned, were in her writing desk! Any one of them would condemn her, and there were packages of them. The first time after her death that her husband would sit before that desk he would find them—at a single stroke would lose ten years of past happiness.

She had never had the courage to destroy them. To her there was something about the scent, the folding, the character of his letters so real that to sacrifice them would have been as painful as to sacrifice him. Mechanically she tried to think of the number of letters she had, beginning at the left hand pile, whose contents she knew by heart. Her letters she remembered less distinctly. She could not exactly count them, and here her fever fancies would stop. To think that an hour of health would be enough to destroy all these tell-tale witnesses! Even now she wanted but a moment's assured solitude, and the grate fire in her room might swallow her secret.

She repeated to herself the words: "She may last five or six days" and decided that in this brief respite the deed must be done. If the doctor were mistaken? If that very evening or the next day she should die suddenly?

At the thought her heart beat to suffocation. A cry which she could not quite stifle died away in a moan; a shiver ran through her frame. From that instant she ever watched for the propitious moment. She fought against sleep, though feigning it constantly, against thirst, against her suffering, against the desire for the thousand little trifles that invalids incessantly demand. She hoped that by remaining motionless she might persuade her husband and daughter to go to sleep for an instant. But he never closed his eyes.

Finding herself unsuccessful in this plan she excluded them from her room, pretending that their movements, even their breathing exhausted her. All she gained was that they went into the next room, watching her from afar, and that her least move brought them to the threshold. But oh! the tortures of the night.

When her daughter left her, after taking her good-night kiss upon her mother's fingers or a corner of the counterpane, she was alone with her husband, and that tête-â-tête doubled the horror of her agony. Sometimes he would try to steal a furtive caress, again he would silently look at her for hours. It seemed to her that her secret must be written upon her brow, or that, against her will, she would scream it aloud.

Once, desperation became so strong that she sat upright ready to go to her desk. She had already put her foot to the floor when, thinking she was delirious, her husband gently laid her down again.

After four such days her state became positively pitiful. If the physician had spoken the truth, she had but twelve hours left to complete her task. How could she find the longed for opportunity? It was in her power to make her life innocent or guilty for those who were to mourn her.

Her husband attributed her growing agitation to the horror of the final battle. His heart bled with pity at sight of the revolt; he could so well understand her desire to live. Her fever increased. Her lips became dry as soon as the wet handkerchief which cooled them was removed. Her voice left her. She rivited her eyes upon the pendulum of the clock, whose uniform motion seemed to hypnotize her. Gasping with fear, she felt the regular strokes one by one, as if the metal at each beat stung her sharply. The influence of the repeated ticking was so manifest that they wished to stop it, hoping thus to relieve her. But she begged for it with imploring eyes and trembled with emotion, until the monotonous tic-tac began again to cut her life and heart.

The next night was better. Fatalist in accepting the delay, the patient wanted to reserve her final strength for the supreme effort she had resolved upon. When she awoke in the morning, she appeared smiling and, by a terrible effort, without agitation or care.

For the first time since the overheard conversation she spoke of her recovery, was tenderly anxious about her husband's pallor and her daughter's hollow cheeks, scolded each for not taking care of the other, for their stubbornness in remaining indoors instead of breathing the fresh air outside, and declared that she wanted to eat and drink, and that she would feel better

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street. Elegant line of Mourning Bonnet and Veils, very latest styles.

if she could have a certain wine, which once, long ago, she had tasted at an inn she named. Surprised, trembling with hope, radiant at the expressed desire, her husband immediately rose to give his orders, but she stopped him.

That was not what she wanted. She demanded that her husband, accompanied by the little girl, should go for the wine.

"The drive is but fifteen minutes. All you have to do is to harness the bays. In thirty minutes exactly you will be back."

As he still hesitated she called him to her, dismissing her daughter with a gesture, and with pleading eyes and voice she recalled to him the day of their wedding trip, when at supper in this same inn they had drunk this wine, which she wanted today, but wanted only from his hand.

To make sure her words would come out distinctly, without being broken by the chattering of her teeth, she formed them in advance and uttered them slowly, digging her nails into her palms to conquer the nervous twitching she felt all the time. The comedy was so repulsive to her that she felt her courage failing while she smiled to supply the missing words of endearment.

He kissed her fervently and wishing to completely satisfy her sudden fancy, he went out, calling his daughter. The sound of the wheels rolling on the gravel of the avenue went through her like an electric shock. She opened her eyes and stared at her enemy the clock which was ticking the last hours of her life away, then quickly dismissed the maid, bidding her to close the door. There was absolute silence now. As she slid to the floor the creaking of the bed caused her a little shudder of fear.

When she stood up her ears rang, as if she were under water. Her step was uncertain and when she thought she had crossed the room she found herself only near the window. Holding on to the curtains, she caught her breath. The room seemed to change its shape and to turn around with her. By a superhuman effort she finally reached the desk, just as her trembling hand sought a support. When her fingers touched it she thrilled with exultant joy that gave her strength, but the key which she had twice turned as she locked it last was hard to move. She tried several times unsuccessfully—at last it yielded.

The ribbon-tied packages were there. She thought of her little girls' candid eyes whose lustre—she now felt sure—would never be dimmed at the thought of her mother's sin. Again a rush of blood to the head made her ears ring, obscured her sight and made her brain whirl. There was such an atrocious pain at her heart that she could not mistake its meaning.

Gathering her last strength, like a wrestler who feels himself beaten, she pulled the drawer toward her. It came out so suddenly that she lost her balance and fell, scattering the letters all over her white gown.

Thus husband and daughter found her—dead. The girl returned to the convent. She has never left it.

[Translated from the French of Jeanne Schultz by ALICE ZISKA.]

World of Letters

I AM TOLD this true story of a novice in the newspaper field, who was told to get up a reading notice for an undertaking establishment, and evolved the following, thereby losing for his journal a cash display advertiser:

"A GRATIFYING DEPARTURE

"'All the world's a stage,' said the Bard of Avon, and upon the strength of that assertion the most of us have made an attempt to act our parts thereon with intelligence. We usually make a brilliant entrance, welcomed and applauded, and manage to keep up during our lifetime a semblance of respectibility even if we possees it not. But the exit—ah, there's the rub! To make a graceful departure when 'tired, he sleeps, and life's poor play is over,' then is the time when without others' assistance a proper exit is impossible. It thus behooves one who desires to leave this world with all the observances entailed by the rule 'good form' to be sure that his executors will make choice of a good undertaker, one of standing in the community, and who can be trusted to carry out the details of a funeral with fidelity. Such a one is the firm of A. B. Blank & Co., which has been so many years established in this city. This firm carries a stock of the newest styles of caskets, satin-lined, elegant funeral apparel and furnishings, at the most reasonable price, and the service is always willing, cheerful and prompt. Remember Blank & Co. when looking for an undertaker to take charge of the funeral of your relative or friend."

The Man with the Hoe is the title of a collection of Edwin Markham's poems issued by the Doubleday-McClures and for sale by Payot Upham & Co. The poem which confers its name upon the book has aroused more controversy than any other piece of verse written in late years, but to those who love poetry for its own beautiful sake it appeals less strongly than do other pieces of Mr. Markham's. His work is not excelled by any other verse hitherto produced in California, and is characterized by lucidity and strength, for he has a sure hold on both thought and expression. He avoids, too, those elaborate and artificial meters so much affected by weak versifiers and contents himself with those simpler melodic forms which convey naturally the music of the English tongue. Nature and life are in his song, love too, perhaps, but as the deep note in the harmony, felt rather than insisted upon. It is strange that Mr. Markham's work suggests musical comparisons, but indeed much of its effect is like that of hearing fine chords. Reviewers have quoted so largely from his poems that it is not necessary to cull in order to introduce him to readers, but it would be easy to select splendid lines and images of brilliancy and fire. A Look into the Gulf abounds with such, and so does A Hidden Valley with its striking close:

> Gods! I shall come on Dian unaware
> Look on her fearful beauty and be lost

Mr. Markham is particularly happy in his short poems, little bits of beauty condensed into a few lines. Fays is a good example, so is My Comrade. The mechanical part of the book is worthy of praise and the pleasure of reading the poems is much enhanced by their good typographical setting.

An eastern spiritual medium has been receiving poetic communications from no less a personage than Shakespeare. Here is a fair specimen of the immortal William's latest production:

> Second comes the God-
> Dess supreme
> Delight called Satisfaction
> To teach you that
> All things are for
> Your heart's benefaction.

Now let the various adherents of the Bacon, Green or Marlowe factions cast lots among themselves to decide which really deserves the credit for this gem. And I remember to have seen some years ago a reputed interview with the spirit of Robert Burns, in which he was made to say: "I didn't never meet up with Jean," which sounds very much as though Bobby had "met up with" former inhabitants of the western cattle country who had corrupted the speech of the braw Scot. It is no laughing matter, however, for if after two hundred years of heavenly harmonies, Shakespeare has come to this, what are we to expect from—say, Stephen Crane or Charlotte Perkins Stetson?

The question which is agitating literary circles just at present is the value of book reviews as affecting sales. Conan Doyle is rapping W. Robertson Nicoll over the knuckles for writing reviews of the same book over different pen names and publishing them in several papers or periodicals, thus spreading his opinions unduly. Nicoll replies that his various pen names are as well known as his own and are known to stand for him so that there is no deception, that he never misuses his privileges by crushing a young author, and that reviews are meant for the enlightenment of the reader, not the instruction of the writer, with much more in the same strain. Clement K. Shorter expatiates at some length upon the same subject in the current (June) Bookman. He says: "One tries not to minimize his own efforts too much, therefore I prefer to keep a good face in the presence of a publisher. I never meet any one of these gentlemen without adopting a most optimistic attitude—of course, also a most conciliatory one. It is the publishers business in life to provide me with gratis reading; and, of course, I am to give him an equivalent in return." He is of the opinion that expansive reviews are of little value, but bright paragraphs, anecdotes, dinner-table chat and in general, anything which calls attention to the personality of an author all assist

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in selling his books. A writer in Munsey's takes the contrary view: "If you will take the trouble to inquire among publishers, you will find that the sales of a book usually pick up immediately after a slashing criticism in a prominent periodical." In this last case it would probably be shown in the final analysis that the review itself was responsible for personal paragraphs and bits of quotation which were the immediate factors in the increased demand. There are always a certain number of people who cannot or will not trust their own judgment and never take hold of a book until they have first read every review they can become possessed of, but these can hardly be classed as intelligent readers, and moreover they are quite as apt to borrow their books as their opinions, so they may be disregarded. The general practice seems to be to read the first book and then the signed reviews in order to see wherein reader and critic agree or differ, but the ordinary, so-called review, which is merely a padding out of the publisher's printed notice accompanying the volume is not worth the time it takes to look it over, and moreover, none but the veriest tyro is deceived by it. There is one form of book review which as yet has gained little ground on this coast though it prevails in the east, which should be severely condemned. That is the practice of giving two or three columns to a single book, exposing its whole scope and contents, with comment and copious extracts. For history, biography, travel or books of general reference this might be excellent treatment, but it is rarely, if ever, applied to them. On the contrary it is reserved for works of fiction, where, generally speaking, "The end of uncertainty is the death of interest." When the plot is outlined in its entirety, the manner in which the dénouement is brought about is exposed, and the long extracts, sufficient to give an insight to the style of the author are so selected as to cover the important points of the story, what inducement is there left to persuade a possible reader to give the book further attention? A reviewer who resorts to this method is either very inexperienced or possesses a facile pen without ideas to guide it. Self-confidence and glibness are not the only qualities necessary for a critic, and there is little to choose amongst the three styles—log-rolling by the Admiration club, unmerited roasting and complete give-away.

The Coming of Chloe is the latest output of the Lippincott select series of novels. It belongs to a class more often produced in England than in our own country and must please a large circle else the production would cease. Chloe, whose coming is such an overwhelming event, is one of the young ladies who live only between book covers. She is of course rich, beautiful, accomplished and virtuous. The siuations are all elemental and the misunderstandings and cross purposes of the various pairs of lovers which serve to stretch the story over two hundred and ninety pages would not baffle the insight of a half-blind kitten. Tom Lloyd is apparently an estimable young man in the eyes of the authoress, for he is rewarded with the hand of his Olivia in the end, but barring profanity, a Tar Flat hoodlum could hardly speak more insultingly to his lady-love than he has done and instead of any special consideration from either her or Major O'Hara, he richly deserves a horse whipping. Of course, the right couples all sort themselves out in the final chapter. The scene is laid in an Irish village, presumably because it had to be somewhere on the earth, but Dawson city or Honolulu would have answered the purpose equally well. The Coming of Chloe will make a good summer novel. No one will feel any sense of loss if it is left unfinished and if by any accident one omits a chapter or so, the thread of the story will not be interrupted. There is however, one point in its favor—it is clean and wholesome.

R. P. Brorup has just issued a volume under the title Truth and Poetry, of which a critic remarks that the title is only half applicable, as the poetry is omitted. A somewhat similar expression was applied to the Autobiography of Alexander Salvini, in which it will be remembered, he spoke unfavorably of nearly every actor whom he met: "A very great actor, but a very small man was the man who wrote the book."

A new magazine under the highly classical title Columbia Poetica, is to be launched upon the sea of literature. Its headquarters are in Washington and it proposes to see that the heretofore "mute, inglorious Miltons" have a hearing. Whatever other misfortune may befall the venture, it will not die for lack of copy.

Gertrude Franklin Atherton has another novel on hand, the hero of which is to be a Californian senator. She must be going back a long way, for it is many a year since there has been anything heroic about one of our senators. The book is to be published by John Lane of New York.

Miss Mary E. Braddon, who is now sixty-two years old, will soon have another novel ready for publication. Miss Braddon began to write in 1862 and since then there have been but two years in which she has not issued a romance.

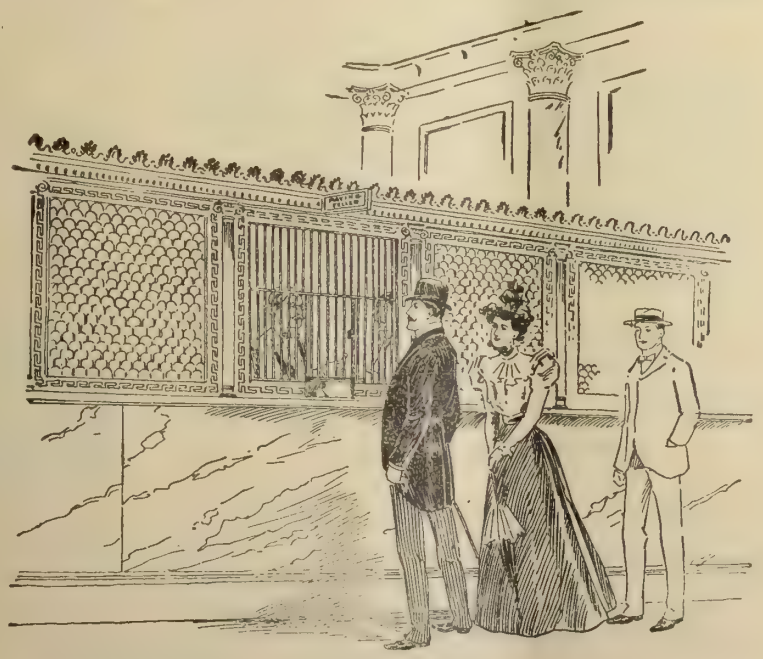
Much to-do as has been raised over the MacGregor poem Me und Gott, it is said that the German emperor, in his private capacity, considers it a great joke. Sensible man!

A contemporary states that "Mary Dickens', granddaughter of the *novelist*, is about to bring out a *piece* of *fiction* dealing with theatrical life." Italics are mine.

Munsey's for June had a story by Arthur McEwen, As She was Born, and among the storiettes The Upper Hand bears the signature Juliet Wilbor Tompkins.

The three hundred and fifty dollar prize story, The Statement of Jared John, son, in the June number of the Black Cat was by Geraldine Bonner.

THE BOOKWORM.



I think every man I see uses R·I·P·A·N·S.

Mr. Barry, our manager, takes one after every meal and so does his father and sister. The old gentleman has rheumatism if he don't take R·I·P·A·N·S. They use twelve a day in that house.

About half the people I know carry one of those 5-cent cartons all the time in their vest pockets.

I was in the Bowery Savings Bank to draw some money, and while I was waiting in the line a clerk came up to the paying teller and said: "Give me a Ripans!" The teller took a carton out of his pocket and handed it to the clerk, who took out one of the Tabules and handed the carton back. Then I watched him and saw him go to the water cooler and swallow the Tabule with some water; I saw him tip his head back.

It's just wonderful how everybody takes them.

A new style packet containing TEN RIPANS TABULES in a paper carton (without glass) is now for sale at some drug stores FOR FIVE CENTS. This low-priced sort is intended for the poor and the economical. One dozen of the five-cent cartons (120 tabules) can be had by mail by sending forty-eight cents to the RIPANS CHEMICAL COMPANY, No. 10 Spruce Street, New York—or a single carton (TEN TABULES) will be sent for five cents. RIPANS TABULES may also be had of grocers, general storekeepers, news agents and at liquor stores and barber shops.

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LEGAL NOTICES

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In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE of HARRY I. THORNTON, Deceased. } Department No. 9, Probate. No. 15,715.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Bessie Thornton, praying that the executrix of the estate of Harry I. Thornton, deceased, be authorized, empowered and directed to execute a note and to secure the payment of such note, to mortgage the real estate belonging to said estate, which is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain tract of land situated in the County of Contra Costa, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at an ash tree 12 inches in diameter, marked S X S with two notches on the east and west sides from which a sycamore tree 20 inches in diameter bears north 9 degrees east 81 links distant; this corner is about 60 chains by a direct line down San Pablo Creek from the northeast corner of the McCoun Place; the said ash tree stands in the middle of a gulch on the west side of San Pablo Creek; thence west 147.88 chains to a stake forming the southwest corner hereof; thence north 100 chains (by true meridian) to the northwest corner hereof; thence east 65.88 chains to San Pablo Creek: at an elder tree 16 inches in diameter in the bed of the Creek; marked S X S with two notches on the south and west sides the northeast corner; thence up center of creek with its meanderings to point of beginning; containing 1000 acres of land and no more; the said tract being a portion of the Sobrante, situate in Contra Costa County and on the west side of San Pablo Creek; in the Cruizita Valley:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Fresno, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

According to the official plats and system of surveys of the Government of the United States; in township 13 south range 19 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, of section 34, the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and the south half of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter, containing 60 acres of land, more or less, and also all water, water rights and privileges in anywise appurtenant or belonging to said land or any part thereof:

The southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 5 in township 14 south of range 19 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Lots 7 and fractional southwest quarter of southeast quarter of section 27; lot 1 and south half of northwest quarter and west half of northeast quarter of section 34, in township 12 south of range 19 east of Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, and containing 255.05 acres, more or less, as per survey:

Lot numbered 2 of northwest quarter of section 34 in township 12 south of range 19 east of Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, containing 35.71 acres of land, according to the United States Government survey:

All those pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Kings, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the north or west bank of Kings River where the north line of section 1, township 17 south range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, intersects said bank; running thence due west along said north line of said section 4055 feet more or less, to the northwest corner of said section, thence due south along west line of said section 1870 feet and 5 inches, more or less, to a point on the north bank of Cole Slough, and thence along the north bank of Cole Slough and the north bank of Kings River following the meanderings thereon, to the point of beginning; the same being all of said section 1, lying north of Kings River and Cole Slough, and containing 87 acres, more or less:

Beginning at a point on the north bank of Cole Slough, where the westerly line of said section 1, township 17 south range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, intersects said bank, and running thence due north 1092 feet and 5 inches to a point; thence due west 1320 feet to a point; thence due south 582 feet to a point on the north bank of said Cole Slough; thence along the north bank of said Cole Slough following the meanderings thereof, to the point of beginning; containing 22.6 acres of land, and being a portion of the northeast quarter of section 2, township 17 south, range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian:

Those certain parcels of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

One undivided third part of that certain lot situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the intersection of the southeasterly line of Market street with the northerly line of Seventeenth street; thence easterly along the northerly line of Seventeenth street 109 feet 8 inches; thence at right angles northerly 93 feet 9 inches to the southeasterly line of Market street; thence southwesterly along said line of Market street 144 feet 3 ½ inches to the point of beginning; being a part of Mission Block No. 115 as delineated on the official map of the City and County of San Francisco;

All that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point on the east line of Castro street 180 feet south from the southerly line of Sixteenth street; thence south along the east line of Castro street 25 feet; thence at right angles east 94 feet 4½ inches; thence northeast 46 feet 2¾ inches; thence west 123 feet 7½ inches to the point of beginning:

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in said Estate appear before the above-entitled Court on the 24th day of July, 1899, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day, at the Court-room of said Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the New City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the said real estate or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit: Twelve thousand six hundred and forty-three and 54-100 ($12,643.54) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, as is more fully set forth in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

Dated June 21, 1899.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Section 1578 C. C. P.

Endorsed.
Filed June 21, 1899.
WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By V. F. NORTHROP, Deputy Clerk.

TOWN TALK prints Briefs and Transcripts

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.

In the Matter of the Estate and Guardianship of CHARLES PRETTEJOHN, sometimes known as Charles Pettejohn, an insane person.

E. MYRON WOLF, the guardian of the estate of Charles Prettejohn sometimes known as Charles Pettejohn, an insane person, having filed his petition herein praying for an order of Court directing him to sell either at public or private sale the real and personal property owned by said Charles Prettejohn for the purposes therein set forth and,

IT APPEARING to the Court from said petition that it is necessary and will be for the advantage, benefit and best interests of the said Charles Prettejohn and his estate to sell the real estate and personal property described in said petition and which said guardian prays should be sold,

IT IS HEREBY ORDERED by this Court that all persons interested in said estate and the next of kin of said Charles Prettejohn appear before said Superior Court on Tuesday, the 18th day of July, 1899, at ten o'clock in the forenoon of said day, Department Number Ten (10) thereof, in the New City Hall in said City and County of San Francisco, State aforesaid, to show cause why an order should not be granted to the said guardian to sell so much of the real and personal property of the said Charles Prettejohn at either private or public sale as shall be deemed necessary, expedient and beneficial.

IT IS FURTHER ORDERED that a copy of this order be published at least once a week for three successive weeks in TOWN TALK, a newspaper published in said City and County.

DONE IN OPEN COURT this 17th day of June, 1899.

CARROLL COOK,
Judge.

E. MYRON WOLF,
Attorney, Rooms 1015-1016 Claus Spreckels Building.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 2

CHRISTINA JACOBY, Plaintiff vs. HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therin within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff since the 11th day of December A. D. 1897, and for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff for more than one year last past; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Christina Penders, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT. } Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Joseph F. Byrne administrator of the estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 54-55 Crocker Building, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH F. BYRNE
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Byrne, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, July 1, 1899.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator,
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

Notice to Creditors

Estate of JOHN BONNER, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Geraldine Bonner, administratrix of the Estate of JOHN BONNER, deceased, to the Creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administratrix at the office of Gordon & Young, Rooms 6, 7, 8 and 9, No. 14 Sansome street, in the City and County of San Francisco, the same being her place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

GERALDINE BONEER,
Administratrix of the estate of John Bonner, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 7, 1899.
GORDON & YOUNG, Attorneys for Administratrix.

LEGAL NOTICES

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2.

ANNA DE LAWCZYNSKI, Plaintiff vs. THEOPHILE F. DE LAWCZYNSKI, Defendant	Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

Theophile F. de Lawczynski, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff since the 15th day of March, 1898; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Anna Fabry, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT.	Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John A. Drinkhouse, administrator of the Estate of JOHN O'BRIEN deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said John A. Drinkhouse, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the estate of
John O'Brien Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 24, 1899.

A RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street.

DIVIDEND NOTICES

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN Association of California, 222 Sansome Street, has declared for the six months ending June 30, 1899, a dividend of 6 per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, 7 per cent on one-year term deposits, 10 per cent to class "F" stock, and 14 per cent to class "A" stock. WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary.

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Savings and Loan Society, 101 Montgomery street, corner of Sutter. The board of directors declared a dividend for the half year ending June 30, 1899, at the rate of three and eighty-four one hundredths (3.84) per cent per annum on term deposits and three and twenty hundredths (3.20) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after Saturday, July 1, 1899. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after July 1, 1899. CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

OFFICE OF THE HIBERNIA SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, cor. Market, McAllister and Jones streets, San Francisco, June 23, 1899—At a regular meeting of the Board of Directors of this society, held this day, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on all deposits for the six months ending June 30, 1899, free from all taxes, and payable on and after July 1, 1899.

ROBERT J. TOBIN, Secretary.

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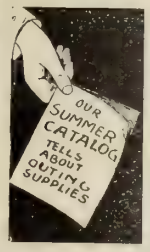

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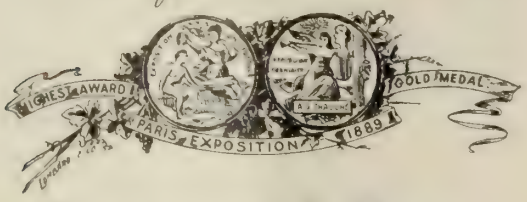

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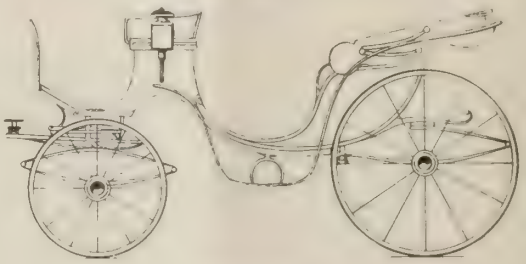

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, July 15, 1899

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OUR OPINION

IT IS generally supposed that all music has soothing effects but it has remained for President Harper of the Chicago university to discover that there is some music which is demoralizing. He has issued an edict against "A Hot Time in the Old Town," a tune that has served to inspire our troops in Cuba and in the Philippines. It is, according to one musical authority, an Ethiopian chef-d'œuvre, and at a recent re-union of the rough riders at Las Vagas it was referred to by Mr. Lafe Young of Iowa as "the second 'Battle Hymn of the Republic.'" Our colored troops never fought more nobly than they did at Santiago under the inspiring influences of that rollicking appeal to their lighter spirits. And it was not long ago that it was regarded, in this city, as appropriate wedding music. Yet President Harper of that cultured college of the embalmed beef borough inveighs against it on the score of immorality. Its ethical significance is offensive to him, more so perhaps than the couchee couchee, which as he probably knows is associated with a performance which he can hardly regard as edifying. But we have never heard of any objection to that seductive composition emanating from Chicago's seat of learning and culture. "A Hot Time" is the one tune that must be eliminated from the repertory of the college band. "The tune," says President Harper "is vulgar and immoral and its effect upon undergraduates is demoralizing." If his objection were based on the ground that it was a sample of musical syncopation, and that he considered that sort of thing vulgar from a classical standpoint, we could understand the purpose of his censorship. He probably is as well versed in music as President Jordan is in fish, and the telescoping of one tune by another is probably as offensive to his sense of harmony as the baiting of a trout with an angle-worm is to the piscatorial soul of our Palo Alto fisherman. But wherein the tune is immoral it is difficult to imagine. It is certainly not one of those pieces of music that are wedded to immortal verse but it surely serves to smooth away the ruder sounds of earth and help us forget some of the miseries of life.

THE NEXT national campaign is destined to be one of the hottest in the history of the country. McKinley is to be the choice of the republican party again and Bryan is to be given one more trial by the democracy. These are not mere predictions; they are the inevitable consequence of conditions that prevail all over the country. It will be a campaign of unusual torridity because while Mr. McKinley will stand on his war record the democratic orators and press will excoriate him for the alleged infamy of his administration. No man that occupied the presidential chair was ever called upon to answer such grave charges as will be hurled at the friend of Hanna and Alger when he comes before the people to seek their endorsement of the policy which he has pursued. It would be difficult to refer to a single act of his administration which it is not proposed to cite in connection with a story of his reprobation. It is alleged that a political trust holds his personal notes which were executed in 1883 to enable him to go through insolvency, and that they are now used as whip and spur to direct his official course. He is accused of having bribed old John Sherman in his dotage to leave the Senate for the state department to make room for Hanna and that later he drove Sherman into retirement to create a vacancy for John Hay and thereby to pay his political debts to the Western Union of which Hay is one of the principal owners. He put Alger—so the campaign indictment reads—in the war department in consideration of money advanced for election expenses, and he made Wilson secretary of the agricultural department at the behest of the beef poisoners whose wares he would have to inspect. He called Gage to the treasury at the instigation of Kohlsaat, the Chicago editor whose paper has just borrowed four hundred thousand dollars from Gage's bank. And that is not all. Griggs was made attorney-general to take care of the trusts, while Choate was sent to England to please the Vanderbilts who wanted to get rid of him so that they could elect Depew to the Senate. Moreover it has been ascertained that he tried to avert hostilities with Spain to please the owners of a heavy Spanish debt for whose benefit the twenty millions were paid for the Philippines at the wind-up of the war. The purchase of boats at

three prices will not be forgotten and evidence will be produced that Abner McKinley, the brother of the President, had a hand in every big contract awarded during the war. These being some of the Mausers in the campaign arsenal it can readily be understood that there is destined to be some very rapid firing. As the president appears to be intent upon thrusting his war record into the fray, probably it would be well for him to have it protected behind armor plate.

THAT A WRITER of fiction should discover the solution of a sanitary problem that has puzzled men of science for many years may seem strange, but that is what Victor Hugo did, and the city of Paris is soon to enjoy the benefit of the practical exposition of his views. In "Les Miserables" Hugo delved into the sewers of Paris and brought up considerable valuable and interesting information about those subterranean channels. Incidentally he discussed the sewage question from the standpoint of utility and he advanced the theory that there could be no better way of disposing of a city's sewage than to utilize it for farming purposes. The soundness of his views on this subject has lately been demonstrated by the construction of a system in Paris which has gone into operation. Instead of being conducted into the Seine as heretofore the entire sewage of the metropolis now pours into one large drain and is carried to a waste territory in the suburbs where it is utilized in the fertilization of two great farms. It pours upon a sandy plain out of which it is expected to produce pasture lands upon which the herds that are to supply Paris with milk will graze. This enterprising experiment is no doubt the result of the argument of the great French novelist. He had given the subject deep study and the earnestness of his views must have impressed itself upon the minds of sanitary engineers. The experiment will be watched with interest all over the world for the sanitary problem is of vast importance to all large cities. Health considerations demand that the present system of transferring pollution from one point to another be abandoned and if modern progress has devised a scheme by which facilities for the promotion of agriculture are created by the correction of the evils of unsanitary conditions, the end subserved is of the highest value.

IF DR. PERRAULT could resist the temptation "to do republican politics" he would make a record that might prove advantageous in the furtherance of his political ambition. The doctor has managed to keep his skirts clean by not engaging in any of the deals that are popularly supposed to prove remunerative to hungry supervisors, but he would be entitled to greater credit for his virtuous abstinence if his loyalty to the taxpayers were manifest in all of his official acts. The day of the partisan and peanut politician in the affairs of the municipal government has passed. The doctrine to the victor belongs the spoils still obtains, but that should not be construed to mean that in providing places for the push it is proper to be extravagant in the management of one department so long as funds can be obtained by crippling another. The supervisors intend to authorize the appointment of a large number of police officers not, however, because the city is suffering from an increase of crime or is menaced by the hoodlum element. The supervisors will be permitted by the police commissioners to provide jobs for their friends on the force, and that is why the police department is favored while the fire department is to be crippled. Dr. Perrault appears to be in on the deal. He is the chairman of the finance committee, and as such is largely responsible for the tax levy for the ensuing year. Dr. Perrault is in politics with the expectation of staying for awhile, but he will have to change his tactics or suffer a severe disappointment.

SOME OF THE weekly papers have of late been giving their attention to decrying the ten cent magazines, which are represented as poor trash and doing an infinite amount of harm by reason of the inferior quality of their contents. As a matter of fact there is little if any merit in these complaints. The cheap magazines are by no means entirely given over to fiction, nor even in undue proportion to the rest of their contents, and their contributors are among the best writers of the day. Harold Frederick, Anthony Hope, Max Pemberton, Gilbert Parker, Kipling, A. Conan Doyle, Howells, Grant Allen and a dozen others might be cited, all of whom hold high places as writers of fiction. Ernest Ingersoll, Olive Thorne Miller, John Burroughs and other naturalists have not disdained the ten cent periodicals, and the best known names in all branches of literature may be found gracing their indices. In the matter of illustration there is, of course, no comparison. The half-tone portraits of actresses and prominent people are not to be mentioned beside the reproductions of artistic masterpieces, nor are photographic copies by means of the various cheap processes to be compared with the wood engravings now almost a thing of the past, and the engraved plates of the Century. None the less, in their own way, the illustrations of the cheap magazines are excellent and to a large proportion of the population of our country, a picture is a picture. If the cheap magazines were usurping the field and crowding out the Atlantic or the Century, the matter would be worth serious inquiry. As a fact these magazines do not find their circulation affected from this cause. The ten cent publications have almost entirely crowded out the Saturday Nights and Fireside Companions which used to be popular among people of moderate means who either found it easier to spare their dime a week than a larger sum all at once, or who never counted the aggregate cost and so failed to realize that their Family Story Paper cost much more than Harpers'. The cheap magazines probably cut into the circulation of weekly papers, most of which cost as much by the year as the first-class magazines and yet are rarely preserved. Moreover, business men who subscribe for these papers generally have them delivered at their offices, and read them down town, rarely burdening themselves to carry them home, whereas, the magazines, being of so much more handy form, is either bought at the news-stand, or reserved to read on the cars, with the result that the

whole family has the benefit of the dollar a year. To a large proportion of the population the question is not "Shall I spend five dollars or one dollar for my magazine, ?" but "Can I afford one dollar, or nothing ?" Oftentimes five dollars must furnish all the recreation for a year and the question is whether to spend all in a lump for a high-class magazine, or to take a cheaper magazine and spend the rest on one or two visits to the theatre or on other books. Many of the girls whose weekly wage is but five or six dollars take, each, one of the dollar magazines and by exchanging with each other secure good reading matter which they would be deprived of otherwise. They can omit Munsey's stage beauties if they are so inclined or skip the sermons in the Home Journal or anything else that does not commend itself to individual taste, and find enough in historical, biographical or scientific articles to leave them in no danger of weakening their intellect by overdoses of poor fiction, or of ruining their eyesight by the vile print of the old fashioned story papers. No one who had occasion to note the disappearance of the Old Nick Carter and Three Fingered Jack style of literature from the hands of small boys making their first venture into business life as cash boys and messengers can find any fault with the substitution of Munsey's and McClure's. "Great oaks from little acorns grow" and anyone who has time and inclination to examine the early files of the Atlantic, Scribner's or Harpers' will find that they did not begin their career on quite the same plane as they now occupy. On the contrary, there will be found in them a large amount of literary matter embalmed in print which would not at this day find its way into the pages of the disdained "ten centers."

JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S recent novel, "Heart and Sword," is based upon a theme which involves one of the questions of the day, namely: "How far should a woman with a career allow it to interfere with her duties as a wife ?" That the question is not an idle one is exemplified in the lives of numerous women of all professions, from Sonia Kovalevsky, the Russian mathematical prodigy, down to our own Blanche Bates. The dramatic profession undoubtedly contains the greatest number of those whose lives might point a moral or adorn a tale, but other professions could also supply their quota. No man or woman can serve two masters and she who swears allegiance to her art or her business must of necessity fall short in that devotion to home and husband which is supposed to be one of the characteristics of the ideal wife. The novel we have referred to presents an extreme case but the case is well presented. The woman in question goes upon the stage to earn her living while waiting for a fiancé who is too poor to marry her. She achieves almost at a bound the topmost heights of success and has the most conscientious ideas of the dignity of her calling and her duties to the public. In short she is an artist utterly devoted to her art, as well as a woman of perfectly unexceptionable character and deportment. But the exigencies of her stage life bring about the inevitable. She and her husband grow apart, lose their love for each other, separate and the marriage ends in a tragedy. This is the husband's point of view: "You don't know how narrow a life an actress lives. They call it wide because they don't pay afternoon calls and they don't go to church on Sunday. Just at first it seems that there is something very free, very unfettered in the life which is led by people who make the stage the end and aim of their existence. It was what she called a narrow life to observe the outward decencies of society, as you must do if you are in society at all. When I had leave I always had to eat my dinner at an ungodly hour because she had to go to the theatre, either that or dine alone and let her dine alone. I had to seek my own amusement in the evening without her. I had to do the civil to a lot of cads she said would be useful to her and they had to be made much of, and by Jove! I had to do it. And then Kit was so wrapped up in her acting that she didn't care anything more about me." The wife admits to herself at last: "I was wedded to my art, and it cost me my husband." A woman who makes her home and her husband second to her other affairs must not complain if she fails to secure faithfulness and happiness in matrimony, and yet if she has chosen a profession and loves it and wishes to stand high in it, what is she to do ? A wife married to a great or distinguished man may and often does wholly efface herself and bend all her energies toward helping him forward, but as yet such abnegation can hardly be asked of a husband married to an ambitious woman, unless he is willing to be considered a ninny and lacking in proper manliness. Now, as of old, no one need envy the other one in the team where "the gray mare is the better horse."

BLANCHE BATES, who has had an experience somewhat similar to that of the heroine of John Strange Winter's novel, now appears to be much worried over the question as to whether an actress can be a Christian. To obtain a satisfactory answer to the question she is said to have addressed a circular letter of inquiry to a number of prominent divines. In some quarters she is suspeeted of a desire to get a lot of cheap advertising and her action in soliciting the views of divines on the subject would suggest a lack of sincerity. Blanche Bates is a sensible woman and being an actress she should be more capable of determining the question than ministers of the gospel whose knowledge of the stage is of such a character that they could give nothing but hearsay testimony. There is no reason why an actress cannot be a Christian, and we should like to know why Blanche Bates has any doubt on the subject. It may be exceedingly difficult for an actress to be a Christian but in overcoming the temptations that beset her she augments the measure of spiritual reward to which she is entitled. All that is necessary for her to do is to comply with the laws of the Christian church of whatever denomination to which she may belong. There is surely nothing in the ethics of the dramatic profession which prohibits her from so doing. She may be called upon at times to assist in the production of "The Turtle" or some other equally immoral play but it is her privilege to decline. The declination may entail the loss of her job but if she is a good actress as well as a good Christian she will not be long out of an engagement.

JUNE AND DECEMBER

TAPERING rosy fingers
Tangling in my hair;
As I lie in leafy shade
Free from every care;
Eyes, bright, clear and shining,
Dance like a flower in air.

Lying in white moonlight
On a silver bier
Cold, the keen wind toying
With her golden hair;
Fair was young Love's dawning
Bright his noon-tide glare,
O God! 'twas hollow seeming
For the foul snake, lust,
Crept there.

B. WELWYN ASHLEY.

The Saunterer

BECAUSE, sans doute, of the "ladyship" of the proprietor most of the English papers highly praise Lady Randolph Churchill's Anglo-Saxon Review, but the London Chronicle says of it: "Notwithstanding the gorgeous binding, it is nothing but a colorable imitation of the Yellow Book with the same writers, the same make-up and the same kind of contents." During the past two years the fad of authorship has steadily grown. Society women of all ages have rushed into print and those who cannot write have paid others to do it for them. Walter Besant in his "Armorel of Lyonnesse" explained how one may gain fame and money by exploiting the work of other people as one's own. The villain-hero of this story paid a brilliant artist, a talented musician, a soulful poetess and a society woman who was "on" to all the gossip of London's inner circle to let him pass off their paintings, music, poems and stories as his own. Of course when finally exposed he was very severely sat upon—but after all, from one point of view, the works were his own. He had paid for them. And I am told buying and selling of this order goes on every day in our midst. Hubert Howe Bancroft was the introducer of the system here.

However, the literary fever that rages most severely in the swim is that which calls for original work. Many of our society girls scribble in private and inspired by the success of Katherine Jarboe (Mrs. Bull) and Juliet Wilbor Tompkins they write long and late at their desks, evolving poems and love stories and dialogues of scenes in which figure the beaux and belles of the swim. They but emulate the example of Queen Victora, Carmen Sylva and other high lights of royalty. And apropos of Her Majesty the London Critic says: "Queen Victora spends much of her spare time in reading and having read to her the proofs of the 'Official Biography of the Duchess of Teck.' She also insists on seeing everything in connection with the 'Life of Beaconsfield' "—which may perhaps account for the delay in the appearance of that long-looked for publication.

And now Madame Rigo, erstwhile Princess of Chimay, has an attack of journalistic fever. She talks of starting a paper in Cairo. There will be lively times in newspaperdom as well as in society if she is as independent of law and order in the conduct of her business as she is in her life. However, in Cairo it will not so much matter and the paper will only be a tiny tempest in a tinier teapot, après tout.

From "When Knighthood was in Flower," the novel that is the present rage in the east: "Of what use, let me ask, is a friend unless you can unload your heart upon him? It matters not whether the load be joy or sorrow; if the former, the need is all the greater, for joy has an expansive power, as some persons claim steam has, and must escape from the heart upon some one else."

Although John W. Mackay is a most liberal contributor to the national campaign fund of the republican party there are few men who have fewer favors to ask the administration. Knowing as I do his generosity to his party as well as to his friends and of his diffidence in the matter of asking for favors I felt certain that as he had taken a deep interest in the case of Captain John M. Neall of the Fourth cavalry, President McKinley would probably be prevailed upon to deal leniently with that most unfortunate, brave and gallant officer. Much to my surprise the President turned a deaf ear to the pleading of Mr. Mackay and insisted upon the retirement of Captain Neall from the army. It is the old,

There isn't an ounce of headache in a barrel of it—Jesse Moore "A. A." Whisky.

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old story of the scapegoat. At any other time Captain Neall would have been reprimanded for his delinquency and probably suspended for a few months. He was particularly unfortunate in having his case brought to the attention of the authorities just at a time when the war department was writhing under the lash of public criticism. The president felt that it behooved him to make an example of somebody and Neall came along at an opportune time for the sacrifice. His greatest mistake was in neglecting to be born in Mark Hanna's state. That is where Captain Carter hails from and that enterprising individual stole one million six hundred thousand dollars in 1891, but he is still on the pay roll.

Now that Captain Neall is out of the army I suppose that his enemies will rejoice. One of the most bitter of his prosecutors was Colonel Compton of the Fourth cavalry who retired from the service a short time ago although he could have gone to the Philippines with his regiment if he had been anxious to do a little fighting. Being old enough to go on the retired list he availed himself of his privilege and being interested in the welfare of the service I am glad that he is now a private citizen. Colonel Compton had a little experience himself with a court-martial about eight years ago when he was at Walla Walla. He was the central figure, occupying the centre of the stage throughout the proceedings and when they were all over he was suspended for three years without rank or pay. If the charge against him could have been reduced to the vernacular of the day it would have read like this: "He hadn't sense enough to seek shelter when it rained." I have heard that Captain Neall once refused to become a member of Colonel Compton's staff.

Jennie Giddigirl: I don't want to go to heaven when I die.

Flossie Fatlegs: Why not? I'm sure I'd not like to go to the other place. Our greenroom is hot enough for me.

J. G. Well, but just fancy a golden-harped chorus singing not only for five hours a day, but for eternity; and no chance to get a speaking part.

It is unfortunate that the members of the last legislature who undertook to place obstacles in the way of newspaper men overlooked the interloper in journalism who writes about people in bad English. Surely there should be some redress from the fellow who was educated in the collar button and bicycle business and who manages by hook or crook to break into journalism. I have met a score of these misplaced mortals but I have in mind just now the publisher of a local monthly whose only hope for success in journalism is based upon a vain conceit born of aptitude in the art of sandbagging the unwary. His paper purports to be a medium for the advertising of hotels in the interior and he endeavors to eke out an existence by securing the patronage of proprietors of hostelries. Those who refuse to be goldbricked by this pseudo journalist receive insulting letters from him couched in bad English. Can you imagine a more serious offense against the dignity of the United States mail service? It is bad enough for the postal authorities to be required to aid the circulation of the hotel guide but it is infinitely worse to compel them to aid and abet the crime of encouraging onslaughts on the queen's English which are designed to give offense to innocent people. The only adequate penalty that I know of would be to restrict the perpetrator to the use of postal cards upon which he should be compelled to subscribe himself "An Ass." Then he would not be taken seriously. The last issue of his paper contained an ungrammatical sermon on weekly journalism. I am unable to suggest the punishment to fit the crime. No punishment that could be suggested would serve as a wholesome example. The man who tries to tell people in bad English how to conduct a newspaper is not susceptible of a deterrent influence.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

Little Willie: Papa, what is a white elephant?

Willie's papa: Sometimes it is a park lot and sometimes it is an insurance policy that you can't keep up.

Apropos of Brooke Wright, whose engagement to Miss Alice Beatty has just been made known, is a good story. Young Brooke's mother is an Episcopalian but his father, the late Judge Selden S. Wright, was a Baptist and the son, when he became of sufficient age to make a choice in religions, decided that he would follow in the footsteps of his paternal ancestors. Therefore he went before the deacons of the First Baptist church, of which his father was an honored member, and made his confession of faith. Now the feature of the Baptist ceremony of "joining the church" is immersion and oftentimes those undergoing the ceremonial find it very trying on the nerves. And Reverend William Kincaid, the officiating clergyman, said to young Wright:

"You won't be frightened, will you?"

"Not a bit," said Brooke—and the assembled deacons could not forbear a smile—"Why, I can swim like a duck."

As the baptistry is a tank not usually used for swimming purposes, the joke is readily understood.

Ben Small, assistant cashier of the custom house, has dreams and occasionally they come true. He is a wonderful man, is Ben Small. Some days ago he was short in his accounts in the sum of fifty dollars. It was not a dishonest shortage but simply an error. He had paid fifty dollars to somebody who was not entitled to the money and he could not discover how the error occurred. When he went home that evening he worried over the matter and he fell asleep worrying. And then he had a dream in which he saw the face of a prominent merchant and the merchant informed him that he had fifty dollars that belonged to the custom house. The following morning he verified his dream and received the lost money.

Wallace Pond, a purveyor of drugs at Berkeley, is, I understand, to receive from the governor the appointment to the office of labor commissioner. I believe that his special fitness for the office was demonstrated some years ago when he placed Daniel M. Burns in nomination for the office of county clerk of Yolo. The colonel has probably often wished that he had never seen the county clerk's office of Yolo but he has evidently forgiven Wallace Pond for having been instrumental in getting him the job.

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Wedding Announcements and Invitations . . . ✷

ROBERTSON'S
126 Post Street

A good banjo player has been turned loose in the person of Mr. Ashton Stevens who for some months past has been airing his opinions of things dramatic in the columns of the Call. As the Call has no longer any use for Mr. Ashton Stevens' services I suppose he will resume where he left off on the banjo. Mr. Ashton Stevens the dramatic critic was never in the same class with Mr. Ashton Stevens the banjo artist, nevertheless he wrote entertainingly of the stage and the mummers and the Call was satisfied with his work. The management of the paper recently decided to cut down the supply of free theatrical advertising on Sundays and to have the dramatic department handled by regular members of the staff. Hence the services of Mr. Ashton Stevens were dispensed with. The Sunday supplement of the Call is now in charge of A. J. Moore, who was until recently press agent of the Orpheum and who received his newspaper training in New York. He took the place of Orrin Black who is now night editor of the paper. W. A. Boyce, the oldest employe on the paper, who was formerly night editor, is now news editor.

The Call is not the only paper that has been making changes. There was a shake-up in the Examiner office the other day. The entire corps of Oakland representatives headed by Paul Goldsmith, who has been gathering news for the Examiner across the bay for many years, was recalled and little Jack Barrett, better known as "Johnny-on-the-Spot," was appointed director-general of the reorganized Oakland forces. I understand that the change was deemed advisable because the Oakland representatives had become somewhat partisan in their views of political affairs across the bay. Long association with some of the city officials has resulted in the absorption of prejudices. They will be given a chance to broaden their views in the less circumscribed field on this side of the bay.

The voice was pleasant but firm:

"No I can trust you no longer."

The listener thought it was a love scene until he discovered the fact that a Chinese fruit-peddler was speaking to the lady.

The feminine members of Ross valley's summer population will have to dispense with the pleasure of getting weighed unless they are willing to sacrifice a dime apiece for the privilege. The young ladies who have been in the habit of driving down to the station, and measuring their avoirdupois by the scale found there, have a grievance against the ticket agent whom they now denominate "a horrid old thing" where they formerly considered the gentleman one of the nicest fellows they had ever met. The reason of this change of temperature is to be found in the fact that the agent thought so much use of the scales was putting the instrument out of order and the other day, when a group of organdie-frocked damsels invaded his sanctuary, he froze the dazzling smile on their lips with the announcement: "Hereafter everybody desiring to be weighed must pay ten cents."

That it is not always well to be too precise in the use of language was exemplified in the case of a college professor who telegraphed to his wife:

"I have gotten tickets for the theatre tonight. Meet me there."

The operator transmitted the message:

"I have got ten tickets," etc., and Mrs. Professor accordingly invited eight friends to accompany her, much to the surprise of the gentleman and the lightening of his pocket-book. This is the story, ben trovato I suspect, for firstly, such a stickler for correctness would have omitted got or gotten entirely and, secondly, by so doing he would have made out a message of just ten words instead of eleven.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Exclusive styles in fine millinery.

AT THE GRAND:

First chappie—Every time I look at those pretty chorus girls I feel like opening wine, doncherknow.

Second chappie—Well, old boy, that's an expensive way to feel. You should take a run up to the Tivoli. The old girls up there will bring you back to a beer and sandwich appetite.

The bibulous tastes of our society matrons vary. Not long ago at a smart function a well known hostess mysteriously took a favored guest into the curtained retreat at the left of the banquet hall.

"My dear," said she in a sympathetic tone, "I know you do not care for such sweet liquor as the rest. Let me give you a glass of gin—that's the stuff that sticks to the ribs," tossing off a glass of the "stuff" as she spoke.

There's a fine, delicate taste for you. Somewhat along a different line is the remark made by another sedate matron some years ago in the hearing of several young men on a warm day:

"You can talk about your 'soft drinks' all you please, your ice cream soda, your frappéd champagne and ice cold lemonade and water ices and all that. But there's nothing, after all, that gets to the pit of my stomach like a glass of ice water!"

When the Sea Queen with the harbor commissioners and other distinguished cits, including Judge Dunne, Frank Moffitt, James H. O'Brien, Senator Bettman and a brass band, drew up alongside the transport Ohio last Wednesday afternoon, the enthusiasts aboard the tug began cheering for the Oregon troops. Every cheer that was proposed was responded to by lusty lungs. Presently "Ole Bill" English proposed three cheers for Major Harney. He referred of course to the harbor commissioner but the tug party supposed that there was a Major Harney aboard the transport and the responsive chorus was most vociferous. And then the band played "He's a jolly good fellow," after which the boys on the transport cheered. It was a great day for Major Harney.

Among those who had a score of welcoming hands extended to them on their return from the Philippines was Captain "Charley" MacDonald of the Oregon volunteers who was a passenger on one of the transports that arrived on Wednesday. Charley is one of Portland's smart set and though he is a temperance man by inclination and disdains all the vices usually boasted of by members of the inner circle he is one of the most popular young men in Portland. He has distinguished himself on the athletic field and was once centre rush of the Multnomah football team. As a drill-master he has few equals and he is up in all national guard matters. Now that he has had practical

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Calls attention to these facts:

Best hairdressing is only 25 cents.

Combs and hair ornaments at half the prices asked elsewhere.

Largest stock of switches in the city, and the lowest prices.

experience he will be of more value than ever as a military man, and Portland has good cause to be proud of Company H's commander. I am told that Captain MacDonald's company was in charge of the custom house during its stay in Manila and the captain received much praise for the manner in which he discharged his duties. The company was not on guard duty all the time but saw some active service, being in more than one fight.

Few young women of the Oakland swim enjoy such good times as those in which figure the daughters of U. S. Senator George C. Perkins. They only lately returned from the Yosemite where their camp, Tally-Ho, was one of the jolliest that has been pitched in the valley this season. In the party were George Bew and his mother, Mrs. George H. Bew of Alameda, Misses Mae and Pansy Perkins, Mrs. Carl Brunch and daughter, Miss Gretchen Brunch, Colonel J. J. Tobin, Mrs. Tobin and daughters, Miss Nellie and Edith Sullivan, Hon. J. J. R. Peel, a cousin of Lord Peel, ex-Speaker of the House of Commons, Miss May Bramhall, Miss Anna Kruger, Sidney Haslett, W. Whiley, Fred Russ and Roland Young. On Monday Senator Perkins left for Alaska with his daughters, Pansy and Mae, and they expect to be absent some weeks. Therefore I consider I am correct in saying that few young women in the Oakland swim—or in San Francisco either, for that matter—know so well what a good time means as do the Perkins girls.

The difference between the proprietor of our up to date yellow journal and the newspaper publisher of a generation agone is that the fin de siecle journalist spends money to startle the public by some sensational feat concerning which he may devote pages of screaming description, while his enterprising predecessor was content to confine his prodigality to the hiring of talent and the purchase of choice reading matter. Of this latter class was Robert Bonner, founder of the New York Ledger, who died last week in New York. He ever advocated the publishing of the best articles to be secured regardless of cost and to that principle much of the success of the Ledger was due. He paid Henry Ward Beecher thirty thousand dollars for his novel, "Norwood," he paid Lord Tennyson five thousand dollars for a poem and Charles Dickens a like amount for the only story he ever wrote for an American publication. One of the most popular writers in this country at that time was Fannie Fern (Mrs. Parton) whom Bonner offered twenty-five dollars a column for a story, which was refused. He afterward paid her one thousand dollars for the ten column story, "Fanny Ford." During his life he spent over six hundred thousand dollars in purchasing and breeding trotting horses but he never raced one for money. I wonder if any of the enterprising newspaper publishers of today who indulge in such luxuries as fast trains, special commissioners to interview the Shah of Shad and spectacular tug-boats would be willing to pay thirty thousand dollars for a story ?

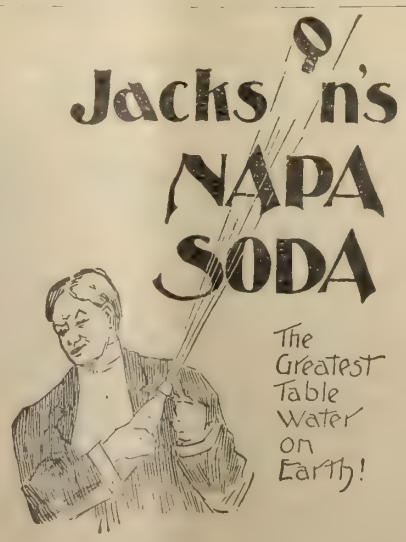
During the administration of Governor Budd eleven of the sixteen wharfingers employed on the water front were representatives of the republican party. Governor Budd promised that as soon as the complexion of the harbor commission changed the republican wharfingers would be succeeded by democrats. Two of the three present commissioners were appointed by Budd and a short time ago they voted for the appointment of two wharfingers who were elected to the last assembly on the republican ticket. The hand that is directing affairs down in the big ferry building is a hand of mystery. Politicians are trying to guess why the republican chairman of a democratic board should be permitted to exercise so much influence. There is undoubtedly an African in the water front woodpile but it is difficult to locate him.

Knowing that I am expected to give publicity to social happenings of interest I am constrained to mention that Mr. Thomas Sharkey, the prominent bruiser who has lately been affecting an eagerness for a meeting with Mr. James Jeffries the distinguished discoverer of a solar plexus counter-irritant, was the guest last week of Mr. C. A. Buckley at the Livermore home of the well known agriculturist. Mr. Sharkey was entertained in a most hospitable manner. I understand that Mr. Buckley has been a great admirer of the burly bruiser ever since that little function at the Mechanics' Pavilon in which the late Robert Fitzsimmons was treated to a great surprise. It was the first time that Mr. Buckley realized that there could be an exception to the rule which invests the victor with the spoils. The man that could lose and still get the money is an object of much interest to the Livermore farmer.

Phil Hastings is in Lake county recuperating from his recent illness.

San Diego is feeling the effect of the National Educational association's gathering at Los Angeles and the city is livelier than it has been for a long time, in spite of the fact that many of the socially prominent are out of town. Miss Opal Pierce of San Francisco is visiting the J. W. Seftons. The Jesse Grants are at La Jolla for the summer. Mr. and Mrs. J. R. Southworth, who have spent the past few months in San Diego and Coronado, left this week for the grand canyon of the Colorado. The engagement of Miss Calhoun Mills of Springfield, Illinois, and Claude C. Craig of San Diego is announced. Judge Sloan and family are at La Jolla for July. Colonel F. S. Chadbourne of San Francisco is the guest of Colonel F. G. Gassen.

The old established house of J. J. O'Brien & Co. continues to hold its place in the front rank of the retail dry goods trade. Its display of black goods, laces, ribbons, gloves, ladies tailor made suits, fine quality hosiery, Corsets, Silks and boys' and children's clothing during the past week has attracted particular attention. The numerous patrons of this popular establishment are undoubtedly pleased to observe the successful business which is being transacted within its doors.



The London Academy criticises John Brisben Walker for expurgating Tolstoi's novel as it appears in the Cosmopolitan. "If no right to excise was stipulated for, the author is entitled to feel aggrieved at the excisions which have been made. The alterations and modifications are of a nature quite unnecessary from even an extreme Puritanical standpoint. Tolstoi does not mince his words nor choose his incidents with too much regard for family reading but the editor of the Cosmopolitan must have known this before he accepted the serial." The Academy, however, has not shown that the right of excision was not stipulated for and as the Cosmopolitan aims to be a magazine for general and family reading in all probability the editor knew just what he was doing when he accepted Tolstoi's novel and there is every reason to suppose that he arranged accordingly. The missing links which the Academy regrets are descriptions of scenes in low houses. If one could read the story in the original one might regret losing Tolstoi's language and style but in a translation which reads smoothly there is nothing to be gained by poring over what would not be tolerated in original English. American boys are not sent as a rule away from home to big schools nor are our girls kept in the nursery or under the eye of a governess. Whether this be the wisest plan, it is the fact and even Tolstoi's descriptions of life and adventures in houses of ill-repute are not good reading for youngsters. Moreover, as the Academy informs us that "The Awakening" is published in English without revision and as the complete novel in book form will probably be given in full there is not the slightest danger that anyone who can read will suffer from ungratified curiosity. It is said that Tolstoi's wife has no sympathy with his peculiar whims and six of his eight children sympathize with their mother. She is quite wealthy and has the copyright of several of Tolstoi's earlier books which he presented to her before he adopted his present views. These bring her an appreciable income. Tolstoi himself owns nothing and when he visits his family at Moscow he is a guest of Madame Tolstoi. I often wonder whether he would see so many virtues in poverty did he not know he held open this door of escape for, of course, whenever he becomes tired of the masquerade he can go back to affluence—and cleanliness.

The Count: My dear Miss Heiress, I am so sorry you are going. And shall I see anything of you in town this winter?

Miss Heiress: That depends on circumstances. I only wear tailor-gowns in the street but usually appear décolleté at the opera.

There is a young man sunning himself among the bright educators assembled in convention at Los Angeles who owes his presence there among the delegates to a lucky but inadvertent hit at speech-making some time since. At a meeting of prominent teachers held in one of the midland counties, the young man was suddenly called upon for some remarks. He was utterly unprepared and not a word of the subject under discussion sprang to his dulled brain. In his emergency he suddenly remembered an article he had read, having little bearing upon the subject but which might on the spur of the moment be adapted to fill a gap. Therefore he rose and gave vent in words to the article he had read. It struck the assembled auditors as one of the most remarkable extemporaneous addresses they had ever listened to and when the speaker had finished the applause was terrific. The county papers devoted columns of space to the young man and his address and when the county educators elected a delegate to the next convention the unanimous choice fell upon the embryonic Daniel Webster.

When Dr. Cohen, the quarantine officer of the local health department, had his attention called to some very active cockroaches in the steerage of the Nippon Maru he was very much surprised but he was not crestfallen. To characterize Dr. Cohen as a crestfallen medico would be to assert that it was possible for him to become dejected or disspirited or to lose his normal Vere de Vere repose, and Dr. Cohen will not confess to having any such weakness. He is a stoic at all times and under all circumstances. Yet G. Lindsay Campbell, a Chronicle reporter, had the temerity to describe the doctor as a crestfallen individual on the day of his introduction to the active marine cockroaches. The reporter no doubt felt that it behooved Dr. Cohen to be crestfallen because he had been boasting of the efficacy of the fumigation to which he had subjected the ship—a fumigation, by the way, which burnt holes in the decks and upholstered furniture but failed to destroy animal life. A few days after the article appeared which reflected upon the quarantine officer's ironclad complacancy he encountered Campbell in the street and there was a scene.

"It voz a tammed lie!" exclaimed Dr. Cohen, somewhat fiercely.

"What are you talking about?" asked the reporter, who showed no signs of fright.

"I was not krrestfawlin," was the reply.

And thus ended the incident.

Mrs. E. G. Carrera is spending the summer in Sonoma county with her parents and her sister, Miss Belle Herzer. Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Watson are enjoying a tour through the south of England and it will be some months before they return to California.

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For Poison Oak and Prickly Heat it is a sure remedy.

Suitable for cleansing anything

SAMUEL SEYMOUR,
21 SPEAR ST., S. F. — Pacific Coast Agent.

Job Burns, aged eighty-five years, one of the immortal "Six hundred," was recently sentenced for three months for begging in the public streets of Londan. How long will it be before some of our own volunteers will find themselves in the same predicament? Other things being equal, all of what are commonly known as "political appointments" should be held by ex-volunteers but there is no danger of anything of that kind coming to pass while there are "workers" to be had who are wise enough to stay at home and keep up their fences. We shall soon begin to hear again of the "soldiers' vote" but bear in mind, the "heeler" has votes by the score and it is numbers that count.

"I am not surprised that Jenks has made a record at football."

"Why? Was he always athletic?"

"No, but he was the champion kicker at our boarding house fare last winter."

Last Saturday evening the Haywards hotel at Haywards was the scene of a brilliant gathering, the occasion being a progressive euchre party. Nine tables were arranged for the game. The guests assembled at half past eight and a spirited contest was held for over two hours. The prizes were well selected and much appreciated. The first prize (lady's) was won by Mrs. George Reed, the gentleman's by Judge J.C.B. Hebbard, who is as well versed in cards as he is in the law. The consolation prizes were won by Mrs. John Curtis and Mr. Wright. After the game light refreshments were served and then the guests indulged in dancing.

I often wonder why it is that ladies with reputations that are a trifle ragged at the seams usually choose some *spa* as their annual summer outing-place? It is so abroad and it is much the same in our state. Probably it is because only people possessing comfortable incomes can afford to go to the springs and that there are always to be found at these places, drinking the sulphur or iron water, wealthy old widowers or bachelors who—perforce for the lack of other modes of murdering time—act the role of invalids and are sufferers from rheumatism or kidney troubles for the time being. These are easy prey for the women who swell their incomes at others' expense. At one of the California resorts of this nature—I shall not indicate which one, but it is a "springs" and high-priced—a centre of attraction is a very beautiful young woman who lately came into a fortune by the death of her sister. She has long been déclassé but she manages to get along without social recognition and has a good time wherever she pitches her tent. Now, at this same healthful retreat are staying a prominent lawyer and also a gentleman well known in the business world of San Francisco. They are both elderly and one of them is known to be not a little susceptible to feminine charms. Though I have heard nothing definite, I can easily fancy how pleasant the sojourn of these two elderly gentlemen at the springs may be made, through the close proximity of the pretty young women referred to.

I am told that the economies indulged in by some members of the local swim who desire to enjoy an outing, yet find it difficult to pay for it, would make good reading for their friends. There is one family that is so swell that it even calls the waiters and chambermaids in a country tavern by their last names, and which is at present sojourning at a resort in the Sonoma county redwoods. This family prides itself upon its ability to speak English with the real London accent and the daughters are astonishing the natives of the redwoods with their style of dress and their manner of speech. Referring to these people the other day a club man of my acquaintance told me that he had heard that the feminine head of the family was so economical that she fed her servants on liver every day. A new maid just making her advent into the dormitory of domestics inquired the reason of the monotony of the daily fare.

"That is easily answered," said the footman. "The butcher gives the liver for nothing."

I heard, also, of another family prominent in the swim. They live at a smart private hotel and both monsieur and madame are aristocratic to the backbone. Their disdain of the common herd is immense and both speak of money as if they were the owners of unbounded acres of silver and gold. Yet the other day they returned from the country where they had been spending a few days with friends. Shortly after their arrival the bell-boy knocked at the door of their apartments and said that their trunks had come.

"All right. Have the porter bring them up."

A moment later the bell-boy returned with the explanation that the transfer man would not leave the trunks till he received a dollar and a half.

"Tell him to call at my office tomorrow," said monsieur, after a fruitless search through his pockets.

Mrs S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, has a beautiful new line of summer dress hats.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and, therefore, requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure Send for circulars and testimonials. Address

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"Unless, my dear," (to his wife) "you have the amount."

Madame found nothing in her purse, either, and the children's bonne, who was asked to join in the search for coin, was forced to acknowledge her impecuniosity. The transfer man could not leave the trunks, by order from his superiors, until the one-fifty was forthcoming so the bell-boy considerately put up the cash. I hope he found the loan was but a temporary one but from my knowledge of his debtors I fear that it was more in the nature of a gift.

The tabbies are wondering if there is anything significant in the fact that almost simultaneously with the arrival of Walter Dean and his parents at the Hotel Rafael, the papers announced the appearance at Del Monte, for the season, of Miss Emilie Hager. It seems such a pity that this love affair, which has given the gossips so much material to work upon during the past few years, should not be brought to a termination. Mrs. Hager opposed the match but she has passed away now and if Miss Hager really intends to crown Mr. Dean's devotion with the gift of her hand and heart, now is the time ripe for such a consummation. At one time the rumor was going the rounds that the fair Emilie had become bohemian in her tastes and had fallen in love with the gentleman who was her instructor in singing but, like all such gossip, the rumor turned out to be mere idle words. However, had the report been true, one could have easily forgiven the young woman for her aberration, as the masculine referred to is one of the most striking figures and most clever minds in clubdom.

Jags: Well, I'm glad they are married. There can be no more talk.

Tags: That is true. I hear they do not speak to each other, scarcely, now.

Dr. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, president-elect of the state university, is a magnetic chap. He extended the glad hand to the regents and although a few of them were inclined to give him the frappéd frown he succeeded in thawing them out. I understand that Dr. Wheeler was reluctant to accept the presidency of the university because he had heard of a member of the faculty who exercised a political pull through his relationship with one of the regents. Dr. Wheeler has no love for political professors and when he takes charge of affairs at Berkeley it will be with the distinct understanding that the members of the faculty shall be subject to his directions.

Andy Lawrence is back from Catalina and the fate of the Monarch is once more in his hands. During his absence all sorts of rumors were in circulation about the purpose of his trip to the southland. The most persistent one was that he had been commissioned by Mr. Hearst to purchase a newspaper, the supposition being that as the Napoleon of journalism had nothing but the Examiner and Morning and Evening Journals on his hands he was suffering from ennui and wanted something to keep him busy. But Mr. Lawrence was not on a still hunt for another paper. He went to Catalina for only one purpose and that was to play golf. He took with him the handsomest assortment of golf stockings in this state and when he appeared on the links he made the other golfers look like a lot of Scotch farm-hands.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

The people of Highland springs are laughing yet over the plight of an equestrian party that started out one morning about two weeks ago to enjoy a thirty-six mile ride. The party consisted of George D. Graham, the ink merchant, and his wife, Luther K. Fitch of the Bulletin and his wife, and George Crothers, unattached. None of these people had the faintest conception of what sort of physical endurance was required for a thirty-six mile ride on a hard and unsympathetic saddle. But after traversing about six miles on a horse that insisted on trotting even down grade it suddenly occurred to Mr. Fitch that the diversion involved some pain. His courage failed him and he returned home alone filled with an almost irresistible desire to imitate circus equestrian performers whom he had seen standing erect during their act. The other members of the party returned after dark and after a most tedious journey. I understand that they covered a considerable portion of the return trip in wagons. They were unable to conceal the fact that their feelings were very much hurt.

The career of John Lord Love, the attorney who died last week, was a notable one by reason of its sky-rocket character. He was a man well versed in the law and of considerable intellectual force and in early manhood his prospects were of dazzling brightness. He aimed high at the threshold of his career and hit the mark without an effort. He was attorney-general of the state at an age when other lawyers are content to represent impecunious clients for a nominal fee. And when his term was over he resumed the drudgery of private practice with reluctant spirit. Instead of soaring higher he drooped his wings and took a downward course until he struck a perch in the office of city and county attorney. There was nothing he liked better than public office and when he was out of it he had little or no ambition. Years after he ceased to be city attorney he became a police judge and with his term on the bench ended his public career. If he had never been a politician he might have won many laurels in his profession.

• Dr. A. C. Moore •

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Hours, 9 A. M. to 6 P. M.

An interesting chapter of reminiscence was revived the other day by some oldtimers who were discussing the histrionic talent of Blanche Bates. They were veteran theatre-goers who could tell you all about the plays that were produced at the old American theatre in Sansome street and of the mummers that appeared at the Metropolitan opera-house in the days when dramatic companies came from New York to San Francisco by water. And it came about that the name of Sallie Hinckley came into the conversation, because Blanche Bates calls Sallie "Auntie" and it was largely to the generosity of the ex-actress that the present Frawley star owes the thoroughness of her education, which included not only ordinary branches of learning but extended into drama and music. I am told that Signor Lucchesi says of his former pupil that she would have made name and fame on the concert stage had she not chosen to adopt a dramatic career instead. Sallie Hinckley and Blanche's mother have been friends from girlhood's days and the former was as solicitous for the welfare of Mrs. Bates' daughter as if she had been in reality the child's aunt. She was herself a mother, having a son by the husband with whom she had eloped at the age of sixteen, Roundey by name, but in Blanche Bates she took an almost deeper interest than in her own child. Possibly she saw in Blanche the makings of the fine actress the girl has since become.

Now there are not many people in San Francisco who remember Sallie Hinckley or any of the incidents in her romantic career. Sallie was one of the most popular of early Californian actresses and she was a woman of many personal charms combined with all the dash and coquetry of a Parisienne. When she exhibited her ravishing curves in the role of Mazeppa, the men-about-town of the period were plunged into rapturous admiration. And when Sallie Hinckley got through entertaining the public there was no entertainment too expensive for her and there were men by the score willing to provide it. The swath that she cut was a wide one indeed. She could have had half the town if she wanted it. A banker chaperoned her to New York and spent a fortune to exploit her in "The Black Crook" and he lost his money but not his ardor. And there were others as gallant and generous as the banker. A pretty woman was a rara avis in San Francisco in those days and Sallie Hinckley queened it for awhile, but she could not retain that divine figure forever. Adipose tissue came with years and when embonpoint asserted itself Sallie Hinckley left the stage and opened a lodging house in Montgomery street.

About that time another footlight favorite came tripping to the front. She was Susie Soulé, a woman of varied accomplishments. She had apartments in the Montgomery block where she used to entertain her friends. Among them was George Hinckley, an actor and a brother of Sallie, and Joe Ford, a gay stockbroker of the period and a literary chap. He wrote "The Red Pocketbook" and addressed sonnets to Susie Soulé. One day he met George Hinckley in the actress' apartments and there was a row. Hinckley received a pistol wound and some months later he died in his sister's lodging house. Sallie Hinckley is still living, a buxom woman, sedate and dignified. She is the wife of Arthur Forbes, a bookkeeper for Josselyn & Co., the ship chandlery firm, and her husband is some years her junior. By the way, Forbes was one of Sallie Hinckley's acquaintances in the days when she kept the lodging house in Montgomery street. He was a very young man then and he occupied a room in the house of the ex-actress. Another man who figured in that set was Theodore Le Roy, the banker, who died some years later in France. Immediately after his death there was a contest over his large estate and Sallie Hinckley was one of the principal claimants. She demanded a wife's portion but compromised with the French heirs for about a quarter of a million dollars. She then married Arthur Forbes.

First Artist: Did you hear about Palette? He has left Paris for good.

Second Artist: Why so? Has he given up his study of the nude?

First Artist: No, the fad is raging with greater vigor than ever—he is at Santa Cruz now.

Roger Prendergast, the miner who died several days ago leaving an estate valued at sixty thousand dollars, was one of those rare specimens of manhood that one reads about in Bret Harte's stories and meets in plays of the "My Partner" class but seldom communes with in real life. He was a mining superintendent on the Comstock in the bonanza days and he spent the greater part of his life in Nevada. He had more hairbreadth escapes in mining disasters than any other man that ever delved for the precious metals and he held the record for life-saving in the sagebrush state. He risked his own life in half a dozen instances to save the lives of others and his death could be traced to injuries received in an explosion in a mine and incurred in a reckless attempt to rescue a number of unfortunates. All the old residents of Virginia city are familiar with the stories that are told of Roger Prendergast, for his life was made up of incidents which showed him to be a man of unusual nobility of character. One that I remember was about the discharge of a foreman in a mine in which Prendergast was superintendent. It was not unusual for the employes of a mine to subscribe to a fund for the purchase of a valuable present for the superintendent. The man that collected the money was generally the sycophant of the crew, who

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CAPTAIN C. MacDONALD
Who returned from Manila, with Company H, First Regiment Oregon Vols.

was bent upon winning the favor of the superintendent, but the friendship of Roger Prendergast could not be purchased. The foreman that collected a fund in the mine which he superintended was discharged.

"The men that work in this mine," said Prendergast, "earned their wages and I'll not permit them to be blackmailed out of it."

The statement that Auditor Wells has discovered that the merchant creditors of the board of education, by withdrawing their claims to segregate and classify them, have left the school teachers salary claimants in the position of preferred creditors, since all claims on the treasury must be paid in the order they are presented prompted our local dailies to take advantage of the opportunity to spread scare head lines announcing that "Teachers may be paid." Let us hope that they may be. In connection with the payment of salaries, the question has more than once derisively been asked: "What did you gain by your litigation, you teachers who were so anxious to rush into court with your grievances?" And this is how the question has been answered by a teacher who occasionally tells her troubles to TOWN TALK: "We have gained a decision as to our vacation salary which sets forever at rest the attempts to hold up our June money under the plea that we are being paid when we are idle. It has established the fact that our salaries are so much per year, payable for the convenience of the city in twelve monthly installments. It has also decided that the creditors of the old board could not be paid in full—and that preserves for us the June salary of this year. We also demonstrated that there are a lot of sneaks in the school department, those who signed the agreement to enter litigation, with its attendant expenses, and because the lawyers did not succeed in gaining our salaries, have refused to pay more than the first installment. Many of those who would not sign at all have benefited by the action of those upon whom the expense has fallen. Those derelicts are well known and it is understood that when the committee on litigation winds up its affairs the black-list will be given out for publication. Why should a few stand all the expense and the rest escape?

"The protests from indignant parents regarding examinations come thick and fast—and as soon as schools re-open the lives of the clerks of the board of education, to say nothing of the superintendent, and his assistants will be one long mad nightmare of 'Why wasn't my child promoted?' The examinations were sprung on the schools, but as one school director confidentially said 'It's not a trap to catch teachers, as much as it is a trap to catch principals. It's all nonsense for principals to try to shift the blame of the poor work done in their schools upon the shoulders of their assistants. The idea of any principal not knowing whether or not his teachers were following the course of study! We've had enough of 'office' principals. The law requires a certain amount of supervision from a principal and they've got to give it. A poor teacher can't excuse her negligence by pleading ignorance of the course, and no principal can escape condemnation because of poor teachers. This board has given principals ample opportunity to report upon the qualifications of their teachers. If they have sent in their lists with 'satisfactory' against each name—how can the principals now blame the teachers when the work is not up to the grade? Whose standard was wrong?'"

When the St. Joseph (Mo.) high school class was graduated a week ago it greeted the assembled audience with a class yell—a combination of cackling, croaking and cat-calling which lasted half a minute. It is time this nonsense was stopped and class yelling should be made a misdemeanor punishable by fine and imprisonment.

MARION MANOLA MOULD, at the California

Now it is reported that Grandma Grant does not approve of the prince so Miss Julia will be expected to withdraw from her engagement with His Highness. For pity's sake let it go on now, otherwise we shall have a new alliance proposed and another dose of lingerie literature. However Papa Grant and Aunt Palmer are a unit with Miss Julia thus far, so at best there are three against one and:

When a woman will, she will, you may depend on't;
And when she won't, she won't, and there's an end on't.

The bright child who so aptly settled the race question has an equal in the person of another rising young geographer. In answer to the question, "Name five animals peculiar to the frigid zone," he enumerated: "Elephant, hippopotamus, rhinoceros, tiger and lion." When brought to book for his apparent heedlessness it came out that he had reasoned that peculiar meant queer or odd and his list of torrid zone fauna would, in his opinion, have been decidedly peculiar to the frigid zone.

It is said that a woman if she really loves a man has no thought of any other; one at a time is all sufficient. But a man may love one woman with the warmth of a simoon and at the same time feel like a good healthy south wind toward a dozen others.

It is not easy to recall the names of all the pupils of the late Madame Ziska who have distinguished themselves in the worlds of society, art and letters since they attended the Ziska seminary. I remember, however, very well the school when it was situated in South park in the residence now occupied by the widow and family of the late Joseph Smith. Madame Ziska's seminary was always exceedingly select and among the boarding and day pupils were many of foreign birth. Of those who attended the school in the early seventies my recollection chiefly centres about the beautiful Rodriquez girls of whom one later married a nephew of Lloyd Tevis. They were four in number—Amelia, Aurelia and two Lolas, one a niece of the others—and were perfect types of Spanish beauty. They lived in Brannan street which was at that time a smart residence locality, being sufficiently under the shadow of South park and Rincon hill to share their aristocratic aroma.

It is a matter of regret that Madame Ziska did not leave a book of her personal recollections of San Francisco society life. She had lived here so many years that she knew practically everybody and among her pupils were many, as I said before, who have since come before the public eye either as society leaders or in the arts or professions. Madame Ziska was a charming writer, her work chiefly consisting of translations from the modern French authors, and she was a frequent and valued contributor to TOWN TALK.

I see by the educational advertisements in the daily papers that Miss M. E. Mortee is principal of St. Katherine's Episcopal school in Fulton street. Miss Mortee's name brings to the writer memories of Dr. Huddart's academy which in the early seventies was a fashionable institution of learning situated at the corner of Second and Bryant streets. While I am not sure the principal of St. Katherine's school is the same person, there was a Miss Mortee in charge of the primary class at Huddart's and she was much beloved by her young pupils. Among the primary pupils were Frank Willey, Maxwell Bugbee, Millie Ashe, Angela Forbes, George and Jennie Cheeseman, Nellie and Henry Miller, Gordon Harris, Frank and Russell Avery.

The Man is Nothing, The Work is All

[DOUBLE BALLADE]

THE WORLD is but a noisy show,
A mighty, motley masquerade,
Where countless actors come and go,
A tragedy and gasconade,
Where many puzzling parts are played,
Till curtained with death's dusty pall,
And in Time's testing balance weighed,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Forward they press, both high and low,
And rich and poor, and gay and staid;
Some climb where Fame's fair mountains glow,
While others grovel in the glade;
But when, at last, the sexton's spade
Hath built the bed to which they crawl,
When requiems roll and prayers are prayed,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Though rivers red as crimson flow
Beneath the shot torn barricade,
Though on the clay of fallen foe,
Thrones have been reared with reeking blade,
Still war is but a sorry trade,
And often but a murderous brawl;
For even Glory's gleam will fade;
The man is nothing, the work is all.

Fate's shuttle flashes to and fro,
And many curious webs are made;
For Fortune may her smile bestow,
And light some dullard through the shade
To where Fame's glittering prize is paid;
While Genius labors like a thrall,
But lifts the world without her aid;
The man is nothing, the work is all.

In vilest soil the seed may grow,
For many a living germ hath strayed
Where sower never meant to sow;
The heart of reckless renegade
Hath been, ere this, a shrine where swayed
Truth's sacred censer, letting fall
The spark unknown, but yet obeyed;
The man is nothing, the work is all.

To some misleading guides we owe
Lights that have made us retrograde;
While others from Time's ramparts throw
To us a shining escalade,
By which we shall, at last, invade
Truth's glorious and eternal hall;
Or fair, or foul in life's crusade,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

ENVOY

Whene'er we glory or upbraid
The good or bad, the great or small,
Time laughs at our rodomontade,
The man is nothing, the work is all.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

World of Law

ERILY, the ways of our Supreme court are devious and difficult to follow. Any lawyer who thinks he has a sure thing when he takes a case up on appeal has an amount of confidence which must be born of hope rather than of experience. The latest feat of the tribunal of last resort is to affirm the verdict and judgment of our Superior court in the case of one Harry Winters. Some instructions were given by the trial judge in the case which would make the average criminal lawyer's hair stand on end. It is a good thing that Mr. Winters is a criminal of so glaring a type that one feels a sort of unholy joy that the Supreme court did go out of its way to "cinch" him. His exploit was the effecting of a burglarious entrance into a hotel at Baden in company with another enterprising burglar named Raymond. In the fracas that ensued a boarder in the hotel was killed. Winters was found guilty of murder in the first degree and was sentenced to death in most appropriate fashion. So far, so good, and the Supreme court has affirmed the verdict. But three justices, including the chief justice, dissent from that affirmance in vigorous terms.

The defense set up by Winters was an alibi. That is to say, he sought to show that at the time of the burglary he was in the company of friends at a place many miles away from the scene. The trial judge in charging the jury made the statement that an alibi was "a proper defense, if proved" and further stated that in order to establish the alibi the defendant must show a state of facts which should make it practically improbable or impossible for the defendant to have committed the murder, by reason of his having been in another locality at the time. The judge said that the alibi need not be conclusively established, but must be proven sufficiently to create a reasonable doubt in the minds of the jury as to whether or not the defendant was where he claimed to be.

Now, the defendant's attorney took this instruction up to the Supreme court, assigning it as error. In the majority opinion, written by Mr. Justice Garoutte and concurred in by Justices Harrison, McFarland and Van Dyke, it was held not to be error. The court admitted that the word "defense" was not a proper term to apply to an "alibi," and also that the court should not not have used the words "if proven." However, Judge Garoutte said that the whole instruction must be taken as a whole and not in part and that there was little doubt that the court merely meant to instruct the jury that in order to establish his alibi the defendant must produce sufficient evidence to create a reasonable doubt of his guilt in the minds of the intelligent jury.

The fact that the case was a hanging matter did not appear to cut much figure. The court found that the defendant was not prejudiced by the instruction and unless a re-hearing is granted Harry Winters will go to the scaffold, a fate, indeed, he richly deserves. But there was attached to the majority opinion a copious dissenting opinion written by Mr. Justice Henshaw and concurred in by Justices Jackson, Temple and Chief Justice Beatty. In this the trial court's instruction on the subject of alibi is unmercifully slated. Justice Henshaw points out that no man is required to prove an alibi, nor to show that it was practically improbable or impossible that he could have committed the crime charged to him. In this very Supreme court of ours a prominent criminal case was reversed and the conviction of the prisoner set aside because the judge in charging upon the subject of alibi used these words: "When satisfactorily proven it is a good defense in law."

So, the Supreme court has once more reversed itself. It is in criminal cases chiefly that this phenomenon is observable. It is only a couple of years since the Paulsell robbery case was reversed by Department Two of the august tribunal because, it was stated, Judge Belcher had erred in his instruction to the jury upon the doctrine of reasonable doubt. He had departed from the definition composed by Chief Justice Shaw of somewhere and accepted as the standard and had inserted the words "common sense" as a part of the intelligence to be brought to bear upon the evidence before the reasonable doubt should be found to exist. It so happened that Judge Belcher took the instruction bodily from the Shaughnessy case tried some months before the Paulsell case and in which the judgment was affirmed by this same Department Two of the Supreme court. The same justice wrote the opinion in each case and the same justices concurred. Judge Belcher lo t no time in proving to the Supreme court its reversal of itself, and his memory is cherished in consequence by the inhabitants of the top floor of the Parrott building.

That the Supreme court will sooner or later have to reverse itself on other matters more important to the commonwealth than a criminal case is apparent to most lawyers. One matter is that of wills which create trusts. The decisions in the Walkerly and other cases appear to have established an iron-clad rule against testators who desire to tie up their children's property. Yet it is now felt that the court has gone too far in this direction, and it is confronted by a problem in the Fair case which is keeping it busy a-thinking. Already after months of deliberation, the court has been compelled to set aside the submission of the case, on the pretext that it would like the assistance of Mr. Justice Van Dyke, who was not present at the original hearing. Now it transpires that there will be no re-submission without further oral argument from the army of attorneys engaged.

The fact is that the court is badly divided on the trust question. Added to which, it is divided against itself on personal matters. The enmity existing between two prominent members of the tribunal is well known. Still, as Attorney-General Fitzgerald once remarked: "I don't see how the public can complain if mistakes are occasionally made. The court is badly overworked." That is true. It is not "pie" to have to grind out musty opinions and dig up musty law out of musty old books from morning till night with the hum of the busy street below constantly in one's aching ears.

Talking of the Supreme court, an ex-justice of that tribunal, Van R. Paterson, met with an accident at his San Mateo residence the other day. He fell downstairs and broke himself somewhere. Fortunately, he is recovering rapidly. Judge Paterson is a lawyer of the old school, though a comparatively young man. He is courteous and affable and his style of practice is one that speaks for itself. He toiled away for years on the Supreme bench, drawing a paltry five hundred dollars per month till Dame Fortune smiled upon him and introduced him to Arthur Rodgers. Judge Paterson said one day, recently: "I never knew what it was to have a bank account until I left the Supreme bench." He deserves his success, which he endures modestly. In that he is like unto ex-Judge C. D. Slack, who threw up the Superior bench and the Deanery of the Hastings Law college to join the happy party comprised of Rodgers, Paterson & Co.

Garret McEnerney is away on a vacation, wonderful to relate. He has been up at Tallac, and is now at Del Monte. Under the shadow of the cavernous rocks that rise above Lake Tahoe. Garret dismissed legal subjects from his mind and thanked his stars that he was now in a position to snap his fingers at fate. He has made a great deal of money in late years, done by application, by sheer hard work. Garret has a frame that can stand fatigue and he has never dissipated. He would like to have his friend, Judge W. P. Lawlor, with him, for the latter is great company and is full of wise saws and modern instances. Perhaps the latter will adjourn court awhile as soon as it is known whether or not Minnie Adams is to suffer punishment for killing her illegitimate child. Governor Solomon and Attorney Mack have dragged that unfortunate case out beyond all reasonable length.

Judge Troutt, he of the mild manners that belie his ferocious appearance, has discovered that his recent attack of rheumatism was occasioned by the varied draughts that play around his courtroom. So he has had a fearful and wonderful door made for the room, which is covered with green cloth studded with nails, such as one often sees at the entrance to a library. The door swings to and fro immediately outside the ordinary glass door, so that the visitor entering abruptly is likely to put his head through the glass and make a rather unceremonious entrance into the judicial presence. By the way, Judge Troutt performed the marriage service the other day over Lester H. Jacobs, attorney-at-law, and a young lady who was teacher of mathematics at the Van Ness seminary.

There are lots of 'A. A.' brands of whisky, but only one Jesse Moore 'A. A.'

Mr. Jacobs is a promising young attorney and is a pleasant fellow besides. His bride is attractive and clever. It is said that the difference in religion between the pair made them present themselves before Judge Troutt instead of repairing to church.

—o—

Superior Judge George H. Bahrs recently returned from an extended eastern trip. He went out as Grand Exalted Laborer of the Ancient Order of Workmen, or in some such capacity and visited Chicago, Washington, Boston, New York and other eastern cities. He expresses himself pleased at all he saw and thinks that the trip has broadened his intellect. It was his first venture out of the state in his thirty odd years of existence upon this planet. He thinks, however, that there is only one California and that it is good enough for him.

"Why, in some ways, the east is far behind us," says the judge. "No city has our car system, our telephone system, our electric light system, our fire system. And then the climate! The east is great and wonderful; it is one continuous, tumultuous hurry-scurry after the almighty dollar. But to live in, give me San Francisco!"

By the way, Judge Bahrs had the honor of calling upon President McKinley while he was in Washington. He was very graciously received and occupied the President's entire attention for about a quarter of an hour The President, whom Judge Bahrs found to be a handsome, young-looking, well-mannered man, spoke warmly of the west, and was pleased to know that he had found favor there. He told Judge Bahrs that he contemplated a western trip ere long, if his engagements would permit. Since that interview, however, Judge Bahrs has learned of the change of plans and the final abandonment of the western trip. THE COURT REPORTER.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "Lord and Lady Algy"—a picture of high life, low in spots.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Carmen"—better sung than acted.

ALCAZAR. "Camille"—as interesting as ever.

CALIFORNIA. "The Last Word"—and the return of Blanche Bates.

TIVOLI. "Bluebeard"—who kills the show as well as his wives.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—Minnie Palmer is all right.

PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—realistic and worth seeing.

IN THE WHOLE, while it may not be our "best" people who have flocked to see Lord and Lady Algy this week, the audiences filling the Columbia have certainly been composed of our smartest people. You must be smart thoroughly to enjoy Lord and Lady Algy, or if you are not in the swim you must at least have spent a day among the fashionables else you will not know how to take the scenes in the play. One can fancy how the Carton drama attained its great vogue in London, for it is London swelldom that the author "hits where it lives," to use a bit of slang which becomes especially expressive when applied to Lord and Lady Algy. The play is not immoral, neither is it vulgar but the characters are decidedly so in some instances. These smart people even exhibit lack of breeding—and that is where Mr. Carton has made an error. Spurious swells might guy an old woman; it would even be expected of them, as the characters do in the second act, but real gentlepeople such as Lord Algy's relatives—no matter how fast and foolish their other actions—would not do so. In fact there are a good many weaknesses in the play. But its cleverness is so pronounced, its dialogue so vivacious, that the audience cannot fail to get a solid two hours of enjoyment out of it. The plot is ably outlined and the story tells itself almost, as the characters move in and out in pleasing sequence. The company is so admirable that not the most miniature role is slighted and even the servants are stars. Lord Algy is not a pleasant character but one has seen many of his prototypes in life. He is not a caricature: he is the real thing. George R. Sims was not so far off when he wrote:

> Bother guilt upon your conscience,
> If you've gold inside your purse
> You can be as bad as I am
> And in fact a great deal worse.

The Marquis of Quarmby is a despicable creature when you look at him through the moral lorgnette but on the stage he appears a very decent sort of a chap, somewhat lacking in backbone but making up for this by his fine physique and swell air. He is a splendid picture of a man; that the portrait is minus a soul does not matter much. * * The act which is weakest in Mr. Carton's drama is the one which by right should be the strongest for in it the point of the story is brought out, a man searching for a woman about whose identity he is not sure and to whom he has been asked to give some good advice. The man, Lord Algy, comes to a fancy dress ball given by the lady whom he is to advise and he is in a state popularly known as "loaded" In fact, a man so far gone as is Lord Algy would certainly have better sense than to make his appearance at a social function in such a state of intoxication;in real life he would first have given himself a partial sobering-up by taking a Turkish bath or at least a rub-down with rough towels and cold water. Again, it is not likely a man in Lord Algy's state would have been admitted to a ball-room; the maitre de ceremonie would have barred his entrée. If,as has been argued,people of the Tudway order would have only been too glad to admit a lord to their ball, drunk or sober, this theory is not borne out in the wholesale snubbing Lord Algy receives during his stay. The drunken scene, consequently, being so unnatural an incident, weakens the second act. Another point that might be touched upon, a minor one but which is noticeable since Lady Algy is the guilty one, is the scene where Quarmby's sister-in-law interrupts him in his conversation with Mrs. Tudway, where they are planning their elopement. A woman of Lady Algy's type would not only not commit the moral solecism of eavesdropping but, if she had found herself in the unpleasant predicament of an unconscious listener to something not intended for her ears, she would certainly not have thrust her presence upon the marquis and his inamorata, as Mr. Carton makes his heroine do. The

J. MINKOWSKY
Whose opera "The Smugglers of Badayez" is praised by the New York press

flimsy pretext, "I have forgotten my fan," is as absurd as the mislaid pocket-book episode in the first act. The third act, where Lord and Lady Algy make up their differences and smoke en duo the cigarette of peace, is the best in the play. We are left in doubt as to the ultimate result of Quarmby's flirtation with Mrs. Brabazon Tudway although the deceived husband is pacified to his own satisfaction and that of the others, Lady Algy being the medium of pacification. * * Mr. Miller gives a capable portrayal of the Duke of Droneborough's younger son. Neither he nor Miss Anglin, however, quite grasps the possibilities of the characters sketched by the playwright. It is a case where their clothes fit them better than do their parts. Miss Anglin wears several striking and handsome frocks and Mr. Miller's array of costumes must make Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin turn green with envy. One imagines that Mr. Miller does not wholly like his part, though he goes through his drunken scene as if it were played con amore. Earnestness is always one of the pleasing points in Mr. Miller's acting. But Miss Anglin is miles and miles away from the Lady Algy of Mr. Carton's muse. She is not English enough for one thing, her London fringe and style of hairdressing being the only thing distinctively un-American about her. What one misses in her interpretation is the frank and boyish manner that should be the prominent attribute of Lady Algy. The modern "good fellow" of the feminine gender is not affected, she is not silly and her jolly air is not "put on." Now Lady Algy is an all-round good fellow who is up in race slang, smokes cigarettes and can—presumably—encircle a high-ball with anybody. Au fond she is the same good young woman she always was, refined and charming and very, very much in love with Lord Algy. Miss Anglin makes the mistake of playing always to the audience; she cannot lose her identity as Margaret Anglin. Therefore her Lady Algy is almost colorless, except in the last act where the actress forgets herself and becomes the character of the play. * * * Mrs. Whiffen has an amusing part, that of Mrs. Tudway's mother, Mrs. Vokins, and in her make-up at the ball where she appears dressed as a Dresden shepherdess she is delightful. She has one particularly good scene with the Duke of Droneborough (Mr. Walcot), where she waylays him and makes him take her down to supper. Mr. Lamb makes Swepson, the valet, a distinct part of the first and third acts. Mr. Lamb has played for so many years with Henry Miller that the two understand each other's modes of acting perfectly and play into each other's hands in a manner pleasing to behold. Mrs. Thorndyke-Boucicault appears in a magnificent blue gown, extremely décolleté, and "strengthens the cast" by walking through the second act. A fine bit of acting is done by young Thomas Whiffen as Mawley Jemmett, Lord Algy's jockey, who poses as his friend at the ball costumed as a Highlander, and assists Algy's failing footsteps, when the latter's successive and excessive potations begin to take effect. James Lindsay gives color to the part of Captain Standidge and Thomas S. Lowell goes through his role of Mr. Jeal, the society reporter, with considerable zeal. The stage settings are worthy of mention for their beauty and accuracy. * * Next week will be the last of Lord and Lady Algy and Heartsease will follow, Miss Anglin taking the part filled by Mabel Bert in last year's production.

THE LAMBARDIS drew big houses at the California on Monday and Tuesday evenings, in Mignon and The Barber of Seville, thus proving that the theatre oftentimes makes or mars a show. At the Alhambra the company did not draw; at the California the organization was most enthusiastically received. Mr. Friedlander will bring the company back again later on.

Orpheum

THEY HAVE a disrobing scene at the Orpheum this week but it produces not the slightest shock. Two men disrobe simultaneously in the centre of the stage and in the full glare of the calcium and the orchestra plays slow music. They remove coats, vests, shirts and trousers and while they are shedding their clothes one man is unblushingly balanced on the other's head and his legs are dangling indecorously in the air. If a woman were to do the same thing the police would probably be called upon to stop the show, but there is not enough indelicacy about this performance to incarnadine the cheek of a modest grammar school maiden. In fact it is a highly moral performance. The two are athletes and they are remarkably clever and finished acrobats. They appear on the program as the Rixfords. Minnie Palmer, the veteran soubrette who has had more free advertising in her time than most actresses have been able to get, is also at the Orpheum this week. She appears in a little French sketch which gives her opportunity for the display of what is left of her soubrette ability. The feature of the show is still The Wise Guy, who is none other than Edmond Hayes who once played serious roles in society and melodrama, and who is now a low comedian of the most boisterous type. Next week the bill will include four new acts. Kilpatrick and Barber, the great trick bicycle riders, are direct from England and the Orpheum management has brought out from Paris Les Browns, the only one-legged male and female acrobats and instrumentalists in the world. They caeated a sensation at the Olympia, Paris. The De Pasqualis have been re-engaged and will present several new operatic selections. Houdini, the man who puzzled the police and all others who saw him with his marvelous ability of disentangling himself from chains, ropes and other bonds, particularly handcuffs, will play a return engagement.

Grand Opera House

IT SHOWS THE VERSATILITY of Morosco's stock opera company—Southwell's that was—that the members can spring from grand to comic opera without, as it were, stopping to breathe. This fact was demonstrated shortly after the company came here when Cavalleria Rusticana and I'Pagliacci were given, and now Carmen gives Hattie Belle Ladd a chance to prove that she, as well as Edith Mason, has the ability to interpret heavier roles than those found in comic opera. Miss Ladd is a very bewitching Carmen, not so seductively fascinating perhaps as Thea Dorre or Zelie de Lussan, but still far more acceptable than many Carmens who stand on higher planes in the world of music. There is not much in the Bizet opera for blasé theatre-goers beyond the cigarette girl herself and the toreador song, and these are wholly satisfying in the Morosco production Next week the company will make the spring to comic opera when Miss Mason will sing the title role in Olivette. The strength of the company will be in the cast.

Apropos of Carmen, the following has been communicated: "Some of the press notices of Carmen during the past week have referred to it as grand opera. Strictly speaking the rhythmical parts of grand opera are separated by recitative and not by spoken dialogue. The distinction is purely technical, and has nothing to do with the subject or style of music. It has existed since 1750 when the Grand opera house of Paris claimed that a company performing musical pieces at the Théâtre de la Foire was infringing on its patent, and an agreement between the two houses was concluded by which the latter must have speaking in all the pieces it produced. The distinction was thus established between grand opera and opera comique. It

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Season, June to September

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS GEO. SCHONEWALD, MANAGER
Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal, or Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crag, Cal.

is said that the composer of Carmen intended to have the fatal quarrel between Don Jose and the gypsy girl take place in the bull-ring under the seats and I believe it is so carried out in Paris. In the last tableau the toreador is seen leaning over the vanquished bull, while the spectators sing the well-known chorus."

California SAN FRANCISCO SOCIETY turned out in full force to greet Blanche Bates and the Frawley company at the California on Thursday evening. Every member was received lustily and heartily and Blanche Bates received an ovation. Again and again rounds of applause poured forth from the enthusiastic assemblage. Mr. Frawley's appearance was another signal for continuous applause the heartiness of which could not be questioned. The company was fully entitled to this enthusiastic reception and no doubt the engagement will be a successful one judging from the grand opening night. Next week The Dancing Girl will be presented with Miss Bates in the leading role. Among the strong attractions of the repertory will be The Great Ruby. Hope Ross will make her appearance next Monday.

Alcazar FLORENCE ROBERTS easily holds her own as an interpreter of Camille with others who have visited San Francisco. She exhibits the same sincerity, the charming lack of affectation that was remarked upon in her portrayal of Dumas' character last season. An Armand such as that given by White Whittlesey serves to make plain to the audience many points in the drama that usually elude comprehension. Marguerite can be forgiven for loving and sacrificing herself to an Armand so manly and handsome as Mr. Whittlesey. It is rarely one finds a Marguerite and Armand so well mated physically as are the hero and heroine in the Alcazar presentation of the play. Next week The New Magdalen will be given, a play seldom produced nowadays and in which the leading character should give Miss Roberts scope for the display of splendid emotional work. The Morrisons deserve the patronage of the best class of our theatre-goers, for they include in their repertory plays which everybody wishes to see and which, though favorites of our mothers and fathers, are not often seen upon the present play-lists of theatrical companies. The New Magdalen is one of the strongest novels of the many interesting works written by Wilkie Collins; in its dramatic form it is equally as powerful.

THE PRINCE OF WALES LIKES IT

THE clarets and sauternes from the Mount Rouge vineyard at Livermore, of Chauché & Bon, are rapidly becoming famous not only in all the large eastern cities but also in England where they are preferred by swell club men to those of France. The Prince of Wales recently paid California a high compliment by ordering several cases of Jurancon which is acknowledged by experts to be the most delicious of California products.

THE SECRETARY of the Osteopathic institute in Sutter street, Mrs. Alice T. Moore, has gone to Los Angeles for a vacation trip. Dr. A. C. Moore, her husband, the physician in charge of the institute, will shortly join Mrs. Moore in the south.

Mrs. S. R Hall, 10 Kearny Street. Elegant line of Mourning Bonnets

AMUSEMENTS

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"THE NEW MAGDELEN"

With the talented FLORENCE ROBERTS
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THE ALCAZAR STOCK COMPANY Supporting,

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Our prices, Reserved—15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

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Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
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A Sausalito Episode

BULLOCK was a young Englishman whose fondness for women's society was very noticeable, and he took them all in turn, the girls at the summer resort. With some he flirted outrageously and to others he went for a sort of moral tonic. The sympathy of the feminine heart under the expanding influence of the moonlight was his to command when he poured out his confidences. "Renouncing it" was what he called the operation which is more graphically described in America by the term "swearing off." His latest "renunciation" had caused him to cut loose from all flirtations with married women, a diversion of which he—like many another young man—was compromisingly fond. And this is how it happened.

A certain lady came to the hotel accompanied by her servant and children. The last were no incumbrance to her for she turned the second over to the first and let them take care of each other with that perfect trust in Providence which so often marks the career of the hotel habitué and the married flirt. She was handsome, dressed well and was perfectly willing to receive the attention of men; or, to be more accurate, she was determined to have it and being a woman of extensive experiences, of vast resources and an easy conscience she had what she wanted.

The first conquest of the lady was that of "Val," a great, fat lump of conceit, egotism and gluttony. It flattered his vanity to have a handsome woman listen to his long yarns and even seem to welcome his approach. So carried away was Val with the unusual experience of having any woman take notice of him that he invited her to walk down to the club-house with him, treated her several times to a soda lemonade, and on one never-to-be-forgotten occasion—perhaps as it was on Fourth of July it was also as a patriotic ebullition—he opened a bottle of champagne in her honor. It being well known, his ability to imbibe freely at other people's expense and a corresponding reluctance to do so at his own, this act of champagne extravagance was to be explained only on the ground of his being "hard hit."

But his day of triumph was short lived. A younger, more agreeable and far more liberal man, in the person of young Bullock, appeared upon the scene With his usual characteristic impetuosity, he began a fast and furious flirtation with the fascinating lady. At first all went well. That is, the affair aroused no special amount of comment at a summer resort where all flirted, or would if they could. Still, some people naturally of a captious temperament might have taken exception to the little entertainment that was held on the Fourth of July, in Mrs. Noyes' room, in which she was assisted in her duties as hostess by a fat, good-natured matron from the country.

Coming as it did fairly on top of Val's champagne treat the entertainment, or "function," is easily open to criticism as possibly lacking in good taste. It mattered little that the hostess had never met some of the gentlemen prior to the moment they came trooping to her apartment, or that they all made merry in a way that rather disturbed the rest of the inmates of the hotel to judge from the adverse looks and indignation meetings held in halls, porches and parlor the next day.

But as Mrs. Noyes naively said:

"The boys were having such fun that we hated to send them away."

In their hilarity they knocked over the water pitcher and then had what the fat country matron called "a terrible back-bending time" in mopping up the water. Then they sent Val for more beer, and when he was gone they bunched a wet towel over the door so that it would drop upon his head when he re-entered the room. The delicate reference to his condition conveyed in the pantomime with a wet towel and his head was considered a rare joke and the very essence of wit

But to return to the flirtation of Mrs. Noyes. It may be said that the fall of the towel and of Val's supremacy were simultaneous and Bullock, the bright mind that had conceived the delicate joke, reigned in his stead as a squire of dames—of Mrs. Noyes in particular.

What need to dwell upon the walks and corner-of-the-porch talks, the dances, the moonlight rows? And then Mr. Noyes arrived at the hotel. At first he was flattered at the society belle position which his wife seemed to hold. This state of mind was rapidly succeeded by one far less comfortable and reassuring. For Mrs. Noyes was a woman with a past—not a very far past, or a dark past—but nevertheless when Mr. Noyes allowed himself to remember that his wife had left her first husband for him, taking the intermediate divorce as easily as a thoroughbred does a five-barred gate, he was naturally just a little suspicious of the Bullock attentions.

In a burst of temper, he forbade his wife to continue her flirtation. She simply ignored the prohibition, and Noyes grew surly and the end began to come into view. One evening as they were all standing on the porch, preparatory to departing on a "tugging party," Noyes walked up to his wife, who was talking with Bullock.

"My dear," said he in an unsteady voice, "I want you to come into the house."

Mrs. Noyes began to pace the porch and Bullock walked with her. This enraged Noyes, who lost all sense of propriety and shouted:

"Do you hear me, madam? I tell you to go into the house. I will not have this affair go any further, I say. I'll have you see who's master here."

Mrs. Bullock fled quickly from the porch and her husband turned on Bullock as if to strike him, but he merely exclaimed:

"As for you, sir, you're a contemptible puppy. That's my opinion of you, sir."

Bullock flared up at once:

"What do you mean by such language?" he demanded. "You shall answer to me for this insult."

"It is you that had better explain yourself," angrily said Noyes. "A man with so little honor as to steal another man's wife——"

And then he stopped, possibly remembering how he himself had obtained the lady for a wife.

"I have an engagement now on the hill," said Bullock, calming himself in his own peculiar manner, pulling out his watch as he spoke, "but you must meet me ——."

"Any time you like," snorted Noyes.

"At twelve, then, on the pier," said Bullock, moving away, "at twelve, after you return from the tugging party."

As he stepped off with his dignified bearing, Mrs. Noyes reappeared just in time to join the rest of the party.

"I was so afraid I couldn't come," she lisped with an arch glance at her husband, "for I've been such a bad girl"

But he took no notice of her, and they all hurried down to the raft and hastily embarked upon the gasolene launch. The evening passed without incident save that those who went with plug hats came home without them.

At nearly four in the morning as the tug drew up to the pier, a solitary figure was seen walking up and down. It was Bullock and the inference was that he had been waiting there since midnight. Noyes sprang out first and Bullock met him with these words:

"You must apologize to me for your language. How was I to know that a man objected to a gentleman's extending ordinary courtesy to his wife?"

"I've requested my wife not to accept your attentions," said Noyes, trying to bluster, but feeling turned to stone under the icy glare of Bullock in the chill morning starlight.

"I never heard of it," said Bullock in an aggrieved tone. "Call your wife and ask her if she ever told me so."

Mrs. Noyes was interrogated by her husband, and forced to admit that Bullock was correct

"Now," said Bullock very impressively, "under the circumstances yon have behaved most outrageously. You have insulted me, a gentleman who paid you the compliment of admiring your wife, and by your act you have subjected her to all sorts of scandalous talk. As for me—it does not matter. I am a stranger here. I may go away in a week, but you live in San Francisco and people will talk about you and your wife, and how you acted tonight, a year hence. Instead of protecting your wife you have exposed her to the tongues of gossip. It is you that have caused the scandal, not I."

Poor Noyes had nothing to say against such reasoning as this. He apologized to Bullock and the next day Bullock came over to San Francisco and "renounced" flirting with married women--for the present. THE SUMMER RESORTER.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Joseph F. Byrne administrator of the estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 54-55 Crocker Building, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH F. BYRNE
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Byrne, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, July 1, 1899.

LENT & HUMPHREY. Attorneys for Administrator,
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

A Little Puritan

THE BEGINNING was in the early seventies, at the Fourth of July picnic. *He* was a tall, ill-dressed youth of nineteen, *she* a slim, awkward girl two years younger, in a frock of white muslin sprigged with blue and made pull-back after the fashion of the day. They had just graduated in the same class from the Hillsdale academy, but Horace Bent was not a product of that slow little town among the New Hampshire hills. He had come out from California with his widowed mother four years previously and carried about him in his air and voice some suggestion of the larger and freer west. He detested the narrow little town where his mother had been born and raised and to which she had returned in the days of her early widowhood, and now that Horace had graduated they were both going west again, where an uncle was ready to give Horace a start in the world

So at the Fourth of July picnic he said good-bye to Libbie Hale, who had been his favorite among the Hillsdale maids, and told her he was going to write to her. He gave her his tintype, too, a crude thing taken that very day by a traveling photographer, and asked her not to forget him. And then he bade the Hillsdale world good-bye, while Libbie began a woman's monotonous life in a quiet little New England town.

The correspondence between them went to the length of exactly one letter which Silas Hale took out of the post-office, carried home, and burned before his daughter's eyes, without even allowing her to open it. Old Silas was an autocrat in his own house and neither wife nor child was in the habit of going contrary to his dictates. He had never liked Horace Bent's breezy ways, his ringing voice, nor the independent style in which he offered himself as Libbie's gallant.

"That young fellow's too smart; he'll git into the legislature or the penitentiary yet," was his comment.

He forbade her even to think of the young man and Libbie promised obedience, though in her secret heart she disobeyed and cherished her one romance. And she kept the tintype which her father knew nothing of.

But all that was seventeen years ago, and time had not stood still even with the sleepy Hillsdale folk. Old Hale and his wife were dead, Libbie was teaching school over in New York state, and the old home was rented to a woman who kept summer boarders. One afternoon as Libbie walked homeward through the long November shadows she stopped at the post-office for her paper or perhaps a letter from cousin Martha Hale who kept boarders in Boston. She received instead an envelope with the postmark "San Francisco." She tried to open it and read the sheet it contained, but the writing danced before her eyes. She was compelled to replace the letter in the envelope and wait till she was secure in her own room, where she read it with burning cheeks and a heart beating like a great mill-hammer. This is what she read:

SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.,
NOVEMBER 21, 1890.

Dear old friend and classmate:

You will no doubt be surprised to receive a letter from this part of the world, and will at once look at the signature to find out who is writing to you Well, you have not forgotten me, have you, and do you know that you owe me a letter anyhow? For you never answered one that I wrote to you years and years ago. I met one of the old Hillsdale boys, Newton Cole, on Market street a few days ago and he told me all the news. Although I only lived in the old place four years of my existence, somehow it holds a big place in my recollections. I hear that your people are dead and that you are not married. I lost my wife four years ago, and my mother has been dead a long, long time. I am alone in the world like yourself. Why could not old folks like us write to each other now and then? I was always curious to know why you never answered that letter of mine. I hardly write any letters nowadays except on business. I hope you will not be too busy to answer this as I should like very much to hear from you.

Your old schoolmate,
HORACE BENT.

Then she rummaged for the old tintype and gazed at it. It showed a tall ungainly youth with eager eyes, determined chin and thick hair flung off a high forehead. Of course he must be greatly changed now, but she was glad he had not forgotten her. She never expected to hear from him again. It was all like a dream, the picnic and the letter her father had burned and all those seventeen years passed and gone. All but the old tin-type which she hardly ever looked at nowadays.

She would answer his letter, of course. And she did, the exchange of epistles lasting until the close of her school term in July. She wrote to him that she expected to go down to Boston to visit cousin Martha Hale and to do some shopping. He answered that he had some law business that would take him east and that he would call upon her at Miss Hale's address.

If the many friends of Horace Bent, man of the world, politician and lawyer, had been aware that he was corresponding with a little New England school ma'am, they would have thought it a good joke. But Horace was getting somewhat tired of the world; he had enjoyed too many of its good things. He was a lawyer of good practice and had been to the legislature, so half of old Silas Hale's prophesy had come true. He had married a California girl who had brought him a moderate fortune, the marriage had been childless, and Horace was getting rather lonely. Many a pretty girl and dashing woman would have been glad to share his name and income, but though gallant to all he was devoted to none.

It is not to be imagined for a moment that considerations of sentiment had induced him to pen that letter to Libbie Hale. He had not been, as the novels have it, in love with her all these years. In fact, he had hardly thought of her. But his conversation with Newton Cole over their dinner at the University club had brought back the old place and his little classmate, and come to think of it, why the deuce had Libbie never answered that letter? Newton said she was still unmarried. It would be a good joke and a new experience to write to her. The result of his cogitations was the letter we have read.

As the correspondence progressed he really grew interested. There was something fascinating about Libbie's letters, something childlike, simple and sincere, which formed a contrast to the worldly women of his acquaintance. To be sure she was a woman of thirty-four, but she wrote like a girl of seventeen. She had never been to a theatre, she had never read Ouida—people still read Ouida in those days—and he enjoyed awakening her mind and calling out her ideas as one would those of an interesting child. And as luck would have it, there was that case of Grant's—somebody ought to go east about it. By Jove! he could go and as Libbie was to be in Boston, he would run in on her and make her visit pleasant. If he brought a wife back, one of those prim little thorough-going New England women who make such capital housekeepers, how San Francisco tongues would wag for about a week. He chuckled as he thought of it. It was an all-around good joke.

One morning Martha Hale's door bell rang and a telegram was delivered for her cousin Libby.

"Cousin Martha," said she with a blush, "a friend from California is in Boston and tells me he will call this evening."

"Libby, who do you know in California?"

"Oh, only one of the old academy boys. He's been out there a good many years."

"And how have you kept the run of him?"

"Well, the truth is, we've been writing to each other lately."

"Who is he, anyway?"

"Oh, his name is Horace Bent. He's a lawyer."

Cousin Martha scented a romance but was too wise to say anything. She helped Libby to dress for the evening, and could not deny herself a peep over the bannister when the door bell rang at eight o'clock.

The girl opened the door, showed a gentleman into the prim parlor and went to call the ladies. Libby could not summon courage to go down alone, so cousin Martha, preforce, had to go with her. At the door she was almost struck dumb. Was that Horace? That stout, bald man, rather slouchy in his attire, who sat holding a soft gray felt hat on his knee?

He rose to meet her.

"Miss Hale?"

"Mr. Bent. This is my cousin, Miss Hale, also"

And neither knew what to say next. Each was thinking how little the other had answered to expectations. Horace's natural self assurance came to his rescue and tided them over an embarrassing moment. He talked of this, that and the other, soon gaining assistance from cousin Martha's garrulity. Libby was silent. She sat like one in a dream. She was thinking of the tintype.

Horace was disappointed. This shy, old-fashioned little lady, why she was not a bit like what he imagined from her letters. She could not talk and she had no style. Sleeves were just then beginning to expand and those of her prim little sateen clung tightly to a meagre arm. She could not be so very old either, but she had not at all the dash and confidence of the Californian femme de trente ans. But he did his best to draw her into conversation, finally getting her promise to accompany him to the theatre the next evening, and firmly refusing Cousin Martha's invitation to dinner on the plea of business, for he had his doubts of the viands Miss Hale placed before her boarders.

The next evening Libbie made her first entrance into the theatre. Her long residence in a little New England town, broken only by infrequent visits to her cousin, had given her no taste for these vanities and her religious training had caused her to look upon them as of rather dubious morality. She was in a state of trepidation. What should she wear? Ought she really to go? Cousin Martha offered the best assistance she could, but when she came into the parlor where Horace was waiting for her, he realized that his Californian friends would

In all cases of physical and mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore Whisky will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

have smiled at her appearance. He could not have criticised her attire, but he was sure that she was something of a dowdy.

And Libbie thought that he looked rough and careless compared with the black-coated ministers and professors that answered to her ideal. Then she was not used to such a loud voice or such a confident manner. And she was sure he smoked. It is true that Horace was the proverbially careless Californian man in his attire, but he looked for style in women folks

The play was "Camille," a most unfortunate choice. The leading role was played by an actress well known in the Golden State, and Horace spoke of her as a personal acquaintance. Libbie was shocked and speechless. She sat red and uncomortable and Horace divined her feelings.

"You do not like the play?"

"No, I do not care for it. But I do not know much about plays."

"Don't you like Modjeska?"

"No, I don't see how any woman can play such a character. I should think she would rather die. She ought not to take such a part."

Bent laughed to himself and thought "Little Puritan." But he saw how uncomfortable she was and took her home before the final act. The next day he called and bade her farewell, pleading sudden business.

Cousin Martha was in despair.

"He was such a fine man. And he could have made your visit so pleasant, Lib, if he had time to stay."

But Libbie went back to her school and the first thing she did was to roll the tintype into a tight bundle, wrap it up, tie a stone to it and throw it into the mill pond. She exchanged no more letters with Horace. And the next spring she married the minister of Little Bradford.

Bent is still a well known character in San Francisco. He has never married, and is as sans facon, eccentric and as independent as of yore. And not one of his five hundred friends knows the least thing about his brief penchant for a Little Puritan. IRENE CONNELL.

AT THE SUMMER RESORTS

THE IMPRESSION at the beginning of the season that this was to be a poor year at the summer resorts proved to be a great mistake. Never were the summer hotels better patronized than now. The various springs have "drawn well," as they say of a theatrical show, and the mountain and interior places of sojourn are keeping up their end excellently.

Mr. and Mrs. Byron Mauzy and family returned last week from a pleasant trip through the country, driving their own team and stopping at Napa Soda springs, Johannisburg, Angwin's, the Geysers, Skaggs springs and the Hotel Rafael.

Judge J. C. B. Hebbard is at Haywards, enjoying a brief vacation from legal duties.

Fred Belasco and his wife (Juliet Crosby) spent the Fourth of July holidays at Suisun

William Broderick and family returned on Thursday from Vichy springs.

Judge T. Graham is sojourning at Westport in Mendocino county.

THE NEVADA

IF THE PEOPLE of San Francisco are particular about any one thing, it is in regard to their eating-places. They ask for the best in this line and they usually get it. One of the most popular restaurants in town is the Nevada, at 126 and 128 Geary street and 119 Union Square avenue, between Grant avenue and Stockton. Since its removal from its Pine street location Noel P. Loupy's rotisserie has not lost in popularity but instead has steadily gained in favor. Especially is the Nevada favored by families, who find it a delightful substitute for the home dining-room.

TWO HIGH CLASS STAKES

THE ATTRACTION at the Union coursing park today and tomorrow will be a winners and reserve stake. In the winners stake there are eight entries and in the reserve stake forty-eight dogs will run. The winners stake has the crack dogs of the coast entered and some high class coursing is sure to occur. The stake is composed of the following hounds: St. Oran, Threon, Twin City Girl, Prince Hal, Lord Byron, Susie, Emin Pasha and Gladiator. The dogs are so evenly matched that it is hard to pick the winner in the stake but in the reserve stake it looks as if Mialmo would either win or be "runner-up."

CAKE WALK CARNIVAL

The Mechanics' Pavilion will likely hold a big crowd tonight when the grand cake walk carnival for the benefit of the California Soldier Boys' fund opens. Benefits were given during the week by California Parlor No 1, N. S. G. W., Court Defiance No. 28, F. of A., Professor Francis' mandolin club, Maine Social circle, the Aim club, Ivanhoe and Syracuse lodges, K. of P., Court Independence No. 104, F. of A., the Pacific Coast Waiters' association and Eureka Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, to insure the proper equipment for the affair and other organizations are arranging to have special nights and are selling tickets to benefit the treasury. Society cake-walkers from other states have entered their names in competition for the prizes that will be awarded, and novel steps will be introduced by the confectionery pedestrians. The cake walk is still the raging fad in the line of terpsichorean feats and the craze for cake-walking extends throughout all grades of society.

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AND NOW I am at home alone. 'Tis night.
All still within the house, no fire, no light.
Let me, too, sleep. Alas! no sleep is there!
Pray then. My spirit will not hear my prayer.
My ear is still with dancing measures ringing,
Echoes which memory back to sense is bringing:
I close my eyes: before my inward glance
Still swims the fete, still whirls the giddy dance;
The graceful phantoms of the vanished ball
Come flitting by in beauty each and all;
A glance still haunts my couch; a soft hand seems
To press my hand, that trembles in my dreams,
Fair tresses in the dance's flight brought nigh,
Just touch my cheek, and like the wind flow by,
I see from maiden brows the roses falling,
I hear beloved lips my name recalling—
Anne, Lucy, Blanche!—Where am I—What is this?
What must love be, when even love's dream is bliss!

[Translated from the French of Lamartine]

Music World

NOT SO very long ago I debated at length upon the merit of an opera composed by J. Minkowski. In the course of my remarks I said: "In Italy he had an opportunity to study the modern Italian school. This, together with the knowledge he acquired with Richter, *imbued* his opera with the *power of German orchestration coupled* with the *brilliancy* of the *modern Italian school of singing*." These remarks were based partly upon the piano score and partly upon the elucidations of the composer. The reader will please observe that there is not a word about an *existing* orchestration but "the opera is imbued with *power* [the power of German orchestration] and *brilliancy* [the brilliancy of the modern Italian school of singing]." The power of German orchestration, it must be understood, is not necessarily the orchestration of Mr. Minkowsky and besides it seems to me one could easily ascertain from a piano score the character of a subsequent orchestration. Had I known that my remarks were going to be read by a shallow intellect, I should have been more explicit at the time. But as it was, both the comment as well as the reference to the orchestration seem to have invoked the ire of the critic of a local weekly who evidently does not believe that other people have a right to their own opinions. At the time, I refrained from answering the vindictive and vituperative article, because it seemed beneath contempt, but since then Mr. Minkowski's work has been commented upon by the New York critics, which fact recalled to me an incident that had already escaped my memory. Permit me to quote from the weekly in question and mark well the dignity, intellectuality and good breeding embodied in these remarks: "The *obscure imp* who scribbles for a local weekly is *mad* because *I* (accent on the I) *ridiculed* an assertion made about the orchestration of Mr. Minkowski's *vaudeville* The Smuggler's Bride. He declared with the presumption of a preposterous ass that Mr. Minkowski's *orchestration* is imbued *of remarkable power* when as a matter of fact the orchestration does not exist. Of course the *abbreviated nonentity* [Ah well! I'm not so small. There are others.] would rather die than make such a laughable blunder, but having committed it he has the 'gall' to live." Casually permit me to state that I never said that "the orchestration was imbued of remarkable power;" but that 'his opera was imbued with the power of German orchestration." Secondly, the opera is not a vaudeville like the concerto Madame Carreno was kind enough to take out of San Francisco. But if anyone is yet in doubt, permit me to quote from the New York Journal of July second. The article accompanied by Mr. Minkowski's portrait reads in part as follows: "The only purely lyrical organization in this country accepted Mr. Minkowski's work as an exceptionally fine example of lyrical composition for the stage. * * In New York he was a pupil of Dvorak, who was at pains to foster in him the *characteristic Northern temperament, which adds to the Southern romantic, melodic features of composition the richer color in orchestration* that seems to have relieved his very tuneful work of the insipidity which mars so many scores wholly Italian in their treatment. *This was the verdict of a small audience of musicians, managers and critics which a few days ago attended a private hearing of The Smugglers of Badayez.* * * The principal melodies for soprano, alto, tenor and baritone are of a far higher type than is common to light opera, *and the orchestration—such as can be expected only from a Northerner—elevates the work to the plane of grand opera.* * * 'Ah, it is too good for New Yorkers—except the Metropolitan Opera House,' said one of the managers present. * * 'It is absolute romance,'" said another—'Italy, Italy, Italy.' * * Up spoke a critic: 'It is lyrical, it is romantic, it is sweet; but in its sugar is mixed the stuff that Grieg and Brahms dipped their pens in.'" I wonder whether the critic or the ournal—for whoever wrote the above is a musician—has still "the 'gall' to live after making such a blunder?" For his reference to the orchestration is strictly in harmony with that of the one which appeared in TOWN TALK of April twenty-ninth. And all this fuss in the aforesaid weekly was made because Mr. Minkowski did not consider the critic of that paper efficient enough to pass his opinion on his work, but preferred asking the advice of others.

¶ ¶

Considerable interest is manifested in Bosworth's Complete Harmonic Cycle but I discover that there seems to be a doubt as to the utility of the device. There cannot be any doubt for the simple reason that the Cycle is based upon actual facts. Permit me to illustrate. There was a time when globes and maps were unknown. Now let us suppose a teacher of geography desired to explain to his pupils the location of a certain country or city. He was obliged to explain as much as possible the direction in which the place was situated and then the pupils had a faint idea of where the point was located. But the globe or map upon which countries and towns are marked gives us a decisive idea of the relative position of the

various geographical points. By scanning the globe we can fix in our memory the exact direction of the compass. Formerly we were obliged to imagine these things; now we have a miniature earth which we can rivet into our mind. What is good of geography and the globe is also to be utilized as to Mr. Bosworth's Cycle. Hitherto the harmonic relationships—that is to say the relative position of the various chords and groups of notes to each other—were merely abstract matters. The teacher told you that such a fact has been established and you were obliged to take his word for it and retain in your memory what has been told you, without really knowing the actual reason and cause for the existence of these facts. Mr. Bosworth has promulgated a globe or rather disk upon which he has drawn out all the various chords and the scale. With the aid of this disk you are enabled to follow the elucidations of your teacher—for a teacher is always preferable to self-tuition—and just as the globe simplifies and eases the study of geography, Mr. Bosworth's musical globe simplifies and eases the study of harmony; for instead of basing your ideas upon words and phrases you can now picture them in your mind as they are shown on a certain disk.

¶ ¶

I hear from excellent authority that there will not be any grand opera season this fall. It appears that Mr. Maurice Grau, while very anxious to obtain a healthy price of admission for his performance, is unwilling to concede to the proprietors of the Grand opera-house a remuneration reasonable enough to compensate them for the discontinuance of their comic opera season. I am further told that one of the legitimate theatres has concluded arrangements with Mr. Grau to perform grand opera next year after the conclusion of the New York season. It seems to be settled that there will be no grand opera this fall by the Grau company.

¶ ¶

Miss Beresford Joy has resigned her position as contralto at Calvary Presbyterian church and will leave for Chicago on the first of August in order to resume a choir position. Miss Joy is at Pacific Grove, where she participated in The Messiah and in concerts connected with the Chautauqua assembly. On July fifteenth Miss Joy will sing at an orchestral concert in Los Angeles and from there she will leave for Chicago. Miss Joy is a vocalist of considerable skill and possesses a voice of much value. It is gratifying to know that her talent is appreciated, and she will no doubt be very successful in Chicago.

¶ ¶

It may be of interest to a local critic who sneered at the idea that J. Minkowski was able to orchestrate his opera to learn that the orchestration is nearly completed, has met with

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the approval of prominent New York musicians and critics and was arranged by the same man whose work was ridiculed, sneered at and condemned, despite the fact that the calumniator had never seen nor heard the work.

Carrie Roma is scoring a great success in London, where the press is not backward in bestowing upon her that praise which seems to be merited. Miss Roma was at one time a pupil of Alfred Kelleher, who has returned from Manila and has again resumed his duties as a teacher.

The summer school of music which was opened at Pacific Grove under the direction of Professor James Hamilton Howe is a complete success. Continued applications for membership are pouring in and the teachers have their hands full.

Fred. R. Howe, one of Santa Cruz's musical lights, paid this city a visit last week accompanied by his wife. Mr. Howe has succeeded in becoming known outside the seaside resort because of his ability as a composer of popular songs.

ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

Emil Steinegger, who is one of the best known of our local piano teachers, will shortly leave for Vienna where one understands he will study under Leschetizky. Prior to his departure, Mr. Steinegger will give a farewell concert at Sherman-Clay hall, when the pianist will be assisted by the Press club quartet. The date of the affair is set for the tenth of August.

Someone has been inquiring into the duration of the popularity of songs. Two years is considered a long lease of life for even the best, while some last only a few weeks. Six months is a good average, but those which are introduced in a play which has a good run often hold their own throughout the theatrical season. Sentimental songs last longer in favor than the humorous variety. One can only pray that something will put an end to coon songs—so called—the majority of which would cause a respectable negro to blush.

The eighteenth musicale of the J. W. McKenzie musical society will take place next Thursday evening at Odd Fellows' hall; an admirable program has been arranged for the event.

E. S. Bonelli is spending the summer at Mount View hotel, Ross valley, but comes to town on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays to attend to his classes in piano.

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World of Letters

CREATION Myths of Primitive America, in relation to the Religious History and Mental Development of Mankind, by Jeremiah Curtin, the translator of Sienkiwiczs' works. When we consider the great debts literature owes to the myths of Greece and Rome, how the world of poetry has been peopled for ages from the pantheon of the gods and the galaxy of naiads, dryads who forever are the inhabitants of sea and forest, we may well conjecture the possibility of these Myths of America upon the future literature when these fanciful legends have in their turn become classics for unborn generations. Mr. Curtin himself says: "The treasure saved to seience by the primitive race of America is unique in value and of high significance. The first result from it is to carry us back through untold centuries to that epoch when man made the earliest collective and consistent explanation of this universe and its origin. Occupying this vantage-ground, we can now throw a flood of light on all those mythologies and ethnic religions or systems of thought from which are lost in part, great or small, the materials needed to prove the foundation and beginnings of each of them. In this condition are all ancient recorded religions, whether of Greece, Rome, Chaldea, Persia or India. Through amazing ability of primitive man on this continent to retain, or perhaps through his inability to change and go forward, he has preserved a system of thought already old at the time of the first cuneiform letters and of the earliest statements on stone or papyrus. And the discovery of this system of ours almost with the moment when America after a century and a quarter of free political activity, and of intellectual labor unexampled in fruitfulness, takes her place as a world power and enters into intimate and searching relations not with Europe alone or one section of mankind but with the whole human race wherever fixed or resident." With these myths we feel how ancient is this land of America, that it has such a past as had Egypt and, to abide by the belief of many Americans, has the right of way into antiquity. We reflect with awe upon the conditions in pre-historic times when Egypt lay silent beneath the waters and this land was teeming with a civilization we can only dream of vaguely. In this volume we find somewhat of all this impressed upon tradition: That the earlier world had two periods of duration, one of complete harmony, another of violent collision and conflict. In the prior time of harmony, the hero of a certain myth controls all things by his wishes, he metamorphosizes the people called to a feast. He cries out: "I wish this house to be red-hot"—it is red-hot immediately. His enemies closed in are in a dreadful condition; their heads burst from heat. Something living and different springs from each, an owl, a hawk etc. and each turns into that which his qualities called forth, so he becomes outward and visibly what he has been hitherto internally and in secret. There are different systems in the book: In the winter system all changes were effected by *Olelbis*. But he has agents to assist him in his transformation, old *Sas*, the false and vain chief of *Saskewil*, is beaten by his son-in-law and receives his present form of the sun and moon at the end of a long and bitter struggle, in which strength, wit and keenness use the very last of their resources. There were a group among this people who fled away and avoided the metamorphosis. It is impossible to quote rationally from this work—it is necessary to possess and study these weird and fascinating folk-tales in their entirety to understand them at all. The last one in the series is one of the most interesting. It is called The First Battle in the World and the Making of the Yana. Mr. Curtin explains how he came to gather these legends together. In 1895 he made a journey to California, having an arrangement with Charles A. Dana of the New York Sun by which on consecutive Sundays such myth tales as were esteemed of sufficient value were to be published. These myths were found by Mr. Curtin in California, along the Sacramento river. The myths in this volume were from California, Mexico and Guatamala. The Wintus were a nation who occupied that part of California situated on the right bank of the Sacramento, from its source near the foot of Mount Shasta to the mouth of the San Francisco bay. They possessed this country before the coming of the white men. The Notes contain an interesting account of them. *Mem Loinies* is a beautiful myth of the wind and water. That of *Norwan* bears a relationship to the story of Helen of Troy. The notes are most fascinating reading; indeed the whole volume is of inestimable value and certainly no library is complete without this book having its place side by side with the old classics. Not only are the notes valuable, but there is an explanation of the meaning of all the names, also a guide for the pronunciation. Mr. Curtin has produced other works similar—the Myths and Folk-tales of the Russians, Western Slavs and Magyars, Hero-tales of Ireland, also Tales of the Fairies and of the Ghost-world.

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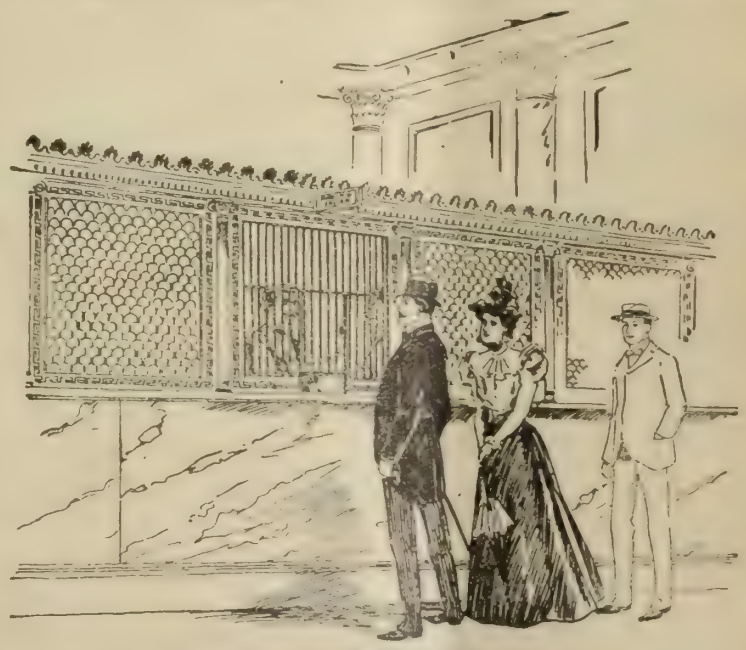

I think every man I see uses R·I·P·A·N·S.

Mr. Barry, our manager, takes one after every meal and so does his father and sister. The old gentleman has rheumatism if he don't take R·I·P·A·N·S. They use twelve a day in that house.

About half the people I know carry one of those 5-cent cartons all the time in their vest pockets.

I was in the Bowery Savings Bank to draw some money, and while I was waiting in the line a clerk came up to the paying teller and said: "Give me a Ripans!" The teller took a carton out of his pocket and handed it to the clerk, who took out one of the Tabules and handed the carton back. Then I watched him and saw him go to the water cooler and swallow the Tabule with some water; I saw him tip his head back.

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LEGAL NOTICES

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE of HARRY I. THORNTON, Deceased. } Department No. 9, Probate. No. 15,715.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Bessie Thornton, praying that the executrix of the estate of Harry I Thornton, deceased, be authorized, empowered and directed to execute a note and to secure the payment of such note, to mortgage the real estate belonging to said estate, which is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain tract of land situated in the County of Contra Costa, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at an ash tree 12 inches in diameter, marked S X S with two notches on the east and west sides from which a sycamore tree 20 inches in diameter bears north 9 degrees east 81 links distant; this corner is about 60 chains by a direct line down San Pablo Creek from the northeast corner of the McCoun Place; the said ash tree stands in the middle of a gulch on the west side of San Pablo Creek; thence west 147.88 chains to a stake forming the southwest corner hereof; thence north 100 chains (by true meridian) to the northwest corner hereof; thence east 65.88 chains to San Pablo Creek: at an elder tree 16 inches in diameter in the bed of the Creek; marked S X S with two notches on the south and west sides the northeast corner; thence up center of creek with its meanderings to point of beginning; containing 1000 acres of land and no more; the said tract being a portion of the Sobrante, situate in Contra Costa County and on the west side of San Pablo Creek; in the Cruizita Valley:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Fresno, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

According to the official plats and system of surveys of the Government of the United States; in township 13 south range 19 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, of section 34 the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and the south half of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter, containing 60 acres of land, more or less, and also all water, water rights and privileges in anywise appurtenant or belonging to said land or any part thereof:

The southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 5 in township 14 south of range 19 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Lots 7 and fractional southwest quarter of southeast quarter of section 27; lot 1 and south half of northwest quarter and west half of northeast quarter of section 34, in township 12 south of range 19 east of Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, and containing 255.05 acres, more or less, as per survey:

Lot numbered 2 of northwest quarter of section 34 in township 12 south of range 19 east of Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, containing 35.71 acres of land, according to the United States Government survey:

All those pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Kings, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the north or west bank of Kings River where the north line of section 1, township 17 south range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, intersects said bank; running thence due west along said north line of said section 4055 feet more or less, to the northwest corner of said section, thence due south along west line of said section 1870 feet and 5 inches, more or less, to a point on the north bank of Cole Slough, and thence along the north bank of Cole Slough and the north bank of Kings River following the meanderings thereon, to the point of beginning; the same being all of said section 1, lying north of Kings River and Cole Slough, and containing 87 acres, more or less:

Beginning at a point on the north bank of Cole Slough, where the westerly line of said section 1, township 17 south range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, intersects said bank, and running thence due north 1092 feet and 5 inches to a point; thence due west 1320 feet to a point; thence due south 582 feet to a point on the north bank of said Cole Slough; thence along the north bank of said Cole Slough following the meanderings thereof, to the point of beginning; containing 22.6 acres of land, and being a portion of the northeast quarter of section 2, township 17 south, range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian:

Those certain parcels of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

One undivided third part of that certain lot situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the intersection of the southeasterly line of Market street with the northerly line of Seventeenth street; thence easterly along the northerly line of Seventeenth street 109 feet 8 inches; thence at right angles northerly 93 feet 9 inches to the southeasterly line of Market street; thence southwesterly along said line of Market street 144 feet 3 ½ inches to the point of beginning; being a part of Mission Block No. 115 as delineated on the official map of the City and County of San Francisco;

All that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point on the east line of Castro street 180 feet south from the southerly line of Sixteenth street; thence south along the east line of Castro street 25 feet; thence at right angles east 94 feet 4½ inches; thence northeast 46 feet 2¾ inches; thence west 123 feet 7½ inches to the point of beginning:

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in said Estate appear before the above-entitled Court on the 24th day of July, 1899, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day, at the Court-room of said Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the New City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the said real estate or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit: Twelve thousand six hundred and forty-three and 54-100 ($12,643.54) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, as is more fully set forth in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

Dated June 21, 1899.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Section 1578 C. C. P.

Endorsed.
Filed June 21, 1899.
WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By V. F. NORTHROP, Deputy Clerk.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 2

CHRISTINA JACOBY, Plaintiff vs. HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant } Action brought in the SuperiorCourt City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therin within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff since the 11th day of December A. D. 1897, and for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff for more than one year last past; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Christina Penders, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT. } Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2.

ANNA DE LAWCZYNSKI, Plaintiff vs. THEOPHILE F. DE LAWCZYNSKI, Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

Theophile F. de Lawczynski, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff since the 15th day of March, 1898; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Anna Fabry, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT. } Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John A. Drinkhouse, administrator of the Estate of JOHN O'BRIEN deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said John A. Drinkhouse, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the estate of
John O'Brien Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 24, 1899.

A RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
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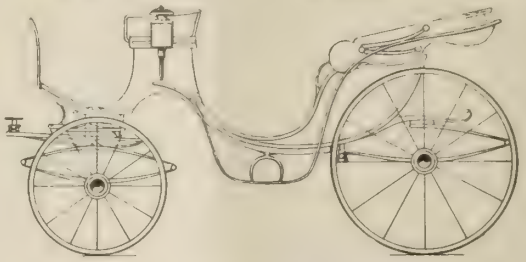

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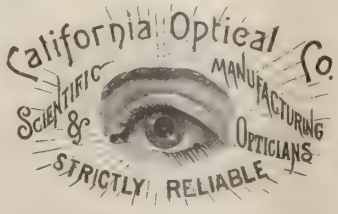

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, July 22, 1899

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OUR OPINION

A WRITER in Self Culture for July contends that a work of art cannot in itself be immoral. If all people could take that view of the matter there would be no immorality in the world, but there are people who are shocked by nude statuary and who insist upon draping cold marble and insensate bronze, and while those people are permitted by a kind Providence to roam at large we cannot concede that the cry of "Art for Art's Sake" is a shibboleth that should have the sanction of the statutes. All women are not like the woman whose retort courteous is referred to by the writer in Self Culture for the purpose of emphasizing the argument. This particular woman had a passionate love for the beautiful in all forms, a love which expressed itself in her surroundings. She was asked by a friend why she had so many pictures of the nude and her reply was: "Because to me pictures of the human figure speak so clearly of the divine in man that I sometimes forget there are those who have not yet risen above the animal." The same writer contends if a book is well written it is good and if it is badly written it is bad, and that this is the final test in writing. In other words there can be no evil in a book if it is the work of a master hand and is well written. According to that notion a vicious book written for the purpose of creating prejudices or to appeal to coarseness in taste, is not necessarily immoral. If it is well written the author cannot be charged with having produced an immoral work. No matter what his subject if he has the power to overcome the difficulties of language and to express his thoughts with rhetorical finish his work is moral, whereas if he should make a religious topic his theme and advocate the highest principles of Christian doctrine, if his style and diction lacked artistic finish and his language were crude, he would be guilty of a breach of the moral code. It is well to know these things, for otherwise we might betray primitive ideas on subjects with which we had supposed we were somewhat familiar.

A NEW YORK theatrical firm is about to undertake the task of elevating the stage. And strange as it may appear the work of elevation is to be started in a vaudeville house. If there is one form of theatrical entertainment which is expected to be less refined than another it is that which is commonly known as vaudeville. Patrons of the "variety show" do not pay their money to witness a classical performance. They seek entertainment that appeals to their sense of the ridiculous, and they easily enthuse over the sentimental ballad and the grotesque comedian and the comical freak. Dialogue that would disgust on the dramatic stage excites the risibles of an audience at a vaudeville performance. Yet the management of a vaudeville house has deemed it advisable to institute reform and it is in New York where "The Turtle" was a great success that the improvement in tone is to be made. Koster, Bial & Co, proprietors of the pioneer music hall of America, have announced their intention to revive the class of show that was given before the imported indecencies were introduced to American theatre-goers. Some time ago their refined patrons were insulted with a gross pantomime entitled "An Affair of Honor." It was so bad that Cissie Loftus, who had come to this country to appear at Koster & Bial's theatre, had to break her engagement to retain her self respect, and that high-priced artist is far from being a prude. The patrons of the house began to protest and the management decided to change the style of the bill. Hereafter every performer will be required to give a full rehearsal in costume before being permitted to appear on the stage. Anything that is in the slightest offensive to decency will be cut out. Now if the managers of the more fashionable theatres will show the same deference to decency, they may encourage their patrons in the cultivation of a taste for wholesome dramas.

THERE is little use in preachers thundering from the pulpit against the divorce evil when amongst themselves they furnish a fair share of the clients of divorce courts and are willing to contract alliances with divorcées, or when a fat fee will superinduce forgetfulness on their part of the facts. Nothing short of a public sentiment which is expressed by social ostracism

will stay the rush; but how is a public sentiment to be established in a community where there is hardly a family not more or less remotely affected? Laws are passed looking toward a check in the tide and lawyers are set to work to pick holes in the fabric or devise means by which they may be evaded. Collusion is supposed to act as a bar to divorce but two-thirds, if not more, of all the applications are granted on a default of the defendant who is generally willing to lose the case provided that no charge is preferred which may tend to degrade him (or her) in the eyes of the community and by some curious perversion of the moral sense desertion, cruelty or failure to provide the necessaries of life for wife and children are not regarded as degrading. They are so well understood to be mere "charges" that within an hour after a man has been separated from one wife because of his most cruel treatment he is united to another woman willing to take the same risks, and the chances are that she knows by her own experience just what the accusations are worth. A very large proportion of the people who now run into court with their grievances, real or imaginary, would fix up a modus vivendi if they did not know there was that door ajar and if it were possible to refuse separations by default and compel the plaintiff to prove the assertions and the defendant to combat the evidence as he would in any other case the door would be more often closed than opened. It is the law in Norway that when a widower is married he must divide amongst his children such a part of his estate as would fall to them at his death. If we had such a regulation in this country, applicable also to "legal" widows and widowers, there would be very few old fools made the prey of adventuresses and fewer family dissentions brought about by the advent of a youthful step mother. The divorce question has become so much a part of the life of the people that it excites no comment to find that the same person has had two or even three experiences or that a whole family for three generations has been unmarried. But a few years ago a woman (divorced) right here in our city applied for a warrant for the arrest of her thirteen-year-old daughter who she stated had left her home and taken up her residence with a "strange man." The child was found under the care of a man who seemed attached to her and whom she called grandfather but later explained that he was not exactly her grandfather, as he was only the divorced second husband of her grandmother, and therefore persona non grata to the family. Is there anything to choose between that and the funny-column joke of the Chicago child who upon being reprimanded for attracting the attention of a stranger on the street remonstrated: "But, mamma, that was papa last year?"

WHILE the preachers all over the United States are crying that "God is in the Battle," "Christ behind the Bayonets" and so on, General Otis is seriously considering a project to get rid of the missionaries in the Philippines. The natives have been subject to Christianizing influences for nearly three hundred years and are in all probability as nearly converted as their civilization will permit. At all events they are satisfied with their religion, though it may not be of the precise brand that these newest evangelists approve, and the only effect that their interference has had thus far is to hamper the military authorities and incite in the natives a fear that they will be obliged to change their form of worship. Thus far the United States has kept church and state apart but every now and then some "reformer" or ignoramus brings up a scheme for uniting them in some special instance. Last winter our pious legislators came to the conclusion that church property should be exempted from taxation and now comes forward a good woman—a Californian, worse luck—asking that this Christian government stamp its coin of the jubilee year (query—jubilee of what?) with the cross and a portrait of Christ. It may astonish some good people to discover that the United States is not only passively secular but that in treaties with non-Christian nations there is a distinct agreement that we shall take no part in religious disputes. Jewish and Mohammed as citizens, would be well within their rights in objecting to these Christian coins and with far better reason than had the A.P.A. in its protest against the Catholic missionaries on the Trans-Mississippi postage stamp. All our Sunday laws aim at a union of church and state and the protests of the religious bodies against the seating of Roberts in Congress tend in the same direction. He is as fairly representative of his constituents as are other delegates to Washington. They evidently were well aware of his plural wives when they voted for him and, moreover, if that is a valid excuse for unseating a member, and generally enforced, there would be a surprising number of vacancies in the House. The way to suppress polygamy is to suppress it. There is nothing like being in earnest, and hysterical shrieking after the mischief is done is of little avail in any cause.

MR. F. G. COOK was permitted to air his opinions in the Atlantic Monthly of July. He thinks that the system of electing judges by popular vote should be discontinued because it takes judges into politics. Not having the acquaintance of Mr. Cook, TOWN TALK is unable to say whether his opinions in general are worth anything. He may be a wise man but he has surely failed to reach the depths of the judicial disorder with his mental soundings. He was not the first man to discover that the selection of judges by popular vote necessitates their mingling in politics. That is the basis of the argument that has always been used in favor of the appointment of judges, but nobody has ever been able to demonstrate that if an aspirant for judicial honors were forced to depend upon the favor of the governor of a state or other executive he would thereby be rendered independent of political influences, or that as a consequence of such system of selection the appointing powers would supply the most competent and conscientious men. Even Mr. Cook would probably find it difficult to prove that California would have a better judiciary if Governor Gage instead of the people were vested with the power

of selection. Experience has shown that the people exercise most religiously their powers of discrimination in the matter of selecting material for the bench. They are fooled sometimes but not all the time, but as they have no political debts to pay or influential friends to reward they are not as likely to select the wrong man as the Governor of the State would be. When it is remembered that our judges do not come from the masses, but from a comparatively small class, it should be considered remarkable that we succeed in getting as many competent men on the bench as we do. And when it is also remembered that that class is composed entirely of lawyers it should be considered little short of phenomenal that the people are so wise in the exercise of their discrimination that they permit so few rascals to get upon the bench. Everybody knows that an honest lawyer is one of the rarest works of God. We must not expect then an abundance of honest judges. When virtue becomes the sequence of vice we then expect to see the villain that connives at the bribing of a jury to-day engaged on the morrow in dispensing justice with an impartial hand. But while looking forward to this phenomenon in evolution we may as well make up our minds to one fact, and it is this: that we cannot improve on our system of selecting the judiciary. Our only recourse is to purify the legal profession, the source from whence pollution comes. Let us try to improve on the ethics of that so-called honorable profession. There must be something wrong with the code that governs the acts of lawyers, for the list of most eminent members of the profession includes its most artful rogues.

"WHAT WOMEN CAN EARN," is another volume of essays collected from various sources, which apparently aims at convincing women that "anybody can do anything." Most of the articles appear to belong to the "Ladies Column" of the weekly papers and contain no practical information, but vaguely encourage every dissatisfied housewife to believe that her true sphere is that of an artist. "Any woman with an eye for color and form may become an artist in oil," and where is the woman who does not imagine herself possessed of just such an eye? Despite of all that has been written against the kodak fiend, the qualifications given as necessary requisites in order to become a successful photographer are rather startling in their wide range and completeness. "The best photographer is one who is most Chesterfieldian in his manners, a Bacon in his range of information, a Rembrandt in his art and a small edition of Shakespeare in his knowledge of human nature, all blended with the humor of Dickens." That sentence reveals two things: that the writer is thoroughly English and that he is not a disciple of Ignatius Donnelly. The only effect of such books of pretended advice and guidance is to encourage women of tuppenny talent and idle time to waste material in jig-sawed gimcracks, paper flowers and "oil paintings" as flat and hideous, useless and utterly unsalable outside of the circle of admiring relatives. Busy idlers should not be encouraged to flood the labor markets in order to earn pin money. And those to whom the alternative is work or starve will find little of even dry bread between these book-covers.

SOME WEEKS AGO TOWN TALK called attention to the conspicuous incompetency of the major-general commanding the American troops in the Philippines, and suggested that General Miles be substituted as rapidly as submarine telegraphy and the transport service would permit. Specific acts which evinced the incompetency of Secretary Alger's toy general were pointed out, but the suggestion went unheeded. Now almost every newspaper in the country is demanding that General Otis be recalled. That General Otis is a mistake there can be no doubt, but this, the administration with its usual reluctance to confess error, will hesitate to admit. Otis will be recalled but not until pretext can be had by which he may be enabled to retire gracefully. If he could conveniently get sick there would be no further difficulty. The incompetency of General Otis has been no secret anywhere except in the White House. His official blunders have been the theme of discussion wherever army men congregate. He is not fitted for the important task to which he was assigned. He is better adapted for clerical work at an army post. His specialty is the training of his luxuriant side-whiskers. He is an amiable man and a patriotic citizen, and he can always be depended upon to do his duty as he understands it, but his understanding is not of very great capacity.

TAKE YOUR FAMILY

A NOTABLE EVENT in the annals of Southern Pacific excursions will be the family excursion to Santa Cruz tomorrow, when the round-trip rate will be only two dollars. It is not too much to say that Santa Cruz is the most popular seaside resort in the state and the opportunity of spending a day there, at such slight outlay on the pocket-book, is a pleasure rarely attained, especially now during the height of the season. Those going from San Francisco will take the 7:45 A. M. boat from the ferry landing, and splendid trains of first class coaches will leave Fourteenth and Franklin street, Oakland, at 7:45 A. M.; Alameda, Park street, at 8:20 A. M. The return trip to San Francisco will bring the excursionists home by 8:05 P. M. The League of the Cross encampment is now in progress in Santa Cruz and this excursion will give San Franciscans a chance to visit the boys in camp.

THEY ALL DRINK ÆTNA

SPARKLING, effervescent and a most delightful drink altogether, besides being a valuable remedy for kidney diseases and a sure cure for rheumatism, dyspepsia and indigestion—that describes Ætna mineral water. Ætna is not a soda, it is a genuine mineral water, the product of a real spring, and it is on a par with the waters of the most famous European spas. Indeed, by those who have tested the mineral waters of other countries, Ætna is said to be superior to any in the world. Linn & Klee are the sole agents for the United States for Ætna Mineral Water; office and warerooms, 619 Montgomery street.

POMMERY IS KING

POMMERY CHAMPAGNE is once more the popular high class beverage. Wine experts have placed the seal of their approval on Pommery and clubmen prefer it to all other brands of the effervescent fluid. John Caffrey, the local agent for Pommery, never loses an opportunity to exploit the merits of the wine. In addition to its exhilarating properties it promotes digestion and stimulates the mental faculties. When you want to feel like a millionaire, drink Pommery.

Handsome hats and stylish bonnets at your own price this week—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

ENGLAMOURED

THERE'S A LOVE that every other love excelleth,
And its glamour doth outglow the noonday sun:
'Tis the faith that with suspicion never dwelleth,
And the rapture that is reckless to outrun
The fond hope that every compassed joy surpasses,
Till with eagerness it thrilleth to embrace.
They may bid me look on thee through doubt's dark glasses,
But I only see the beauty in thy face.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

EVER SO MANY more people than one fancies find San Francisco not a bad sort of a place to spend July in. The trunks have been coming back from the country at a great rate this week and those people who left town in April seem only too willing to return in July. There has been no removal of the boards concealing the front doors, so I fancy the back entrances are in use when hotels have not been frequented. Most of the Burlingame and San Rafael people stay at the Palace when enjoying temporary visits to town in summer, for it is too much of a bother to open the town-house for such a brief stay. Summer means au revoir to formality and a shelving of conventionality for the nonce. You can do many things in summer that would be impossible in winter and I have frequently happened upon young matrons dining en duo with masculine friends, and young benedicts with feminine ditto, at the several grills. The theatres have been well patronized and especially has "Lord and Lady Algy" caught on. The California, with Blanche Bates as the attraction, has also held smart audiences every night. I saw a young paterfamilias at the Columbia one night last week with three of his sisters-in-law, and they seemed to be having an exceedingly pleasant time. He is an admirable brother-in-law and falls in with his wife's matrimonial ambitions, I am told, for her sisters. His wife is now at Del Monte with her prettiest sister.

"I hear that old Soak has laid out some money on a centre board."

"Oh, no, you have got it just a trifle wrong. It was a sideboard he bought."

The twenty-fourth anniversary of the birth of Fred Holland was charmingly celebrated by a surprise reception given to the young attorney-at-law by about twenty of his friends, last Saturday evening. The affair was given at Mr. Holland's home in Franklin street and was enjoyable in every detail. Music, dancing, and toasts and speeches during the progress of a delicious supper formed the ordre du soir. Mr. Holland is a very popular young man and in his profession is regarded as a rising legal light.

Adjutant-General Seamans of the national guard is going to be a valuable contributor to the gayety of the people of the state. During the preparations for the reception of the Oregon troops our adjutant-general strutted about with all the pride and pomp of a peacock. It was his first opportunity to exhibit himself in his new role and he availed himself of it with the air of a man who appreciated the full measure of the dignity of his position. When the tugs were hovering around the transports on the day of the arrival of the troops the band on the Sea Queen played "Hail to the Chief" in honor of Governor Geer of Oregon who was on the Irwin. General Seamans was also on the Irwin and when he heard the band play he took off his hat and bowed with great dignity.

He: Young Soak has taken the gold cure.
She: Really?
He: Yes, he married Miss Millions yesterday.

Although the J. P. Smiths are in Europe, Santa Cruz is not suffering from despondency. The Smiths have always contributed to the gayety of the town and they would be missed perhaps, if it were not for the H. Francis Andersons. The Andersons are an English couple who came over to this country with money to burn and settled at Ben Lomond, which is not far from Santa Cruz when you have a large variety of traps and carts and fast horses. The Andersons have fitted up a sumptupus residence at Ben Lomond on the style of the country home of the English gentleman one reads about in novels that deal with the provincial aristocracy of Great Britain. They entertain the people for miles around and their receptions are of the most lavish kind. They spend a great deal of their time in Santa Cruz where H. Francis Anderson presides over the destinies of the Country club, the members of which are addicted to golf and other mild dissipations. This Country club has quarters in the old home of the Pilot club, once the swell organization of the town but which died of inanition or something equally fatal. Baron Von Hillier was treasurer of the club for a while but the responsibilities were too great and he resigned. The baron is a real live representative of the German titular aristocracy and as he is a nephew of millionaire Hihn, he stands well in Santa

There are lots of 'A. A.' brands of whisky, but only one Jesse Moore 'A A'

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Cruz. Paul Jarboe is also a member of the Country club and he spends a considerable portion of his time on the links at Vue de l' Eau in company with his brother-in-law, Jerome Case Bull of magazine fame.

Santa Cruz was greatly shocked the other day over the report that Mrs. H. Francis Anderson had been seriously injured at Felton by the capsizing of her spider-trap. This is a tall vehicle that enables the occupants to look down on the bourgeoisie from a lofty height, and to be thrown out of it is akin to a fall from a second story window. It appears that the Andersons had gone to the train to meet their friend C. B. Charlesworth and his bride, who were enjoying a honeymoon trip from the east. Being fond of spectacular display and desiring to give their friends a royal reception, the Andersons hired a brass band. It was the Ben Lomond brass band, a newly organized musical institution. Now the horses attached to the trap, though spirited, were accustomed to the noises of steam engines and were not what might be deemed skittenish. but when the Ben Lomond brass band began operations, the animals reared up and made one supreme effort to divest themselves of their harness. Over went the rig and the occupants were thrown out; fortunately they received ouly slight scratches.

Apropos of the Andersons and their old country style of entertainment, I am reminded of the fact that Gaston Ashe is pursuing the even tenor of his way after the manner of the hospitable rural gentleman. After his marriage a couple of years ago, he found himself in possession of a valuable ranch near Hollister and he immediately bade farewell to the madding crowd together with the gayeties of the metropolis and hied himself to bucolic regions where he is now enjoying the ideal existence of the man that loves nature as much as he despises the bustle and tumult of the crowded city. And he has become very popular throughout the surrounding country, for his at homes are famous over quite a stretch of territory. I understand that he can go to a state convention whenever he wants. He is recognized as the farmers' friend and they are his constituents.

Luck seems to be coming Porter Ashe's way once more. For awhile he was getting more than his share of ill-fortune. Geraldine, the game mare that won so many purses for him in the days when he sported a plethoric purse and which appeared as a triple star with Aubrey Boucicault and E. J. Henley when "The Favorite" had its initial presentation on the stage in this city a few years back, got too old for use on the track and Porter put her on a breeding farm. Her first colt was deformed and it was then thought that she was worthless. About that time Ruinart promised to accomplish great things on the turf but while in training for a stake race he injured a leg and was sent away for repairs. Bad luck came in bunches until Ashe ran for the state senate and was elected. The hoodoo was declared off. A little later Geraldine became the dam of as fine a colt as was ever seen, Ruinart recovered the use of his injured limb and his owner was hired to break the will of I. G. Wickersham, the Petaluma millionaire. What greater stroke of fortune could a lawyer ask for? And it appears as if the will is not a hard one to break. Ashe's client is Frank Wickersham of Fresno, the son of the dead millionaire.

A serious illness is often averted by the prompt use of a pure and wholesome stimulant. The famous old Jesse Moore Whisky is the best.

Wickersham was an eccentric old man who after accumulating an immense fortune was afflicted with the hallucination that he was destined to become a pauper. Some years ago he became interested in a bank in San Luis Obispo and through mismanagement, or worse, he lost considerable money in the institution. James Crittenden, the attorney, was interested in the same bank and I believe he manipulated the stock and elected himself president at a large salary. At any rate, he raised a row that involved the bank in litigation that proved disastrous. About that time the Fresno boom collapsed and Wickersham saw more of his coin vanishing. He had staked his son Frank to about eighty thousand dollars to lend in Fresno and for awhile the latter collected interest at the rate of about one per cent per month, but when the boom ended people ceased to pay their interest and the security ceased to be worth the face value of the mortgage. Old Wickersham fretted over the situation but his son assured him that everything would come out all right. The old man thought otherwise and one day he presented his son a document to sign, saying:

"If it's all right put your signature on that paper."

The paper contained the following: "In consideration of eighty thousand dollars heretofore loaned to me by my father, I hereby waive all claim to his estate."

When the banker died and his will was opened it was found that Frank Wickersham was not included among the legatees. It was explained that one had already received his share of the estate. The bulk of the estate was left to Fred Wickersham, a son of the deceased. Frank Wickersham now hopes to convince a jury that he was buncoed by his father.

Although the automobile is making a strong bid for popular favor with a fair prospect of rendering the horse obsolete, it cannot be trifled with even at this early stage of its career. William K. Vanderbilt Jr. recently attempted to take liberties with his automobile and he found it as stubborn as a mule. He tried to back the machine down a steep grade and after going some distance he applied the brake and with his foot still on the reverse he started the machine forward. With the two currents applied simultaneously the machine went right over backward and the young millionaire had a narrow escape from being crushed to death. Under similar treatment a horse would have made it disagreeable for its rider. If you pull on the lines and apply the spur at the same time the horse will demur in a most demonstrative manner. It is somewhat pleasing to know that a fool on an automobile is just as likely to get himself into trouble as a fool on horseback. Young Mr. Vanderbilt is not exactly a fool although he did leave college before he finished his studies in order to get married, but his manner of handling an automobile showed that he is actually in need of a chaperon as badly as he thought he was in need of a wife.

Engraved . . . ✱
Wedding Announcements and Invitations . . . ✱

ROBERTSON'S
126 Post Street

M. Delorme, the well known writer of music, died in Paris recently. Perhaps his best known composition is the "Boulanger" march from which he is said to have derived an income of ten thousand dollars a year. On the same day there died in Bellevue hospital, New York, Charles Graham, author of "Two Little Girls in Blue," The Picture that is Turned Towards the Wall" and other popular successes. He was absolutely penniless and left a widow and five young children in destitution. Graham sold his "Two Little Girls in Blue" for ten dollars and all he ever realized from "The Picture that is Turned Towards the Wall" was five hundred dollars, paid to him in small sums, though the publishers cleared twenty-five thousand dollars. Music publishing, like every other business, has its risks and those who engage in it probably put out hundreds of songs every year that do not sell copies enough to pay for the paper they are printed on, so that the one success must make good the large number of failures; still, such a disproportion as five hundred dollars to the composer and twenty-five thousand dollars to the publishers, shows either a very poor business capacity on the part of Graham or extraordinary rapacity and misrepresentation on the part of the publishers. Local composers, by the way, could tell some queer tales on this same subject of the disproportionately small returns that reach the pockets of song writers, and also, if I am not mistaken, more than one San Francisco song-writer has experienced the doubtful pleasure of seeing some of his compositions passing under an alias, both as to title and author.

Mrs. Jones: My husband's new trousers caused me to lie awake half the night.
Mrs. Smith: Why, what was the matter?
Mrs. Jones: They are of that new English plaid.

Someone once said it would be the best thing that could happen for the good name of California if Bret Harte would cease to exist. Charles S. Greene of the Overland wrote a poem not long since the gist of which is that if Harte is going to continue writing stories the scenes of which lie within the borders of our state, he had better return and study his ground again. Certainly he has done his full share of mischief in perpetuating Jack Hamlin and Colonel Culpepper Starbottle as types of the Californian gentleman. One might go over the state with the traditional fine-tooth comb and find very few if any even approximate representatives of the M'liss and Miggles class, nor is it a necessary perquisite of the floor manager of a California ball that he should have "shot Sandy Magee." Society on the Stanislaus in 1849 was somewhat primitive as compared to San Francisco fifty years later. The Philadelphia Post announces that Bret Harte is about to contribute to that publication a series of four stories dealing with Californian life in the days of the great gold fever. "A Treasure of the Redwoods," the first of these characteristic tales, appeared in the Saturday Evening Post of July eighth. The series is along the lines upon which Mr. Harte made his first brilliant successes. The good eastern people will, of course, proceed to ignore the limitations of time and circumstances and though many of them may have visited California two or three times since Bret Harte shook our dust from his feet, they will be unable to interpret what their own eyes have seen elsewhere than in print.

From the Hotel Bertrand, Tocaloma, a correspondent writes: This quiet spot, close to the lovely Bear valley, is rapidly filling with guests from the east and with people who have enjoyed M. Bertrand's hospitality during former seasons. The pleasant windless afternoons and early evenings have been made enjoyable by guitar and mandolin music by Captain George Maxwell and family, and solos and duets by the Misses Elva and Fannie Woodman, whose parents are old friends of Madame Bertrand and her husband. Among late arrivals at the hotel are Colonel F. H. Osborne, R. H. A., of Madras, H. Block, Mrs. Block, Miss Elise Beth Block, Mr. and Mrs. H. Krodes, M. E. and Mrs. Labordette, Mr. and Mrs. F. G. Daneri, H. G. Markey, Madame H. W. Jandin, Madame B. Bretonel and son, Mrs. Gray, Mr. Weekman, Mr. and Mrs. E. D. Woodman.

AT DINNER:
Mr. Clubwit: I can't tell you that egg story, after all.
Miss Decollete: Why not?
Mr. Clubwit: Two bad.

I am told that there is no truth in the sensational story about the forced retirement of a swell physician from a smart hospital. The man of medicine is one of the most successful surgeons in the city. He came hither from Germany several years ago with a big reputation and a small pocket-book. He succeeded in identifying himself with the hospital, the directorate of which includes a number of prominent society women, and in a short time he built up such a lucrative practice that he is now one of the most prosperous medical men in the city. He is a fine looking fellow of the leonine type of masculine beauty and more than one society belle has looked upon him with admiring eye and palpitating heart, but he is not among the eligibles, for rumor sayeth that he has a wife and family in Europe. There was considerable mystery surrounding

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

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This remedy has been used in the private practice of one of the most eminent professors of medicine in the city of Chicago for over twenty years. It has proved to be the most efficient remedy ever used in all derangements of the Liver, and kindred diseases, such as Constipation, Headache and Dyspepsia. Its action is very mild—no griping pains nor bad taste. It is like taking a candy lozenge. With children it is invaluable.
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his alleged retirement from the medical corps of the hospital and it was diluted with a few drops of scandal. The tongue of gossip has been wagging and the doctor's name has been associated most persistently with that of several nurses, but I am glad to say the story is untrue

---

Pretty Alice Nielsen is enjoying a brief respite from her prima donna duties in a quiet spot across the bay. The greatest hit that Alice ever made in her professional career was with Tom Williams, the popular horseman, and since her return to the coast the rumor of her impending marriage to him has been going the rounds. I know that Williams is very fond of the little songbird and that he is in a great measure responsible for her success on the operatic stage but it does not necessarily follow that they contemplate becoming man and wife. Williams is noted for his generosity and his readiness to assist people for whom he has taken a fancy and nobody was surprised when it was learned that Alice Nielsen's venture as a star in light opera was backed by the gallant jockey-club president. The venture has proved a success and the little woman who not many years ago was doing a song and dance at the Wigwam is now recognized as one of the most attractive queens of light opera. Her pluck and energy are deserving of success.

AT CASTLE CRAGS:

Diana: Mr. Hill went deer hunting yesterday.

Di Vernon: Yes, I saw him walking in the canyon with Miss Flyrte. She's pretty dear, I'm told.

At the summer resorts this year they are complaining more than ever of the dearth of men. The same wail of distress comes from all over the state. If the dry goods firms in the city continue to work their clerks twelve consecutive months in the year the summer girl will stay at home and the resorts will have to close up. Even at Capitola, which is not a fashionable resort but which has always been frequented by the overworked gentlemen of temporary leisure and where you could always find at least one male to every five females, the proportion has become much greater. They had a dance at Capitola last Saturday night and there was only one man by actual count in five sets of the lancers. Down at Coronado the male biped has also been made conspicuous by the preponderence of the gentler sex. As a consequence Edgar Peixotto, the attorney, has been cock of the walk, as it were. He has been playing golf, giving launch parties and making himself generally useful. He has been "it" from start to finish in a bevy of buds and matrons. They point him out as the man who prosecuted Durrant and altogether he has been made much of. Of course you cannot blame the dear girls in view of the scarcity of the species. I do not mean to intimate that it is a case of any port in a storm for Edgar is a very nice young fellow even though he did prosecute Durrant.

Oh the summer months are speeding,
And our days for ice cream feeding
Are most rapidly receding,
As upon the beach we loll in discontent;
One Peixotto makes no summer,
Though at golf he is a hummer,
I'd prefer just now a drummer,
Who'd make up for lost time in a whirl of merriment.

In an article in the current Atlantic, entitled "The True American Spirit in Literature," Charles Johnson remarks upon the heathenism of Mark Twain's description of Buck Fanshaw's funeral. No doubt it is hard upon the sensibilities of religiously inclined New Englanders who naturally regard it as a a bit of blasphemous invention, but years ago I met an old gentleman who was a resident of Virginia city at the time and he solemnly assured me that the account given in "Roughing It" is little more than an exact description of the affair as it was actually carried out. This same pioneer said his brother and Mark Twain were intimate friends, though I am not certain that they were partners. At all events, they lived in the same cabin and my informant had opportunities enough for observing the future humorist. He said that Mark appeared to be rather stolid and evinced but little interest in what was said and done in his presence so that he was usually looked upon as stupid. How far that was from the true state of the case was proved when his book came out and it was found that instead of not comprehending or appreciating his surroundings he had literally taken in everything that was said and done in the camp and his apparent stolidity served to draw on the unwary.

Edwin Stevens, the comedian, having decided to join a first-class theatrical company, the moribund Tivoli management is congratulating itself upon the prospective reducing of expenses. Stevens is a high-salaried man and during the past two years if it had not been for him the Tivoli performances would have been absolutely beyond endurance. Lovers of artistic work went to the Tivoli to see Stevens and then sat through the show trying to concentrate all their attention on him and to close their eyes and ears to all the others on the stage. And that is no easy thing to do especially when there is a Phil Branson perspiring with exertion to be funny, and exercising his nasal organ in lieu of his vocal chords. As a comedian and a singer Branson is up to the Tivoli standard and as he is not an expensive artist he will be retained. The stage director always instructs the chorus women to laugh at Phil when he is trying to be funny so as to insure him a stage laugh if nothing more, and when he sings Doc Leahy stands in the foyer and applauds with both feet. They are strong in team work at the Tivoli, and that is why they should play football instead of opera.

A delightful hot drink may be made with the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky and the usual hot water, sugar and a little lemon skin.

If you can afford it

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The respective merits of certain brands of cigarettes were the cause of a serious difference of opinion between Lord and Lady Algy, leading up to a separation and the establishment of the young husband in apartments furnished beyond his income. That the lady finally compromised and smoked an Egyptian showed that she had really no very strong feeling in the matter. I am told that the cigarette has never been more popular in the east than at the present time, it being considered bad form now at Newport for the jeunesse d'oree to smoke any other weed in the presence of their womenkind. Older men are permitted to smoke cigars but the once favored pipe is not permissible under any circumstances whatever. It is said that the reason the cigarette rules is that a man is expected to pass his case around to the women, and for that reason he always chooses the daintiest brands and those that are delicately shaped. A New York correspondent says that in consequence of this feminine indulgence in tobacco, the gilded youths have fallen into the expensive habit of importing their cigarettes at no less price than three dollars a hundred from a well known London tobacconist who is purveyor by special appointment to her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales, an inveterate but fastidious lover of the weed. The princess is said to prefer Turkish tobacco and a small cigarette with a cork mouthpiece. Therefore the swell youth about town offering his sister's chums the hospitality of his supply usually has exact duplicates of Her Highness' own in his case. A San Franciscan who lived abroad for many years tells me that in Vienna and Berlin both men and women who have any pretensions to being called smart smoke very tiny Turkish cigarettes, which are always on the market in those cities. Large cigarettes are not en regle in Austrian or German society. And where formerly in London and New York it was the proper thing to roll your own cigarette, the ready-made brands are now considered more strictly à la mode.

FARCE THAT MIGHT HAVE BEEN TRAGEDY.

Madame (drawing away from her husband's embrace): No, I cannot kiss you. I——

Monsieur (fiercely): You are false to me! His name?

Elle: You are mistaken. I——

Lui: Speak, quickly.

Elle (sobbing on his neck): I ate two raw onions for luncheon.

Miss Kate Corbett will shortly leave for Honolulu and will remain in the Hawaiian islands about four months visiting friends. Miss Pearl Pierce is visiting the Bourguignons in San Jose. Miss Georgia Hopkins has returned to Menlo. She will be one of the winter's débutantes, having finished her studies at an eastern seminary. Mr. and Mrs. M. H. de Young are entertaining with their usual kindly hospitality at their San Rafael home.

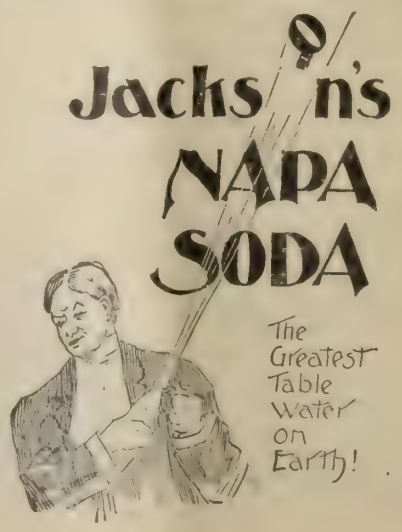
In reviewing "The Man With the Hoe," the Overland says: "It is open to that terrible charge of being a poem with a purpose and the strength of the conception is rather Millet's than Markham's." It would be quite useless to repeat that Millet himself was of peasant stock and long after he was famous as an artist he delighted in reassuming the peasant garb and wooden sabots and in taking part in the labors of the farm. Markham has seen in the painting what Millet not only did not see in the peasant but would have emphatically denied to exist. The Man with the Hoe, by the way, is beginning to excite discussion in England. One of the eastern papers gave two columns with illustrations to The Man with the Hoe last week—not Markham's man, however, nor Millet's, but the man who routed ex-President Cleveland.

There are many marriageable maidens at Del Monte this summer. Seldom has such an array of heiresses been seen on the hotel veranda après déjeuner as during the present season. It is a thousand pities that there are not more men waiting to snap up these fine fishes. Among the eligible young women at Del Monte are the two Loughborough sisters, Fanny and Josephine. They are nice girls and the elder, Fanny, is one of the swellest girls of the swim as far as attire goes. The Loughboroughs owe much of their social prestige to the fact that they are the granddaughters of old General Keyes. Some people who are not conversant with early Californian history know the general chiefly because of a building in the tenderloin district which was named after him. It is said that General Keyes, upon beholding this building after his return from an extended trip abroad, remarked, holding his hands up in holy horror:

"My God! And they call that place by my good name!"

His grandsons, so the story goes, had just been telling the old man of some of the delights the outer walls of that building concealed.

Speaking of heiresses, I often wonder why Jennie Blair has not been snapped up by some migratory fortune-hunter. She is as pretty as a picture with her fair skin, blue-gray Irish eyes and auburn hair, she is petite and chic and has attained the age celebrated in modern novels as being woman's most fascinating period of existence. She is rich and though she owns a house in Van Ness avenue she prefers the more independent life of a hotel. From childhood Miss Blair has always been of an independent disposition and has followed her own sweet will wherever its leadings dictated. She is a charming hostess and it used to be said of her that "nobody knows so well as Jennie Blair how to give a luncheon." In the set in which Miss Blair formerly moved and in which she was a shining star were included Tessie Fair, Annie Buckbee, Bessie Shreve, Gertrude Severance, Laura Bates and a few others whose names I do not now recall. Some of these are married now and the little clique is consequently broken up.



The departure of the Borels from San Francisco means a consequent diminution of vivacity in the neighborhood of the residence they occupied for so many years, in Stockton street just below Grace Episcopal church. The Borel girls are nothing if not lively and among their pleasing divertisements was that of playing pranks upon passing pedestrians. A high fence encloses the garden of the Stockton street house and passers-by who would hear a whistle or a burst of laughter would look about them in wonder whence the noises proceeded. They would never have suspected the French banker's pretty, quiet-looking daughters, though the neighbors understood well enough the mischief-loving proclivities of the supposedly demure young girls. At one time the Borel girls, I am told, kept a gramophone going for about a week much to the disgust of the residents of adjacent houses. The Borels, I understand, last year fell heir to a beautiful château in Switzerland where they will hereafter reside. Mrs. Borel's invalidism has precluded the possibility of the carrying out of many hospitable plans she had outlined for the entertainment of her daughters' friends here, but everybody remembers the delightful ball that was given when the elder girls made their début in society.

Miss Oldmayde: Oh, I am so afraid of the kissing-bug.
Miss Bachelorgyrle: You need not be. If one alighted on your lips—well, good-bye to the bug!

Californian nurses are not good enough for the barracks' hospital at the Presidio. That, I understand, is the opinion of Chief Surgeon Matthews, and it is his reason for ousting them and sending to Iowa for women to fill their places. And the Iowa trained nurse is not always supplied with a diploma but still she is preferred by Dr. Matthews, who I believe has some prejudice against the native feminine. A short time ago he removed Miss McLean, who was formerly connected with the county hospital, and who won distinction at that institution by volunteering to nurse a typhus patient. She afterwards served as a nurse in the fever stricken hospital at Camp Merritt and her competency was never questioned until she encountered the autocrat of the barracks. Senator George C. Perkins was importuned to intercede in her behalf and he promised to do so but I believe that he was reluctant to question the conduct of Dr. Matthews.

"I see that Jags has resigned from his job at the hall."
"Yes, he's been sick, had the fever and is still very weak."
"Lost his pull—eh?"

It was at Highland springs the morning after Mrs. Luther Fitch and Mrs. George Graham returned weary and worn from their thirty-mile equestrian jaunt. Jabez Swan, the wag who paints for a living and tells funny stories on the side, greeted them as they were entering the dining room. With a rueful countenance he expressed deep sympathy for them.

"Of course," he said, "I know it's a delicate matter to speak about. I know how you feel. If you had a maimed hand I could ask you how it was getting along, or if it were only a sore elbow I could inquire about its condition, but now all I can do is to ask you how is your general health."

And the ladies failed to smile.

A New York newspaper detective has lately unearthed a case of unusual interest in a youth of brains but no money who utilized the former to bring in the latter, his efforts being crowned with success. The young man belonged to no less than sixty clubs, social, athletic, religious, business and secret, and he managed to make himself so prominent in all of them that his advice was solicited upon every occasion. The manner in which the youth repaid the confidence reposed in him showed that he was not only worthy of it but that he had a good business head on him. The newspaper detective discovered that the young man used his influence in behalf of a certain caterer so that the latter was exclusively patronized for a whole year by every one of the sixty clubs of which the youth was a member. He was a first-class caterer, so no slurs could be cast upon the young man's taste in viands and menus. The caterer paid the youth who recommended him a tidy commission and as this covered the orders from sixty clubs for twelve months' entertainments it can easily be calculated what an easy income was assured to the young man.

This happened in "the provinces," that is in a town without the metropolitan attributes of New York, but a plan nearly resembling it has been carried out in San Francisco. Three of our social leaders have been known to exploit brands of champagne at clubs of which they were members. Nevertheless, I have heard of no local youth possessing sufficient adroitness to earn his entire living from recommending a certain caterer or wine merchant and, if he tried to accomplish his purpose in such a wholesale manner as that followed by the poor but honest eastern man, it is not likely he could, undetected, work his scheme. In San Francisco one man could not gain such unlimited power in so many clubs. He might in—say—three or four but the commissions on supper supplies to three or four clubs could not float him in style unless he added to his exchequer in legitimate modes of wage-getting as well.

I hear that the major-domo is now a part of nearly all the modish establishments of New York and that this has opened a new road to wealth to impecunious youths of birth and breeding and wide social acquaintance. The major-domo proper is a social introducer as

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROGER PRENDERGAST Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of ROGER PRENDERGAST deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors at the law office of J. J. Dwyer at the Mills Building, Seventh Floor, Room 38, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER J. DUNNE and CHARLES HIRSHFELD,
Executors of the last will and testament of
Roger Prendergast Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 22, 1899.

J. J. DWYER, Mills Building,
Attorney for Executors.

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First Prize Royal Agricultural Society, 1899
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This compound is made of pure and unadulterated drugs
Used for Baths and Shampoo it will make the skin soft and white.

For Swollen and Painful Feet it is unrivaled.

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well as a walking dictionary in matters of fashion and form. He tells the nouveau riche what to do and how to do it, paves their entrée into the swim and shows them how to spend their money in such a manner as to give the spenders the air of having been born with golden spoons in their mouths and having been used to limitless luxury all their lives. Such a major-domo might be useful to one or two people in San Francisco but I have not heard of any of our parvenu families who have indulged in such an expensive gratification. I have heard of two wealthy women who employed feminine aid to instruct them in the demands of their social position, but the major-domo has not yet made his appearance upon the horizon of our society.

"Darling, do be kind do me. Please give me a small show."
"Certainly. What would you rather have—a scene from "Camille," an imitation of Anna Held or the couchee-couchee?"

The return of Miss Emilia Kalisher from Paris and Miss Blanche Letcher from New York means the infusion of several new ideas into the local world of art. Mrs. Denis O'Sullivan (Elizabeth Curtis) came back from London with the latest English art terms and now the Sketch club and the members of the erstwhile Art Students' league are digesting the newest designations of works of art that are in common use in New York and Paris. Miss Letcher has, I hear, some admirable sketches in her collection and which show conclusively that her San Francisco friends were right in urging her to keep to portrait work and black and white illustration as her specialties. All young artists look to oils as the consummation of their ambition but in the meantime those who know what art really means are satisfied to dip their brushes into less difficult admixtures. Mrs. O'Sullivan and Miss Kalisher used to be the star portrait painters of the local League and I understand that the latter made a decided success of her studies in France.

And, speaking of art and artists, I am reminded that from New York my correspondents write me that one of the most indefatigable students in art is Mrs. Addison Niles (Isabelle Morrison) who left here for the great metropolis last year. Mrs. Niles is devoted to her art and in her ambition is uplifted by her husband, who is also an artist of no mean talent.

THOSE ROSY LIPS

Those rosy lips of hers,
How oft' I've tried to kiss!
Into a pout she'd purse
Those rosy lips of hers,
And (was luck ever worse?)
I'd try—'twas but to miss!—
Those rosy lips of hers,
How oft' I've tried to kiss!
—The Young Lover.

Life at Bonanza springs is going on with lots of dash and plenty of enjoyment. The arrivals for the week ending July fifteenth were Mrs. J. M. Mitchell and daughter, Mrs. Ollinger, George and Miss Rachel Ollinger of Vallejo; Mr. Pritchard, Mr. Taylor, Mrs. Shirland and three children of Dixon; Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Leigh and two grandchildren, also of Dixon; Mr Jarrillo, wife and four children of Woodland; Mr. Sohler and two sons of Kelseyville, Cal.

The board of directors of the Mechanics' Institute is pushing preparations for the forthcoming fair which will be held in September. One of the best moves made by the board was the appointment of a local newspaper man as press agent, David E. W. Williamson, late sporting editor of the Report, who will keep the public informed in regard to the attractions that are expected to draw the public to the exhibition. Music as usual is to be made a special feature and, as I mentioned a few week ago, Miss Alice Raymond will be brought out from New York to fill the position of cornet soloist at the Mechanics' Fair.

"Mr. Henpecked's wife is dead—forever at rest."
"Yes, so is Henpecked."

Mae Taber, to borrow from the vernacular of the turf, is on velvet ouce more. Miss Taber, it should be remembered, came into prominence about two years ago in the role of chère amie of the amorous and eccentric General Barillas of Guatamala. After taking her to Europe and introducing her into the royal set of St. Petersburg he returned to this country and transferred his warm Latin affections to a young woman who occupied a glass case in a cigar store and served in the capacity of cashier. That little affair got the general into various complications and when he emerged from them a poorer but a wiser man he returned to his coffee plantation. Being a very liberal man it was his custom to testify his admiration for the fair sex by making the most costly presents. He never entered a jewelry store to purchase a single article. He was not a cheap man. If milady wanted a watch the general would buy her a trayful; and so it was with all his purchases. In the course of time his funds ran short and upon his return to Guatemala he found his plantation in the hands of a German syndicate of creditors. They compromised with him by agreeing to let him manage the plantation providing he would not draw more than one thousand dollars a month. He agreed and no doubt meant to keep his contract but the bewitching Mae Taber appeared on the scene once more and then the general resumed his extravagances. The creditors finally called a halt and the San Francisco girl was prevailed upon to return to her home. Her lover gave her a little pocket-money for the trip, a mere bagatelle—I believe it was about two thousand dollars—and I hear that the German creditors were so anxious for her to depart that they promised to ship her three hundred sacks of coffee out of the next crop. The coffee arrived the other day and that is why I say that Mae Taber is on velvet. The coffee is worth about eighteen dollars per sack.

The cakewalk carnival has drawn well and the Oregon soldier-boys have enjoyed the exhibition as well as anybody. The volunteers now resting at the Presidio on their way home have been the recipients of many courtesies during their stay. Colonel Summers' entire regiment has been invited to attend the baseball game today at Recreation park and various other invitations have been forthcoming for the soldiers' entertainment.

The newly arrived stock of Black Crepons now being displayed in the spacious show windows of J. J. O'Brien & Co. do credit to the sklll and taste of Mr. Thomas P. Crowley, Superintendent of the Black Goods Department in the O'Brien establishment, by whom these goods have been selected. These choice Crepons range in price from 75 cents to $3.50 per yard and are of the newest and most desirable patterns.

There was a time in the history of clubdom in San Francisco that the man who tried to get into a club, and failed, was looked upon as an individual whose reputation was below par. It is no longer so. There are so many club members who permit themselves to be influenced by petty jealousies that it is by no means a reflection upon the character of a candidate if his friends are compelled to withdraw his name. The unknown or nonentity can get into almost any club so long as he has sufficient money to hold his end up, possesses the necessary qualifications in the way of ordinary decency and is properly proposed and presented. But insurmountable difficulties are in the way of the man who has the courage of his convictions even though he may have distinguished himself. The man who is well known must be cautious about permitting his name to be presented to a club in which he may have professional or business rivals. There is nothing like the obscurity of mediocrity to keep away black balls. Popularity is often fatal.

IN PARIS:

Aged tourist: My pretty dear, surely you will not object to a kiss. Why, at my age I might easily be your grandfather.

Soubrette: Easily—very easily. It is a wise child that knows its own father—or grandfather.

"The school principals were given a hard rap in TOWN TALK last week," said one of them who called to discuss school department affairs.

"But you were right in what you said," she confessed. "You spoke of 'office principals.' I suppose you had in mind the 'political principal' who sits in his office smoking a cigar and who does not take his feet from his desk even when a parent enters. Or perhaps you had in mind one of the 'drunken principals.' No, I'm not going to tell you who they are; but liquor has wrecked more than one teacher in this department. Only I do think it a pity that any man's political pull should keep him in a position where he can shift all responsibility upon his teachers, spend his time loafing and draw a big salary for doing worse than nothing, letting the school run down in scholarship, go to pieces in discipline, and then lay the blame upon his teachers, weakly saying 'They won't do what they are told.' But is it not absurd for the board to say that the examinations were given so as to satisfy the teachers examining classes that the children are well fitted to do their work, and that heretofore teachers have promoted pupils unfit for the grade? I want to say right here that such a charge is a slander upon the teachers of this department. In all my years as principal, I have yet to find teachers anxious to hurry unprepared pupils into the next grade. As to that, there are some principals who will never put a child back into a lower grade. The truth of the matter is, our schools became badly demoralized by the last board of education, who in the endeavor to 'take care of its friends,' to make classes for its favorites, played ducks and drakes with the classification of the schools. Now we are feeling the results. But among all those who have discussed the examinations in my hearing, I have yet to find a teacher who does not feel relieved that the pressure always brought to hear by parents in behalf of their unprepared children cannot be exerted this year. By the examinations they stand or fall and we are content to let it go at that."

Charlie de Young knows how to sit his horse and I am not surprised that he should have come in an easy winner in the paper chase last Saturday, with Miss Marie Oge as his partner. Charlie de Young has known how to bestride an equine artistically and guide the animal scientifically since he was an infant and it is a pleasure to see him ride.

Miss Alice Moffitt, who won the title of golf champion in the Fourth of July tournament across the bay, possesses almost boyish traits of character. Like most Oakland girls she has much individuality and, though she is a lady to the finger-tips when it comes down to drawing-room manners, she does not form her actions after hidebound conventional models. She never poses, and probably that is why she plays golf so well. She does not stop at a critical point in her game to consider whether her nose is red or her hat on straight. She just goes at the game and plays. When speaking of Miss Moffitt I am reminded of the commencement exercises of the Oakland high school a few years ago, when the pretty golf champion was one of the graduates. Miss Moffitt sat with the other graduates on the stage and she was in full view of the audience. Her parents were among the audience and I noticed that they seemed to be telegraphing some injunction to their daughter. Following their gaze it was observed that Alice sat with one knee crossed over the other and not a slight portion of fluffy petticoat, with a glimpse of hosiery, was consequently revealed. The young woman smiled back at her parents but evidently misunderstood their signals and remained sublimely unconscious of the effect of her pose upon the spectators sitting in the front rows. Short skirts were not then such ordinary occurrences as they are nowadays, and it was the pictures in the dailies of Miss Moffitt in her golf poses that brought back memories of the Oakland girl's graduation day.

"Mrs. Plump looks simply great in her bike suit."

"And immense in her bathing costume—she only weighs three hundred and fifty-six pounds."

I. J. Truman, one of the leaders in the latest republican reform movement, is the treasurer of the city and county. Mr. Truman accepted a nomination from Crimmins and Kelly last year and he was elected on their ticket. He is now drawing a salary every month through the courtesy of the two bosses against whom the reform movement is directed. It is of course Mr. Truman's privilege to undertake the work of purifying his party, but it seems like ingratitude in

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a man to attack the men to whom he is indebted for political favors. But Mr. Truman is a natural born reformer. He has been in the reforming business for years and he has denounced the tax-eaters at the city hall in fierce terms, but now that he is one himself it is somewhat surprising to find him engaged in making the same old bluff. Henry T. Scott, the leader of the little band of republican reformers, is a brother of Irvie Scott, the man that got the senatorial bee in his bonnet during the last session of the legislature. It would probably be cruel to suggest that if the head of the iron works' firm did not care a tinker's imprecation for the toga Henry Scott would not now be taking such an active interest in politics.

Struggling with his lot: The man who bought Lot 1, chairs and tables, at the auction and had to carry them home himself.

Even among the "best people" of Napa there is occasional relaxation of the kind that is not approved by the moral code. I hear that the choir of the Episcopal church of that sedate burg has lost two of its most accomplished vocalists. Mother and daughter—the former being the widow of a distinguished attorney who, at the time of his death a few years ago, was prominent in democratic state politics—will no longer swell the volume of sacred harmony in that little country church. Their conduct, a short time ago, shocked the good people of the congregation, and as a consequence the services of the gay widow and her festive daughter were dispensed with. It appears that they went out for a little rollicking sport with two of the rapid young men of the town, and they enjoyed themselves in a way that betokened a too ardent fondness for diversions that are regarded as decidedly risqué.

The lady who desires to have the head of Christ placed upon coins of the realm, and who has lately made herself notorious through a public expression of that desire, is a conspicuous figure among the attendants at old St. Mary's church in California street. She was not long since converted to Roman Catholicism and she has taken up religion and church-going with the vigor that has always been noticeable in persons going in for such pursuits as fads. I do not wish to assert that Mrs. Clemmons—as Mrs. Howard Gould's sister, the late Mrs. Overacker, now calls herself, I am told—is a faddist but usually when people emblazon from the housetops the fact of their conversion to a new creed there is reason to believe that the change of religious base is not founded upon anything more than a desire for novelty. When she goes to church Mrs. Clemmons carries a pile of prayer-books with her that must be more than a foot high and a heavy burden for a delicate woman's arm to bear. She is a strikingly handsome woman and the stole that is a prominent portion of her attire gives her a startlingly religieuse air.

Frank Coffin is getting on in his profession. It is a considerable step from the Tivoli to the Columbia, though if you reckon it by blocks it is only around the corner. But to spring from Doc Leahy's aggregation of talent into the metropolitan magnificence of Henry Miller's company of players is a great feat and that is what not only Edwin Stevens, but also Frank Coffin has accomplished. Mr. Coffin will appear in "Heartsease" next week directing the double quartet that will render the incidental vocal music in the piece. Frank will not have a speaking part so-called but he will be there, on the stage. Homer Henley will also appear in "Heartsease" and the public will find no difficulty in recognizing his big bass when it peals forth in the double quartet.

Clancy on Seamans, Et Al

"IT'S A TURRIBLE THING, Barry, to be thrubled with th' itch f'r prominense, to want to be befure th' people all th' time, to keep in th' public eye as th' shpeakers say. Did ye iver have that bad disorder, Barry?" asked Mr. Clancy.

"Not iv me own knowledge," was the reply.

"It's worse than the boobonick plague," continued Mr. Clancy. "I wuz vaxinated agin it when I wuz a lad; me mother, God bless her, left th' vaxinashin marks on me so that I couldn't sit down f'r a week an' all because I wuz makin' meself so prominent in th' neighborhood that th' polise were on to me. Now I tind to me little baar and nobody's th' wiser. But look at me frind Seamens, th' adjitant-ginral; he wants to be in an open caridge in a Fourth iv July parade ivry day, with goold brade on his close an' a brass band be his side. Th' first thing we know he'll be a bigger attrackshin than th' guvinor himself an' then Hinry'll take th' job away frim him, f'r Gage likes th' cinter iv th' stage, too. There's some people that always want to be th' sinnosure. I knew a Tipprary man wanse who was just like Seamans. He was th' first man to shtand up in church whin th' tip came frim th' alther, an' he'd be th' first to walk down th' main aisle whin th' mass wuz over, an' he wuz always late iv a Sunda'. His great hobby wuz fun'rals an' he always wanted to carry the corpse so that he'd be seen. He wuz always on hand for pall-bearing. Whin there was a prominint person dead in the parish, he'd be th' first mourner at th' house an' he'd shtay weepin' till they'd ax him to assisht in th' obsqueeze. I oftin wondhered how it wuz that he always held th' place iv honor at th' head iv th' corpse until I lurrened that he fixed it with th' undertaker who wuz his frind. Wan day whin there wuz a new masther iv cerimonies actin' f'r th' undertaker, th' Tipprary man wuz in distrhress f'r awhile but he finally suggisted to his fellow pall-bearers to shake th' dice to see who would have first chice iv place on the coffin. It wuz forty-fives they shook an' he won an' he came out iv th' church at th' head iv the procishin. I oftin thought aftherwards that the dice were loaded. It's a powerful disease, Barry, is this itch f'r public attinshin an' whin it gets hold iv a man there's no toxsign to shtop its ravidges. It must run its coorse. Th' man that wants to be an aide on th' guviner's shtaff is a bad case iv it. An' the chief iv polise that rides along th' line iv march a block ahead of the proceshin yellin' to the people to keep back has no mild dose. He ain't usurpin' th' pathrolman's job because he likes wurruk—divil a bit. It's th' itch he has. He's as bad as th' candydate f'r office who sits in the grand shtand at th' ball game hopin' to be hit be a foul ball so that'll atthract attinshun."

"Has Sammy Brownard got th' bad disordher ye shpeak about?" asked Mr. Barry.

"Has he got it; wuz he iver without it? Whin he meets ye on th' shtreet he shpeaks to ye through a megaphone so as to atthract ittinshun. He's got it so bad its infeckshus. I hope that some day he'll be quarranteened."

"Phwat's that?"

"I dinnaw, but I think it's somethin' that Brownard needs."

SEE HOW THEY RUN

UNION COURSING PARK will run wide open this week, and one hundred and seventy-six greyhounds have been entered for the two stakes on the card There are forty-eight nominations in the puppy stake and one hundred and twenty-eight in the reserve. A number of Los Angeles dogs and some recently imported from Australia are in the lists. The added money is nearly eight hundred dollars The first train for the park on Saturday will leave at 9:15, an early start being necessary in order to complete the stake Two rounds of the reserve stake will be run today and one round of the puppy stake.

The Emporium has taken five thousand sets of the complete edition of Kipling's works. As there are fifteen volumes in the set, this means seventy-five thousand books—the largest order ever given on the coast.

World of Law

WELL, the Supreme court has declined to assist Mr. County Clerk Deane, and Mr. County Clerk Deane is in sore distress. He is ordered by the august tribunal of last resort to conduct his office with the limited staff of thirty-two men, and he is at his wit's end to devise a scheme whereby he can do justice at that rate to the thousand and one lawyers who want this, that and the other at a moment's notice every day. He thinks it very inconsiderate of the Supreme court to place him in such a horrible predicament. He has already once weeded out his office. Being charged by the auditor not to violate the One Twelfth act, he cut his staff down some weeks ago from seventy-seven to fifty-two. This was done by the ingenious process of drawing lots to see who should go and who should stay. At five o'clock on a Saturday afternoon the deputies assembled in Judge Dunne's courtroom, where two ballot boxes lay upon the judicial bench, filled with the names, one of the copyists, the other of the deputies, in active service. Fourteen names were drawn from the first box, twenty-six from the second, and as each name was drawn forth and read by Joseph Goddard, surnamed the Oracle, its owner breathed a sigh of relief, while his yet expectant companions broke forth in suspiciously exuberant applause.

There were sad, long faces and there were proud, happy ones after that drawing. It was of the element of chance merely that the most useful men, heads of various branches of the office, were lucky enough to draw winning numbers. Some useful ones, alas! were sent to the right about, notably Louis Jacobs and George McComb. It is with pride that Messrs Deane and Goddard point to these names whenever some suspicious person hints at "stuffing." By the way, it was grimly amusing to note that the presage of ill had struck home to the hearts of not a few in that throng. For they all assembled in the county clerk's office at first, and when the signal was given to proceed to the courtroom some one struck up Chopin's funeral march. The air was caught up instantly, and when old Major Whitesides strode along ahead of the gallant crew the spectators wondered whether, after all, this was not a dream and they were once more standing by the graves of departed comrades in Odd Fellows' cemetery on memorial day.

Now, alas, a second weeding out must be done. There is no redress; the Supreme court has said it and has refused to unsay it. So eighteen more must be offered up in sacrifice to a strict interpretation of the laws of this, our state. How Deane is going to do it he does not himself know, yet. He would tear his hair, if he could; but owing to tonsorial experiments, he has none to tear. His head is shaved like that of a convict, comfort and not beauty being Mr. Deane's passion during the summer months. Mr. Goddard shakes his head and rolls out something like this:

"I had diagnosed the situation in a converse manner. But the Supreme court being the tribune of final arbitrament, the penultimate result is that we must bow to the will of those above us."

Now, as I remarked before, one of the attorneys for the deputies who wastes not his words assured me that in deciding as they did the august justices of the Supreme court had quite missed the point sought to be laid before it. I note, too, that Mr. Justice McFarland dissented from the majority opinion of his brethren. That being so, why did not the court reopen the case for further argument? It is a serious matter. It doesn't matter a straw whether the county clerk's office has been extravagantly run in former years or not. Billy Deane has worked faithfully and well and all his men have so far had to lawfully earn their salaries. It is not so much for him, but for the city, that every effort should be made to reconcile the laws with the constitution. A county clerk's office run with thirty-two men is absurd. Besides, the courtroom clerks have not yet been interfered with, and they must be soon. Here are twelve courtrooms, and the law as interpreted by the Supreme court allows only nine clerks. Yet the law also says that there shall be one clerk for each department. With grim humor the Supreme court tells Billy Deane that he has the power to appoint extra deputies, if he so chooses, but he must pay their salaries out of his own pocket. Pleasant prospect!

To make matters worse, the Superior judges appear to take the view that they have no power to appoint clerks themselves. The power, they say, rests with Deane and not with them. So the matter resolves itself into this: either Deane must appoint three extra courtroom clerks and then leave it to the judges to devise a means of paying them by a peremptory order upon the treasurer, or, the three departments unprovided for must be clerked by register clerks or others, or, the three departments must close up. It's an awful muddle, which nobody but the Supreme court enjoys. The justices up above loll back in their chairs and say:

"It's not our fault. If you elect incompetent men to legislate for you, and your legislation is faulty, we must so find it. It's not our business to make laws for you; we only construe those you have made."

And, on the whole, I think they are right. Only, I also think they might have granted a rehearing of the case, so as to make sure that they had quite understood the point which the lawyers sought to establish.

Mr. E. J. Banning, assistant deputy United States attorney for the Northern District of California, has just returned from what was originally intended to be a horseback trip through Sierra county. He was accompanied by Mr. Bert Schlesinger, who hails from Sierra county and whose glad mission it was to reveal to Mr. E. J. Banning the beauteous wonders of that lofty region. I find in the notes handed to me of their trip plenty of references to buggies and teams, but there is no record of the noble animal having been bestridden at any part of the journey, save at one stage between Downieville and Sierra city. In one corner of a page, barely legible, are words that read like "Schlesinger renigged on horse." They had a great time, even if they did look between the ears of the equine from behind his tail and not from the vantage ground of his withers. They took it in easy stages, making their first stop at Colfax. Hence they went to Nevada city, San Juan, Downieville, Sierra city and Sierraville. They looked at the rivers and Mr. Banning describes the scenery between San Juan and Downieville as truly great. They saw Dan Cole's Mountain House and they reached the foot of a lofty eminence at the top of which lies the stronghold of the Schlesingers. Here it was Mr. Banning who "renigged," and he reposed in comfort while Mr. Schlesinger scaled the ramparts. They were away ten days only.

The world is very small. In that lonely region, far from the hum of the busy world, the two were teaming it one day when, at a sharp turn in the mountain road, they narrowly escaped a collision with Arthur Rodgers. The well known lawyer was in a rig and had his wife and family aboard. It appears that he owns a place near there and was hastening citywards to attend a meeting of the board of regents of the State University. The parties exchanged pleasant greetings and then went their ways. Rodgers is going up to Lake Tahoe for a few weeks.

Another eminent luminary, Mr. Garret W. McEnerney, is disporting himself at Hotel Del Monte. He is not reported as having distinguished himself in any particular athletic form of exercise, but is described as an ardent looker-on. He watches golf, tennis, swimming, everything and dismisses all earthly cares from his mind as he swings ponderously in a stout hammock. He was joined for a few days by his boon companion, Judge W. P. Lawlor of the Superior court, who found Del Monte much to his liking. He remarked, sententiously, on his return:

"They used to call that place 'Crocker's Folly.' I dunno. I guess old Crocker just made up his mind that he'd have one ideal country residence in California before he died; and by George! he got it. If he had lived I suppose he'd have gone on spending money on it to the end. It reminds me of a trim, spic-and-span, well-swabbed ferryboat; it's in such an apple-pie order. They tell me the gardens cost four thousand dollars a month to keep up. They're worth it."

All of which shows that His Honor of Department Eleven is a man of taste and judgment.

Judge Troutt received a present of fish from Judge Hunt the other day. Judge Hunt is at Boca, on the Truckee river. He must have caught some fish this year, for there are no markets in the vicinity. THE COURT REPORTER.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky taken at bed-time. Your druggist has it.

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VICARIOUS

THE MERCHANT, to secure his treasure,
Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Chloe noted her desire,
That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise
But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And, whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd;
I sung and gazed; I play'd and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.—Prior

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "Lord and Lady Algy"—second edition, up to date and clever.

CALIFORNIA. "The Dancing Girl"—Blanche Bates in the title role.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Olivette"—a revival that shouldn't be missed.

ALCAZAR. "The New Magdalen"—a strong production.

TIVOLI. "Bluebeard"—dull and wearisome. If you can sit through it you're a wonder.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—The Pasqualis are grand operatic gems.

PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—realistic and worth seeing.

WHENEVER the public patronizes a company liberally and puts its stamp of approval upon a performance by depositing a handsome amount in the treasury of a theatre, adverse criticism becomes futile. The fact that the house is crowded every evening belies the justice of condemning articles. After all the people are the pre-eminent critics, for they pay for the privilege, and a writer who thrusts his own individuality before public opinion is unfit to wield a critical pen. When therefore the California is crowded nightly during the engagement of the Frawley company it would seem that the public does not agree with the critics of the daily press on the merit of the organization. The large audience that filled the theatre on Tuesday evening was very cold—chilly, in fact, and did not warm up until the third act of the play, which contains the dramatic climax. The Dancing Girl is partly sentimental, partly it may be styled melodramatic and the beginning of the first act reminds one very much of the good old days when Morosco's was famed for its melodramatic productions. But this recollection is caused by the general aspect of the scene not by the work of the actors for they are careful to retain the refinement of dramatic declamation. The trouble with the Frawley production of The Dancing Girl is that it drags. Indeed the first act is a good remedy for insomnia and when the curtain falls you know that you were just about to seek refuge in the land of dreams. The second act finds us in a boudoir in Richmond, where the plot thickens and Miss Bates is given an excellent opportunity to assert her versatility. In the expression of various moods Miss Bates has attained the highest artistic refinement. She changes from joy to sorrow in a manner that is flavored with reality. Miss Bates has a particularly difficult task, to bring out the dramatic character of this act—especially the scene with John Christison—as Mr. Reynolds does not seem to enter into the spirit of the situation. If Mr. Reynolds had appreciated the importance of his role he would have known that a man who loves a certain woman sincerely and is obliged to give her up must needs display considerable emotion. But as a matter of fact Mr. Reynolds not only refrains from infusing his speech with passion and despair but his deportment is so awkward and ungraceful that one feels sorry for Miss Bates, who necessarily has to increase her intensity in order to get the proper spirit from this scene. She is therefore entitled to more praise than would have belonged to her had she been blessed with a worthy partner—and one remembers how magnificently Julia Arthur acted the scene. Mr. Reynolds must become more of a man with blood in his veins when he essays the part of John Christison. There are times when the most phlegmatic characters must discard their cloak of indifference. Mr. Frawley, too, has a somewhat tame conception of the Duke of Guisebury, and one has Wilton Lackaye's interpretation to use as contrast. But then one is so used to Mr. Frawley as an easy-going actor who smiles when a slip of the tongue mars the solemnity of the occasion, and who is the same jovial good fellow Frawley on as off the stage, that one cannot blame him for his dramatic lapses. It is after all a great art to be yourself on the stage; this art seems to be thoroughly mastered by Mr. Frawley, and the people like him for it. However, the third act is really the act of the piece and any inaccuracy of play as well as players that may have crept into the other acts pales beside the dramatic incident of the last reception. The valuable scene in this act is that between Drusilla (Blanche Bates) and David Ives (Augustus Cook) her father. It is a scene whose dramatic intensity makes it the strong point of the play. Both artists do full justice to the situation and support each other to work this dialogue up to a climax which increases in tension until the fall down the steps, which is really a masterpiece of deportment. It is easy to look at, but very difficult to execute, because Miss Bates' fall is true to life and does not reveal any signs of premeditated study. Here it is where the audience awakes and

Julie Cotte at the Grand Opera House

applauds heartily. This one scene redeems everything of error that may have preceeded it, for it shows us the ability of two truly great artists. Hope Ross, too, is deserving of her share of encouragement for she interprets the lame girl with sweetness and grace.

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Apropos of the third act of The Dancing Girl, a correspondent writes: "There is one little business that should be abandoned, namely, the entrance of the violinist. Why should art be made the means to create a laugh at the expense of a genius? The violinist Poniatowski, who has the reputation of being a genius, is invited to play at this function. He is made to enter in a grotesque two-step, his hair making headway toward the moon, and carrying his 'fiddle' under his arm. Now this is all ridiculous. A violinist never carries his violin under his arm, especially when it is not enclosed in a case. For besides running in danger of displacing the violin bridge, he would thereby soil his evening suit with the resin that may remain on the strings. Furthermore, a violinist would not dance into a house but would walk there like other people. And then again there is no occasion for the entrance of this violinist anyway; he is absolutely superfluous and ridiculous and the only course the author could have had in his introduction is to have a joke at the expense of the art, which is in very bad taste to say the least."

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Madame Sans Gene will be given its initial production by the Frawleys on Monday evening, when Miss Bates will essay the character formerly played by Katherine Kidder in the performance of Sardou's drama at the Baldwin. Augustus Cook, who was the Napoleon of the Kidder production, will have his original part at the California. He is considered the greatest exponent on the stage today of the Emperor Napoleon I.

———

Grand Opera House

ALTHOUGH somewhat antiquated, Olivette is still attractive because of its sparkling melodies and the vein of humor that enlivens its story. Besides, the clever company at the Grand interpolate picturesque terpsichorean features and add melodious solos. The costumes are brilliant and elegant and the mounting makes that luxurious impression which Mr. Jones understands so well how to obtain. Messrs. Wolff and Wooley have an excellent chance to give their comedy talent full sway and the audience is easily made aware of this fact by the persistence of their risibles to solve the problem of perpetual motion. When one considers that Miss Mason sings every night and during matinees, attends rehearsals and thus uses her voices almost constantly, it is simply wonderful how well she understands how to preserve the clarity of her organ. In fact almost every member in the company frequently shows signs of fatigue in the voice, but Miss Mason's soprano is always fresh and clear. The art of preserving one's voice is the acme of artistic refinement and Miss Mason has attained it. Her Olivette is a masterpiece. There will be a severe test of Miss Mason's versatility when she is called upon to sing Marguerite in Faust next week, but this clever artist inspires confidence and it is safe to predict that she will sing and act the role in an exemplary manner. Mr. Persse is given a well earned relaxation in the light role of Valentine. As a matter of fact the management should have given him a week's vacation after his brilliant success as Don Jose in Carmen. To sing Don Jose seven times in one week is an herculean task and it is astonishing that Mr. Persse has sufficient strength left to sing Valentine in Olivette so well. Besides, he will sing Faust next week. It seems to a fair-minded person that this is asking too much of one man. It is fortunate that Mr. Persse has power of perseverance, a healthy constitution and strong vocal chords, else the company would be minus an excellent tenor and actor by this time. It must be quite a satisfaction to Mr. Persse to be so warmly received nightly by the audience. Among the newly risen constellations at the Grand is Mindel Fern Dreyfuss, a local product. She made her debut last Monday and did not exhibit that embarrassment usually the companion of novices. This shows that Miss Dreyfuss and the stage agree—a most gratifying circumstance. While the young actress has not yet solved the art of being "snappy," she is sufficiently chic to make the impression that she is a clever terpsichorean artist and possesses a pleasant voice. Thus one more pretty singer has been added to the Grand's collection of beauty. The presentation of Faust announced for next week may well be regarded as the most ambitious effort of this company so far, and a glance over the cast creates the belief that it will be a model performance. The advance sale for next week is exceptionally large and crowded houses will no doubt be the motto during the Faust production.

———

Great bargains this week in elegant "dress hats," stylish outing hats and dainty little bonnets.—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street

Orpheum

SIGNOR AND SIGNORA DI PASQUALI form the central attraction at the Orpheum this week. They sing selections from Cavalleria Rusticana, and the audience, which usually only finds cause for rejoicing in coon songs and acrobatic feats, applauds enthusiastically these two artists whose polished voices ring out brilliantly through this model place of amusement. Those acquainted with the chilliness of an Orpheum audience—especially as it concerns highly artistic features—are not a little surprised to find encores insisted upon and Signora Di Pasquali has just reason to feel proud of the triumph obtained at that place. But this artistic success may not be solely described to the daintiness and freshness of an admirable voice but also to an intensity of dramatic temperament that is so rarely observable in a highly gifted vocalist. While Signor Di Pasquali's lyric tenor suffers somewhat beside the brilliant organ of his wife, his superior efforts should not be regarded with carelessness. George Wilson is a monologuist of quick and fluent address. His political speech is a marvel and keeps the audience amused from beginning to end. Kilpatrick and Barber, the bicyclists, perform rare feats on their wheels. The new attractions for next week will be Laura Joyce Bell in the brilliant comedy Wig and Gown; La Fafalla, dancer, in The Lotus Flower, a "dance vision." Elizabeth Murray, comedienne; the Phoites in their original comic trick pantomime Flip-Flap-Flop, and the Eldridges, "past masters of colored comedy."

———

Alcazar

IF AN AUTHOR desires to play with the emotions of an audience he seeks a character in the tenderloin district of a metropolis—preferably a woman—clothes her in the habilaments of respectability, places opposite her people of good social standing who shrink from contact with her and accuse her freely of her crimes, and finally creates another character—preferably a man—who pities the poor creature and perhaps marries her. A play thus constructed never fails to move an audienee, for it is a weakness of the masses to bestow sympathy upon any criminal provided that he shows repentance and some trait of goodness. Even a murderer pursued by justice would create a favorable interest among the auditors if he but showed some goodness of character. And this is correct. There exists in every criminal some good, and if this one good trait is fostered by the experienced hand of a just and kind person it may in time outgrow the evil. Of course it is not wise to assume that kindness to a criminal is always productive of good results, but reformation depends largely upon those who endeavor to exercise it. In The New Magdalen, as it is so well expressed by Florence Roberts and the Alcazar company, the sympathy of the audience is with Mercy Merrick. She has been convicted despite her innocence, has fallen because of her gloomy condition and shows her repentance by becoming a nurse. Circumstances bring her to people who understand how to nurture her good qualities and the reformation becomes successful. Of course the audience is against Grace Roseberry because this lady demands retribution for the wrong done her and thus stands in the way of Mercy Merrick's prosperity. Florence Roberts is indebted for much of the applause awarded her to May Nannery who plays Grace Roseberry with a vigor and intensity that are truly crushing to the New Magdalen. Whenever an actor or actress succeeds in playing the heavy part of a melodrama with such effect that the audience applauds the victims, then the mission has been well performed. Miss Nannery has always been an actress of great versatility and deep intelligence which bring her applause and encouragement wherever she may appear. And yet while the audience applauds a new Magdalen and condemns a Grace Roseberry, it reserves its emotions for the playhouse only for even the young woman who is sometimes poor but respectable would shrink from a Camille or a New Magdalen should she perchance come in contact with her in life. The writer heard a young man—and a real good chap he is, too—say after the performance at the Alcazar last Wednesday:

"There are no 'New Magdalens', they are well enough on the stage, but in real life we find them not."

And presumably he is right. Yet the cruelty of society is truthfully pictured in Grace Roseberry. Wilkie Collins and the dramatized version of his novel are still up to date in sentiment though years have rolled by since the drama received its initial production. Mr. Whittlesey, while not having much scope in the rather quiet and unassuming role of Julian Gray, makes enough of it to reveal the elegant actor that he is. Of course Miss Roberts does not miss the opportunity to show the fine conception she possesses of characters such as the New Magdalen and Camille. Carlysle Moore, the clever stage director of the Alcazar, exhibits considerable ingenuity. Especially handsome is the setting of the second and third acts. Lewis Morrison will say farewell to his many admirers here as Mephisto in Faust next week. This is one of Mr. Morrison's masterpieces—if not *the* masterpiece of his repertory. After Mr. Morrison's departure, Miss Roberts will remain a few weeks longer and will be seen in an elegant production of Romeo and Juliet during the week of July thirty-first.

Columbia LORD AND LADY ALGY is one of the treats of the season. It is clever way through and, if its moralities do not appeal to every conscience, nobody can deny the fact that it furnishes good entertainment. Next week the success of last season, than which no more beautiful play has ever been produced at a local theatre, Heartsease, will be the bill. Henry Miller has in the musician apart far more in his line than is Lord Algy and in it he has opportunity to do work fully as strong as that which one remembers in Sowing the Wind, when Mr. Miller played the part of the father who "reaped the whirlwind." The Miller season has other pleasures in store, but Heartsease will be sufficient enjoyment for one week. Hamlet will follow. Margaret Anglin is said to beone of the best Ophelias on the modern stage. Only four more weeks remain of the Miller season.

Heart and Sword, by John Strange Winter, has evidently been read to purpose, for a local carpet dealer has incorporated the initial sentence into his advertisement. It is not just to a novel to regard it in any sense as a tract, but in Heart and Sword the author has preached a plain sermon upon the impossibility of being a wife and something else at the same time. London must be different indeed from the rest of the world if a girl of seventeen—a nobody, can after two or three nights of theatrical experience as the star of a Sunday school entertainment, bring first class managers to the point of paying her three guineas a week, and mount to the top of the ladder with all the agility of a monkey.

The New York Sun, in commenting upon the volume of short stories, A Silent Singer, given out by Mrs. Harriott, better known as Clara Morris, the actress, says: "The public will wish that she had some entirely disinterested friend of strong character and ruthless execution, that he or she might have gone through the tales and cut out the adjectives that kill the nouns, the squeaky exclamations, and the reflections which are for the most part out of place, and always unnecessary. As a writer of prose Clara Morris displays many of the qualities that mark her work as an actress. She is nothing if not emotional." Those who remember her in Camille and East Lynne will have a very good idea of her style and can decide for themselves whether they care to take hold of the same thing in cold print. The Sun also says: It is probable that some one or other will be referring to Clara Morris as the Marie Corelli of America. We wish to forestall the discoverer."

Robert Barr and Cosmo Hamilton are collaborating in a dramatization of Thekla, and Conan Doyle and William Gillette are similarly at work on Sherlock Holmes.

Leoncavallo is studying Quo Vadis with a view to preparing an operatic libretto. Should he decide to undertake the task, the whole production will of course be his own.

Miss Julie Cotte will sing Marguerite on Tuesday evening and Saturday night. Miss Cotte has a splendid soprano and should be successful in this role.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Seventh week of the season
Only six nights
Matinee Saturday Only

HENRY MILLER
AND
A SPECIAL COMPANY

In a superb revival of the charming romantic comedy,

"HEARTSEASE"

Next production,

"HAMLET"

Grand Opera House

Morosco Amusement Co., Inc. Lessees.
Telephone. Main 532.

Week of Monday, July 24th.

"FAUST"
(In English)

— CAST —

Faust	THOMAS H. PERSSE
Mephisto	WILLIAM WOLFF.
Valentine	WINFRED GOFF.
Wagner	ARTHUR WOOLEY.
Siebel	HATTIE BELLE LADD.
Dame Martha	BERTHA RICCI.
Marguerite	EDITH MASON.

Our New Prices—Orchestra floor, 35 and 50 cts; Dress Circle (Reserved), 25 cts; Family Circle (Reserved) 15 cts; Gallery, 10 cts

Matinee Saturday. Best seat in the house, 25 cents

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Alcazar

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Week of July 24th
Re-appearance and Farewell week of
LEWIS MORRISON,
In his created character of MEPHISTO, in a Gorgeous Scenic Spectacle of

"FAUST"

FLORENCE ROBERTS as Marguerite

Scale of Admission—15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

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FIVE. New attractions. FIVE.

LAURA JOYCE BELL and CO., in the old English comedietta, "Wig and Gown."
LA FAFALLA, in Herr Von Palms latest spectacular dance "The Lotus Flower."
THE PHOITES, in a new and original pantomime, "Flip, Flap, Flop."
ELIZABETH MURRAY, comedienne and mimic extraordinary.
THE ELDRIDGES, past masters of colored comedy.
KILPATRICK & BARBER, MINNIE PALMER and CO., LES BROWNS.

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OF

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Prior to his departure for Vienna

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Monday, July 31st, "LONDON ASSURANCE"

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This Grand Historical Panorama is now on exhibition . . .

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Admission, 50 Cents
Children, 25 Cents.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES, IN AND FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE MATTER OF
CARLO SAVONELLO, Bankrupt.

Take notice, that CARLO SAVONELLO, Bankrupt, above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94, Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Wednesday the second day of August 1899, at the hour of eleven o'clock A. M., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the same time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

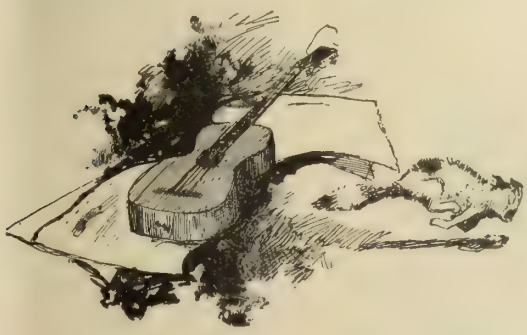
Dated San Francisco, July 20, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy.
In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

HEY DIDDLE DIDDLE

[The London Clarion prints this version of the well known nursery rhyme done into Whitmanese. The Literary Digest calls it a cruel stab at the fame of the "good gray poet."]

HERE is the poem of me, the entertainer of children.
See! a cat is passing through my poem;
See! it plays the fiddle rapturously;
It plays sonatas, fugues, rag-times, gavottes, gigues, minuets, romances, impromptus—it plays the tune that led to the defunction of the aged cow;
But most of all it plays nocturnes, and plays them pyrotechnically, as befits the night time.
See the moon shining in the pellucid sky;
See! the cow, inspired by the intoxicating strains of the Stradivarius, throws off her habitual languor, and leaps over the moon.
O me! O pulse of my life! O amazement of things!
Why so active thou cow?
Why so passive thou moon?
See the dog.
He grins and runs through the city
Seeing humor in his surroundings.
Have all dogs so keen a sense of humor?
See the dish maliciously meditative.
See, it takes advantage of the general confusion and absconds with the silver spoon.



Music World

THE MOST EXCELLENT signs of the musical status of a community is the fact that the residents encourage enthusiastically deserving talent. This encouragement should not only materialize in applause but should develop into a sentiment sufficiently generous to assist a meritorious artist financially. No better sacrifice can be offered on the altar of art than the sacrifice of gold, for it paves the way to success and fame far more rapidly than applause. Although the latter is necessary in the attainment of glory, money is the first factor, after which applause is an easy follower. So it is with a feeling of rejoicing that I hear that the Santa Cruz people appreciate and recognize the gifts hidden in Miss Maude Hohmann and have given her a concert, thanks to which she is enabled to seek broader education in the east. The young lady is surely deserving of this encouragement and will do honor to the confidence entertained by her appreciative townspeople. Last week the citizens of Santa Cruz flocked to a benefit concert given in honor of Miss Hohmann, who is a gifted young vocalist who is about to change the climate of the seaside city for the musical atmosphere of Boston. As I stated recently, Miss Hohmann possesses a dramatic soprano of exceedingly wide range and considerable timbre. It is one of those big voices that Wagner loved so mnch and with the proper training Miss Hohmann will develop into one of the most valuable sopranos now on the concert stage. Of course nowadays the concert stage is too easily abandoned for the operatic stage and thereby the former is often deprived of a brilliant acquisition and the latter gains an addition that may be praiseworthy from a musical standpoint but which is utterly lacking the dramatic temperament, a gift without which an opera singer is simply a failure. Of course I do not know how much dramatic ability there may be hidden in Miss Hohmann, but I do know that her magnificent voice will certainly make a name for her one of these days. Whether the Boston Conservatory of Music is sufficient to develop a fine voice is a question difficult to affirm; however as a foundation it may be of some benefit. But we have right here in San Francisco teachers who are much preferable to an education at the Boston conservatory. Furthermore a good voice needs all the care and training possible and therefore it is not always well to be one among many instead of being the only one. The citizens of Santa Cruz deserve great credit for encouraging Miss Hohmann and one of these days they will be glad to have done so.

Among the participants on the program was Will Jacobs of this city, who—according to the musical critic of the Sentinel—"possesses a fine voice which is capable of much power." Mr. Jacobs, I believe, has a baritone of considerable clearness and would surely make a fine vocalist if he but came under the direction of a good vocal teacher. He certainly possesses a good voice that should not be neglected. I notice that Mr. Jacobs sang For All Eternity, which "reminds me of a story:" Sometime last year while I was yet grinding away on the Sentinel, a concert was given for the benefit of the Red Cross society at the Santa Cruz opera-house. Among the participants announced to appear was Dr. Rottanzi, who at that time assisted in guarding the powder mill under the distinguished title of a captain; his selection was For All Eternity. The evening arrived and the concert was about to begin when it was discovered that Captain Rottanzi shone by his absence. The conjectures were many. Did he suffer from an attack of stage fright? Had his voice suddenly taken leave of absence? Or was he detained by some serious trouble at the camp? The question could not be answered positively, so all were expecting the announcement which needs had to precede the captain's nnmber. Ex-Lieutenant Governor W. T. Jeter was master of ceremonies on that occasion and upon his shoulders rested the responsibility of accounting for the doctor-captain-baritone's absence, and he did it right well.

WANTED

An Accompanist

Must read correctly at first sight; must be able to play religious and operatic music and must be able to keep up precise "tempo."

Persons unable to fulfill the above requirements need not apply. Apply to,

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This is what Mr. Jeter said: "Ladies and gentlemen! I am very sorry to announce that Captain Rottanzi was suddenly called away to San Francisco this afternoon, which necessitates the omission of his number. He was going to sing For All Eternity and in view of this fact it is perhaps lucky that he could not come. All those who desire to have their money returned because of the absence of Captain Rottanzi may do so by stopping at the box office on their way home." It might be well to add that the box-office was locked long before the performance was concluded.

¶ ¶

It also appears from the report of this concert that the program was under the direction of Professor George Hastings, who is really the musical Nestor of Santa Cruz. In Professor Hastings the music lovers of that popular seaside resort possess an exponent whose energy, intelligence and ability contributed immeasurably toward the gratifying musical appreciation now prevalent in Santa Cruz. Both as a man and a musician Mr. Hastings inspires respect. Another participant in that concert who shows signs of artistic facility was Miss Ida Wilson whose selections on the piano bespeak intelligence in technique, dainty touch and fine discriminative powers.

Miss Maude Hohmann

Last Tuesday it was finally settled that Hermann Genss was to be the conductor of the Harmonie singing society. This organization is composed of about one hundred and fifty male voices, each of which is imbued with power and clarity. West of Chicago it is assuredly the most efficient male chorus and as far as material is concerned is not far behind the Arion singing society of New York which created such a sensation during its European tour. You will no doubt ask: "If this society is so efficient, why have we not heard of it more frequently?" Well, the reason may be sought in the fact that hitherto the Harmonie was not blessed with a director who had the energy and ambition to develop its resources. Both Hinrichs and Scheel directed this chorus, but as soon as these gentlemen obtained more lucrative positions they deserted these vocalists for, what they thought, more remunerative enterprises. At last the Harmonie has discovered the right man, for Mr Genss is a thorough musician, full of enthusiasm for the art, and who will never betray the confidence of his well-wishers by deserting them when more remunerative positions seek him. Ere long the Harmonie will flourish under the experienced baton of Hermann Genss which furthermore will amply demonstrate the value of this distinguished musician.

¶ ¶

Otto Floersheim, the composer-critic whose caustic letters delight and instruct the many readers of the Musical Courier, concludes his report of a recital at the Klindworth Philharmonic conservatory at Berlin with these words: "Among those I heard I mention as the most advanced and seemingly also most gifted, the names of Wanda Flatow, Karl Kessler, Otto Kunitz from California." A notice like this from the pen of a critic who enjoys the distinction of being one of Germany's most prominent and severe musical journalists is very valuable, and the following remarks ensure the praise as absolutely justified: "Of the twenty pupils who played, the average were so agreeably surprising in their efforts that instead of the half hour I had intended staying, I spent nearly two hours at the examination. The performances showed such equality of touch, such rhythmic precision and such musical pregnancy that in many instances they would really have passed for concert performers with which word of praise I do not mean to carry the idea that at all concert performances the above qualities are met with."

Among the names mentioned in the above report permit me to single out that of Otto Kunitz, who hails from Santa Cruz. Mr. Kunitz is a friend of mine and many a time I advised him to hasten his departure for Europe which at that time seemed to be put off continuously. Of course the talent of the young man was known and as is the case with all accomplished musicians he was asked to play for charity performances. His developments as a soloist were beginning to stand still because he was forced to play accompaniments. So one day I took occasion to publish an article in which I emphasized the fact that Mr. Kunitz did not know anything about accompaniment, that he should drop this phase of pianism and devote all his time to his education as a soloist. I am glad to find that my prediction has again proved true.

¶ ¶

These successes of California talent abroad remind me of the negligence of which the local press is guilty in regard to music and musicians. Let us for a moment admit that the business office of a newspaper is justified in refusing space to musicians who do not advertise in its columns, nevertheless it appears that a daily paper enjoys besides an advertising patronage a subscription patronage which indirectly influences the the rates of advertisements. It does not make any difference in what way a man supports a newspaper; as long as he does support it he should be entitled to all benefits that may be derived from its columns. By this I do not mean to infer that music teachers should be entitled to free advance notices, but that the subscriber interested in music should receive that information which interests him and which is news to him. In other words a reader and a subscriber interested in music should be entitled to his news just the same as the man interested in prize fights and baseball is entitled to his. But as matters now stand music is totally neglected by the daily press and if there is a notice it is so scanty and devoid of literary merit that the musical reader becomes thoroughly disgusted. The Examiner, the only morning paper that has any musical department at all, does not treat its critic with that courtesy and consideration which he deserves or else his column would not be "crowded out" or "cut down." If any department in the Examiner should be "remodeled" it should be the dramatic department, which is now absurdly deficient. Why does the Chronicle not establish a musical department? I cannot understand how a paper that gives such reliable and meritorious service should omit to furnish its readers with a caustic musical column at least once a week. The musicians here are complaining constantly because of the fact that the daily papers do not furnish them with the news to which they are entitled. Why should they not be treated with consideration? The papers are eager enough to get their subscription money.

ALFRED METZGER.

SHERIFF'S SALE

SAN FRANCISCO PAVING COMPANY (a corporation) Plaintiff. vs. ANNIE C RINES, and THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (a corporation) Defendants.	No. 65,594. Superior Court Department No. 7. Order of Sale and Decree of Lien.

Under and by virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Lien issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 7, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 11th day of July A D 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein San Francisco Paving Company (a corporation), the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of lien against Annie C. Rines, defendant, on the 21st day of February A. D. 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 47 of said Court, at page 253, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point upon the Northerly line of Sixteenth street distant thereon One hundred and eighty (180) feet Westerly of the Westerly line of Sanchezstreet, running thence Westerly upon the said Northerly line of Sixteenth street Fifty (50) feet, three (3) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-six (36) feet; thence Northeasterly parallel with the Southeasterly line of Market street, Eighty-two (82) feet, six and one-half (6½) inches; and thence Southerly in a straight line Eighty seven (87) feet, four and three-fourths (4¾) inches to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block One hundred and three (103) in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday the 14th day of August A. D. 1899, at twelve o'clock Noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment with interest, costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States.

HENRY S. MARTIN,
San Francisco, July 22nd A. D. 1899. Sheriff.

J. C. BATES, Attorney for Plaintiff,
434 California street, San Francisco.

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR
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SAMUEL ADELSTEIN has enjoyed a visit of several weeks at Shasta springs and while there conducted a concert on the thirteenth instant, the following program being rendered: Piano, Prelude, Chopin, Miss Katherine Bunnell; soprano, Au Printemps, Gounod, Miss Helen Mae Davis; mandolin, Intermezzo, Czibulka, Mr. Adelstein; recitation, Miss L. W. Moffitt; recitation, Creole Lover's Song, Buck, H. L. Taylor; mandolin, Nocturne, b flat, Chopin, Mr. Adelstein; recitation, The Raven, Mrs. Blewett; soprano, Serenade, Neidlinger, Miss Mae Davis; mandolin. Mazurka Russe, Czarovitch, Mr. Adelstein; recitation, The Courtship of Larry O'Dea, Miss M. B. Moffitt; tenor, Greeting, Hawley, Mr. Taylor; mandolin, Tarantelle, Mezzacapo, Mr. Adelstein. Mr. Adelstein will resume his classes at the beginning of August.

¶ ¶

Cyrus Brownlee Newton filled engagements at Pacific Grove on the eleventh and seventeenth instants. Mrs. Homer Tourjee has returned after a three months' trip to Japan where she was visiting her sister, Mrs. E. T. Osborne. Mrs. Tourjee speaks very brightly of the prospects for the coming season in the Pacific Coast Conservatory of Music. The handsome new catalogue proclaims the faculty to be the best that can be obtained, an acquisition being Miss Jennie M. Long who will have charge of the department of elocution, oratory and dramatic art. She is an eastern lady of high standing and has been compared to Charlotte Cushman. The catalogue contains cuts of Dr. Tourjee, president of the Boston conservatory, and Homer Tourjee; of the reception rooms and piano department.

¶ ¶

Miss Emily Curtis of the California School of Oratory is in Stockton and may go later to San Jose.

Miss Alice Woods, violinist, has returned from Alabama to visit her parents. She filled a position in the Birmingham seminary but may remain here this season.

¶ ¶

Mr. and Mrs. Don Pardee Riggs have returned from Mill valley.

MARY FRANCES FRANCIS.

¶ ¶

Mario Roeckel has followed in the footsteps of his twin sister Marie, and made his debut by singing Annie Laurie last Tuesday night at the Womens' Educational Union. Both the twins have true voices, and beginning so young will never suffer from the stage fright that attacks older people.

¶ ¶

The Press club will assist in the program to be rendered at the farewell concert of Emil Steinegger on August tenth at Sherman-Clay hall.

TOWN TALK gives best reports of Concerts and Musicales.

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Miss Marion Bear, Concert Pianist, 927 Sutter St.
Cecile von Seiberlich, Vocalist, 1109 Post street.
Charles P. von Oer, Solo Violinist, Oroville, Cal.
Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith, Dramatist, 32 O'Farrell St.
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MUSICAL ANNOUNCEMENTS

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At Cross Purposes

THE QUIET HUMDRUM LIFE nearly suffocated her. Often in the evenings the house seemed so small and close that she rose suddenly and walked up and down on the street in front because she could breathe more freely. It seemed then that her world was larger; that the sky was her roof and the width of her life hardly measured by the miles and miles to the distant mountains.

It had not always been like this. There had been days when the little home was the dearest spot on earth and its cares the light and happiness of life. Few of us can pass from the humdrum and, tasting of the sweets of the world, return into quiet, without longings or regrets, and it is a strong woman who holding those regrets can stifle them within herself until she no longer holds them.

She had been in the world of people enjoying the excitement of events, the life of change, and to come back to a quiet home where breakfast, luncheon and dinner were the most important affairs, where everlasting and never-ending house duties were the thoughts of the day, the haunting dreams of night—how dull, how deadly, deadly dull, it all was!

I cannot censure the beautiful woman who turns from an unappreciative home to the courtesy and admiration of others as flowers turn from a dark wall toward the light and warmth of the sun, but let her first be sure that the wall is not darkened by her own drooping shadow.

When I first saw the little home with its gardens' wealth of roses, its cool shady porches, its genuine atmosphere of home, I fancied the joy and happiness of life there and when I found her sullen, restless, fighting fate, I wandered if at some time punishment is not meted out to those who abuse the gifts and chances of happiness that they undervalue and ignore. And I, of the world wearied, was filled with such a yearning for the despised life that it choked the words in my throat and filled my eyes with tears.

I saw her again after two years, dissatisfied, going disconnectedly from one pursuit to another, apart from the quiet as much as possible, the home neglected, all chances of happiness there forever destroyed. And I, wandering yet, facing an unsettled future, found myself with the same longing more fervent than ever, to take up the thread of life there where it had been dropped and to pursue it to the end. That yearning, oh God! stronger than life and deeper than the foundations of my soul.

So it is that Life offers us its sweetest fruit just beyond the reach of our finger-tips, and we cannot turn from it and console ourselves with that which lies in our hands, because—well, because we are women.

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Mixed Drinks in Summer

AT CASTLE CRAGS it's mighty quiet;
Plain *egg-nogg*, you might say,
With mountain air your staple diet,
A mail train twice a day.

And Coronado you might call a *stone fence*;
It's nice and all that, but rather slow.
Instead of dollars you begin to reckon pence,
And puzzle how to make the hours go.

Santa Cruz is a *Tom and Jerry*,
Hot Scotch and *punch* in one.
The climate there is warm; yes, very—
Not only in the sun!

Del Monte! ah, a *champagne cobbler* have we here!
Vin sec in one sense: in another, au contraire.
It's always high-priced wine and never small beer.
"We're swell or nothing's" in the air.

Pacific Grove—'tis rather hard to name,
The nearest is a *port wine sangaree*.
The fact is, Carmelo is mighty tame—
A *corpse reviver's* what it needs to see!

Capitola! Surely *Jersey lightning's* here,
They go so fast you haven't time to think.
Hot spiced rum, gin twist—they do not fear
To give you anything you want to drink.

A *sherry cobbler* Glenwood is in summer,
Cool at night: the days are very hot.
The mountains freeze at night, but are a hummer
At midday; then a slow roast is your lot.

American milk punch is San Rafael,
A nice, mild place where you must wield the racquet,
Or play at golf, if you would be thought swell
For otherwise your pose would lack it.

A *brandy flip* we might call Belvedere—
The elements so mixed you cannot tell
Where one comes in and other ends—it's queer,
But many say that Belvedere is—well!

Mint julep Sausalito is, to my mind,
Aristocratic and immensely smart.
Here elements well harmonized you find,
With warmth and good cheer at the heart.

A *yard of flannel's* what to term the Springs,
For go the round you find them all the same.
With invalids and groaners all in strings,
The blind, the halt, the mottled and the lame.

Lake Tahoe and Blue Lakes are jolly places,
Where you are sure to meet familiar faces.
Rum julep, soda cocktail, both would fit;
High-spiced or plain taste—but plenty of it.

A *whisky punch* comes nearest San Jose,
A dreamy place to while the hours away,
A *sleeper* San Jose is, you might say.

Menlo, Burlingame, Milbrae and surrounding places
All we class as one and so describe;
Where swelldom golfs and marks its paces—
Call *Manhattan cocktail* for the tribe.

THE GUZZLER.

The Oak and the Reed

WHEN MAYME WILLIS met Margie Norris for the first time, a queer feeling came over her. It was as if she were looking at herself; a pale shadow it is true, but still herself. They might have been twin sisters, only that Mayme was brighter, gayer-looking than the other. Her hair was more golden, her eyes more reflectant of the glory of the sky, than were Margie's.

Mayme was visiting her school chum, Daisy Harbourne, who lived in Silverville, a small town in the northern citrus belt. When Mrs. Harbourne had announced a caller, that afternoon, it was not a pleasing announcement to either of the two girls, who had planned a drive to the springs and dinner at the hotel, with a return by moonlight.

"If it were not Margie," said Daisy, "I would excuse us both—but Margie, well, she is not of the smart set and I would not hurt her feelings for the world."

And thus Mayme met Mrs. Lesley Norris, the Margie whom she always after denominated her Shadow.

There was a story at the bottom of those "hunted fawn" eyes, Mayme felt sure, and she was not wrong in her surmise. All Silverville knew the tale, or scraps of it. The principals were reticent and there were parts that would not fit. Mayme learned from her friend the main features of the romance. Margie Warden lived some miles out of Silverville. Her father was a rancher in a very small way. At the Silverville grammar school Margie had become acquainted with the judge's son, Lesley Norris. Nobody ever suspected an attachment between them; their social positions were too far asunder, apparently

Then Margie, who had left school and served an apprenticeship at dressmaking, went to San Francisco to ply her trade.

It was in the Californian metropolis that Margie fell in again with the judge's son, who was a reporter on one of the big morning journals. Nobody in Silverville ever found out the full particulars, but Margie and Lesley were married. A few months afterwards—nobody ever quite agreed on the exact number—there was a child. Then, shortly after that Margie came back without the child and took up her residence with her parents. Silverville tabbies had a toothsome bit of gossip which they masticated to its utmost extent. The friends of Mrs. Norris, senior, clawed the girl; they cut her to pieces, flayed her character until she had not a shred to cover her nakedness with. The judge's wife dubbed Margie Warden a designing woman and would never look upon her face again. The judge, who was above all earthly considerations a Christian, brought himself to the point of forgiveness, and greeted Margie pleasantly whenever he met her on his way to the post-office.

Daisy's mother was one of Margie's champions. She knew the girl's disposition, loving, sweet and trusting. Besides, she knew Lesley Norris well, as he had been the companion of her own son during several years of schooldays. She knew that Lesley was full of evil, that he had deceived even his own good mother. It was commonly reported upon high authority that Lesley had many nights been carried by his comrades to his door, when he could not have used his own means of locomotion by reason of "the spirit within." Mrs. Harbourne had been glad when Lesley Norris had shaken the dust of Silverville from off his shapely feet, avowedly forever, for her mother's heart had seen that Daisy was becoming interested in him.

The marriage had changed everything. Daisy was safe and the mother did not object when her brave daughter, disdaining the tongue of scandal that wagged throughout Silverville, went often to see Margie Norris after the latter's return, spoke to the girl in the street, openly, and upon more than one occasion invited her to lunch or dinner.

"Why did she leave her child?," questioned Mayme.

"Nobody is sure upon that point," answered Daisy. "Though I know that Margie told my mother that Lesley made her this proposition: 'Keep me or the child.' She must have chosen him, for the child is not here."

"And she is here without her husband. What a mystery!"

Miss Willis had always held strong opinions upon the subject of women who slipped from virtue's path, had asserted that no girl could do evil without thought, and had always stood up for the man as the tempted not the tempter. Yet now she found herself mixed up in her moralities. In Margie Norris she saw no designing woman, no Circe, only a patient, lovely, loving character. What Daisy told her of Lesley Norris did not help to solve the riddle. She could not imagine, if he were such a man as his description represented him, why he should have married the girl at all. He could have done as other evil youths do, have deceived, betrayed and forsaken.

"Lesley has the most wonderful fascination for a woman," said Daisy. "I have felt it myself. Then, think how easily he could wind that soft-hearted girl around his finger."

"But he cannot be wholly bad, for in a way he did his best to make all right."

"In a way?" scornfully queried Daisy, "Why, he deserted Margie and stole her baby from her arms."

Mayme had a passion for psychological researches. As she studied Margie, who was physically a shadowy duplicate of herself, she wondered how she, if placed within the same environments, subjected to a similar temptation, condemned to Silverville and labor all the days of her life, how she would have acted if pressed by such a man as Lesley Norris?

In time, she bade farewell to Daisy, to Margie and to Silverville and went away. It was in San Francisco, at a bohemian gathering where artists, poets, newspaper men and brains in

general were congregated that her attention was attracted by a man whose face she dimly remembered having seen somewhere. As her memory traveled backward she was in Silverville again, listening to a minute description by Daisy Harbourne and studying a photograph she held in her hand.

It was Lesley Norris. Mayme started when she had established his identity in her mental cavity. It seemed such a curious circumstance, this meeting. The man started also, but quickly recovered his equanimity. He had noticed at once the extraordinary resemblance existing between this woman and his wife.

"Who is that blonde over there?", he asked his host. "I wish to know her."

Mayme was glad of the opportunity to study this other principal in the life story of her Shadow. Yet she failed to penetrate Lesley's character, successful as she had been in her study of his wife, his parents and his friends. Lesley was immensely clever, she found, and more magnetic than any person she had ever before met. His will struck her comprehension as being a paramount trait.

"I wish to know her," he had said to his host, and he had probed Mayme Willis' mind thoroughly before the evening was over. He stayed by her through it all and his eyes still followed her when she finally took her departure.

As for the girl herself, she seemed at a loss to know at what stage of her life she had met this man. She was more than interested in him; she could not wrest his image from her heart. He satisfied every portion of her being, filling her senses like the scent of an exquisite flower. She had not asked him to call nor had she given him her address. Yet he searched this out for himself, came to see her the following afternoon, and his temerity failed to offend her

She felt herself growing weak. Sometimes it came across her that she must be somebody else—her Shadow for instance. She had desired to know Lesley Norris, and had foolishly hoped to become the peacemaker that would restore him to his wife and persuade him to make known the whereabouts of the child. Yet she had now been acquainted with him for a month, had seen him nearly every day, and had never broached the subject uppermost in her thoughts.

It came to the point at last. He had sat for some minutes staring fiercely into the amber liquid she had poured for him. Neither had spoken. Then he broke forth, without any of the elegant phrases in which he was wont to disguise his feelings:

"I love you, Mayme."

The spoon with which she was about to stir the sweetness in her own tea-cup dropped to the ground. A reply that would have been but the echo of his simple statement was on her lips, but she stopped. Then she faltered—

"But you are married, Lesley."

"So you know that story."

He placed his cup gently upon the dainty stand beside her.

"Well, what of it? We live in the world of today. Besides, I shall be free in a short time."

She stared at him uncomprehendingly.

"Yes, I began divorce proceedings some weeks ago."

Answering the mute question in her eyes, he added: "Weeks ago, long before I knew you. There was some hitch, but it will go through all right."

As she still said nothing, he went on: "She never could be anything to me—"

"She loves you," interrupted Mayme and her courage arose as she made the plea for Margie, the plea that had been so long in abeyance but had now found voice. Mayme could never afterwards tell what she had said. Lesley Norris remained silent throughout the whole. Then he laughed bitterly:

"You have only one side of the story," he said.

Mayme looked up, timidly. Did he know his power over her? If he had defended himself she would have hated him.

A woman such as she might give her love to a man with a past, but to one who could enact the role of Adam—never.

Lesley was doubtless as black as the Silverville gossips painted him. Still, in his creed, a gentleman never speaks ill of a woman, be she the most fallen of her sex.

"I shall not tell you the other," he added. "God knows it was a wretched affair all through. I shall get my divorce, and then—"

The warm look of love that leaped into his dark eyes finished the sentence.

"Where is the child?", she asked.

Woman's pertinacity is proverbial and Mayme felt this question was owed to her Shadow, whom she had loved as a sister. By a revulsion of feeling hard to describe, she felt at this moment a repulsion towards Margie, yet she wished to be just.

"I do not know," returned the man; from the expression on his face she knew his answer was a falsehood.

He was always tenderly solicitous of Mayme. Not to disturb her serenity farther, he left her. And she knew that her heart was his forever and forever.

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From Daisy Harbourne came the next chapter in the story:

"Lesley Norris came back here on the quiet. He has been ill, I learn, but I did not see him. He would naturally avoid us, after all that has happened since he and Leonard used to chum together. I would give the world to see him, and to ask him what he thought of my friend Mayme, when he met her at the reception you wrote me about. Don't you know, Mayme, you forgot to tell me whether you ever met him since? He had filed a suit for divorce just about a fortnight before you saw him, I hear, and it seems such a queer thing that Margie made no reply to the proceedings. The judge had an interview with Mr. Warden, they say, and Margie met Lesley in the presence of the parents. I confess it is incomprehensible to me why she did not force him to the wall in the matter of the child."

A later letter contained the news that the divorce had been granted the plaintiff, on the grounds of his wife's desertion, no opposition plea being entered by the defendant.

"I saw Margie yesterday," wrote Daisy, "and she looks just the same. Yet she almost broke down when she was here last week, and confessed that she loves Lesley yet and would return to him in a moment if he desired it. So you see it is all a Chinese puzzle, one of those German anchor puzzles, rather, that would take a stronger head than mine to piece together"

Mayme had a book open on her lap. It seemed in the nature of a coincidence that two of the characters should be discussing divorce:

"You know," said Una, "I do not recognize the law that can sever husband and wife. Even the church has no such power. Whence can lay courts derive it? Free! No! better ten thousand times my present bondage than such tainted freedom."

Evelyn replied: " . . . It seems a hard and cruel thing that a bond should be indissoluble when its conditions are broken and yet one revolts from the idea of a second while the first husband or wife is living"

Una: " . . . That men should reconcile themselves to such a step is not strange; but women! They must have first lost all that is noblest and best in womanhood"

Mayme had started the novel for a pastime, to kill thought, as it were. The attempt was a miserable failure; "tainted freedom" were the words that kept repeating themselves in endless succession.

It was fully a month after the receipt of Daisy's letter that Lesley Norris entered Mayme's drawing-room. She had left San Francisco and was at her own home in Los Angeles. Yet Norris, with the unfailing instinct of a newspaper man, seemed always to know her whereabouts. His knowledge was invariably infinite when he desired an object.

"I have come, Mayme," he said, after the first fond greeting, "to tell you my love again. Nothing separates us now."

His beautiful, magnetic eyes seemed to draw her towards him.

She still hesitated.

"Come." Both hands were outstretched. "You love me. What, then, can be in the way?"

Ah, God! She had not known it would be so hard. Why were women given souls greater than their hearts?

Without touching his hands, still waiting dumbly to receive her own, and not daring to raise her eyes to his, which seemed burning themselves into her own, she said:

"You are right. I love you and shall love you always. But her face, Margie's face, the girl that reminds you of me and which resemblance first attracted you towards me, comes between us. It will always come between you and me."

Did she do wrong in sending him from her? Another woman did not disdain the gift of Lesley Norris' hand. Margie was not benefited by Mayme's sacrifice and Lesley's mother bemoans the fact that again her son has given her a daughter-in-law whom she cannot receive into her house. Silverville society is exclusive and Lesley's second wife was a déclassée.

Man cannot live alone, and Lesley Norris believed in taking what the gods provided.

Mayme Willis was left alone with the thoughts of her unavailing self-crucifixion to console her. Barren honor is said to be a unefficacious salve for wounded hearts. Still, après tout, it was one who thought he knew whereof he spoke who said:

'Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

THE CHRONICLER.

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Apropos Magazines

IT HAS become quite a fashion amongst the literary lights to sneer at the Home Journal. Nevertheless, it and kindred publications fill a field not reached by a different class of magazines. I know one busy woman who subscribes for the Journal for her thirteen-year-old daughter, though she rarely looks at it herself, because she is absolutely certain that there is nothing objectionable or questionable in it from year's beginning to year's end. In a late issue Dan Beard's suggestion of a club house on the water will be more apt to meet the approval of the boys than of their mothers. Dainty Desserts for the Summer Table should be appreciated in our land of fruit. The pictures are tempting enough to eat. There are but two California homes shown in the double page illustrations of floral porches and vine-covered cottages—probably because we are so used to public gardens that fewer photographs were offered. One of the amusing features of all floral departments is the minute and careful directions given for the care of callas, while here at the "jumping off place" it is commonly said that "you can't kill 'em."

The Cosmopolitan for July contains some good things. Some Americans who have Married Titles mentions a number of native daughters and of course is illustrated. I notice that in mentioning C. P. Huntington he is spoken of as "of New York." A South Sea Island Story, a vague sort of title, by Lloyd Osborne, is good. The Hero of the Regiment supplies the war flavor without which nothing is complete nowadays. Snowflake and Ishahari is another of John Luther Long's delightful Japanese tales, this one without the complication of a foreign element. Romance and Reality of a Single Life also has a war time flavor, as the single life is that of Frederick Funston. The organization of a home on $2.50 a day, by Charlotte W. Eastman, is a practical, sensible paper which does not attempt to prove the impossible and tell how one may keep two servants, dress in silk attire and move in society on fifteen dollars a week with a family of five to support. Tolstoi's Awakening continues, as does Walker's Building of an Empire, and there are several other timely papers.

The new Lippincott fulfills the promises made in its behalf. The complete novel, The Fox Woman, by John Luther Long, is one of the best, if not *the* best, ever published in this magazine. It can be briefly characterized as a longer and more incidental version of Kipling's poem, The Vampyre. The scene is located in Japan and most of the characters are Japanese. The Teller, the only other piece of fiction known to have been written by the author of David Harum, emphasizes the loss the literary world has suffered in the death of Edward Noyes Westcott. There is one other short story, The Cited, by Charles M. Skinner, which is also excellent in its way. Of immediate interest to San Francisco, in view of the project on foot to introduce auto-trucks and automobiles, is a paper on Self-propelling Street Vehicles, by George T. Varney. What are Women Striving For? by Sarah T. Stevenson, is an interesting article which deserves mention because it is so far removed from the usual ranting tone of new women papers. Other names which appear in the index are James Whitcomb Riley, Ernest Ingersoll and Ann Hollingswort Wharton. Next month we are promised a story by Israel Zangwill, Noah's Ark, as well as one by Mrs. Crowningshield and one by the "San Francisco Kipling," Dr. C. W. Doyle. Among the other good things there is also noted "Another remarkable poem from the far west, a passionate lyric entitled Two Must be Two, by Madge Morris Wagner, one of whose former poems created a few years ago almost as much discussion as the Man with the Hoe—for the whole west seemed to take active part in settling the question propounded by Ambrose Bierce, 'Does the coyote howl?'" The new Lippincott cover design is striking and artistic. It retains the distinctive feature, the name in white on a background of red so as to be easily distinguished upon a book counter.

Richard Le Gallienne is contemplating a magazine, the contents of which are to be written entirely by himself. The title under consideration is Personal Opinion. Clement K. Shorter has severed his connection with the London Sketch and the Illustrated News in order to establish a new illustrated weekly and the Harmsworths having withdrawn their Sunday edition of the Mail are now about to establish a penny illustrated weekly.

The Century for July is a fiction number. Most of the contents consist of stories among which are tales by Gelett Burgess, Chester Bailey Fernald, Jacob A. Riis, Seumas MacManus, Mary Hallack Foote, F. Marion Crawford and Frank R. Stockton. There are literary reminiscences of Bret Harte in California, George Eliot, Victor Hugo, Sir Walter Scott and Stevenson, besides the usual departments. In this number Noah Brooks relates the oft-told tale of the prim and proper proof reader of the Overland and Bret Harte's Luck of Roaring Camp. It would be a work of mercy to unearth her name. Some one ought to prevail upon Mr. Bridge to present an autographed portrait of so renowned a character.

For a frontispiece the Overland for July reproduces the painting by C. D. Robinson, A Slope on the Twin Peaks, San Francisco—"see Etc."—and when one turns to the Etc. one is reminded of the school boy couplet:

> If my name you wish to find
> Turn to page 49

And having turned to the designated page:

> If my name you cannot find
> Close the book and never mind.

Especially notable in the present number is Charles S. Greene's account of the Hearst Architectural Competition. Los Angeles and the Teachers is timely, and Jeffersonian Principles, by M. M. Estee, is a forcible and trenchant article. Jack London's contribution, without which the Overland would not be the Overland, is The Priestly Prerogative. The other stories are above the average, only one making any attempt to drag in the interminably tiresome Mexican greaser and in that one he is not allowed to speak even English. There is one noticeable peculiarity of the Overland, the pages are always trimmed so that it is the only magazine which is always "instantly available."

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World of Letters

THE Lady of the Flag-Flowers, by Florence Wilkinson, is a story full of charm, the idyl of a young girl—half French, half Indian (Huron)— of the village of La Jeurne Valette in Canada. The first part of the book is a poem and many of the descriptions are of exquisite beauty The chapters, The Danse Dramatique and On the St. Gabriel, the latter particularly, make one almost wish, even with all its fine interest, that the author had kept her story in its idealization. The young girl Yvonne is so exquisite a creature that she seems wafted down on the weird winds of her native waters to this modern telling The quaint air of the old village, the characters of Poléon and the old curé are so perfect, that the rare perfection of these chapters seem to make the others deteriorate when brought into the conventional ways of commonplace life. What it loses in the idyllic it gains, however, in incident and complex detail. It is in touches of nobility that Miss Wilkinson is at her best and the legend of La Jongleuse gives its coloring to the whole. La Jongleuse: "Her eyes are blue blue, like the flag-flowers she twines in her hair, and her lips are smiling always. She has many voices, like the wind in the firs, sighing, sighing; like the waters on the shore, gurgling, splashing; like the little frogs that pipe in the spring; like the grasshoppers, crackling, clapping; like the little crickets, lonely, chirping; and sometimes you can hear her moan around the gray eves of a house, when the dead trees break and fall on windy evenings, and the long mosses swing like an old man's beard from the decaying hemlocks." Such is the La Jongleuse. And the pretty little brown maiden Yvonne who loves all nature, who knows what the birds say and to whom the silent, tall, gloomy pines are truly living, intimate creatures of her own world. Little half-Indian Yvonne, who is so sweet in her own native forest, it seems cruel even for the story's sake to take her from her lovely setting in the quaint old village of La Jeurne Valette. The story loses in poetic intensity what it gains probably for the general reader in interest as other characters are crowded into the action. Take it altogether it is a charming story beautifully told. [The Herbert S. Stone Co., Chicago and New York.]

Three Normandy Inns, by Anna Bowman Dodd. How one longs in reading this book for just the same experience, to awaken in the early morn in the little village of Villerville listening to the chat upon the doorsteps, to wander down to the beach and watch the fisher folk with their boats. The illustrations make one more envious still, for what a picture are those old inns with their many historic pages as a background, the artistic "Chambre des Marmousets" (Dives) with its oldtime atmosphere. And how deftly the author has interwoven here and there bits of history, anecdotes of travel brought back from the early days of these picturesque old inns. To read this book is to have in spirit the delight of this summer jaunt into quaint Normandy. It is in a way a companion book to Cathedral Days already reviewed. [Little-Brown Co., Boston.]

The Market Place, by Harold Frederic This is a strong work and the latest one, by one who is looked upon by competent judges as one of the greatest authors of his day: "It is a story of finance and business schemes for men and of social struggles and English country life for women. It deals in part with a phase of English life that has no counterpart in this country and that was fully exposed in the Hooley scandals. It compares so closely with these disclosures that recently shocked London that it would seem almost as if the talented author had the gift of prophecy. Combined with the story of company flotation and financial magnates are descriptions of social life at the West End and English country life that make the book the most fascinating one that Mr. Frederic ever wrote." I quote this opinion because it is so true and must be the echo of every one's impression. In this work the character of Thorpe, well drawn as it is, is sometimes a puzzle to make one stop to ponder over and conjecture as to how much real good is in the man and how much his character is colored and made subjective to circumstances. The author discriminates to a nicety the fine, invisible reserve of the caste of Vere de Vere when in contact with the great man of means, the insidious air of condescension and covert patronage that is wasted on the man of large purposes. His will, his inherent mastership paves the way and even wins for him the Lady Cressage, the very exotic of an old aristocracy; in her is a finesse that renders her inexplicable enough to make her charmingly interesting. The best advice is to read the book and not depend upon little tastes of second hand enjoyment. One is amply repaid. [Frederick A. Stokes & Co. New York.] ANNA COX STEPHENS.

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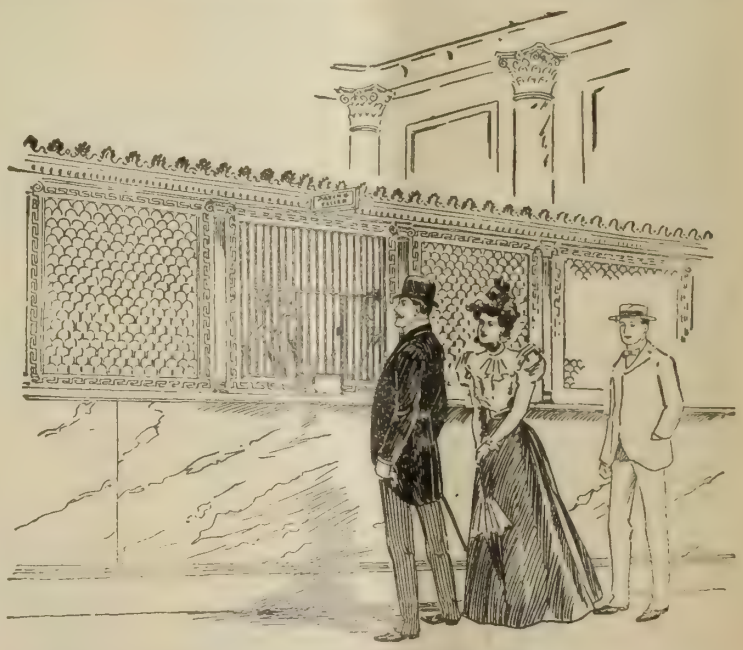

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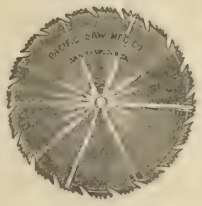

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Joseph F. Byrne administrator of the estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 54-55 Crocker Building, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH F. BYRNE
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Byrne, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, July 1, 1899.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator,
Crocker Building, San Francisco.

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LEGAL NOTICES

ORDER TO SHOW CAUSE

WHY REALTY SHOULD NOT BE MORTGAGED

In the Superior Court of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

IN THE MATTER OF THE ESTATE of HARRY I. THORNTON, Deceased. } Department No. 9, Probate. No. 15,715.

Upon reading and filing the verified petition of Bessie Thornton, praying that the executrix of the estate of Harry I Thornton, deceased, be authorized, empowered and directed to execute a note and to secure the payment of such note, to mortgage the real estate belonging to said estate, which is described as follows, to-wit:

All that certain tract of land situated in the County of Contra Costa, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at an ash tree 12 inches in diameter, marked S X S with two notches on the east and west sides from which a sycamore tree 20 inches in diameter bears north 9 degrees east 81 links distant; this corner is about 60 chains by a direct line down San Pablo Creek from the northeast corner of the McCoun Place; the said ash tree stands in the middle of a gulch on the west side of San Pablo Creek; thence west 147.88 chains to a stake forming the southwest corner hereof; thence north 100 chains (by true meridian) to the northwest corner hereof; thence east 65.88 chains to San Pablo Creek at an elder tree 16 inches in diameter in the bed of the Creek; marked S X S with two notches on the south and west sides the northeast corner; thence up center of creek with its meanderings to point of beginning; containing 1000 acres of land and no more; the said tract being a portion of the Sobrante, situate in Contra Costa County and on the west side of San Pablo Creek; in the Cruizita Valley:

All those certain pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Fresno, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

According to the official plats and system of surveys of the Government of the United States; in township 13 south range 19 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, of section 34 the southwest quarter of the northeast quarter, and the south half of the southeast quarter of the northeast quarter, containing 60 acres of land, more or less, and also all water, water rights and privileges in anywise appurtenant or belonging to said land or any part thereof:

The southeast quarter of the northwest quarter of section 5 in township 14 south of range 19 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian.

Lots 7 and fractional southwest quarter of southeast quarter of section 27; lot 1 and south half of northwest quarter and west half of northeast quarter of section 34, in township 12 south of range 19 east of Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, and containing 255.05 acres, more or less, as per survey:

Lot numbered 2 of northwest quarter of section 34 in township 12 south of range 19 east of Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, containing 35.71 acres of land, according to the United States Government survey:

All those pieces or parcels of land situate in the County of Kings, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point on the north or west bank of Kings River where the north line of section 1, township 17 south range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, intersects said bank; running thence due west along said north line of said section 4055 feet more or less, to the northwest corner of said section, thence due south along west line of said section 1870 feet and 5 inches, more or less, to a point on the north bank of Cole Slough and thence along the north bank of Cole Slough and the north bank of Kings River following the meanderings thereon, to the point of beginning; the same being all of said section 1, lying north of Kings River and Cole Slough, and containing 87 acres, more or less:

Beginning at a point on the north bank of Cole Slough, where the westerly line of said section 1, township 17 south range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian, intersects said bank, and running thence due north 1092 feet and 5 inches to a point; thence due west 1320 feet to a point; thence due south 582 feet to a point on the north bank of said Cole Slough; thence along the north bank of said Cole Slough following the meanderings thereof, to the point of beginning; containing 22.6 acres of land, and being a portion of the northeast quarter of section 2, township 17 south, range 22 east, Mount Diablo Base and Meridian:

Those certain parcels of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, more particularly described as follows, to-wit:

One undivided third part of that certain lot situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to-wit:

Commencing at the intersection of the southeasterly line of Market street with the northerly line of Seventeenth street; thence easterly along the northerly line of Seventeenth street 109 feet 8 inches; thence at right angles northerly 93 feet 9 inches to the southeasterly line of Market street; thence southwesterly along said line of Market street 144 feet 3 ½ inches to the point of beginning; being a part of Mission Block No. 115 as delineated on the official map of the City and County of San Francisco;

All that certain lot or parcel of land situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, particularly described as follows, to wit:

Commencing at a point on the east line of Castro street 180 feet south from the southerly line of Sixteenth street; thence south along the east line of Castro street 25 feet; thence at right angles east 94 feet 4½ inches; thence northeast 46 feet 2¾ inches; thence west 123 feet 7½ inches to the point of beginning:

IT IS ORDERED, that all persons interested in said Estate appear before the above-entitled Court on the 24th day of July, 1899, at the hour of 10 o'clock A. M., of that day, at the Court room of said Court, Department No. 9 thereof, at the New City Hall in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, then and there to show cause, if any they can, why the said real estate or some part thereof, should not be mortgaged for the amount mentioned in said petition, to-wit: Twelve thousand six hundred and forty-three and 54-100 ($12,643.54) Dollars, or such lesser amount as to the Court shall seem meet, as is more fully set forth in said petition, reference to which is hereby made for further particulars.

Dated June 21, 1899.

J. V. COFFEY,
Judge of the Superior Court.

Section 1578 C. C. P.

Endorsed.
Filed June 21, 1899.
WM. A. DEANE, Clerk.
By V. F. NORTHROP, Deputy Clerk.

TOWN TALK prints Briefs and Transcripts

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 2

CHRISTINA JACOBY, Plaintiff vs. HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therin within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff since the 11th day of December A. D. 1897, and for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff for more than one year last past; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Christina Penders, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

(SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT) Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2.

ANNA DE LAWCZYNSKI, Plaintiff vs. THEOPHILE F. DE LAWCZYNSKI, Defendant } Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

Theophile F. de Lawczynski, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff since the 15th day of March, 1898; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Anna Fabry, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

(SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT) Wm A Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JOHN O'BRIEN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, John A. Drinkhouse, administrator of the Estate of JOHN O'BRIEN deceased, to the Creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice to the said John A. Drinkhouse, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the estate of
John O'Brien Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, June 24, 1899.

A. RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street.

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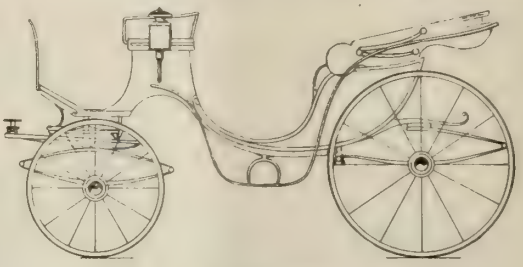

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San Francisco, July 29, 1899

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OUR OPINION

REVEREND WALTER E. BENTLEY, secretary of the Actors' Church Alliance, thinks it would be well if women of the churches throughout the land were appointed to visit actresses and welcome them to their homes and social gatherings. In other words he would like to see the good women of church circles doing missionary work among the mummers, diverting them from the gayeties and frivolities that lead to temptation, encouraging them to cultivate a taste for the refinement and charm of home circles and thereby dissuade them from indulgence in the follies that are supposed to be so alluring to women of the stage. That sort of missionary work would probably be very effective if the actresses would accept the invitations but it is scarcely probable that they would. Those actresses who are women of culture and refinement would not be likely to encourage attention of the kind that would imply the belief that they were in need of rescue from moral destruction. To be made the object of such courtesies as the Reverend Mr. Bentley suggests might be resented by women who feel that they are as well equipped for intercourse with the world as the average representative of their sex. Moreover if the Reverend Mr. Bentley's plan were adopted and the invitations were accepted would it not be very likely that the little missionary circles would be resolved into private entertainments at which the actresses would be expected to perform for the delectation of the guests? Then again is it likely that the good church women would condescend to invite to their homes those actresses that are most in need of rescue? There are actresses, of course, who have a lofty contempt for the restrictions of the moral code and in whose behalf church influences might be exercised to good advantage but the average wife and mother would hesitate long enough to enable the company to finish its engagement and get to the next town before issuing the invitation that might bring the frisky soubrette in contact with son or husband. These are minor details that the Reverend Mr. Bentley probably overlooked but they are of considerable importance.

LEOPOLD COHEN, superintendent of the Christian mission among the Jews in New York, has petitioned to have "Ivanhoe" and "The Merchant of Venice" removed from the list of supplementary reading matter for schools. He thinks the characters of Shylock and Isaac of York tend to give false and degrading ideas of his co-religionists. It is hardly probable that his request will be complied with. Books written with the deliberate design of ridiculing any religious belief neither have nor should have any place in school libraries but once permit this dictation merely because an offensive caricature incidentally happens to be represented as Jew, Quaker or agnostic and there is hardly a book in the world's literature which could not be found objectionable. A big row was raised in our own school department a few years ago because of the introduction of a text book in history which contained deliberate distortion of facts tending to cast discredit on the Catholic church. That sort of thing of course is decidedly objectionable but fake history is one thing and standard fiction another. There is probably no work within the wide range of literature more offensive to the dignitaries of the Catholic church than "The Wandering Jew," yet it has a place in school libraries where it is read by students capable of appreciating its merits. The Jews are probably less sensitive about such matters than the people of any other religion despite their steadfastness in their faith. "The Merchant of Venice" was intended as a deliberate insult to the Jews and it surely does hold the Hebrew money lender up to scorn but the play never fails to draw copiously from the Jewish population.

THAT the æsthetic and fashionable game of golf is not, to use a sporting term, "all that it is cracked up to be" by its languid exponents and votaries has been made evident by the circumstance of an American winning the championship in a contest in which there were many imported competitors. Golf is a comparative athletic novelty in this country and there is probably not a single American who has been addicted to the pastime since childhood. If it were as subtle a game as it has been represented to be a home bred champion would not be due for at least five years. An

athletic game whose intricacies can be mastered within a few years does not call for either great skill or remarkable mental powers. Experts in such games as tennis, handball and baseball are never of mushroom growth. Ordinary proficiency can be acquired by years of practice but the expert that plays in championship form mastered the rudiments in childhood. There is a knack involved in nearly every athletic game which the boy acquires easily but which is always Greek to the man. Golf is a pastime that serves no other purpose than that of encouraging people of sedentary habits to temporarily abandon their chairs and take to the fields where they can enjoy fresh air and a walk. It appeals to the aged and infirm but not to the sturdy young athlete unless he sees in it an opportunity to enjoy a tête-à-tête with a charming woman. For of course golf has its advantages for those who are eager for an excuse to enjoy seclusion. It is of course a healthful diversion and so is croquet, and among other things it encourages the sale of golf stockings and the employment of small boys. It is therefore not entirely devoid of merit.

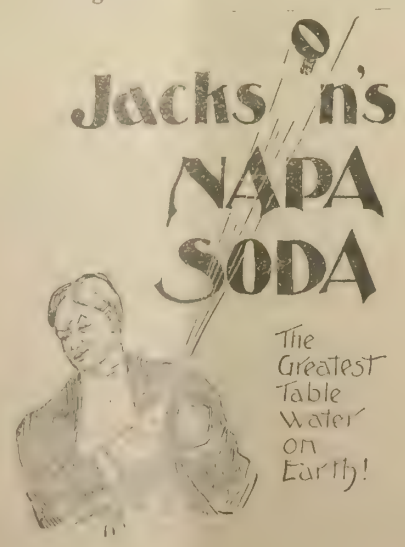
POOR McKINLEY! What a sorry spectacle he is making of himself and all on account of his environment. He was the creature of corrupt influences in Washington before his election to the presidency and those same influences secured for him the nomination from the republican national convention and have since shaped the policy of his administration. The selection of Elihu Root, the New York corporation lawyer, to succeed the despicable Alger as secretary of war is another instance of the president's complete subservience to the predatory rich. Root goes into the war department with a reputation a trifle worse than that with which Mr. Alger made his exit. He has been prostituting his magnificent talents at the New York bar for years, his specialty being the distortion of law in the interest of corporations that were willing to pay for the privilege of evading responsibilities imposed in the interest of good government. Instead of having only one secretary of war to apologize for, McKinley will now have two and he cannot offer as an excuse that good men were hard to find. There are men eminently fitted for the position both by education and experience who were overlooked while Root had nothing to commend him beyond his legal talents and his allegiance to trusts. He is wanted in the cabinet not because he is able to render any assistance to the war department but to lend his subtle aid to the solution of difficult problems in statecraft. The delicate touch of his fine Italian hand will frequently be felt during the remainder of McKinley's term.

THIS IS THE WAY the New York Sun takes a fling at our theatre-goers: "San Francisco boasts of uncommon independence in theatrical judgment. Nevertheless Blanche Bates, who acted two seasons in that city without creating much ado, now returns to play a starring engagement simply because in the meantime she has engaged New York attention." The Sun is of course in error. Blanche Bates' talents have always been recognized by San Francisco theatre-goers. She is Californian actress and is only one of many Californian contributions to the dramatic profession. That she was appreciated at home was evident from the fact that she played here almost continuously for several years She was not starred because she played under the management of a man who sought to emulate in a measure the example of Augustin Daly. Blanche Bates was to the Frawley company what Ada Rehan was to Daly's. San Franciscan theatre-goers were not surprised over her success in New York but they were pleased to have their judgment confirmed as it has frequently been before. But her New York triumph was in the nature of an advertisement which her manager has shrewdly taken advantage of by heralding her as the star of his new combination. The theatre-goers of San Francisco have long since learned that the judgment of New York in matters theatrical is not sound. A success in New York is quite often a failure in San Francisco and hence it is that we are sometimes called "jay" by the Steve Brodie stars of the metropolis. We possess the egotism to prompt the self-flattery that we can discriminate between the counterfeit and the genuine article and even the matinee idol of the Rialto who comes hither for the first time expecting to be received with open arms may find himself in a congealed atmosphere.

MUNSEY'S for July has some vinegarish remarks upon the lack of literary criticism in this land of the free. "This country, which can boast of the greatest reading population in the world, does not, at the present, support a single high class weekly, devoted exclusively to literature, whereas the kingdom of Great Britain supports a dozen or more, including two or three of worldwide influence." We have nothing that can compare in any way to the London Athenæum or Saturday Review." Munsey goes on to account for this by saying it is probably owing to the circumstance that we have not one great literary critic in the country. "And it is owing to this dearth of great critics—though nearly every publication boasts of its literary editor—that what ought to be criticism has degenerated into insincere praise of both the just and the unjust, varied with commonplaces about books and writers prepared in a style which reminds us of the local items in a village newspaper." The dearth of great critics which Munsey deplores is probably owing to the fact that there is no office for them to fill. In these days of universal education, no man's ipse dixit is looked upon as the first commandment. There was a time, when "literature" was first added to the school curriculum, the course in "literature" consisted of memorizing a brief biographical account of various authors, plentifully besprinkled with the dates of birth, graduation, visits to foreign countries and other events of like importance, the names of books and a "characterization," which latter was the biographer's opinion of the style and finish of the author's writings, or in lieu of that the teacher's view. In those days critics

flourished, but now every man decides for himself and the oracle is dumb because no one heeds him. "It is difficult to think of anything more nauseating than personal allusions to authors, framed after the style of those employed to celebrate the wholesome geniality of the hotel clerk, or the scholarly instincts of the theatrical doorkeeper, who, wise in his generation! never fails to 'recognize the press'!" The authors are not of this opinion, however; with them, as with the theatrical profession, it is "Speak well of my love, speak ill of my love, but aye be speaking of him." The various clipping bureaus of this country have reported a clientele of fifty thousand which, we may be sure has its due proportion of the inky fraternity. Tennyson, who is supposed to have been the personification of modest humility, upon being passed in the road without attention, growled "They don't even know who I am," and Tolstoi, with his theatrical assumption of the peasant costume and surroundings, never misses an opportunity to grant interviews and give opinions upon any and all questions, knowing full well that they are designed for publication, and no doubt taking good care to have himself furnished with copies. Joaquin Miller is another modest violet and yet who can forget the edition de luxe of his poems issued some years ago and plentifully embellished with illustrations of Joaquin Miller under every possibly conceivable condition? There is a great deal of nonsense published, of course, but Clement K. Shorter, who is one of these very world-famed critics, is of the opinion that personal paragraphs do more for the sale of books and the popularity of authors than do the learned and long drawn-out reviews and criticisms. Munsey is certainly right in its scathing remarks upon the "Authors at Home," and "How Great Authors Live and Work," a subject with which we have been persecuted of late years. No one can possibly care whether an author writes at a carved desk of ancient mahogany or on the corner of a kitchen table or whether he uses the latest invention in fountain pens inlaid with pearls and diamonds, or common steel pens at a nickel a dozen, nor whether his wife adores pugs above poodles or devotes her affection to cats. The reading public is interested in knowing what is being written or published; the foundation, in fact, of an author's works and other items concerning his writings. It cares nothing whatever for photographic views of his back yard, or his domestic arrangements and dinner hour. More personal dignity in regard to furnishing such information or allowing the publication to go unchallenged would be creditable to writers in general.

WE HAVE OFTEN wondered why certain orthodox church people objected to Sunday amusements. It was difficult for us to understand how the Sabbath could be desecrated by innocent recreation which was beneficial to both mind and body, and we have been inclined to doubt the sincerity of these good Christians who were in the habit of throwing up their hands in holy horror when they heard of people enjoying a boat-ride, or a ball-game on Sunday. While we felt that all Christians should respect the Sabbath and comply with church laws which enjoined proper observance of the day, we could not believe that it was sinful to indulge in innocent and healthful recreation. We knew that some years ago it was regarded as damnable frivolity which insured the penalty of hell fire for a man to kiss his wife on Sunday, but we also knew that that inhibition had been withdrawn, and that Sunday osculation of the domestic brand had long since ceased to be a minor misdemeanor even in Connecticut. In view of the removal of that restriction we hoped that the soul-savers of the country would in the course of time cease to inveigh against some of those other pastimes that relieve monotony without leading to gross Sabbath desecration. So, when we learned a short time ago that Reverend Mr. Suter of Winchester, Mass., who is a great advocate of physical development, favored a mild game of golf on a Sunday afternoon, we felt like congratulating him upon being the avant courier of a new and enlightened movement. But now we learn that the Reverend Mr. Suter denies the impeachment. He hastens to explain that walking, driving, riding and rowing, being individual affairs, are all right, but that golf is a community matter and therefore wrong. He makes some concession in favor of athletics, but it is so small that it is hardly worth speaking about. The Reverend Mr. Suter, like many other men of the cloth who lack the courage of their convictions and who make themselves ridiculous, concedes that it is possible to remember the Sabbath and keep it holy even though you take to a row-boat for exercise and pleasure or exhibit yourself in the park behind a spanking team, but he contends that to be strictly within the laws of the church you must confine yourself to games of solitaire. It would be interesting to know upon what authority the Reverend Mr. Suter bases his argument. It is too amusing to be taken seriously. It is not surprising that there should be objection to Sunday recreation when men who are willing to advance such ideas as those of the gentleman of Winchester, Mass., are permitted to pose as theologians.



A PERSIAN PARABLE

FAIR CHANCE held fast is merit.
A certain king
Of Persia had a jewel in a ring.
He set it on the dome of Azud high:
And, when they saw it flashing in the sky,
Made proclamation to his royal troop,
That who should send an arrow through the hoop
That held the gem, should have the ring to wear.

It happened that four hundred archers were
In the king's company about the king.

A boy, at play upon the terraced roof
Of a near building, bent his bow aloof
At random, and behold the morning breeze
His little arrow caught, and bore with ease
Right thro' the circlet of the gem!
The king,
Well pleased, unto the boy assigned the ring.
Then the boy burnt his arrows and his bow.
The king, astonished, said, "Why dost thou so?
Seeing thy first shot hath had great success."
He answered, "Lest my second make that less."

B. WELWYN ASHLEY.

The Saunterer

CARD-PLAYING is on the increase in private houses. It is a habit that I think should be condemned. I have no objection to whist parties or any kind of card games for prizes, but I think it is wrong to invite people to dinner for the purpose of inveigling them into a poker game. Poker is all right at the club but it is all wrong for a host to propose the game in his own home to people who did not know that they would be expected to gamble. Yet there has been a steady increase in poker playing among the smart people of society, and the stakes are sometimes as high in the home circle as they are at the club. Women are the most enthusiastic players and they are the most unsatisfactory losers, for very often they prefer to owe than to pay. There is something repugnant in the thought of winning money from a woman even at poker, and that is one reason why it is disagreeable to be invited to engage in a game after dinner. I know a young man of good family and slender purse who lost seventy-five dollars in a game on Pacific Heights one night a few weeks ago. He had to borrow the money at the table to settle up and the next day he was obliged to overdraw his salary. He told me that he could not afford to lose that amount and that he would have kept out of the house if he had known that there was to be any gambling. A few nights later he accepted a dinner invitation and was again pressed into a poker game. He won twenty dollars but he left the house with no more money in his pocket than when he entered. A very charming young married woman owed him just the amount that he had won, and she laughingly promised to give him her note.

Jones: I understand that Brown employs a very expensive chef and lives on the fat of the land.

Smith: You're wrong; he lives off the guests that play doker at his house every night.

I am surprised that none of the dailies succeeded in following up the story of the suicide of Edith Fuller, which came up on the last steamer from Honolulu. They failed to give any information concerning the identity of the woman or of Henry N. Almy, the man who was with her on the debauch that ended in her tragic death. Yet both are well known in certain circles and Almy is a man of aristocratic connections in Philadelphia, whence he hails. His father was a wealthy rug and carpet manufacturer of the Quaker city and his grand-uncle was Admiral Almy of the United States navy. He was a member of the Rittenhouse club of Philadelphia, which is the swell organization of that city, and he has a brother who is a member of the Union club of New York. Henry Almy was the black sheep of the family, being afflicted with an inordinate thirst and a predilection for the companionship of soubrettes and paint-bedaubed damsels. He was married shortly after leaving college to a society belle of Philadelphia with whom he lived happily but a very short time. His dissipations were not conducive to domestic harmony. A divorce was the natural consequence and after that Almy accelerated his pace along the primrose path. Within a few years he spent the quarter of a million dollars which he received from his father's estate, and after that he lived off an annuity which the foresight of his parent prompted him to make provision for in his will.

About four years ago the gay Philadelphian came to this city. He came around the Horn on a sailing vessel and soon fell in with the fast set. He was introduced in club circles by Charley Stedman of Boston and, being a thorough bohemian and good fellow, he soon had many friends. But his thirst asserted itself periodically and then a protracted spree was the result.

Finally he went off to Oroville with a view to getting away from temptation and there he devoted himself to olive raising. When his friends in this city heard from him again he was going through insolvency in Oroville. Olive raising was a failure. Back to San Francisco he came and through the restaurants of the tenderloin he whirled with all the enthusiasm of a bacchanal. The companion of his orgies was the mysterious Edith who was found dead by his side in Honolulu. Her most intimate friend was Marian Nolan, the young woman with the prize figure who posed in the altogether for a world's fair statue. When Almy went to the islands it was as the agent of a patent gas burner, which, I understand, he has handled with great success. The island trip was suggested by one of the MacFarlanes with whom he was quite friendly. Almy has a son who is now in his second year at Annapolis.

"I am exploring the polar regions," said the barber giving Mr. Baldhead a shampoo.

It is not surprising to learn of the success of Mrs. Charles J. Dickman abroad. Mrs. Dickman, whose professional appellation is Madame Moré, has just returned to Paris, preparatory to a tour through the British isles. It took a long time for Mrs. Dickman to make up her mind to embrace a stage career, though her friends here were always urging such a course upon her. Her great beauty, of the natural blonde order, and her undoubted ability as an actress were added inducements for the adoption of the profession but somehow Mrs. Dickman could not make up her mind to leave private life for the glare of the footlights. With her husband—who, if he had not decided to be an artist, might have won fame as a rival of De Wolf Hopper and Francis Wilson—she took a prominent role in "Bluff King Hal" when the Stewart–O'Connell opera had its first production. Only amateurs appeared in the cast and of these no one made a greater hit than did Mrs. Dickman, though her part was by no means commensurate in importance with her talents. It was then that the manager of the Bostonians heard that glorious contralto and it was only the question of a few hours before he made a bid for its addition to his company. I understand that Mrs. Dickman more than half made up her mind to go east with the Bostonians and then, on second thoughts, she decided to remain in San Francisco and continue her concert and church-choir work. Her decision was a disappointment to her friends, who had hoped to see her a co-star with Jessie Bartlett Davis. Then, when Charlie Dickman decided to go to Paris to pursue his art studies, and his wife decided to accompany him and continue her musical studies under a foreign master, the friends of the contralto became resigned to her absence, for they knew that now their desires would some day be gratified, to see Mrs. Dickman in grand opera.

Following close by upon the announcement of the San Francisco contralto's success abroad comes the news from New York that Miss Josephine Patterson of Alameda has been appointed contralto soloist of Gilmore's military band. There is evidently luck in the name of Patterson, for Mrs. Dickman was Grace Patterson before she married the popular Bohemian club man. The Alamedan, also, has a sister Grace but the two Graces are not in any degree related to each other. Miss Josephine Patterson went east last year to study in New York and though her friends predicted great things for her future, no one breathed of such speedy good fortune coming her way. She was one among a long list of applicants for the position and she sang in a large hall before strict judges and musical critics. Such a success is really in the nature of a triumph. Miss Patterson is the second daughter of Captain Martin Patterson, of the Emperor of China's steamship service.

When love and ambition take part in a wrestling match it is usually love that wins the victory. At least so it proved in the case of Miss Marion Delanoy (Marion Eddy), Judge Delanoy's pretty and clever daughter, who was lately wedded to Dr. Ivan August Eichwaldt. The bride is an Alameda girl who has written several bright plays, to one of which—"It's Contagious," lately produced across the bay by a company of amateurs—I devoted considerable space at the time of its production. Marion Eddy, as the young playwright called herself professionally, had also won some fame as an actress and was looking forward to a starring tour that would take in an eastern circuit, when her marriage changed her plans. Love is said to laugh at locksmiths, but it must simply split its sides laughing when it comes in fighting contact with ambition.

There was a rude awakening from love's young dream in Benicia the other day. It was a case of smallpox coming in through the door and love levanting through the window. The characters in the little romance are an official of the Valley road and the daughter of a well-known passenger steamship captain. The railroad man has been an ardent suitor for the young woman's hand and it was understood that they were to be married as soon as an objectionable wife could be side-tracked. When the admission as to the existence of a wife was made, it was represented that she had long been separated from her husband and that a divorce would soon be obtained. A short time ago when the ardent suitor was visiting his lady-love he complained of being ill. When it was time for him to take his departure his condition had become so serious that a physician was summoned. The case was diagnosed as one of smallpox and the doctor declared that the consequences might be serious if the patient were removed. His fiancée was very much alarmed but she insisted that he should remain so that he could be properly nursed. The house was quarantined and the sick man was nursed and doctored most carefully, but owing to the seriousness of his condition it was deemed advisable to notify his brother who lives in Alameda, and the latter at once notified the railroad man's wife, who also lives across the bay. The dénouement was most startling, for of course, when the wife reached her husband's side, disclosures followed. They had never been separated and the wife never knew that her husband was in any way dissatisfied with his domestic lot. It was a serious predicament for a man to be in, but as he has recovered from an attack of smallpox, he has something to congratulate himself upon.

There are lots of 'A. A.' brands of whisky, but only one Jesse Moore 'A A

POMMERY

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There is one of the younger members of the swim, a pretty blonde who likes to consider herself up to date on the masculine question, who acknowledges herself beaten in pre-analysis of the character of one man. He is a Boston youth who has lately been initiated into society as she is seen in this part of the world. The blonde went to the theatre with the Boston man one night last week and afterwards he asked her if she felt like "taking something." Of course she thought he meant the usual bite après-theâtre and assented. When he steered her into a candy store and called for two ice cream sodas she began to fancy that her mind was wandering and that she had just been attending a matinee with a girl chum. But that was not all. As they paused by a show-case while he settled his check, he turned to his fair companion and said:

"Would you like some candy?"

"Certainly," she answered with a smile, for there is never a girl in the swim or out of it who is so far advanced as to refuse sweets when offered.

"Well, how much shall I get?"

The question was a new one to the little blonde and she had some doubts as to whether it was not propounded as a joke. Concluding that it was, she replied in what she imagined was the same spirit:

"I guess a nickel's worth will do."

And the Bostonese very gravely repeated the order to the girl behind the counter, and laid down his nickel.

A recent article of local authorship referring to the portrait of Rosa Bonheur, by the artist Anna Klumpke, mentioned the latter as also an eminent mathematician. If I am not greatly mistaken the honor belongs to her sister Dorothea, while Barbara, who is no longer Klumpke, is as distinguished in the medical fraternity. She made a specialty of the study of cancer and was the first woman admitted to practice in the Paris hospital. San Francisco has more reason to be proud of these women than of the whole snobbish army who have captured counts of no account or floated on the highest wave of Newport surf and yet how rarely are they mentioned in the home papers. We are expected to go into raptures over the bathing suits and pug dogs of millionairesses, and to wade through columns of gush over their dinners and dances to say nothing of their undergarments, but for women of worth and worthiness—well, the Klumpkes did not live on Nob hill nor go to fashionable private schools.

The friends here of Mrs. Thorne, who used to enjoy the hospitality dispensed by the lady and her husband when the latter was in charge of the Grand hotel, have been wondering whether she ever intends to return to this city. I have heard that Mrs. Thorne is in Carrollton, Illinois, the old home of the Sharons. Mrs. Thorne, it will be remembered, is a niece of the late Senator Sharon and consequently a cousin of Lady Thomas Hesketh. She went to Carrollton after her husband resigned from his position at the Grand, and he went in a different direction, I am told. Her people in Illinois were informed that Thorne had joined the army, but it is now so long since she went east that the Carrollton gossips are wondering whether the separation of husband and wife is to be a permanent affair. Mrs. Thorne was always fond of gayety and in California she used to make the round of the resorts in summer, becoming well known for her fine appearance and array of gowns. She still has a predilection for social pleasures, I am informed, and part of last winter she spent in Chicago where rumors wafted homeward that she was of the gayest in the city's whirl. A story is told me that some time ago a large function was given in Carrollton and among those invited was Mrs. Thorne. At the time the affair came off Mrs. Thorne was in the agonies of an attack of measles, nevertheless she could not bear to forego the delight of attending the reception. Therefore, though her face was of the boiled owl appearance that is the usual accompaniment of measles, she went to the function. Curious to state, no evil effects followed the invalid's rash exposure to cold and draughts.

The trolley party which has so long been a feature of the social program of eastern cities has at last reached San Francisco and promises to become as popular a form of amusement here as it is there. Everybody down town last Saturday night saw the moonlight trolley party, eighteen cars being filled and every man and woman was out for a good time. The affair was under the auspices of the Independent Order of Foresters and James S. Hurry, the popular real estate man and secretary of Court Golden Era, had charge of a front car. This was beautifully decorated with flowers and bunting and was supplied with an abundance of fireworks and colored lights for the entertainment of Mr. Hurry's guests. Among the number in this particular car were Dr. and Mrs. Mercer, Mr. and Mrs. William J. Conrad, Mr. and Mrs. H. Huffschmidt, Dr. Worchorst, Ex-Assemblyman Louis Walmser the German politician, and Carl Erb, the well known tenor. As the streets were crowded all along the route, the last three gentlemen thought it a fitting time to boom Mr. Hurry, who aspires to political honors, so during a blockade at one of the corners the people became quite enthused after hearing his name repeated so often in the usual terms, "Three cheers for J. S. Hurry!" and "What's the matter with Hurry?" "He is all right!" etc. After Mr. Hurry had made a neat speech from the platform of his car the procession moved on.. Before reaching the Cliff the proceedings were enlivened by Mr. Huffschmidt's reciting "Hoch der Kaiser," and Mr. Erb's singing "I'm getting a big boy now." After a dance in the pavilion the party returned to town about midnight. It is likely that more than one of these affairs will enliven the social mill during the midsummer months.

Life at the Sea Beach hotel in Santa Cruz was very dull this summer until the arrival of Miss Lorena Barbier with a chaperon and a maid. Miss Barbier, it will be remembered, is the handsome young woman who inherited a fortune from her sister and subsequently had a fight over it with her brother-in-law, Harry Emeric. Miss Barbier is arrayed in much purple and fine linen at Santa Cruz and she is dazzling the natives with a plethora of gems that scintillate from every finger. That sort of thing always makes a hit at Santa Cruz and Miss Barbier is invited everywhere. I understand that she caught the eye of Baron

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Von Hiller as soon as she began to sparkle at the Sea Beach and that he showered his attentions on her with, however, a barren result, for Miss Barbier has no fondness for the representatives of an effete nobility. Next in point of interest to the lady with the gems and gaudy costumes is her maid, who has made a great hit with half a dozen youths at the hotel.

Another interesting character at the Sea Beach is young Bulkeley, the love-stricken youth of good family who was intercepted a couple of weeks ago in the act of eloping with a pretty Jewess who works in a factory. The notoriety which Bulkeley achieved through the affair has served to make him a hero at the seashore where the male biped is a rara avis. That he is an eccentric youth and that his disjointed love affair has not affected his appetite was made evident the other night by an incident that took place in the Sea Beach dining-room. Bulkeley made a wager with another young fellow which involved the capacity of their respective stomachs. They agreed to eat everything on the bill of fare and that if either eschewed one dish in a single course, he would have to take a double dose in the next course. Bulkeley won in a walk. The bill of fare was a long one but he went through the barrier at the soup and went under the wire at the black coffee. His opponent halted at the roast. The guests at the hotel enjoyed the swine contest very much.

Horatio Alger, well known to the last generation as a writer of boys' stories, died in Natick, Mass., on the eighteenth instant. Alger, Oliver Optic and Captain Mayne Reid were the popular writers of juveniles in the days when a special literature for childhood was in its infancy and their books were literally devoured by their clientele. A school library in those days consisted of a set of the Abbott histories, the "Rollo" books, Hans Anderson, Dickens' "Little Folks," a few works on natural history, and Optic, Kingston, Alger, Reid and Elijah Kellogg. There was nothing else to choose from. My recollection is that Reid was the favorite as he gave much more of adventure than the others. I remember one boy's criticism on Optic whose books the late Louise May Alcott called "optical delusions":

"I had to take that because there wasn't anything else in, but the fellows only do one thing in each book. They are always fighting with their teachers and they always come out ahead, but that ain't the way it works for us."

I wonder if there is any improvement in the country school libraries, which used to be made up of Bancroft, "Native Races of the Pacific Coast", twenty-seven volumes if I am not mistaken, and a lot of shop-worn and unsalable trash the refuse of some bookstore in the county town. The Bancrofts sent their agents through the country and succeeded in having the trustees of nearly every district in the state contract for their complete history. It was an outrage and clearly illegal, and in many cases the library fund was garnished for years ahead. One little district in Tulare county where there were but seven regular attendants at school, only two of whom could speak English, was outfitted with "Native Races," a colored chart for teaching ancient history—which might have had some value to a metropolitan high school or a Bible class—and a dissected map of the United States, all worse than useless, while half a dozen bright colored picture books which could have been furnished for twenty-five cents, all that could have been made useful, were unobtainable for lack of funds.

A story of a wedding that was nearly interrupted has lately come my way. The bride lived in San Jose and the bridegroom was a resident of this city. They will probably take pleasure in reading the story, which I do not believe has ever been in print. Upon the morning preceding his marriage the expectant bridegroom took the train for San Jose. Absorbed in pleasing imagination of the delights in store, the train reached Redwood city before he remembered that he had forgotten to check his trunk and the receptacle of his wedding garments at that moment reposed in the baggage room at San Francisco where the transfer man had deposited it. The young man hastily jumped from the train and rushed to the telephone office at Redwood. Alas! it was locked and nobody in sight, inquiry revealing the fact that the telephone employes were all off on a picnic. It was a holiday and when he sought the telegraph office upon the same errand he found the same condition of affairs prevailing. All was quiet in Redwood city. His next thought was to take the train north, but what was his disgust to find none returning to San Francisco until half-past two in the afternoon. So, for about four hours and a half he tried to murder time in the San Mateo county town, while his thoughts hovered about the garden city and he pictured to himself the dismay of the bride's brother when train after train should come in with the expected one not on board. His nerves were so shaken that he did not even think how easily a telephone message to the brother would explain everything. And there was the wedding rehearsal to come off that evening!

When the train finally hove in sight and he was speeding on his way back to the city he almost regretted the fact that he was to be married. All the pleasing imaginative thoughts had been banished by the intruding worries of the forgotten luggage. Then when he reached town, the luggage room was closed and locked and the hangers-on told him it would not be opened until five o'clock. He was mad enough to kill somebody when he finally met a transfer man who agreed to fix the baggage question for him and see that his marriage togs reached the San Jose hotel in safety. But when at last he stepped off the train at San Jose late that evening, I believe he found no one to meet him and he had to go up alone to his hotel and send a message to the girl's house. It seems she was nearly insane at the non-arrival of the bridegroom-elect, for he was known to be a most punctual man and she could not imagine what had happened.

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The Tom Watsons are still doing Europe and there is no likelihood of their returning home before next year. The genial broker wrote to a friend in this city a week ago. The letter was dated July second at Maxhof, Marienbad, where they were staying a few days. He stated that they intended to go up the Rhine to Ostend and thence to Dover after which they will tour the south of England by "drag."

"After the south of England," he continued, "we have as yet no plans but if business runs as I hope it will and we find a nice home we may settle down to English country life, though we will return to San Francisco some time next year but only for a few weeks." In describing the trip through Germany he wrote: "All the German towns that I have seen are delightful gardens. It would be well for America if her cities were beautified in a similar way. It would keep men away from the liquor saloons and refine the most degenerated hoodlums and chippies. Austria is not to be compared to Germany. Of the working (?) classes the men are idle loafers and 'tip' beggars and the poor women are the beasts of burden." That he was in a humorous mood when writing the letter is evident from the following: "Our good friend, the Prince of Wales, comes here next month but I wrote him that I could not possibly wait any longer for him and he cannot get away from his engagements earlier than August; so sorry, as we have not met for quite a number of years."

FROM "THE LITTLE MINISTER."

"Love, it is said, is blind, but love is not blind. It is an extra eye, which shows us what is most worthy of regard. To see the best is to see most clearly and it is the lover's privilege."

R. Barrett Fithian of Santa Barbara is now the owner of a yacht that was formerly numbered among the possessions of the Alaska Commercial company. When the craft was a Sloss property it was known as the schooner Baranoff, but I have not heard what the new owner has decided to christen her. Commodore I. Gutte bought the Baranoff but speedily parted with his purchase, at presumably an advanced figure, to Mr. Fithian. The Santa Barbaran turned the schooner over to Mr. Turner who guaranteed to fit her up into a first class pleasure boat. The tastes of southern Californians run toward nautical enjoyments and in summer may be seen nearly every resident of Santa Barbara and Los Angeles, who can afford the luxury, cruising about Catalina.

After reading the morning dailies on the subject of Bob Ingersoll's death I was puzzled to know whether the great agnostic died as he wanted to or contrary to his wishes. The Examiner represented that he was disappointed, it having always been his wish to join the innumerable caravan slowly so that he could analyze the strange sensations attending his departure hence. According to the Call his taking off was just as he always desired it should be—with his boots on and without a word of warning. The Chronicle failed to enlighten its readers on the subject. I suppose that in the years to come good Christians will refer to the death of Ingersoll as an instance of the sort of retribution that is meted out to the scoffer, while those who have the same views of religion as the famous agnostic will contend that he died as he wished and that there could be no siguificance in the manner of his demise. There is one thing certain, however, and that is that as his death was of the sudden variety it will be difficult for the ready liar of the future to convince anybody that at the last moment Ingersoll had a change of heart and appealed for the ministrations of a doctor of divinity.

"Are you on speaking terms with Mrs. Chatterbox?"
"Call it listening terms and you'll be nearer right."

And now it seems that the most objectionable features of the Blue and Gold—the personal paragraphs reflecting upon the female students of the University of California and the photograph of the basket ball team—were contributed by young ladies; another instance of the elevating and refining influence of the fair sex. To those who have not had the advantages of a college education it would suggest itself as a desirable plan, either not to adopt a costume which is in itself objectionable, or not to be photographed while wearing it. From the alacrity with which the various basket ball teams of the state pose before the camera and furnish photographs for publication and the utter lack of conventionality in the positions assumed, it is evident that the girls of the present generation have not been brought up under the daily iteration of the text so familiar to their grandmothers: "The Queen of Spain has no legs." Those good ladies were supposed to be blissfully unconscious of anything more gross than ankles and under the press of direst necessity only were they permitted to mention even limbs. The granddaughters of the basket ball team, on the contrary, so far from being troubled by any question of modesty, whether real or false, seem anxious to make as much of a display as possible.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

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This remedy has been used in the private practice of one of the most eminent professors of medicine in the city of Chicago for over twenty years. It has proved to be the most efficient remedy ever used in all derangements of the Liver, and kindred diseases, such as Constipation, Headache and Dyspepsia. Its action is very mild—no griping pains nor bad taste. It is like taking a candy lozenge. With children it is invaluable

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This compound is made of pure and unadulterated drugs
Used for Baths and Shampoo it will make the skin soft and white.

For Swollen and Painful Feet it is unrivaled.

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Suitable for cleansing anything.

SAMUEL SEYMOUR,
21 SPEAR ST., S. F. Pacific Coast Agent

A very pretty wedding was that of Miss Annie Mabel McKay and Charles C. Y. Williamson, on Tuesday evening at St. John's Presbyterian church. The Reverend George Eldridge performed the ceremony in the presence of a large number of the relatives and friends of the young couple. The church was picturesquely decorated and the ceremony—which was a happy Anglo-American alliance—was performed beneath the folds of the British and American flags. The ushers—Messrs. Horan, Craig, Bernzott and La Faille—led the bridal procession, followed by the little ring-bearer, Freddie McKay, and the maid-of-honor, Miss Ruth Colby. The bridesmaids—Misses Emma and Kate McKay—were daintily gowned in white organdie over pink silk. Two little flower-girls strewed the aisle with roses and then the bride followed on the arm of her father. She wore a lovely gown of white satin and carried a bouquet of white roses. The groom was attended by Mr. Hunter as best man, and Mr. Talsk. After the ceremony a reception was held at the home of the bride's parents and after the wedding supper had been served and congratulations received Mr. and Mrs. Williamson left for Santa Cruz, where the honeymoon will be passed. The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George McKay and the bridegroom is the son of Colonel R. Williamson of the Fifth Northumberland Fusiliers. Mr. Williamson expects to settle in San Francisco. The happy pair will reside at 714 Pine street when they return from their wedding tour.

Miss Hayseed: What do you do when you wish to discourage a man's attentions?

Miss Society: Oh, I give him the cold shoulder, politely.

Miss Hayseed: But supposing it is at a ball, where there are lots of people around, commenting?

Miss Society: Turn him the cold shoulder still—upon second thoughts, it might be well to have the shoulder well powdered.

There are no matinee idols in town just now, with the exception of White Whittlesey and Thomas H. Persse. Henry Miller is getting too far on in years now to pose as a matinee favorite and Henry Miller with his face clean-shaven is not half so good-looking as Henry Miller with his moustache. Timothy Daniel Frawley, too, at the other theatre is not material for the gushing schoolgirl's dreams to fatten upon. And in neither of the companies playing at the California and the Columbia is there a man who in his person combines the attributes neceesary to win adoration from susceptible femininity. Mr. Frawley has brought no one with him to take the place filled last season by the modish Honolulan, William Lewers. Guy Standing of the Miller company is a physical beauty but it is not only regular features and a fine figure that go to make the matinee idol. He must know how to make love. It is because of his original style of love-making that Frank Worthing still occupies his niche in the San Francisco girl's heart. Ernest Hastings had an immense following and White Whittlesey's matinees are largely frequented by the gay and emotional high school students. Mr. Persse ought to fill every requirement necessary for the object of a matinee audience's admiration but alas! he is married. He is the husband of Edith Mason, soprano of the same opera company in which he shines as tenor.

I find that the matinee girl nowadays is just as apt to go into ecstasies over an actress as an actor and the leading woman of a visiting theatrical company is quite as often the object of admiring attention from the feminine auditors as are the men in the organization. Blanche Bates, for instance, is idolized by a large contingent of matinee-goers while Margaret Anglin also has an enormous following. Miss Bates is beloved, perhaps, not solely for her beauty but because she is "ours." She may have been born in Australia but she was educated here and she grew up among us; therefore she is our own. She is not so good an actress as Mr. Miller's leading woman, and she lacks the delicate polish of manner and the graceful carriage that are Miss Anglin's, but Blanche Bates is so frank, so natural, that we forgive her for not having fulfilled our expectation in regard to her acting because she rings so true. This sincerity seems to be a Californian characteristic, by the way, for it is Denis O'Sullivan's chief charm, and we find it in Carrie Roma and nearly all the other now well known singers and players who originally hailed from this state.

A shower-bath was one of the features of the amusement program at the Bohemian club's midsummer jinks held at the club's camp at Meeker's grove last Saturday night. The person intending to try the shower was placed beneath it and when the string was pulled instead of the expected dash of cold water a signboard fell down bearing the legend "The drinks are on me." Then a horn was winded and all the Bohemians within hearing distance lined up to the bar and enjoyed liquid refreshments at the expense of the victim of the shower-bath. I hear that the funeral pyre of dull Care was in danger of non-conflagration this year, owing to the previousness of the leading hoosier who was to apply the match and the dilatoriness of the procession. The funeral parade was all ready to begin operations but it had to wait until a new pyre of redwood shavings was erected before the ceremonial could proceed.

On Thursday evening of last week Mr. and Mrs. T. H. Epley of Cypress Lawn, in Napa county, celebrated by the usual delightful party the fifteenth anniversary of the opening of their beautiful home to summer visitors. Gathered about the genial host and hostess was the same jolly crowd which looks forward yearly to this happy outing season in the lovely Napa valley. Under the able supervision of Miss Belle A. Goldman a most entertaining program of vocal selections was given by Miss M. Higgins, Mrs. M. L. Goodwin, Stuart Saunders and others, together with a cake walk by Miss Agnes Higgins and Miss Lauretta Archibald, Miss Irene Mervy and Miss Harriet E. Lichtenstein. Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. Epley, Mrs. L. Allison, Mrs. Patterson, Mrs. Archibald, Mrs. Keiner, Mrs. Goodwin, Mrs. Saunders, the Misses Maunder, Mervy, Lichtenstein, Higgins, Archibald, Berg, Keiner, Goldman, McCreery, Messrs. Wilson, Meagher, Pacco, Saunders, Smith, Keyes, McDermott, Rule, Lane and Cooper.

A great attraction at present for mothers is the window display of suits for small boys and their bigger brothers at J. J. O'Brien & Co's establishment, corner of Market and Jones streets. This new department which has recently been added to the O'Brien store, is under the able management of Mr. James A. Haran, who is also superintendent of the Gentlemen's Furnishing Department, and it is to his efficient and enterprising efforts that it owes its rapid advancement in popularity. Mr. Haran is not alone a capable, energetic and successful dry goods man but is also a gentleman of refined and cultivated manners with a prominent standing in literary and artistic circles.

Two of the morning dailies were not lacking in interest this week. The Examiner's excoriation of Chris Buck and his bums was a most vivid rehash of ancient history, but a revival of reminiscences is always refreshing when apropos. And the Call's publication of the paretic politician's rampant ravings was a delightful contribution to the gayety of the metropolis at this stage of the silly season. The picture that Buck drew of himself in the act of repudiating the Hearst sack was almost as good as the Examiner's cartoon of the gold-brick boss with the dollar mark optics. Chris has an acute sense of humor and he knew that when he represented himself as having refused to accept coin of the realm he would excite the risibles of his followers. Although the Examiner's biography of the erstwhile democratic leaders was not a news item it served a good purpose. It struck terror to the hearts of some of his followers who pose in the community as reputable citizens. They have been lurking in the shadow of the degraded wretch for some time, pretending that they had no love for Buckley but were opposed to the tactics of the Committee of One Hundred. They have been intent upon restoring his lost power in the hope of becoming prominent once more in the organization. There is scarcely one of them that has not at some time in his career been involved in a crooked transaction, and none of them relishes the prospect of having his record published. I therefore look for an early scattering of the soiled coterie known in political circles by the euphonious title of "Buck's Bums."

W. D. Cole of Battery "O" Third Artillery, U.S.A., a South Carolinan who enlisted in a Tennessee regiment because the captain was his school chum, has a little story to tell of an experience with a dog, which may or may not have a romantic sequel. Cole is now in the north, buying horses for government use, but on his way he related to a friend the tale of the canine. Last Friday, there was a dress parade of the Oregon men out at the Presidio and an immense crowd was in attendance. Cole was obliged to leave before the end of the review, as he had to catch the Oregon express with view to fulfilling his mission as purchasing officer. On the dummy of the car, beside him, sat a lady and as the car moved off a large and vicious dog made its appearance from some unknown quarter and made a snap at the lady's foot. Cole hastily interposed his own foot to stay the canine's attack. The lady's shoe leather was saved but the animal bit clear through the young officer's boot. Fortunately the boot was a misfit and about an inch too long for its wearer's foot, else blood would have been drawn. As it was, no harm was the result. Of course the lady was very grateful and overwhelmed her saviour with thanks. Then a conversation ensued in the course of which Cole discovered that his tête-à-tête was the mother of two children who were exceedingly anxious to own some Spanish bullets.

"Why, I have a lot of them in my tent," said the officer. "I'll be back from the north in a few weeks and then you come out to the reservation and I will give you some."

He accompanied the remark with his card.

The lady seemed delighted, my informant tells me, and said she would surely call for the Spanish bullets. And now Cole is wondering if, when he returns to the Presidio, whether she will really come.

I hear that the next move of the gay and dashing Colonel Theodore C. Marceau is to be on to Paris. The colonel, who has for some time past been established in Indianapolis, has disposed of his interests there and has announced his intention of eventually settling in chèr Paree.

On Monday a charming wedding was celebrated in Alameda, when Miss Helen Isabella Hinchman was united to Walter Herbert Cook of the auditing department, Southern Pacific company. Reverend Dr. Lacey of Christ Episcopal church performed the ceremony, which was witnessed only by relatives and intimate friends of both families. The bride's sister attended her as maid-of-honor, her two nieces being the bridesmaids, and her brother was the groom's best man. Upon their return from the north Mr. and Mrs. Cook will reside at 1556 Everett street, Alameda, the home of the bride's mother.

The latest church scandal is that resulting from the exposure of the infamy of Father Gloria, the ex-parish priest of West Oakland, who with ingenious deliberation seduced a young girl and for several years thereafter performed the functions of his holy office beneath a mask of vile hypocrisy. Lecherous wretches of the Gloria type have worn the sacred vestments of priesthood before and they were responsible for the impetus that was given to a character of fiction that appealed to carnal minds and encouraged the scoffers who contended that lewdness was the sequence of celibacy. Fortunately the safeguards that are thrown around the approach to the Catholic ministry render it difficult for men who are not fitted for the holy calling to pass the novitiate period, and hence it is that scandals such as that which Father Gloria is responsible for are of extremely rare occurrence.

"Impecune is a perfect crank on baths."

"Yes, I understand he even extends the fad to his possessions."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, his watch and evening suit are in soak."

I was told a story the other day of Captain Clark of the Oregon which illustrates the impetuosity of the daring commander. The incident occurred when the Oregon was lying in a South American port after rounding the horn, waiting for orders. It was supposed that Cervera's fleet was somewhere along the coast waiting for a chance to sink the big battle-ship. Captain Clark was growing more impatient every day. He wanted to continue the voyage and longed for a mix-up with the Spaniards. One day when he was engaged in a game of whist a cipher dispatch from Washington arrived. He stopped the game to have the dispatch deciphered. It was a long dispatch and it could not be deciphered in less than an hour or two. The first word worked out was "Proceed."

"Get up steam at once," shouted Captain Clark, and then he returned to the card game.

It has been discovered that a strong resemblance exists between Miss Mary Van Buren of the Frawley company and Miss Bernice Drown of the social swim. It is not merely a similarity of feature but of expression that has caused the attention of Miss Drown's friends to be called to the resemblance. It is not so long ago that everybody in the inner circle was commenting upon the fact that Miss Ethel Keeney is the picture of Anna Held. Miss Van Buren is a tall, graceful and strikingly handsome woman and the possession of a resemblance to such an actress may certainly be regarded as a compliment.

to Mrs. Joseph Austin the first. However, in the course of time his work received its proper recognition and today it occupies a prominent position in the field of journalism.

I believe it was to "Romey" Hart that San Francisco's reading world owes its first taste of "paraphraphs," the short, vivacious comments upon the day's fads and follies which are now a component part of all journals. Before Peter Robertson was writing "Undertones" for the Chronicle and before Tom Flynn started his humorous collection of paragraphs for the same paper, Hart had introduced the paragraphic style of literature into the Argonaut. Later, the department was discontinued but it had become popular and made the literary weekly talked about, especially in the club circles of Gotham.

The marriage of Jerome A. Hart makes the third in the list of local weekly newspaper editors who have taken unto themselves wives within the past twelvemonth. Mr. Hart's bride, Miss Alice Ann Clark—better known by her second baptismal appellation—is one of the best business women in the state. While the daily scribes have dealt largely upon the fact of the bride's business ability and her skill as a swimmer and equestrienne, they have not given space to the fact that she is one of the expert tennis players of the coast. In the annals of the California club Miss Ann Clark's name is written as a champion on the court. She is one of the wealthiest women in this part of the world and is the eldest of five sisters, daughters of the late W. S. Clark, the Santa Clara county plutocrat.

Del Monte will be very gay in August. There will be pony-racing under the auspices of the Del Monte Pony Racing and Steeplechase association, a golf tournament and yacht races. It should be ideal golfing weather at Monterey in August and the field promises to be both large and good. There will be eight pony races, at various distances and entries have already been made by the San Mateo and Burlingame hunt clubs. But it will be the yacht races that will be the crowning point of the Del Monte fun, as it is five years since a regatta of such importance has been held in Californian waters. A silver cup is to be carried off by the winner. It is only the big boats that are to compete for the cup.

"Are we going to play at Santa Cruz this summer?" queried the gay soubrette.

"Not on your tin-type," replied the manager of the burlesque company. "We couldn't show the people at the seashore anything new."

Miss Ethel M. Wickes, the young Californian artist, has returned from two and a half years' study abroad. In Paris she worked at Colarossi's and also at the Julian school where she studied under Bouguereau and Ferrier. Last summer she spent in an extended sketching tour in Holland, England and Ireland. A painting "Nine Miles from Cork," one of the results of this trip, is now on exhibition at Kennedy's in this city and Morris has another little Irish scene full of atmosphere and warmth. Other paintings of hers are at Macbeth's and at Clausen's, the well known picture dealers in Fifth avenue, New York.

Was it an Awakening?

WHEN SINGLETON brought his wife to Mrs. Cameron's reception, I felt sure he had made a mistake.

Not that Mrs. Cameron was a bad woman, far from that. It was only that the odor of sanctity was wanting at her receptions. It was more the odor of stale cigarettes and strong perfume, Cox said. But then Cox was always perpetrating poor apologies for epigrams.

Mrs. Cameron was "all right." She was of good family and people went to her receptions. I mean people of prominence, not merely bohemians and persons careless of where they went so long as the hostess gave them something fit to eat and drink, mixed with good music and clever conversation. Because there was always a celebrated musician or actor or author among Mrs. Cameron's guests, the solid citizens and citizenesses were glad to be seen there also.

But it is not Mrs. Cameron who is the story. She just happened to be the instrument of fate in this instance. God grant she may never know it, for she is a kind-hearted creature and the knowledge might cause her some sorrow.

Singleton had never, in my remembrance, missed one of Mrs. Cameron's receptions, but this was the first time he had brought his wife with him. She was a glorious woman, big and fair and altogether feminine. There was nothing "up to date" about her. She was just a nice woman, as Cox said—and he has had experience with all kinds.

I caught Marvin's eyes wandering in Mrs. Singleton's direction more than once during the progress of the program Mrs. Cameron had arranged for her guests' pleasure. However, Marvin made no move towards an introduction, which was something out of the common with him when a new feminine was in the atmosphere.

"Cox," I heard him say later in the dining-room where we all stood helping ourselves to the good things on the buffet, "I wonder if Mrs. Singleton loves her husband?"

I had heard Marvin ask that question before, of other women, and he usually followed up his query with a personal investigation of the subject, often disastrous in its results to the woman in the case—or her husband, whichever way you choose to look at it.

"Lord! how can I tell?", leering over his third whisky and soda, "They have three children and have been married six years; that's all I know about it."

Later, I saw Marvin talking earnestly to Mrs. Singleton, à deux, in a corner far away from the noisy crowd of revelers into which the staid guests of the earlier hours had been transformed.

Once or twice I saw Mrs. Cameron look, rather nervously I thought, at that part of the room where Marvin and his companion were ensconced. Mrs. Cameron knew Marvin's proclivities—but then Mrs. Singleton was a devoted wife and the mother of three children.

Nevertheless, I felt sure that Singleton had made a mistake in bringing his wife to Mrs. Cameron's reception.

About a month later, I met Marvin and Singleton at the club. They had never been especially good friends, therefore it surprised me to see them together. I expressed my astonishment to Cox.

"Wake up, old man!," he said, "why, it's the talk of the town that Marvin is ami de maison at the Singletons."

I saw Mrs. Singleton at the park a few days later, walking with her three children. She stopped to exchange a few words and it seemed to me that I noticed something in her face that was not there when I met her at Mrs. Cameron's reception. Her countenance was not so placid. It looked brighter, warmer, and her eyes were less cow-like in their limpid depths. Something new was added to her beauty. Perhaps it was a suggestion of voluptuousness. I could not explain just where it lay or what it was, but it was there—something that suggested an arousing to the roses and raptures.

I was telling Cox at the club that night of my latest impression regarding Mrs. Singleton.

"Marvin could explain to you the reason, perhaps, better than I," said Cox.

"Marvin? Do you mean—?"

"Not at all, not at all," said Cox, hastily. "But—well, you heard Marvin ask me once if Mrs. Singleton loved her husband. I could not say then; now, I am sure she loves—"

"Her husband?"

THE GOSSIP.

World of Law

WHAT IS THE Bar association going to do about the case of Harvey Brown and Isaac N. Thorne? These two gentlemen are members of the honorable profession of the law, and they have been accused of complicity in a shameful swindle. They have pleaded not guilty to the charge but I hope that they will be given an opportunity to establish their innocence beyond the shadow of a doubt. And I wish to suggest to the Bar association, which is in a measure charged with the duty of keeping the skirts of the legal profession clean, that it should awake from its lethargy and take judicial cognizance, as it were, of the scandals that are constantly bobbing up among lawyers. There are scores of practicing attorneys in this city who have been involved in crooked transactions from time to time and no effort has ever been made to oust them from the profession. In many instances the prominence and influence of the rascals awed their brother attorneys and protected them from prosecution. The ethics of the profession are openly violated every day but one seldom hears of anything more serious than the arousing of the virtuous indignation of the Bar association.

I believe that if the officers of the Bar association were really solicitous for the reputation of their profession they would have taken a hand in the Fair case. The acts of certain prominent lawyers in that case were most suspiciously peculiar and during its progress all sorts of crimination and recrimination were bandied between opposing counsel. I must confess that I am not familiar with the ethics of the legal profession, but nevertheless I have come to the conclusion that those ethics are extremely elastic.

A great deal of the scandal in the profession is due to the circumstance of a rumored partnership between certain judges and certain lawyers. There may be absolutely no foundation for the suspicion that a partnership exists, but it is nevertheless strongly intrenched. In consequence of this suspicion the hiring of counsel in important litigation depends quite often upon the court to which the case is assigned. Lawyers who were scarcely able to pay their office rent prior to an election have grown prosperous during the term of a friend on the bench. In many instances the mediocrity of the fortunate practitioner was so well known that when he was hired as counsel in an important case a broad smile would spread over the entire profession.

There is not a lawyer in San Francisco who prates about the honor and dignity of the legal profession, who is not aware of the chicanery and charlatanism that are resorted to in the courts of this state. Some attorneys have prospered through the popularly supposed intimacy that existed between them and certain judges and others have scored successes through their reputation for skill in the manipulation of juries. Not many years ago an attorney advertised the fact that for a quarter of a century he was in partnership with the superior judge of Department Blank. I never heard of the judge of Department Blank interposing an objection to the character of the ad. and as the Bar association never demurred I presume it was in harmony with the ethics of the profession.

The jury hypnotist has ever been in great demand and his fees are always large. A lawyer now deceased, who was regarded as the most eminent practitioner of his day, had the reputation of being a most accomplished hypnotist. The story is told of him that one day when he was engaged in the trial of a jury case that involved half a million dollars, a juror followed him to his office during the noon recess and secured a private interview with him. The clerks in the office were suddenly aroused by hearing the lawyer talking in loud and fierce tones. Presently the door opened, and the juror looking extremely frightened hurriedly left the office while the attorney hurled execrations after him. As soon as he was gone the attorney summoned his chief clerk and gave him these instructions: "Rush after that d—— scoundrel. He wants to be bribed so don't let him get away. We need his vote and must have it; make the best terms that you can."

Crit Thornton permitted his warm southern blood to reach a high temperature the other day, and he assaulted Attorney George D. Collins in open court. There was no serious infraction of the ethics of the legal profession in that incident, but Thornton's conduct was surely in conflict with the code duello as well as the rules laid down by the distinguished Blackstone of the prize ring—the Marquis of Queensberry. Mr. Thornton struck Collins while the latter was seated in a chair. That was an undue advantage which no southern gentleman should be guilty of. I think that Mr. Thornton owes Mr. Collins an apology.

Charles A. Lee and John Coughlin, who were newspaper reporters for several years, and who were admitted to practice some months ago, have opened a law office in the Parrott building, and are already in a fair way to do a brisk legal business. They had a great deal of experience as newspaper reporters in the courts at the city hall and were in a measure familiar with the practice of law long before they began the study of its fundamental principles. Before coming to this state Lee was a reporter in the oil-fields of Ohio, and he knows all there is worth knowing about the oil industry. A short time ago he secured a location for oil-wells near Fresno, and he has organized a corporation which will soon begin operations. I believe that George A. Knight and Charles Heggerty are interested in the corporation, and that all those connected with the concern are expecting big results.

THE COURT REPORTER.

THREE STAKES THIS WEEK

Three stakes will be decided at Union Park this week. Two are for saplings, while the other is an open stake, in which such star performers as Hugh Lynch's Lottie M., J. Dean's Connemara and Gladiator and other speedy dogs are entered. The prizes total $1150. The first train for the park will leave Third and Townsend streets today at 10:15 a. m. The Laddies' and Lassies' stakes will be run down twice and the open stake will be run down once. This will conclude the day's sport.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

Two Noted Resorts both under one management, noted for its efficiency. Representing the mountain interior and seaside of Central California.

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"The queen of American watering places." Only 3½ hours from San Francisco by express trains of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

RATES MODERATE.

The Tavern of Castle Crag and Soda Springs

320 miles from San Francisco, on the famous SHASTA ROUTE within sight of MOUNT SHASTA and the wonderful CASTLE CRAGS, altitude 2,100 feet.

Rates: by the day, $2, $2.50, $3. By the week, $14 to $17.50. Bath rooms extra.

Season, June to September

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS GEO SCHONEWALD, MANAGER
Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal., or Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crag, Cal.

My Lady

MY LADY'S fair and tall and slim,
And graceful formed as Cupid's bow,
Her voice is pictured music dim
Heard in the ages long ago,
So silvery and low.

Around her head (a sculptured gem
For which a Phidias would die),
The black locks of a child of Shem,
Untrammeled by a ribboned tie,
To hide her forehead try.

Her eyes are deep as darkling pool
Hid by the jealous foliage—
Such eyes the heart of man as rule.
I know she scorns my wild love-rage,
Yet I'm her humble page.

Her love-bowed lips, her cheeks of rose,
That she can grandly love agree,
Often I tell her of my woes;
My lady laughs—ah! can it be
My lady laughs at *me*?

THE LOVER.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "Heartsease"—a charming play, acted by artists.

CALIFORNIA. "Madame Sans Gene"—Americanized version.

ALCAZAR. "Faust"—spectacularly great.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Faust"—scenically all right.

TIVOLI. "Wang"—Stevens' farewell.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—Laura Joyce Bell is a hummer.

PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—realistic and worth seeing.

LOOKING AT IT from a literary standpoint Madame Sans Gene is a strong dramatic story surrounded by that literary pomp so characteristic of the Napoleonic era and scented with that piquant fragrance of conversational freedom that tickles the literary palate of the Frenchman. But it should be borne in mind that this enchanting piquancy is prevalent only in the glittering array of the French mode of conversation and when disguised in the cloak of translation becomes at times repulsively coarse. Blanche Bates takes quite a liberty in portraying the character of Madame Sans Gene. The author intended to present to the public a character from the days of Napoleon, a typical woman of the people, one of those products of the revolution who were just as willing to pick up a pike and march alongside the army as to pursue their daily vocation, a woman who regarded her liberty social as well as political and did not confine her behavior within the narrow limits of conventionality. On the other hand the author succeeds in showing us the same woman, impelled by the same free instincts, showing the same disregard for moral restriction; but a woman who understands how to hide her true character beneath the cloak of conventionality. In other words M. Sardou introduces us to the "fisherwoman" type on one side and the aristocracy on the other, and shows how that period created the same vulgarity in the higher classes of society as it did in the lower. Miss Bates, however, does not present Madame Sans Gene as a French character of the Empire period—a masculine hoyden, ever ready to compete with the rough soldiery in the use of forceful epigrams and not showing any compunction in relating a scandal in the presence of male listeners. But Miss Bates takes for her example an American type of a woman who might have sprung from a correspondingly low class—from the demi-monde, for instance. It is an original conception and Miss Bates executes it masterfully. But it is not the correct conception, because the actions, seeming character and nobility of soul conflict with the behavior and language of Madame Sans Gene. You may argue that this is just the character, but it is not. While her manners and language may have shown little cultivation, the real Madame Sans Gene, instead of acting in tomboy fashion, could have behaved less offensively during the "dress rehearsal" and dancing lesson. One must also remember that Catherine Hulscher did not parade her charms before prying male eyes, but simply did not think it any harm to appear natural. No one ever taught her the rudiments of conventionality. She did not know any better. But had Miss Bates adhered to this mode of French characterization she could not have been so successful as she is now. While not the traditional Madame Sans Gene Miss Bates' portrayal of the character is intensely artistic. She invests the role with an easy abandon and good-fellow-like touch that pleases her audience. In emotional scenes Miss Bates is really great and may vie with any of her contemporaries. In Madame Sans Gene she has a most awkward disadvantage to overcome—the translation. Diable in French does not sound half so bold as "the devil" in English and the same may be said of other unconventional language used by the characters. This Americanizing of Madame Sans Gene becomes especially prominent when she confronts the court ladies and tells them in a spirited way what she thinks of them, ending with:

"Put that in your pipe and smoke it."

But besides an American trait, the subtleness of a Carmen frequently creeps through the character. In fact what was intended by the playwright to be the coarseness of a French ex-blanchisseuse develops in Miss Bates' characterization into the voluptuousness of a Carmen. And the American spirit is still more prominent in the scene with the Emperor where Miss Bates mistakes affection and reverence for the hero for familiarity and good-fellowship. Madame Sans Gene may have regarded the Emperor like other men but she fought for him, attended his battles and carried a deep respect for his power in her heart. However, Miss Bates may be right to present Madame Sans Gene in a manner best understood by an American audience. A French fisherwoman on the stage would be a riddle difficult to solve and a French fisherwoman who speaks English is an impossibility. The dialect used by that class of people cannot be translated and the only way to give an idea of

Mary Van Buren, at the California

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the character as the author desires to reveal it is to adapt it, and in this Miss Bates has admirably succeeded. Besides admiring her ability to act one must concede to Miss Bates the ability to make herself ravishingly beautiful at all times. Augustus Cook's Napoleon inspires about the best impression one can receive of the Emperor, his appearance, his cutting and quick mode of speech, his commanding tone, his fierce persistency in having his own will, his keen sense of justice, his appreciation of female beauty and his love for the army. In order to appreciate Mr. Cook better it should be remembered that the lines of the author alone do not aid one much in defining the great monarch's character. There is not sufficient material to permit such a definition. All is left to the exponent of the part, who must have made a thorough study of the character in order to essay it. Mr. Cook proves that he is well fitted for the part and that he has made a serious study of his role. Mr. Frawley cuts a sorry figure as De Neipperg but then it is not Mr. Frawley's fault that he was not blessed with the fire and dash of an Austrian officer. After his exit a young woman, evidently possessing acute critical discrimination, exclaimed with a sigh:

"Thank goodness that he is gone."

With a calcimined face in a white uniform no one looks appetizing, not even Mr. Frawley. However he executes the assassination scene very well. Taking it all in all the presentation of Madame Sans Gene is excellent and no one who has witnessed the performance has reason to complain. Next week the company will present One of Our Girls, by Bronson Howard, when Miss Bates will have a particularly fine opportunity to show her talent.

Grand Opera House

WHILE THE AUDIENCES that attend the Grand are mighty lavish in their applause, one cannot deny the fact that this applause is bestowed only upon one or two of the principals. Morosco's company of clever artists is exceptionally good in comic opera but in grand opera it loses its magnetism and vivacity. But Mr. Morosco is not the only one who will soon have found out that it is unwise to permit a comic opera company to present grand opera; there are many who repent today the same error. The company now appearing at the Grand was announced as Southwell's comic opera company and as such it is an ideal organization. No one will dispute that their production of The Black Hussar, The Gypsy Baron, The Beggar Student and The Chimes of Normandy were bright, artistic and satisfactory performances. Why should a company, so rich in resources regarding comic opera be forced to play grand opera, when in the latter it is impossible to show the fine capabilities of those who compose the organization? Mr. Woolf, for instance, as a comedian is brilliant and versatile, yet his Mephisto in Faust is a caricature of the worst kind. In fact his Mephisto is nothing less than Coquelicot in disguise. And no one can blame Mr. Woolf. There is not an actor on the stage today who can play Coquelicot in Olivette one week and Mephisto the other. To attempt it is sheer folly and must either spring from an overdose of conceit or foolhardiness. Mr. Woolf possesses a basso of much volume and carrying quality but because he can sing Coquelicot intelligently this does not prove that he can sing Mephisto—neither can he. A lava eruption from his fingers and an electric sprinkling from his sword does not improve the dignity of his Satanic Majesty. When one considers Mr. Woolf's duck-like walk and his irresistible habit of folding his hands gracefully over his well rounded stomach, we again come to the conclusion that Mr. Woolf's conception of Mephisto is far-fetched. Miss Mason as Marguerite is one of the two or three who are honestly entitled to applause. In appearance and deportment she is an ideal Gretchen and her clear, attractive soprano has ample opportunity to demonstrate the fact that Miss Mason is fully capable of playing the role with dignity. Mr. Persse, who is heard in the role of Faust, is an excellent actor and brings the dramatic situations into bold relief, but Mr. Persse knows as well as the writer that his voice is being taxed too much of late. Even a De Reszke or Tomagno would show signs of fatigue if compelled to sing Don Jose eight times one week and Faust eight times another. It is not Mr. Persse's fault that his voice is fatigued; there should be another tenor. There are enough here who would be glad to act as substitutes for Mr. Persse. Winfred Goff's Valentine is the most meritorious piece of work of the performance. The music of Valentine's role is exactly within the range of Mr. Goff's resonant baritone—neither too low nor too high—and thus it is with satisfaction that one concedes to Mr. Goff the honor of carrying off (together with Miss Mason) the palm of the evening. The orchestra on the evening the writer attended was simply miserable, especially the horns and the bassoon. The chorus was somewhat insecure and uncertain, evidently owing to the fact that most of its members are foreign to grand opera. It would be wrong to refer to those discrepancies—especially when one considers the small price of admission—but when a company is so efficient and so exemplary in the production of comic opera, it is wrong to let them present grand operas in which they are deficient. Mr. Morosco deserves the credit for giving the public an ideal comic opera for a reasonable admission fee, but he should never consent to give the public cheap grand opera—it never pays. The stage management is as usual flawless and the price paid to be admitted into the Grand small enough for such stage setting. The mounting of the piece alone amply repays you for your outlay and that portion of our public whose musical ear is not so sensitive will admit surely that the performance is an exceedingly meritorious one and will crowd the house this afternoon, evening and tomorrow evening. Next week the company will return to comic opera and present Boccaccio. Miss Mason will be a sublime Boccaccio. Georgie Cooper will appear at the Grand as Isabella next week and her many admirers will no doubt be there in full force to give her a royal reception.

Great bargains this week in elegant "dress hats," stylish outing hats and dainty little bonnets.—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street

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Columbia

HEARTSEASE is what the writer has often termed it, one of the most charming plays ever written, and Henry Miller's Eric Temple deserves to be recorded in dramatic history as an artistic masterpiece. It is absurd to term the members of the Miller company mere society mummers; their work in Heartsease shows them to be capable of the most ambitious forms of dramatic work. The double-quartet that renders the incidental vocal music of the piece, the product of Eric Temple's muse, adds very materially to the artistic success of Heartsease. Next week will be given Heartsease, on account of the great take of seats. Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday nights and at a special matinee on Wednesday Heartsease will be the bill. This will necessitate the postponing of the revival of Hamlet, but only until Thursday night. Monday night's presentation of Heartsease will be the fiftieth performance of the Miller season at the Columbia and the management has arranged to commemorate the event by making it a souvenir night. An autographed photo of Mr. Miller will be presented to every lady in attendance at that performance. The first production in America of the great London Garrick theatre success, Brother Officers, will be staged by Henry Miller at the Columbia on the evening of August seventh. Edwin Stevens will be in the cast.

Orpheum

VAUDEVILLE continues to please the jaded appetite of local amusement lovers and the variety offered on this week's program at the Orpheum should be sufficient to entertain the most captious auditors. Laura Joyce Bell has a pleasant little comedy in which she has the support of Miss Menday and Messrs. Lansdale and Carlton. As a vaudeville star the deep-voiced Laura makes a distinct hit. When she first came here with Digby Bell as contralto of the Duff opera company and later with the Hoosier Doctor company, nobody ever imagined that Laura Joyce Bell would ever enter vaudeville ranks. But she has, and the move is an excellent addition to "circuit" attractions. Minnie Palmer is as great a favorite as she was last week. La Fafalla, the latest in spectacular danseuses, is warmly greeted every night and the agile Phoites win their share of hearty applause. The rest of the bill, particularly that portion contributed in song and story by the feminine monologuist, Elizabeth Murray, is full of interest. Next week will come four new attractions: Cotton and Long, in a new comedietta, Managerial Troubles; Dave Meier, who calls himself the champion bag puncher of the world; Joseph Adelman, the xylophone player, and Herr G. Von Palm, who will give an exhibition of lightning oil painting. Cotton and Long are both San Franciscans. Idalene Cotton has been known in the local theatrical world ever since she was a baby. She was only seven years of age when she essayed her first part at the Bush street theatre with her father, Ben Cotton. She was for three years a favorite member of the Alcazar stock company. She went east with Crane and is coming back to San Francisco covered with newly won laurels. Nick Long is one of San Francisco's pet comedians and his return here with his wife (Idalene Cotton) should be celebrated in real welcome home style by his friends.

Henry Miller will head the company which is to play in The Only Way at the Herald Square theatre at the beginning of next season. The Only Way, which has been favorably received in England, is Freeman Wills' dramatization of Dickens' Tale of Two Cities. The Bookbuyer recently gave the title of this play as The *Old* Way. Which is correct? Neither appears to be very appropriate if the dramatic version follows closely after the lines of the novel, but there seems to be some logic in The Only Way,

LEE D. CRAIG
NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
316 MONTGOMERY STREET, Bet. Pine and California
San Francisco, Cal.

Alcazar FAUST has been given in San Francisco by Lewis Morrison and his company too many times to require even a word of criticism. As a spectacular production Morrison's Faust has probably never been equalled and dramatically all the parts are worthy of praise. Mr. Morrison will now rest and recuperate, while Miss Roberts will carry out the rest of the season as scheduled in the spring advance notices for the Alcazar. Romeo and Juliet will be given next week. We have had many Juliets but it is expected that Miss Roberts will prove one of the most charming exponents of the character. Her beauty should shine with added luster in the costumes of the period in which the scenes of the play are laid. Mr. Whittlesey as Romeo will no doubt crack many matinee girls' hearts.

After all, San Francisco is not to have the pleasure of seeing Eleanor Kent (Mabel Love) this season. Miss Kent is for the summer season prima donna of the Aborn opera company, a strong combination that is producing E. E. Rice's burlesques throughout the east. The company is now in Atlantic city, New Jersey. Press opinions say that Miss Kent is one of the "daintiest and best dressed women on the stage," and speak of her "beautiful appearance, fresh, sweet voice and graceful acting." Her prospects for the fall are very bright and it is to be hoped Miss Kent will accept the best offer, one that will give her San Francisco friends a chance to see her on the stage.

It will only be about a fortnight now before Oliver Morosco will leave for Los Angeles, where he will have the management of his father's latest acquisition, the Burbank theatre. "Ollie" will be missed here, for there is not a more popular man in the theatrical profession, but he is the right sort of a representative to send away from home and one easily grants the fact that what is San Francisco's loss will be Los Angeles' gain.

Absinthe, which is to be placed on the boards shortly, is Gilbert Faust's dramatization of Marie Corelli's novel, Wormwood. Absinthe and wormwood may be essentially the same thing, but the two words are far from conveying the same idea. Absinthe brings up visions of gay Paree, short skirts and champagne, while wormwood, even without the conjunction of Marie Corelli, is quite at the other end of the line.

Phil Hastings is on deck again attending to his various amusement enterprises. His trip to Lake county did him no end of good and he is looking as hale and hearty at is possible to a man of his build.

Our modern circus dates back to 1770, in which year Philip Astley, a discharged soldier, gave exhibitions of horsemanship in an improvised ring at Lambeth.

It is said that in numbering the rows of seats in Washington theatres the letter J is omitted because patrons positively refuse to be seated in the "jay row."

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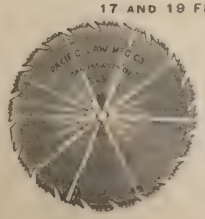

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THE LOVE CHASE

THYRSIS, a youth of the inspired train,
Fair Sacharissa lov'd, but lov'd in vain:
Like Phœbus sung the no less amorous boy;
Like Daphne she, as lovely, and as coy!
With numbers he the flying nymph pursues;
With numbers, such as Phoebus' self might use!
Such is the chase, when Love and Fancy leads,
O'er craggy mountains, and through flowery meads;
Invok'd to testify the lover's care,
Or form some image of his cruel fair.
Urg'd with his fury, like a wounded deer,
O'er these he fled; and now, approaching near,
Had reach'd the nymph with his harmonious lay,
Whom all his charms could not incline to stay.
Yet, what he sung in his immortal strain,
Though unsuccessful, was not sung in vain:
All, but the nymph that should redress his wrong,
Attend his passion, and approve his song.
Like Phœbus thus, acquiring unsought praise,
He catch'd at love, and fill'd his arms with bays.

WALLER.

Music World

AMONG THOSE LETTERS in the New York Musical Courier that bespeak the efficiency of their writers, those of Mrs. Florence French of Chicago may be regarded as belonging to the most efficient. Furthermore it is evident that her criticisms are always just and based upon that broad platform of "fairness to all" without regard to personal likes or dislikes. In the Courier of February twenty-second I find in the Chicago correspondence the following remarks: "Madame De Pasquali is one of my ideal sopranos. * * * Madame De Pasquali would be a valuable member of our biggest opera organizations. In voice, style, musicianship and appearance she is infinitely preferable to many worn-out prima donnas." This honest praise from a critic like Mrs. French is of so much more interest to us now, as Madame De Pasquali has but lately appeared here as Marguerite, Leonora and Santuzza, gaining such a tremendous success that the audiences that listened to her were lavish in bestowing their approval upon her performance. The main charm in Madame De Pasquali's voice may be sought in a peculiar softness, enchanting in its grace and very like that which forms such a striking characteristic in Melba's wonderful soprano. But Madame De Pasquali is fortunate enough to possess a quality that Melba cannot boast of, namely, dramatic temperament. As a rule a dramatic soprano sounds somewhat harsh at times, especially when it is obliged to express intense passion. But Madame De Pasquali's voice never becomes harsh. It retains ever that mellow character which caresses your musical ear.

SIGNOR M. DE PASQUALI

¶ ¶

Repeatedly I have emphasized the fact that a singer's most valuable equipment is a clean diction. How many vocalists would escape the humiliation of an adverse criticism if they but adhered to this rule — clean diction. Madame De Pasquali seems to have solved this problem also. Every word flows out distinctly, sharply and accurately from her lips. Thus the text and music are amalgamated into a tone mass of dazzling beauty. Madame De Pasquali gives evidence of having undergone a thorough training. Her trills are dainty and well shaped, her staccato is spirited and exhilarating and her legato is carefully and clearly executed. When we therefore consider that Madame De Pasquali possesses a dramatic soprano imbued with mellowness and flexibility, used in connection with excellent diction and containing a fine technical equipment, we must concede that this efficient vocalist must reach the top of the ladder of fame. What is still more encouraging is the fact that Madame De Pasquali, besides being a vocalist of considerable merit, possesses histrionic accomplishments of superior quality. And thus the advantage of dramatic temperament, denied to a Melba, will strengthen Madame De Pasquali's position as the coming American prima donna soprano. Young as she is this highly gifted vocalist has already gained a flattering reputation and the American press is lavish in its praise and predicts a brilliant future for her even to the extent of comparing her favorably with Melba. Madame De Pasquali was a member of the Scalchi grand opera company. She is a native of Boston and is a graduate of the National Conservatory of Music in New York city where she studied with Oscar Saenger.

¶ ¶

While speaking of Madame De Pasquali I must not omit to call attention to Signor De Pasquali, whose elegant lyric tenor forms a worthy companion to his wife's brilliant soprano. De Pasquali's tenor is a pure lyric voice of graceful flexibility, agreeable clearness and some dramatic characteristics. His method is exquisite and his technical knowledge vast. Two such artists, whose scientific musical intelligence has created favorable comment throughout this country, form a strong attraction. De Pasquali was formerly tenor of the Royal Theatre Bellini, of Palermo, Italy. For seven years he was a close student under Bertini at the Royal conservatory, Palermo, where during four successive seasons he obtained the highest possible honors. His debut was made at the Royal Theatre Bellini of that town with the renowned Lamiraux and his success was instantaneous. His first appearance in the United

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States was with the Damrosch symphony orchestra (the same which was admired here with the Ellis opera company) in New York. Since then he was heard with such organizations as the Hinrichs grand opera company, the Tavari grand opera company, the Schirmer-Mapleson company and others.

¶ ¶

The San Jose musical contingent was well represented in this city last week. Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, who has just completed a successful engagement at the summer school of music in Pacific Grove, was here. Mrs. McCauley gave a very interesting lecture on Interpretation and Song Forms at the summer school and was much complimented on her able elucidations. She illustrated her lecture with several vocal selections which were ably accompanied on the piano by Miss Ada May Churchill, a prominent pianist of San Jose, who also paid this city a visit this week. Miss Mary E. Webster, a gifted contralto of much artistic value, is spending her vacation here. Miss Webster is an enthusiastic musician and is a favorite in the garden city. Miss Lena Voltz, the gifted soprano, who is not a stranger in San Francisco, is also spending a few days here. Mrs. McCauley's class in Santa Cruz seems to grow gradually. I understand that Mrs. J. R. Williamson has joined the class. Mrs. Williamson has a mezzo-soprano of a mellow quality and is fortunate in being gifted with a fine power of discrimination regarding emotional passages. The lady is energetic and ambitious and is certainly a valuable acquisition to any musical circle.

¶ ¶

Last week I made mention of the fact that Will Jacobs, who took part in a concert at Santa Cruz recently, should be given into the care of a good teacher. This remark was made because I understood that the young man did not take any lessons at all. It seems, however, that this comment was misconstrued into an attack upon the teacher of the young man and the attack is ascribed to personal motive. As far as I am personally concerned, I do not care a rap for misconstruction or the underlying of invented motives, but I desire to announce that I have never made myself guilty of spite-work nor shall I ever do so. When persons are unworthy of notice they are ignored; that's all. Again I emphasize the fact that I had no idea that Mr. Jacobs took lessons, much less did I know the name of his teacher.

¶ ¶

Apropos of Mr. Genss, permit me to quote from the Potzdamer Intelligenzblatt: "The eleventh Philharmonic concert brought a highly interesting program together with excellent orchestral achievements. * * * " The program on that occasion included an overture by Handel; Aus Boehmens Hain und Flur by Smetana; Zorohayda by Sevendson and Tannhauser overture. The critic comments on the execution of these works as follows: "The conception and execution of these works under Professor Genss' direction was simply complete and the audience was compelled to applaud enthusiastically after the rendition of the Tannhauser overture. If we are not mistaken we heard this overture by the Philharmonic society a year ago. We must confess that Professor Genss brought the orchestra upon a highly artistic basis despite its *peculiar formation* and few *rehearsals*.

¶ ¶

Arthur M. Abell, the clever editor of the violin column in the Musical Courier, has the following to say about somebody on this coast: "I have received a circular from a foreign violinist now teaching in small cities on the Pacific coast. The circular contains some startling statements. Although the violinist's name is quite unknown in the musical world, he claims to have a method combining the best qualities of the 'Joachim, Lauret, (?) Belgian and French schools. 'Will save you a trip to Europe.' His price is very modest, considering that he is unknown and teaches in small towns—only five dollars a lesson. But the following is the best of all his announcements:

GREATEST LIVING VIOLINIST IN THE WORLD.

This is altogether too modest. He should at least have written: 'Greatest living and dead violinist in the world, also greatest dead violinist in hell and heaven; reduced rates to skeletons and mummies.'" Wonder to which of the "great" violinists Mr. Abell refers?

¶ ¶

And now we shall have another grand opera season, to commence next week. Surely our musical people have no reason to complain of being neglected, except perhaps by the daily press who seem to consider music as an unimportant topic. I cannot understand why literature, the drama, sports and other topics are dealt with in special departments of certain papers and music is scantily treated. The reason may be found in the fact that the musicians are too good natured to resent such negligence. The coming musical season promises to be an especially brilliant one and there is no doubt that the interest in music is increasing.

¶ ¶

Eddie Marshuts left recently for Kern county, where he will inspect some oil fields in which he is interested, and which according to reports yield handsome proceeds. Mr. Marshuts is a rising tenor—he rises very early—and oil seems to be his mascot. His voice is as smooth as oil and if the oil in the field will develop as quickly as the oil in his voice Eddie Marshuts will become a millionaire ere the year is over. But seriously, people interested in music to the extent of Mr. Marshuts' ambition are potent factors in the advancement of musical science and if energy and talent go for anything Mr. Marshuts will some day march in the front ranks of victorious vocalists.

¶ ¶

Professor James Hamilton Howe is very successful with his summer school of music at Pacific Grove. In fact the enterprise proved such a worthy one that Mr. Howe has decided to stay over until September. There are reports of quite a romantic nature reaching me about Mr. Howe. It seems that he is very much engaged in the summer school, as well as out of it. I understand that Mr. Howe rejoices in the possession of the title of Musical Bachelor, but he will soon change this title to Musical Benedict. It's the same thing—M. B.

¶ ¶

W. W. Gilchrist, the late conductor of the Philadelphia Symphony orchestra, has resigned his position. The latest reports show that Fritz Scheel is mapped out for his successor. This directs the eyes of our musical public towards Hermann Genss who is really the very man who could successfully fill Scheel's position here, having had considerable experience in Germany.

¶ ¶

Miss Charlotte Voorsanger, the very talented piano pupil of Professer E. S. Bonelli, will leave for New York about the middle of next month in order to enter the National Conservatory of Music. It is expected that despite a premeditated concert tour Joseffy will fulfill his duties in the conservatory and in that case Miss Voorsanger will have an opportunity to gain instruction from the very source she desires.

¶ ¶

I hear that Miss Grace Carroll of Oakland, whose contralto has found many admirers here as well as across the bay, will join the Bostonians next season. I do not know how much credence to put in this report but I know that last year the Bostonians did not have a contralto that could in any way compare with Miss Carroll's voice and in view of this fact it woul be well for the Bostonians to get some good material.

¶ ¶

As an example of the inefficiency of an orchestra that which accompanied the double-quartet in Heartsease is entitled to first honors. Of all the discords and unequal tempos I ever had the misfortune to hear this was certainly the worst. It is too bad that an exemplary quartet should be marred by a weak accompaniment.

¶ ¶

Emil Steinegger's concert on the evening of August tenth at Sherman-Clay hall promises to be one of the most interesting musical events of the season. It is practically the opening event, for as yet no other concerts have been announced.

¶ ¶

Irwin Eveleth Hassell, who recently left for Germany in order to pursue his studies, arrived safely in Bremen last Thursday and by this time he will be under the protection of the Kaiserstadt, Berlin.

¶ ¶

Henry Weiss will give a concert on August third. Mr. Weiss is a baritone of much breadth and clarity and will no doubt earn considerable applause from his many friends and well wishers.

¶ ¶

William B. King, a prominent organist of Oakland, has returned after an extended visit to Paris. For three years Mr. King studied under Widor.

ALFRED METZGER.

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Minor Notes ON THURSDAY EVENING of last week the McKenzie musical society gave its eighteenth concert, in Odd Fellows' hall, which was so crowded that many failed to gain admission. The society has profited by a recent criticism regarding the lack of attention and discipline of the chorus and there was an improvement in that respect, the director being more closely followed, but owing to the absence from town of several members the chorous was not so strong as usual. The writer noticed a number of gentlemen in the audience who should have been in their accustomed places upon the stage. As members they owe a duty to the society and one or two dismissals for such want of interest in the success of a public meeting would insure a full attendance and a realization of the duties assumed as members. There was an improvement in time and better attack but as usual a little carelessness in shading. On the Day that Dewey Comes Home, (Lee Johnson) opened the program A male quartet, H. N. Callender, J. P. Faivre, Hall Slocumb and C. W. Betts, rendered several selections. The quartet is a new one and as yet the voices fail in modulation and balance, a fault that further practice will improve. At times Mr Callender's voice was far too strong for the rest and again the bass had it all his own way. There is is nothing more beneficial than to hear other singers of longer experience and to mark the beauty of time and expression and artistic effect. The society has several good male voices and there is room for more among the boys. Master George Kruger sang The Sword of Bunker Hill and Little Southside Queen. The little fellow is quite a favorite but is receiving rather more flattery than is good for him and little tricks that are now laughed at and called "cute" will be a positive detriment to him when he has outgrown his childhood and more is expected of him. Waiting Love for Thee (arranged by J. W. McKenzie from the Remember Me gavotte of S. Seiler, a favorite local composer) was a pleasing number by the society, the music being decidedly pretty and taking well with the audience. Ave Maria, arranged from intermezzo Cavalleria Rusticana, was sung by Freda Nipgen and the society. The number was a disappointment as the soloist was in poor voice upon this occasion; her tones were decidedly unsteady and could scarcely be heard. Again the writer desires to praise Miss Nipgen for remembering a hint about stage mannerism. It is to be hoped that she will have regained her strength and confidence by next concert. Prescilla Davies rendered Jamie Dear (Bischoff) This young singer has a rather good voice which, however, is not pleasing from the fact that soul seems to play no part in her music. Her expression is monotonous at present and, while her enunciation was a virtue, Beware, her encore, shared the same fate as her first effort. The Erminie lullaby and Mexican Dance (Manzanillo) were given by the society and Misses Nipgen, Ewing, McShane and Boyer. The ladies' quartet has the same faults as the male quartet, want of balance and modulation, and the strong alto quite puts in the shade the rather tremulous tones of the soprano. The best numbers of the society were Narcissus (Nevin) and Sousa's On Dress Parade (Double Eagle march), more spirit being shown in these selections. Hugh N. Callender rendered M' Appari (Martha) His voice is well suited to operatic work but is not yet sufficiently even and smooth. He is dramatic and has plenty of fire but has a bad habit of chopping off his tones in the most unexpected places. *Legato* should be his watchword. His encore was Bring Back My Boy to Me, a pretty ballad by Mr. McKenzie, but wholly unsuited to Mr. Callender's style. He sang without any apparent interest and his voice lost its clearness. I should like to hear Mr. Braiton sing this at the September concert and Mr. Callender only in operatic work.

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Miss Elizabeth Westgate of Alameda announces that she will resume teaching on July thirty-first. Cantor E. J. Stark has returned from the southern part of the state, where he sought rest from his work during the season in recreation. If any man was deserving of rest it was Mr. Stark, whose duties are vast and responsible. Mr. Stark is now preparing an elaborate musical program for the Jewish holidays at Temple Emanu-El, and judging from former occasions Mr. Stark's efforts will be crowned with success. Mrs. Anna von Meyerinck will return next week from Larkspur where she has been spending the summer season. During this time she had an opportunity to ponder over improvements that may be added to her well known school of music. The school will re-open with additional forces and departments on August first. Special stress should be laid upon the fact that Mr. L. D. Ventura has been secured as teacher of French and Italian. W. C. McCoy of Oakland has returned from his vacation and will resume work in the beginning of August. Mary Linck, the brilliant prima donna contralto whose work during late grand opera seasons was so much admired here and who made such a success with the Castle Square opera company, returned last week to delight our local music lovers again with her excellent music. Ella Prosnitz, a protégé of the Milan musical public and a favorite at the Berlin Royal opera for three years, arrived here last Friday in order to fill an engagement, when she may show whether her fame is merited. Miss Mabel Merrill and Miss Ruth Merrill of Santa Cruz were here last week to spend part of their vacation. These young ladies are prominent members of the Santa Cruz musical cult and have contributed considerably toward the establishment of musical appreciation in the seaside city. Miss Ruth Merrill is one of the most efficient educators in that place, occupying the worthy position of teacher of Latin in the high school. Julian Bernheim of Santa Cruz, a clever young piano student who is at present visiting friends there, returned last week and will enter into his last year at the Dental college next month. C.H. Randall has returned from a camping tour in Santa Clara county and will resume his teaching on August 1st. Byron Mauzy has returned from an extended trip to Napa, Electric springs, St Helena and Skaggs springs. He is now in harness again and has his hands full to tell his friends all about the good time he has had.

¶ ¶

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Campbell are spending their vacation at Lake Tahoe. After having fully enjoyed the beauty of this resort and thoroughly rested from the work of the season, Mr. and Mrs. Campbell will leave for San Mateo where they intend to remain for about a month. Mrs. Campbell will be here in August in time to resume her duties as one of our most efficient vocal teachers. Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, whose contralto has elated our musicians, has accepted an offer to enter the choir of Calvary church on August first. The choir will then consist of the following members: Mrs. Susie Hert-Mark, soprano; Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, contralto; D. M. Lawrence, tenor; W. C. Campbell, basso and director; R. M. Burness, organist. With such an organization the musical portion of the services at Calvary church will not lack any artistic finish.

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An Innocent Escapade

MRS. JACK WILSON had been married only a year and the novelty of matrimony had already worn off. She had always been a spirited and vivacious little woman and when she married Jack Wilson she felt that their lives would be blended in a whirl of gayety. She knew that he was a man of the world who had trod all the gilded avenues to pleasure and she believed that as his companion she would enjoy a full measure of delightful experiences.

But the matrimonial drama in which she expected to figure so congenially failed to come up to her expectations. Jack Wilson married was quite different from Jack Wilson single. Being surfeited with the stale and unprofitable diversions sodear to the heart of the man-about-town, when he arose from his farewell bachelor dinner it was with the virtuous resolve to "settle down" and become a model husband.

How different from what his handsome wife looked forward to with all the eagerness of a convent graduate emerging from her alma mater!

How often in that first year of her wedded life did she find herself soliloquizing upon what might have been had her first lover—rollicking Lee Horton--never taken that trip to Paris to perfect himself in his art studies. These soliloquies invariably ended in a flush of indignation at the thought of her own fickleness for after all she loved her husband dearly, though her ebullient spirits sometime rebelled at the restraint put upon them.

She could not help feeling that her love would be stronger if Jack would occasionally forget that they were married and plunge with her into the mad dissipations of which she had but a faint conception.

Social functions of the conventional order were wearisome and a tame husband was a bore to dashing Mrs. Jack Wilson. She often thought that if he would occasionally spend an evening at the club and permit her to find a little excitement, life would not be so monotonous, but Jack was a model husband and his devotion grew as the days passed by.

But at last her wish was to be gratified. Jack Wilson was obliged to go to Fresno on business. When he made the announcement his wife almost gave vent to an ejaculation of joy. He thought it was to be a protest and stifled it with a kiss, at the same time assuring her that only one night would separate them.

She was grateful for that one. As soon as he departed she began to devise ways and means of getting a little excitement. She curled herself up in a cushioned chair and with her pretty face in her slender hands she meditated. Presently her big brown eyes lighted up. The name of the artist Horton was on her lips. She sprang to her feet. Her plans were outlined.

Late that afternoon Mrs. Jack Wilson was among the throng of shoppers in Post street. To a casual observer it might seem that the show windows engrossed her attention, but her mind was occupied with something other than dress patterns, furs and millinery, That something materialized in the person of Lee Horton, leisurely sauntering towards the Bohemian club.

Mrs. Jack Wilson's lithe and graceful figure cast a shadow across his path; he looked up and smiled. Her big, brown eyes were expressive of great surprise when they met his gaze. She was a clever actress, was Mrs Jack Wilson. If Lee Horton had been the very last man on earth she was longing for and expecting to meet she could not have manifested greater astonishment.

After the first greetings were over he asked her why she was down town so late. The question gave her the opportunity she wanted.

"I am a grass widow," she replied.

Horton started as though he had been struck. Then he smiled.

"Joking as usual," he said.

"No, I am in earnest. Jack has deserted me for a day. He has gone to Fresno and will not return until tomorrow."

Horton thought he detected an emphasis upon the last two words

"And I suppose you are playing truant in his absence?" he said. "It must be lonesome at home without him."

There was a suggestion of sarcasm in his tone.

"Not exactly lonesome," she calmly replied, "but you know I always liked company and I thought I would come down town for dinner just for the novelty of the thing. I've heard so much about those sumptuous down town restaurants and, do you know, I've never been in one?"

"You surely wouldn't dare to enter one alone," he said.

"Dare!" she exclaimed. "You surely never knew me to be afraid!"

That evening Mrs. Jack Wilson and Lee Horton sat tête-à tête in the seclusion of an upper apartment in O'Farrell street It was a novel experience for Mrs. Jack Wilson. As she sipped her first glass of sauterne her hand trembled with excitement. She tried to affect an air of ease and composure in the presence of the waiter for she wanted him to understand that she was accustomed to that sort of thing. She felt that her spirits had never been so buoyant before but when the meal was about half over it suddenly dawned upon her that her companion was cold and reticient.

She had been doing all the talking, trying to engage him in conversation, but she could not draw him out. She told him how monotonous her married life was because of Jack's dislike for excitement.

"But Jack is a dear fellow," she said, "and when he comes home I'll make him take me here to dinner at least once a week. I'm going to rouse him up and then I know I'll be happy."

"You love him," observed Horton, in a low tone as though in soliloquy.

"Oh, yes," she replied, "Jack is the dearest fellow on earth. Of course I love him."

Sparkling wine followed the sauterne and Mrs. Jack Wilson rambled on in her talk about her husband. Presently she noticed that Horton had become very morose. She placed her hand on his and pressed it warmly. He returned the pressure and then refilled her glass with the effervescent liquid.

"So you like this sort of excitement," he said.

"It's glorious," was the enthusiastic reply.

She raised the glass to her lips and he noticed that her eyes were moist. He moved his chair closer and seized her hand.

"I wish Jack were here," exclaimed Mrs. Jack Wilson, and Horton dropped her hand so violently that it almost upset a dish.

Once more he fell into taciturnity and after that all efforts to arouse his interest were in vain.

But Mrs. Jack Wilson prattled away in a most exuberant fashion. She had never looked prettier and her conversation was never more spirited.

When they parted at the coupé door Mrs. Jack Wilson told Lee Horton that it was the most enjoyable evening she had spent in years.

"But," she added, "if only Jack had been with us!"

And then the door closed with a bang.

THE MORALIST

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It was, in London town;
A gin distill was under way,
And in the vat was down.
Old Tom, a feline soft and sleek,
Into the vat leaned o'er to peek,
And into it he fell!
"Come out of that!"
"It is a cat
Within the vat!"—
Came other cries as well.
They fished the fated feline out,
But he was dead beyond a doubt.
His name still lives and, in glass case,
His carcass, stuffed, is said to grace
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Katy Did

"KATY DID! Oh, Katy didn't!"
Swells the chorus on the breeze.
Katy's lover, keeping measure,
Swings her hammock 'neath the trees.

"Katy did! Oh Katy didn't!"
Stars are peeping from the sky,
Though the lovely sunset's glory
Lingers in its crimson dye.

"Katy did! Oh Katy didn't!"
How they chant the chorus over.
Lowing cows are coming homeward
From the fields of fragrant clover.

"Katy did! Oh Katy didn't!"
"Will you kiss me ere I go?"
Eagerly the voice is pleading,
Saucy Katy answers "No!"

"Katy did! Oh Katy didn't!"
Hammock swinging very slow;
Like the rhythm of sweet music,
Swaying softly to and fro

"Katy did! Oh Katy didn't!"
Now the chorus rises higher.
Slyly stealing, slowly bending,
Roguish lips are drawing nigher.

"Katy did! Oh Katy didn't!"
Brown moustache is very near,
Sunny curls brush o'er his shoulder,
"Katy did!" Oh dear! Oh dear!

ANNA E. SAMUEL

A Roving Duck

Here comes a duck a-roving, a-roving, a-roving
Here comes a duck a-roving, a-rancy-tancy-tee!
And what is your good-will, sir, good-will sir, good-will, sir,
And what is your good-will, sir, a-rancy-tancy-tee!
Oh, my good-will is to marry, to marry, to marry,
Oh, my good-will is to marry, a-rancy-tancy-tee!
And won't you take one of us sir, of us sir, of us, sir,
And won't you take one of us, sir, a-rancy-tancy-tee!
You're all too proud and ugly, and ugly, and ugly,
You're all too proud and ugly a-rancy-tancy tee!
Well, won't you take the prettiest one, the prettiest one, the prettiest one,
Well, won't you take the prettiest one, a-rancy-tancy-tee!
Well, then I'll take the prettiest one, the prettiest one, the prettiest one,
Well, then I'll take the prettiest one, so come along with me.

BROWN SAID it reminded him of the old game his little sisters used to play, when he alighted from the stage at Camp Sailor and saw the girls gathered on the porch. There was an immense group of them, about forty he was sure, and they all rubber-necked in great shape when he stepped down from his seat by the driver and gave his bag to the porter.

Brown, though he did not know it then, was the only man at Camp Sailor. There was a boy of fifteen staying at the hotel but, after Brown came, Ted Lane did not count.

Each of the twenty girls—there were only twenty when Brown started to count—made a dead set at Brown, of course. If you have never tried it, you do not know what a good time the only man at a summer resort can have. Two men are sometimes two too many but one man has matters all his own way. He can have several distinct and delightful flirtations. If he is married, he can keep the fact dark—if his wife is staying at some other resort—and if he is single, he is not in for anything serious. Nobody expects matrimony to result from a summer engagement.

So Brown just gave himself up to the pleasures of the hour. He classified the girls into lots of four each and bunched the practical and sentimental types, blondes and brunettes, rich and poor. The school teachers he put by themselves because he meant to give them the best time they ever had in their lives—it is so rarely the school-ma'am sees a real man.

Then he took them one by one and flirted with them. The practical ones he took out on the river and talked to them while they wielded the oars He talked books and babies, problems and puddings—and then he gave each a nice squeeze and, in one instance, a kiss—and left them all happy as queens.

The sentimental ones he took out walking, sometimes by moonlight and sometimes to see the sun rise over the mountain tops. He took along with him pocket editions of Byron, Swinburne and the modern erotic school of poets—and the kisses Brown distributed among this branch of the summer resorters were of the warm and languishing order.

The blondes, one and all, he compared to Venus and Lillian Russell: the brunettes, he declared, were fac similes of Anna Held.

But it was in teaching the school-teachers the tender arts of love that Brown almost forgot the fact that he was forty and the father of five children. He really outdid himself in his efforts to make an impression upon their susceptible hearts. He had too much tact to mention pedagogy in their hearing. So they did not even suspect that he knew their calling—and it was so pleasant not to be shunned but to be treated as if they were just common ordinary summer girls

The twenty had a great time and—practical, sentimental, blonde, brunette and professorein—all voted the day that Brown bade them farewell as the saddest in their calendar

He arranged his timepiece so that each fond good-bye took place when no others were around. The kisses were chaste and breathed regret on both sides

When Brown mounted the box-seat of the stage on Monday morning, each of the twenty who stood on the veranda waving him au revoir and bon voyage took his smile and the kiss he blew from his finger-tips for herself

But, afterwards, when they compared notes ———

The weather record says the thermometer rose several degrees on the afternoon of the day that Brown left Camp Sailor.

THE JOSHER.

HAPPY DAYS

IT IS the finest sport on earth to enjoy a spin on a wheel through the park and along the boulevard to the Cliff on a summer's day. But to make sure that the spin will be enjoyable the cyclist must see that he is provided with the best make of a wheel. If he chooses a Stearns he is sure to be all right. The Stearns cushion-frame bicycle is a hummer and no mistake.

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World of Letters

THE QUEEN OF THE SWAMP: Under this title we have a series of short stories by Mary Hartwell Catherwood; rather, one should say, a set of bold, clear etchings giving us the ways and moods and manners of the people in different sections of Ohio, Kentucky, Indiana and Illinois, showing how environment and circumstances mold the character and engrave upon the countenance the sign of boundary relationship. So great is this as to make of them a people of almost other nationality. These stories are for the most part clear and finished: others are more vaguely limned leaving the outlines to be filled in by the reader's intuition. They are delightful reading and have been republished from the various publications in which they first appeared. Another interesting volume at hand is Tiverton Tales, by Alice Brown. This is a set of tales of one village and its contiguous surroundings. Certain events or small epochs have served the author as the framework of description and probing the idiosyncrasies of a population whose conditions have grown apart from outside influences, showing how little peculiarities will rivet the personality of this person or that in a narrow community, making it a curious study and a wondering of what these same people would develop in different environment. The author snatches some special event from which she analyses it so closely as to individualize each soul that speaks out for itself despite the dumb ways and physical conditions of their lives. The latent spirit is there in each, awaiting its awakening from the torpid everyday life that counts little things of great moment in the universal flight of time. These stories repay one for the reading and show us no matter how dull outwardly, real life and tragic events are everywere, silenced by the commonplace. [Houghton Mifflin Co. New York.]

Vacation Days in Hawaii and Japan, by Charles M. Taylor. This book is a delight to look upon and a pleasure pure and simple to read. The style of the writing is clear, direct and explicit with little attempt at poetic gush over love scenes. However one knows thers is felt here and there a gleam of humor over a ludicrous position, but all along we are pursuing this delightful journey with the air of being a fellow traveler, for we are taken into the author's confidence throughout, in his manner of speaking directly to us en personne of the many events which make up the trip. [Geo. W. Jacobs & Co., Philadelphia.]

A June Romance, by Norman Gale. This little book is now issued in a new edition and is a simple joy from cover to cover, the love story which grows up between the well born tutor and the young daughter of a retired officer. The thirty days' dream of love is entered in the tutor's diary and so we are in intimacy with the various phases and distractions of this charming idyllic romance. Norman Gale's style is peculiar and individual; it is quaint, with litt'e affectations here and there pardoned for their naiveté, but one is somewhat puzzled when a lovely young girl is described as having a "rippling" nose. If it were tears rippling down it might be tenderly effective, but to class noses as Greek or Roman! In a rippling nose behold a type discovered by this lover alone. One must not carp critically at little things when the whole has flowered so charmingly that it carries with it the sweet flavor and fragrance of young love's dream. [Hubert S. Stone Co., Chicago.]

Fighting in Cuban Waters, one of the Old Glory series by Edward Stratmeyer. This work is up to date and the excitement is all at first hand, a book for boys, young and old, to revel in, the interest enhanced by well chosen illustrations. These stories are enough to fire the young enthusiasm and many a young fellow must thrill as he reads of the other boy's glorious chances to see the world and cover himself it only with reflected glory, sharing the same sun with the greater heroes. In this one of three books of the set the young adventurer makes his way to Boston and finally enlists in the navy where he is assigned to the Brooklyn. The chapters that follow tell of Schley and how he is idolized by his men, the routine of the Jackies' daily life, of the blockade and discovery of Cervera's fleet, followed by the remarkable conflict on July third. The interest must not be spoiled by telling too much of a book that I am sure the boys would prefer reading for themselves. [Lee and Shephard, Boston.]

ANNA COX STEPHENS.

Forest and Stream has discovered that Kipling does not know how to fish. Next! Kipling, en passant, is plaintiff in twenty-three lawsuits with regard to his writings.

Mrs. Hodgson Burnett's drama, A Lady of Quality, has not met with success in England but a six-penny edition of the novel appears to be well received.

In the July number of the Forum is an interesting paper by Truxton Beale on the subject of The White Race in the Tropics

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A DRUMMER'S MAXIM

ON THE cocktail route, Chapin & Gore's old Reserve Bourbon and Rye whiskies are growing in popularity. These whiskies are handled by the firm of Wreden, Kohlmoos & Co., which was formerly the firm of William Wolff & Co. The infusion of new blood into the firm through the advent of Herman Kohlmoos, a very popular young man, has proved decidedly advantageous, but, as the drummers say, when you are handling the right kind of goods it is easy to push them along.

A NEW BUSINESS FIRM

HARRISON HOUSEWORTH, who was for many years chief accountant for Lücke's shoe house, has lately been receiving the congratulations of his friends upon having acquired an interest in the firm. Mr. Houseworth is deserving of success and there is no doubt but that Lücke's shoes will be more popular than ever. Very few men have such a wide acquaintanceship as have Harrison Houseworth and Ben Lücke, and their association in business should prove a fortunate business stroke for both.

A benedict in town has a hard time convincing his spouse that he travels only the narrow path of rectitude when he is out late. The other night he went out to "talk up a business deal" with a man. Wife was suspicious when he came home with a breath. But hubby stoutly maintained that he hadn't opened his mouth since he went out.

"Why, you went to talk, I thought. How could you talk without opening your mouth?" said she.

"Oh," said he, serenely, "I always talk through my hat."

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O.
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LEGAL NOTICES

SHERIFF'S SALE

SAN FRANCISCO PAVING COMPANY (a corporation) Plaintiff
vs.
ANNIE C. RINES and FIRE MAN'S SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (a corporation) Defendants.

No. 65,594. Superior Court Department No. 7. Order of Sale and Decree of Lien.

Under and by virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Lien issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 7, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 11th day of July A. D. 1899, in the above entitled action wherein San Francisco Paving Company (a corporation), the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of lien against Annie C. Rines, defendant, on the 21st day of February A. D. 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 47 of said Court, at page 253 I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point upon the Northerly line of Sixteenth street distant thereon One hundred and eighty (180) feet Westerly of the Westerly line of Sanchezstreet, running thence Westerly upon the said Northerly line of Sixteenth street Fifty (50) feet, three (3) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-six (36) feet; thence Northeasterly parallel with the Southeasterly line of Market street, Eighty-two (82) feet six and one-half (6½) inches; and thence Southerly in a straight line Eighty seven (87) feet, four and three-fourths (4¾) inches to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block One hundred and three (103) in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday the 14th day of August A. D. 1899, at twelve o'clock Noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment with interest costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States

HENRY S. MARTIN,
Sheriff.

San Francisco, July 22nd A. D. 1899.

J. C. BATES, Attorney for Plaintiff,
434 California street, San Francisco.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2.

ANNA DE LAWCZYNSKI Plaintiff
vs
THEOPHILE F. DE LAWCZYNSKI Defendant

Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

Theophile F. de Lawczynski, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff since the 15th day of March, 1898; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Anna Fabry, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT. Wm. A. Deane, Clerk.
By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROGER PRENDERGAST Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of ROGER PRENDERGAST deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors at the law office of J. J. Dwyer at the Mills Building, Seventh Floor, Room 38, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Fraucisco, State of California.

PETER J. DUNNE and CHARLES HIRSHFELD,
Executors of the last will and testament of
Roger Prendergast Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 22, 1899.

J. J. DWYER, Mills Building,
Attorney for Executors.

TOWN TALK prints Briefs and Transcripts

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 2

CHRISTINA JACOBY Plaintiff
vs
HERMAN JACOBY Defendant

Action brought in the SuperiorCourt City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therin within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff since the 11th day of December A. D. 1897, and for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff for more than one year last past; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Christina Penders, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT. Wm. A. Deane, Clerk.
By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased,

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Joseph F. Byrne administrator of the estate of THOMAS BYRNE, deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said administrator at the office of his attorneys, Messrs. Lent and Humphrey, Rooms 54-55 Crocker Building, San Francisco, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

JOSEPH F. BYRNE
Administrator of the estate of Thomas Byrne, Deceased

Dated at San Francisco, July 1, 1899.

LENT & HUMPHREY, Attorneys for Administrator,
Crocker Building San Francisco

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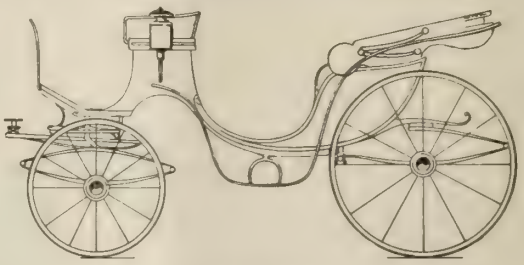

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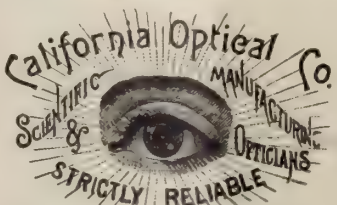

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San Francisco, August 5, 1899

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OUR OPINION

THE MOTHERS' CLUBS of the State of New York are mightily exercised over Mother Goose. There has been a simultaneous uprising in New York, Syracuse, Oswego and Rome. A Mrs. Arthur J. Wells has discovered that the rhymes so dear to generations of infants contain "no wit, much vulgarity and bad grammar." Mother Goose also encourages cruelty to animals and probably, if we were to probe sufficiently into the matter, we might discover that therein lies the cause of divorce, the foundation of trusts, the discontent of the farmer and the demonetization of silver. "Children ' say these wise mothers, "know nothing of animal life except what you teach them," and they seem to be of the opinion that the babies accept "Hey diddle-diddle" and "Sing a song of sixpence" as literal facts quite uncontradicted by experience or observation. Of the bad grammar and vulgarity there might be more said, but Mother Goose is enjoyed only by children who are too young to read so that the jingles which are questionable may be omitted; and the little ones are quite as apt to learn ungrammatical expressions from an uneducated nursemaid as from Mother Goose. But not Mother Goose only is under the ban. The dreadful fairy tales must go. Jack the Giant Killer aud his namesake of the Beanstalk are pronounced quite too sanguinary for these latter day infants and one mother happened to take up the Arabian Nights, of which she reported: "I was horrified, upon reading the time-honored Arabian Nights, to find it such an undesirable book for any child." If the good woman had never in her own childhood read that "time-honored" book one can only wonder what was substituted for it. Perhaps it was an unexpurgated edition. Luckily, children are neither so wise nor so foolish as their elders and when the redoubtable Jack makes an end to the giants, they do not complete the picture with headless bodies, distorted features and oceans of gore. The average child knows nothing of surgical operations or of fatal accidents or encounters, except such as occur to their dolls and toys. It does not concern them in the least that a favorite hero meets a variety of ends. They probably would reason, if they considered the matter at all, that having further use for his head or arm, it was "stuck on again," very much after the manner in which the broken toys mysteriously become whole during the night. The good mother who expressed so much horror over the Arabian Nights might, if she should commit such an indiscretion as to open a Bible or a copy of Shakespeare, experience just such another shock. Granted that there is much unfit for the minds of children, it is also to be remembered that at the fairy tale stage of development they are unable to comprehend these other matters and either omit entirely, or skim lightly over the "stupid stuff," which has nothing to do with fairies and genii, and which, had they anything to say about the compiling of the tales, would be rigorously blue-penciled. Children love to make believe, but they are perfectly well aware that it is make believe. Johnnie and Bessie, ship-wrecked in the rocking-chair or cast away on the desert island of a yard square rug and reduced to the verge of starvation, will minutely subdivide their last cracker and keep a sharp lookout for the vessel that is to rescue them at the last moment, but who imagines those children are really suffering, or that their play gives them any idea of the hardships of a genuine shipwreck? That is, who but mothers who turn their children over to nurses and kindergartens, while they go to Women's Congresses and mothers' meetings to take lessons in child study? Those unfortunate youngsters whose mothers are taken up with the new fad are to be crammed with Mother Truths instead of Mother Goose, nice little verses about flowers and animals, and it is to be hoped they will like the change. For years the primary reading books have been full of prim little addresses by impossibly good little girls who bade their sewing good night, addressed lengthy discourses to cows and sheep, or indulged in philosophical musings upon death, sleep and other subjects they had no business with, but no one ever met such prigs outside of the books. Tennyson once took one of his relatives for a walk and pointed out to the child a fairy ring. Master Learned immediately informed him that there were no fairies and explained the formation of the so-called ring, much

to the disgust of the poet, who probably found some other companion for future walks and thus deprived the good little boy of the opportunity of boring magazine readers by a series of articles on Walks with Tennyson. Hereafter the two-year-old who speaks a piece will substitute for Jack and Jill that doleful ditty:

My bird is dead, said Nancy Ray,
My bird is dead. I cannot play, etc.,

the "Child's Alphabet of Animals" with which the Century has been allowing Oliver Hereford to spoil its pages and those hideously impossible "illustrations" can now be put to use. The Golden Era, in the days when the earth was new, printed some rhymes on this same subject—a substitute for Mother Goose—only one of which can now be recalled. It ran thus:

The lion is an animal,
The hen, it is a fowl,
The horse, it is a quadruped,
The wisest bird's an owl.

DR. C. M. SHELDON, one of the innumerable horde of fool-preachers, recently conducted at Topeka, Kansas, what he is pleased to term a "question-box" and invited people to propound conundrums for him to solve, from the standpoint of "What Jesus Would Do." Here are some samples of the character of sacrilegious rot that came out of the box:

"If Jesus were in my place would he wear a trained dress on the streets and sweep up microbes?"

"If he were overlooked by a street car conductor what would he do?"

"Would he take a fall out of a fresh waiter?"

It has often occurred to us that the professors of religion and righteousness, the God-fearing exhorters and pulpiteers that preach the horror of hell fire, do not stagger at blasphemies which would give pause to hardened sinners. The ministers themselves have been guilty of far too much irreverence in propounding idle and silly queries as to what Christ would do under such and such circumstances. When at a loss for a sensational theme for a sermon they never hesitate to ring the changes on the question as to what Jesus would do. To a mind possessed of reverence for things sacred, this practice savors too much of the circus. Why ask what Christ would do when we have his teachings in the New Testament to enlighten us? Is it not making a mockery of religion to encourage the asking of such a question as to whether Christ, if he were a woman, would wear skirts and sweep up microbes?

SEVERAL DAYS AGO the New York Herald reported on the authority of one of its high salaried foreign fabricators of fat-witted fiction that Admiral Dewey had asserted that our next war would be with Germany and that it was inevitable. The contradiction of such a fatuous falsehood was superfluous. Its absurdity was its own contradiction. Within the past year we have become so thoroughly acquainted with Admiral Dewey and so familiar with his mental calibre, that it requires more subtle misrepresentation than that of which a Creelman or one of his ilk is capable, to effect deception. Is it not about time for the newspaper proprietors of the country to realize that the sort of journalism which they are fostering by the employment of Creelmanesque correspondents does not benefit them? If the purpose of newspapers is to publish the news and if unreliability inspires distrust, weakens the influence of the press and leads to loss of circulation, it should be the aim of proprietors to discourage such faking as that which is indulged in by those correspondents that revel in retractions of their own romances. The average so-called newspaper commissioner that fakes interviews with crowned heads and other distinguished personages, and plasters the horizon with war clouds, is not a trained newspaper man. The newspaper man that has served an apprenticeship as a police reporter and risen by easy stages in his profession, learned early in his career that reliability was essential to success. In late years magazine romancers have been lured into daily newspaperdom for advertising purposes. It is the theory of proprietors of yellow journals that people like to read articles signed by men who have the reputation of being "fine writers," and that the employment of these men implied enterprise and prosperity. The capacity of the "fine writers" as news-gatherers is not taken into consideration. It was in consequence of this new theory that the New York Journal with a lot of silk-shirted magazine heroes in Cuban waters, was badly beaten at the beginning of the late war by those of its contemporaries that were represented at the front by one or two ex-police reporters. It is in consequence of this same theory that many of the foreign dispatches of today are contradictions of those of yesterday.

John Brisben Walker, editor of the Cosmopolitan Magazine, is about to bring a suit for $100,000 damages against Count Tolstoi's agents for breach of contract in regard to the novel, "The Awakening," which has been appearing as a serial in that magazine. Owing to the difficulties which have arisen no further installments of the novel will appear in the Cosmopolitan. The case promises to be a cause celebre in literature. Expurgation and editing of the story was necessary, Mr. Walker says, to permit of its being allowed to go through the mails in the Cosmopolitan, and this excision caused Count Tolstoi to forbid further publication. Mr. Walker claims many breaches of contract on the part of the Count's representatives.

Of course Mr. Walker has no expectation of recovering pecuniary damages as Count Tolstoi prudently made over all his possessions to his wife before announcing his adherence to the doctrine that a man has no right to own property, so that for practical purposes he is as judgment proof as the average dead-beat. What seems the real funny part of all this fuss over "The Awakening" is that Brunnetiere would not accept it for the Revue des Deux Mondes as he regarded it as too bald for publication in that journal. The Cosmopolitan edited and expurgated the story, while in England it is published in full, and yet the good Victorian dames throw up their hands in horror at France and America and affect to regard those two countries as the abiding place of all that is objectionable. Someone once said, "Most of the modesty in

this world will look at anything provided it can be seen through a crack," and the crack of a translation seems to answer every purpose. The Cosmopolitan will find no difficulty in filling the space heretofore occupied by Tolstoi's novel, and, if one may judge by comments made by its readers, there will be few who care enough for the story to go to any particular pains about obtaining the rest of it.

SAN FRANCISCO is a very active city just now. It has been converted into a garrison town of unusual importance. Thousands of soldiers are coming and going every week and thousands are constantly in camp on the military reservation. We are the host of Uncle Sam's soldiery and while we are kept busy extending the glad hand to the veterans of the Manila campaign we are making elaborate preparations for a royal reception to our own Californian regiment. We are so enthusiastically sustaining the reputation of the state for hospitality that it is somewhat difficult for us to find time to devote to the ordinary humdrum affairs of life, but at present we are on the eve of the most important primary election that has ever been held in this state. That primary is to have an important influence upon the future of the city government. Much will depend upon the character of the men who are elected to inaugurate the new system of government provided for by the charter ratified at the last session of the legislature. The primary will be conducted under a law enacted for the purpose of enabling the voters of the city to elect a convention for the selection of candidates for office. Primaries of the past have been mere farces controlled entirely by corrupt bosses, but under the existing law the people are guaranteed the enforcement of the expression of their preferences. It therefore behooves every man who is interested in the welfare of the city to perform his duty as a citizen on Tuesday next.

THERE ARE several small towns in this state in any one of which if Christopher A. Buckley were to attempt to repeat himself as he is now doing in San Francisco, the authorities would find it somewhat difficult to protect him from the wrath of indignant citizens. Some years ago Buckley was the dictator of the local democracy. At the same time he was the associate of thugs, the middle-man for jury bribers, and the disbursing agent of all corporations that deemed it expedient to corrupt judges and supervisors. He fattened off infamy until the pride of prosperity prompted him to grow bolder in his nefarious enterprises, and with recklessness born of insatiate cupidity he accomplished a deal involving the sale of his party and for this act of treachery he was repudiated and driven into obscurity. Subsequently in self-sought exile he eluded justice, and in obscure quarters in a remote part of Canada the wretched fugitive trembled in fear at the sound of every footstep. And now with brazen effrontery this vile blackleg of the slums, not satisfied with the plethoric pickings of the past, seeks to intrench himself once more in the hope of adding to his plunder. What a humiliating commentary on the apathy of the community that such a political pirate should flaunt his black flag in our faces without fear of being suspended at the yard-arm. Christopher A. Buckley is maneuvering for the capture of the next democratic municipal convention and despite his infamous record, his duplicity and treachery, he is receiving encouragement from men that pose as honest, law abiding citizens. Their only excuse for associating with him is that they have not been invited by the Committee of One Hundred to sit in the councils of the party. They insist upon being given prominence. They are not concerned for the welfare of the city. They can see nothing at stake except jobs at the city hall. Those are the people that intend to vote at the primary election for the restoration of Buckleyism. Fortunately the people that have no interests in the prospects of job-seeker Bill Jones of the twenty-eighth district or job-seeker Tom Smith of the forty-first district are in a large majority, and they are not to be influenced by the whims and caprices of political soreheads. Their assistance is needed at the primary election to put the quietus on Buckley and his push, and they should not fail to respond.

Theo. F. Bonnet.

NOW that Secretary Alger is out of office his friends are saying that he is a very much abused man. They are actively spreading the report that his fealty to the president prompted him to shoulder the blame that should have been cast upon McKinley for many of the scandals that grew out of the war. They declare that Alger was ignored by the president and that it was the latter's acts that caused so much dissatisfaction. In other words Alger permitted himself to be used as a shield to break the force of the shafts of hot criticism hurled against the administration. Mr. Alger is now a candidate for a seat in the United States Senate, and hence the solicitude of his friends. It will not avail, however, to contend that he was the victim of a designing president. Public opinion cannot be changed by the mere assertion of a coterie of politicians interested in a scheme to foist the ex-secretary of war upon the Senate. The charges made against him in the press have received strong circumstantial corroboration that cannot be rebutted by the oral testimony of the defendant's constituents in Michigan. Moreover by representing him as a complacent figure-head in the cabinet they are not likely to raise him in the estimation of the public. But his election to the United States Senate is not very improbable. He is a very rich man and he controls great interests in Michigan where he has already opened his barrel. His money was freely used in preparations for an ovation and when he returned home there was much hired enthusiasm designed to create a false impression as to his popularity. Those of his neighbors and fellow citizens whose endorsement and approval are subject to monetary influences may be depended upon to give the late Secretary of War a rousing welcome, and when the legislature convenes Colonel Mazuma will clank his golden spurs in the capitol.

ON TOCALOMA'S HEIGHTS

SLOWLY o'er each rounded hill
The tender dawn is lightly breaking;
Chilly breath of passing night
The sleeping flowers are wakening.
The misty sky shows rosier tints above
Awake O love! Awake heart's love
The misty sky and woods shew rosy tints, dear love!

But still and cold in death's long sleep;
In patient waiting lies 'till that bright dawn,
Stay of my soul; my far-off love!
Sleeping flowers that dawn awakened
Withered and wind-strewn, lie—
Darkening skies, long shadows streaming.
Cover up the worn-out day,
And softly, sweetly sleeps my love.

—B. Welwyn Ashley

The Saunterer

PLATONIC LOVE, about which there is so much prattle nowadays, and a misconception of whose application seems to have increased the divorce evil, is a much misconstrued term. Reading Plato in the original, or even in its proper translation, one finds nothing that could lead to the idea that Plato believed in the so-called "platonic love" between man and woman of which he is said to have been the instigator. The relation Plato wrote of was in reality friendship, of man to man. I am led to these observations by the prevalence of the "soul relation" topic among the married women who find their chief pleasure at the summer resorts in flirting with the stray youths that are able to enjoy an entire week's vacation, while the husbands can only leave town from Saturday till Monday. There is no harm in these mild flirtations: they are simply to pass the time. Nevertheless, I often wonder how the youths' brains can stand all this poppycock about elective affinities, moving in the same psychic circle, and other horoscopic nonsense, on days when the mercury touches ninety-nine in the shade and an iced julep is the only possible drink.

Speaking of summer resorts, what lots of food for gossip is given by the simple announcements published in the daily papers of arrivals at the resorts. In looking over the San Francisco papers a friend of madame, who is in New York visiting her parents, sees the arrival of Miss Blank noted at one of the summer hotels. Looking farther down in the same list, she spies the name of madame's husband. How very easy to put two and two together, for it is well known that madame has cherished a sneaking feeling of jealousy for monsieur's expressed liking for "that jolly Miss Blank." The truth of the matter may have been that monsieur and Miss Blank enjoyed a drive and a luncheon à deux at the summer hotel, a perfectly harmless diversion, but madame's friend is sure to put the worst construction on the close proximity of the two names in the hotel register. And, before you can turn around almost, madame has returned home in a hurry and has instituted divorce proceedings. This is not a fairy story.

I hear that the marriage will shortly be celebrated of the wealthy widow, Mrs. Bandmann, and Lieutenant Brandt, who rumor says is several years the lady's junior. Mrs. Bandmann, however, is a very young looking woman for her years, is sprightly and vivacious, and would make a remarkably congenial companion for any man. She is building a magnificent residence at the corner of Union street and Van Ness avenue and it is understood that when the house is finished the marriage of the widow and her lieutenant will take place. The contemplated wedding of Mrs. Bandmann recalls memories of her beautiful daughter, Tonie, who died soon after her marriage to Percy Rothwell, the milling man. Tonie was considered one of the most fascinating girls of her set and her early death was an occurrence of much regret. She was a jolly good fellow long before such a characterization for a genial-tempered feminine came into fashion and the many parties that her mother gave in her honor after she made her début in society were such happy occasions that invitations to them were eagerly sought after. And a face always to be seen at these receptions was that of Miss Carrie C. Platt.

Miss Platt deserves a paragraph to herself as, since the days when she officiated as chief magnet at the Bandmann parties, she has become a celebrity in another circle. At the time she was Tonie Bandmann's chum, it was said that her friend's mother used to invite her to the receptions at the Lombard street residence because she was such a potent drawing-card to the masculines. However that may be, Miss Platt was certainly always a belle though she did not manage to capture a rich husband. There are those who believe that the metamorphosis of Gertrude Atherton's heroine, Hermia Suydam, from a dark-skinned, scrawny girl into a ravishingly beautiful woman was an impossibility. Yet nearly a fac simile of such a transformation was effected in the case of Carrie Platt. She was

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a most unattractive, freckle-faced little school-girl, dull and uninteresting, yet now at a few years beyond thirty she is one of the striking beauties of her sphere. Some complexion tonics and a dash of chemical to her dark brown hair were partial mediums to effect the change and as she has a finely rounded figure and an inborn good taste in dress she is easily ranked a winner, to use an apropos sporting term. She is, I believe, at present in the east but I have heard of no split in the friendship that has existed for a number of years between Miss Platt and a local clubman. His residence is at the Pacific-Union club but it is well known that he has, or did have, an interest in a well appointed flat near Nob hill. Those who have wondered why the scion of one our oldest families—whose name is still carried by one of the city's landmarks—has forborne to marry in his set and raise a family to inherit his immense fortune find the explanation in the love he bears for the fair San Franciscan some of whose attractions are here recorded.

Having had occasion to comment unfavorably upon school and college journals in general, it behooves me to say a word in commendation of the Porcupine, the organ of the Santa Rosa high school. Though much less pretentious than the average amateur publication the matter is better selected and a recent number contains a story under the title "The Moorish Treasure," which is not behind much of the fiction contained in the lighter monthly magazines. The articles are signed only by initials and "E. R. 02" gives no clew to the author who is probably one of the pupils of the school. It is the matter of personalities and exchanges that I wished particularly to note. There is a complete absence of the offensive flippancy and smart Aleck style of comment which usually characterizes these publications and where names are used they are so carefully elided as to tell no tales out of school. In appearance the Porcupine could be improved. The pages bristle with typographical errors and the selection of initials and the make-up are not creditable to the printing firm which undertakes to get the paper out. While on this subject, "The Whittier Monthly" also deserves its share of praise and in this case there is nothing to criticise in appearance and make-up. The work is done by the printing class in the state school at Whittier, and challenges comparison with that of the average publishing establishment. Naturally a large part of the contents is made up of personal comment but the tone is so uniformly dignified and gentlemanly (or ladylike) that one cannot help but wish the editors of the college Red and Yellows might have the advantage of a few years at Whittier. If the school is as successful in other respects as it is in this the state will have reason to take pride in the pupils.

I. W. Lees, the veteran police functionary, has grown tired of throwing himself into hacks and he has asked the supervisors to equip the police department with automobiles. There was a time when Chief Lees was very fond of hacks. A hack invariably played a leading role in every sensational capture made by the local Vidocq. It was his custom whenever he made an important arrest to summon the police reporters of the dailies to the "upper office," as his headquarters have always been known, and then tell the whole story from the beginning. He is a very skillful romancer, is the old chief, and when he tells the reporters how he captured a daring safe-cracker or a clever forger or how he hunted down the clews to the mysterious murder, he always begins at the beginning, after the style of Old Sleuth and recites each chapter with all its sidelights of details until the dénouement is reached. And invariably he pictures himself in at least one chapter in the act of hurling himself into a hack. If the hack were omitted the story would be incomplete. But the chief is strictly up to date and he evidently feels that it behooves him to have an automobile for future hurling operations. I wonder if he could capture a lottery ticket agent with an automobile?

No other than Chester Bailey Fernald was chosen by Mrs. Cora Urquhart Potter to make the adaptation from Herman Heyermans' "The Ghetto," which is to be the chief attraction of the Potter-Bellew repertory next season. It is a tale of Jewish life and it is said to be intensely interesting, Heyermans' being one of the most powerful of the German writers. Mr. Fernald's adaptation of his own story, "The Cat and the Cherub," was a great success in London and its leading interpreter, Holbrook Blinn, is today one of the most popular character actors in the great metropolis, I hear.

He (enthusiastically): Miss Swell is a jolly girl, a regular bird.

She (coldly): I have heard it said that she is fly.

The provincial aristocracy of Bakersfield is very much exercised over TOWN TALK's gossip concerning some of its members. Those that my correspondent does not deem of sufficient importance to mention are very wroth, but try to solace themselves with the notion that the correspondent is one who has never penetrated the real gilt-edged inner circles. The Daily Californian of Bakersfield has been trying to pour oil on the troubled waters and in a recent issue of that interesting and influential journal it was stated anent the speculation aroused over the authorship of a certain article that a resident of Bakersfield received some time ago from TOWN TALK a form containing questions together with the request that they be answered. "He argues," says the Californian, "that he having received this form, others did also, some of whom returned it filled out. TOWN TALK thus having a mass of material at hand selected that deemed best and faked up a column of correspondence." What an ingenious explanation! If the individual that concocted it expected it to suffice and to receive the congratulations of his friends for having solved the mystery, I must bid him smoke up and awake from his pipe dream. Having become fully aroused, I desire to stigmatize this Bakersfieldian a san unconscionable liar. He never received a form from TOWN TALK containing questions to be answered. I have never issued such a form nor have I ever solicited correspondence, and it is a rule of TOWN TALK that all anonymous communications shall go into the waste basket.

There isn't an ounce of headache in a barrel of it—Jesse Moore "A. A" Whisky.

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The old country place that belongs to the estate of the late Mrs. Kate Johnson, renowned for her art treasures and her collection of blooded felines, is now a summer resort. It is one of the finest properties in Sonoma county, the comfortable residence surrounded by beautiful grounds and well cultivated acres of nursery and farming land, and is at present occupied by the Gottenbergs. It is a pleasant summer resort and one of the chief attractions of the place to the summer girl is the son of the house, Dr. J. Gottenberg. He is a young man of fine physical and mental attributes and as he enjoys the distinction of being the only dentist in Sonoma, it may easily be understood that he ranks high as an eligible. He is an enthusiastic camera artist, an authority on horse flesh and a devoted cycler. What the girls enjoying Buena Vista's hospitality this summer would have done without Dr. Gottenberg I do not know, as he has made himself useful in all the various pleasing ways in which masculine attentions can be displayed.

At Buena Vista among the other guests are the Misses Nelson, very charming girls who go in for all sorts of athletic sports with eagerness and especially enjoy pedestrianism. It is well known that in no other county are more interesting walks than are found in Sonoma, so many different "springs" to visit and such inspiriting mountain climbs. I understand that Colonel Boyce considers his place the crack springs in Sonoma county. One of the diversions of the guests at the summer hotels is to go to church in Sonoma on Sunday and an especially favored sanctuary is that of the Congregational sect. Here they have an admirable choir of which Miss Claire Hope is the soprano and upon a recent Sabbath the quartet was strengthened by the addition of Roy Smith of San Francisco, who rendered a tenor solo. The visiting summer girls have a powerful rival in the prettiest of Sonoma's many well-favored feminine residents, Miss Bertha Campbell. There are others who may dispute the title but the writer contends that Miss Campbell carries away the palm for general attractiveness.

"Why, Mr. Blazay," she asked, "have you never married?"

"Because," he replied, "no girl that I have fancied has ever fancied me."

She believed that he was an egotist and had expected to elicit a reply that would enable her to indulge in sarcasm, but she decided to pursue the subject no further.

Private sanitariums are institutions in which I have never had much confidence. They are so easily converted into private prisons and inducements to that end are so frequently offered that I think they should be prohibited. There is a private sanitarium near Livermore and if there is but a morceau of truth in some of the stories that I have heard concerning the management, an investigation should prove productive of interesting and perhaps sensational revelations. People living in the neighborhood of this sanitarium tell of suicides that are hushed up and of the cruel treatment of patients. These stories may be exaggerated but I am inclined to believe that the management of the sanitarium is not any better than that of other institutions conducted upon a similar basis. As it is an invasion of the constitutional rights of an individual to deprive him of his liberty without due process of law, I should like to know by what authority people are confined in private sanitariums. A person cannot be committed to a public insane asylum without having been adjudged insane by a court of competent jurisdiction, yet people are being sent everyday to private insane asylums that are referred to in a delicate way as sanitariums.

The Detroit Free Press recently devoted three or four columns of its front page to a rather facetious bit of writing by one Kenneth Hereford, the subject being "Gelett Burgess in Chelsea." This Kenneth Hereford has much to say of " 'Jelly' as they call him over here." Jelly! And Bailey Millard was aggrieved because Burgess had dropped the other prenomen, Frank. Jelly! surely the score is evened now, whatever was at the bottom of the matter. Gelett Burgess and the Detroit Free Press make an uncertain combination, the more so that Kenneth Hereford is an unknown quantity to me and against the following extract I can only set the positive assurance of Mr. Doxey, publisher of the Lark as well as the two volumes of Yone Noguchi's poems, that the latter are unquestionably the work of the young Japanese:

By and by the critics began to gape. Among them they prophesied the birth of either a genius or an ass—it's a bit hard for a critic to distinguish the one from the other at first glance. Just as they had about decided that Burgess was a moulting genius, lo and behold, there appeared upon the western horizon a more amazing figure still. He was a young Japanese and wrote poetry in which he was supposed to be letting his oriental soul fly about on occidental pinions. Jelly Burgess discovered Yone Noguchi and the world stepped back with wonder. What marvelous poetry Yone did write. The eastern editors began to print it, essayists wrote essays upon it and dull college professors and academic pedagogues scanned it. To make it all the better, a cloud of mystery enshrouded Yone. It leaked out that Jelly had turned him over to the ministering care of Joaquin Miller, who took him in and provided for him on the Heights at Oakland. The magazines printed portraits of Yone. And then Jelly Burgess, his discoverer, fled to England where today he sits in a Chelsea attic, laughing at the critics of the world whom he had hocus-pocused in the belief that such a person as Yone really were alive. It was a good joke, that writing of idiotic tommyrot that a Sanscrit scholar would not understand, and palming it off on America and England as the soul-outpouring of a clever Japanese. But Jelly will never be forgiven by the critics. A man is not likely to forgive at once a man who proves he is an ass. Jelly tells his friends now that if the discerning critics found anything in Yone's lines they did more than he could ever do, and he wrote all the verses ascribed to the Jap himself.

Hereford thinks this is a great advertisement for Burgess, who is described in one sentence as riding the topmost wave of popularity in England and, in another, as living in a garret six stories from the street and wondering why he ever left San Francisco. If I remember rightly, there was no particular haste about Burgess' "flight." It was well known in this city that he intended to go east and he tarried awhile on the Atlantic seaboard, where we have it on the authority of Bailey Millard that he was the idol of the pink tea coterie. Some months ago, very soon after "Jelly" took up his residence in London, the Bookman reproduced a most amusing drawing by Burgess, wherein he was shown in a shabby attic room ruefully contemplating by the light of a guttered and expiring candle his bill for lodgings, while on the top of his file was

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his receipt for literary work far below the cost of his living. Perhaps Mr. Hereford had that picture and a powerful imagination to aid him.

"The news we get from Rome
Is all made up at home,
It's my conviction;
And that, you see, will account
For the terrible amount
Of contradiction."

If Mr. Burgess *did* write the Yone Noguchi poems, it is hard to comprehend how a man of Mr. Doxey's experience and ability could have published both of those volumes and the Lark without discovering the identity, and if the matter were a trade secret, he could have no reason for concealment when Mr. Burgess has spoken. In view of the fact that Vance Thompson published a similar statement in the Musical Courier last winter, one would like to see something explicit about the matter over the signature of both Yone Noguchi and Gelett Burgess. Anyway, the poetry is quite as good as Stephen Crane's—or for that matter, much of Walt Whitman's.

The many friends of Mrs. M. M. Fitzgerald—and they are legion—are happy over her election to the vice-principalship of the Denman school. Mrs. Fitzgerald is one of the most thoroughly cultured instructors on the Pacific coast and cleverness such as she possesses cannot but bring to its owner the best of laurels. Mrs. Fitzgerald combines a delightful personality with her genius, her ready wit never permitting a dark moment to enter where she is present. And, while not essential to success as a pedagogue, it is worthy of mention that she is a very fine-looking woman and her crowning glory, as her girl pupils will have it, is her hair which is of the rare auburn hue that fairly sparkles with gold when in the sun.

Mrs. E. M Baumgardner, who has just resigned from her position as vice-principal of the Denman, is one of the old time members of the local school department and in her class—the highest grammar grade—has been numbered a succession of pupils from the representative families of the city. Few teachers can have such pleasant memories of their classes as can Mrs. Baumgardner, as she gazes down the list of graduates from her grammar grade. Charlotte Thompson, now doing such admirable critical work on the Call, once studied under Mrs. Baumgardner and among others enjoying her tuition in times past were many who are now shining lights in the world of art, society and letters.

The Musical Age says that New Yorkers who spend the most money in entertaining are never so lavish as the London hosts who provide music at their houses. "It was an American who paid Paderewski five thousand dollars for appearing at two musicales," says the Age, "but he lives in London and was only endeavoring to compete with others in the set he desires to move in. Madame Melba now gets two thousand dollars for singing in London drawing rooms and is said to have had eleven engagements during the season at that price. This demand for their services at private houses makes the London opera a matter of secondary importance to the singers who are popular in drawing rooms. No such prices are paid for their services here. The highest sum ever paid here was given last winter to Madame Sembrich. This was two thousand dollars for a musicale in a private house." In San Francisco singers would find it very difficult to obtain anything at all approaching a fair price for singing in private houses. I believe that the De Youngs are the only people who are liberal in this matter. A local millionaire would think he was being bled of his beloved dollars if anybody suggested that he should give a function and pay a great vocal or instrumental star to entertain his guests. When singers or players of merely local reputation appear at receptions or musicales it is rarely that they receive anything, I am told, beyond thanks from the hostess. The guests' applause is supposed to be sufficient remuneration.

"I say, ma'am, you've got a big rip in the back of your skirt," said the small boy to the fat woman who was lumbering down the sands from the bath-house at Santa Cruz.

Being self-possessed she did not blush. And being a woman of resources she shifted her patent adjustable skirt so that the rent faced the water, and she continued on her way into the surf.

That the so-called exclusive set of Newport is not very particular about the character of people that it entertains has once more been evidenced by the prominence that Baron Oppenheimer has received there. He is the guest of Mrs. Astor and is cutting a wide swath. Baron Oppenheimer is a Parisian fortune-hunter of the Castellane type. He is a pensioner upon the bounty of his uncle, an honored and honorable banker of the same name. For years, I have heard, he has been pursuing American women with the object of capturing an heiress but his efforts have been in vain. He is not admitted into society at home but he is always conspicuous on the Avenue des Acacias in the Bois by reason of the circumstance of his being accompanied by a groom who paints his face and uses peroxide on his hair. That sort of evidence of effeminacy attracts attention even in Paris.

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The warmth with which a certain out of town democratic politician defended the "good" name of Chris Buckley reminds me of an occasion, many years ago, when that orator had hardly reached the threshold of his career as either attorney or politician. He was to try his powers of persuasion and flattery upon the benighted residents of an obscure mining camp and was presented to his audience as "the son of the most illustrated Irishman in the country." This of course, was long before the Klondike discoveries, and another attorney who afterward attained considerable prominence in state politics and who joined the great majority several years ago, took occasion, at the same meeting, to score the republican party for wasting the people's money in purchasing the barren "island of Alaska," much to the delight of the schoolboys who formed an appreciative part of the "large and enthusiastic audience."

Some of the eastern papers are hard at work on a genealogy and pedigree for the Grant family which will make Miss Julia as much of a descendant as her prince with the unspeakable name. The Grants are now traced back through American, English, Scotch and Scandinavian forbears as far as the year 600 and coats, crests and mottoes are as plentiful as royalty can have any desire for. Two generations from now the Grants—if there are any so unfortunate as still to bear the name—will have difficulty in persuading themselves that the obscure tanner who was something in the army and held some kind of a position under government can have been anything more than a namesake.

"So you married me to excite the jealousy of Algernon Lycurgus Smith!" ejaculated the indignant husband.

For reply she scrutinized her finger-nails closely after the style of the heroine in the society play.

"Well," he continued with an air of hauteur that seemed frost-bitten, "I married you through spite, for I loved the fair Marie Corelli Brown."

"What an amusing coincidence," remarked little Edith as she smiled upon her parents.

Which shows that even the offspring of a mismated pair may be precocious.

John Pease Norton, a son of John H. Norton of Los Angeles, was graduated from Yale university, valedictorian of a class of three hundred. During his four years' course, he gained ten prizes and scholarships, probably the largest number ever won by a student in the same time. Who outside of his own family ever heard of him? Now had John Pease Norton devoted himself to the legitimate pursuits of a college career and excelled in football, bicycle racing, jumps, runs, etc., he would have been famous from east to west, his picture in every permissible form of dress and undress would have been published, and his weight and measurements chronicled abroad. Foolish young man to imagine a college course means anything but athletics!

The amusement we find in curious expression of "foreign English" is never in the least adulterated by the circumstance that we make equally poor work of our attempts at other languages, for like the good British matron traveling on the continent and overhearing a reference to her party as foreigners, we are apt, mentally, at least to "Beg pardon, but it is you who are the foreigners. We are English." This is the latest story. An American who was not a fluent Italian scholar happened to be in Venice when Cervera's fleet was destroyed. Eager to learn the full particulars, he carried his paper to a professor of languages for translation. It took him more than a minute or two to recognize the United States of the sentence "And the band played 'The flag with the stars on it,' and 'It will be very warm in the city this evening.'" Possibly President Harper of the Chicago university may withdraw his objection to the familiar Hot Time if the Italian paraphrase is adopted.

If there is one summer resort in this state where the male biped has not been scarce this season it is in Ross valley. The cheapness of a summer outing in the valley and the circumstance of its being easily accessible to residents of this city have made it a popular resort, and it is crowded with young men. Nevertheless there is one young woman in the valley who has been lonesome. I do not know whether this lonesomeness has been due to her failure to interest any of the numerous young men, or whether it has resulted from her inability to appreciate their society. At any rate in this beautiful valley thronged with male summer sojourners, a young, good looking woman longed for the society of a man. She is an heiress, too, having obtained quite a tidy sum from the estate of her father who was in the broom manufacturing business, and she is therefore not lacking in charms. About a fortnight ago she shocked the young men of the valley by 'phoning to Sausalito for a man. The message was sent from Mira Monte where the young woman is living, and of course she was overheard and the whole valley knew about it in a very short time. The message was in the nature of an appeal. And what an earnest appeal it was! "Come and stay a few days," she said, "and I'll pay all your expenses." How is that for generosity? And he came too—an Englishman, tall and distingué. He is a clerk in the bank of British Columbia and he lives in Sausalito. He remained at Mira Monte as the guest of the young woman for two days, notwithstanding the efforts of a couple of practical jokers to rout him out the first night. They dumped him out of bed and hurt his feelings—but he stayed.

Not everybody knows that Henry Miller, who is considered a representative American actor, was in reality born on the other side of the pond. He came over from England, however, at an early age and his home during the greater part of his youth was in Toronto, in which city he made his dramatic début. I am told that Mr. Miller points with pride to the fact that he gained his first training in stage work from C. W. Couldock, the veteran of Effie Ellsler's "Hazel Kirke" company.

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Bakersfield, writes my correspondent, is deadly dull just now and there is a dearth of topics of conversation. All we have to fall back upon as a subject for chat over our iced lemonade is Lord Brooke. I omitted, by the way, to include this gentleman among the prominent residents mentioned in a former letter, yet he is one of the principal members of our aristocracy. He affords entertainment for itinerants including Bakersfield in their route, by reason of his strictly English attire, the carefully creased ducks and the Seymour jackets that he affects. He is a Chumley without whiskers, a reproduction in fact of the blond-moustached Briton who figures in American dramas of the "Aristocracy" and "The Henrietta" order. I cannot recount all the Christian names of Lord Brooke but they cover considerable alphabetical area and Chappelle is the name to which he most frequently answers. He is under thirty years of age and is so susceptible to feminine charms that he will not let a day pass without an introduction to each new arrival of the feminine gender. He is a beau of very different pattern from Mr. Pope, whom I lately described, but is not less interesting. He has not been doing anything unusual of late to propel him into publicity but the dearth of social news leads me to give Lord Brooke's pen portrait in lieu of other matter. He is an eligible and in San Francisco I could fancy him the idol of the swim, for he is a genuine society type. He lives on his income which, judging from his manner of dress, is a liberal one; his home is at the smartest hotel Bakersfield can boast of. Quite a long time ago, the story goes, Lord Brooke went to St. Louis with intent to start a bank there, but he did not like the Missouri metropolis and returned here, since when he has seemed highly satisfied with his lot as a gentleman of leisure. He has a penchant for dogs, an English trait of character that is now becoming noticeable in America.

Upon any fine day one may meet Lord Brooke, generally in Chester avenue, which is his pet premenade, or else sipping a cool drink in the principal drug-store of the place. He is often joined by one of his chums, a jolly matron of the smart set whom I have referred to before as "the doctor's wife." She is a lively woman, masculine in her tastes and is considered a boon companion by most of the gay young men here, who call her "Ma." I must not forget to mention that one of Brooke's greatest adorations was Miss Maud Morrell of the Modjeska company who not long ago was spending her vacation with her sister here. Miss Morrell is a most attractive girl, as her Oakland and San Francisco friends will vouch for, and she made as big a hit in Bakersfield social circles as she has accomplished on the stage. Lord Brooke was her preux cavalier during her stay and used to get up moonlight drives and all manner of pleasures for her entertainment. I have no doubt his heart was at least chipped at the corners, if not broken outright, when she went away.

Apropos of the Bakersfield Woman's club, I hear that it is in the throes of impending dissolution. The club, you must understand, has been cogitating for some time past the subject of building, a grand structure that would rival Mr. Tevis' creation for the young men being one of the air-castles erected by the fair club women. At a meeting held last month one of the members, the wife of a well known lawyer, arose and said:

"Ladies, I have been told by a lawyer in whom I have every confidence"—no doubt her husband, but she did not say so—"that it will not be possible for our club to build unless we first incorporate."

This lady is thought to have cherished designs on the presidential chair for many months and her voiced legal knowledge was suspected, I understand, to have a bearing on the attainment of her ambition. However, the incorporation idea caused a wordy squabble and as a preliminary gauntlet thrown to the enemy, Mrs. Stevens, the president, said:

"I resign."

We have lost one of our musical population, Mr. Walter Manchester having left us for England, and it is not thought he will return to Bakersfield for many years, if ever. Incidentally it may be mentioned that Mr. Manchester is now a benedict, having been married on July twelfth. His bride was Miss Sade Burr of Berkeley who, I have heard, is a very pretty young woman of the English type. It was a church wedding but a quiet affair, only relatives and intimate friends being present. Mr. and Mrs. Manchester will go to Brussels after visiting the relatives of both in England and the former will continue his violin studies abroad.

An important engagement just announced in San Diego, writes my correspondent, is that of Miss Bessie Lewis, sister of Mrs. George Garrettson, and J. S. Akerman. Mrs. H. S. Richards, who has for some years been prominent in social and musical circles of San Diego, left this week for Oregon where she will hereafter reside. Quite a social event of last week was the musicale given by Mrs. Fred Baker and Miss Guelma Baker. Modjeska will arrive next week to begin rehearsing for her next season's tour. Cecil Hum-

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers, that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O.
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Massages and Operations on Ingrowing Toe Nails a Specialty
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A delightful hot drink may be made with the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky and the usual hot water, sugar and a little lemon skin.

phreys, son of Captain Humphreys, has gone to Port Harford to live. For years Cecil fancied he was destined to become great as a vocalist. A few weeks ago he sang the leading role in an amateur operatic production and found out what his friends had known for many moons—that he was mistaken. I know that the discovery was superlatively painful to Cecil but I can scarcely credit the rumor that Port Harford is to be as a cloister where he can find comfort in complete quiet. If Cecil were in quest of soundless solitude, of uttermost isolation, why did he not stay in San Diego?

The scarcity of eligible young men in San Diego often occasions the bitterest feuds among the innumerable young ladies who have been out for a season or so. A few months ago a youth, bearing the best credentials, showed an inclination to be sociable. At once he was deluged with invitations and, almost before he could realize it, was up to his neck in the swim. Naturally, he chose one from the bewildering bevy of beauty and proceeded to spend his money on her. Then the other girls got mad and tried in vain to spoil the snap for the favorite. A short time ago one of the girls, I am told, devised a scheme to disrupt the twain. She and her "dearest friend" and the dearest friend's fiancé arranged a moonlight drive to Ocean Beach and the fiancé telephoned an invitation to the eligible young man. He, believing of course that his sweetheart would be of the party, accepted. Picture his horror, then, when he took his place in the carriage to find only the trio who had planned the drive! But what could the poor boy do? He couldn't possibly be rude, so he went. The next day the girls made an early call on the favored young woman and managed adroitly to give her the particulars of the drive. But her adorer had already confessed all by telephone, therefore the ruse failed. Now the story is out and the poor girl finds herself in a most uncomfortable position. She is wisely thinking I hear, of spending a few months with friends out of town until memories of the "josh" have faded away.

"Do you smoke?" asked the poet as he proffered a heliotrope scented Russian to his fair visitor.

"I am sorry to say I do not," she returned with an illy-concealed shudder, "I am not sufficiently advanced."

Returning the cigarettes to their silver-mounted case, the poet remarked: "Advanced? You mistake the term. You should have said degenerate."

Benicia, writes my correspondent, is still talking about the case of Captain Remington's daughter and the Valley road official, of which TOWN TALK gave a brief outline last week. It was not small pox, however, that caused love to leap out of the window but scarlet fever. The railroad man is now in St. Luke's hospital, and I hear that he is likely to lose the use of his lower limbs owing to the change of climate at a critical stage of his disease. Miss Remington's people are still much exercised in spirit over the deception of which she was the victim. Nevertheless the Benecia people say that she should not grieve very deeply, as few women in this part of the state have ever been blessed with such liberal admirers as was the Valley road man during the days of his courtship. He presented his fiancée with a valuable watch and chatelaine, a sealskin sacque, an expensive hat from a metropolitan milliner and a horse and phaeton. In the meantime, while he splurged in Benicia on his two hundred and fifty dollars a month, his wife and children in Alameda were struggling along in the most poverty-stricken fashion. He sent his wife forty dollars a month and to eke out her scanty existence she was obliged to take in washing. When she made her appearance here, with her two little ones, at the Remington residence where her husband lay ill with the scarlet fever, the poverty of her attire was the first thing noticed by those who admitted her. The whole affair was exceedingly sad.

Probably the story would never have been permitted to come to such a dramatic climax had it not been for the scarcity of men in Benicia. When a masculine with money enough to make matrimony possible comes this way, every girl in the place looks out for an opportunity to grab him up. For instance, not long ago, three old maids—here everything feminine over twenty-five is an old maid—gave a party and the legend went about town that at the function they had a rope stretched across the hall. When the reason of this was inquired the answer was:

"To catch a man."

The finest house in Benicia belongs to Mr. Hastings, who is rolling in wealth and who had his new home built with the thickness of three walls — nobody knows why.

EDUCATIONAL

SELBORNE SCHOOL... FOR BOYS

SAN RAFAEL

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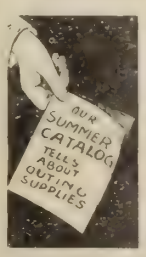

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LEE D. CRAIG

NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS

316 MONTGOMERY STREET, Bet. Pine and California

San Francisco, Cal

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

The story of the sale of the Bulletin to William R. Hearst has traveled to Los Angeles where it was published, yet the yarn is absolutely without foundation. I have no doubt but that Mr. Hearst would like to add the Bulletin to his newspaper properties but I know that if he does contemplate publishing an evening paper in this city he will not be able to secure the journal, which is now controlled by Mr. Crothers. The Bulletin is not for sale. It was not very long ago that Mr. Crothers was approached by a gentleman who desired to invest his money in an evening paper. The latter asked the Bulletin proprietor what sum he would take for the paper. The reply was:

"The Bulletin is not for sale."

The lecture season has fairly opened. One of the most interesting ever given in the Camera club series was that on "The Rhine in History and Legend," last Friday evening. W. S. Stevenson was the speaker and his discourse contained not a dull word. The views illustrating the lecture were many of them of rare beauty. Mrs. Mary Fairweather has outlined a delightful series of lectures for the coming season, the life and works of various poets, authors and musicians being numbered among the topics to be covered in the course.

She looked very warm and dejected as she dropped into the big chair in her boudoir.

"I'll never go walking again on an empty stomach," she said.

"I wouldn't if I were you," said her unsympathetic husband. "Not, at any rate, until after legs go out of fashion."

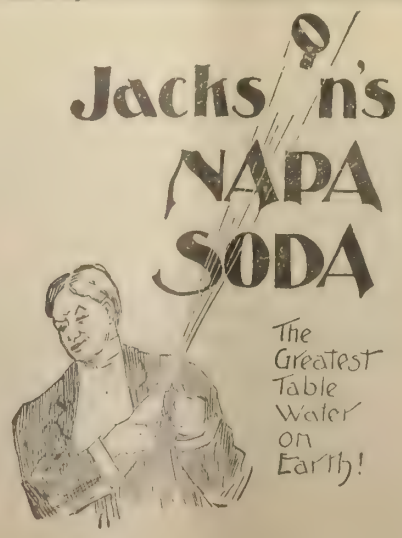
The home of Mr. and Mrs. Demas C. Babin has been brightened by the advent of a little daughter. The little one made its arrival on the day upon which its paternal grandfather, Landry C. Babin the well known real estate man, was celebrating the anniversary of his birth, the same day being the wedding anniversary of his elder daughter, so it can easily be understood that a triple jubilation was in progress. The mother of the newly arrived infant—Marie Craig that was—is the daughter of Colonel H. A. Craig of the custom house and is a remarkably beautiful young woman of the demi-brunette type. Her marriage to Demas Babin, four years ago, was a society event solemnized at the French church of Notre Dame des Victoires. Mrs. Babin is a warm friend of Mrs. Wilbur Gleason Zeigler, formerly of this city but now a resident of New York, to whose home a few weeks ago came a little boy, and I understand the young mothers are already arranging a prospective alliance between the heir of the house of Zeigler and the heiress of the house of Babin.

When Dr. and Mrs. John Gallwey arrived in New York they were agreeably surprised to find their friends, Dr. John Gallagher, Frank McGlynn of the Daly company and Peter Dufficy all awaiting their arrival. These Californians have a cosy flat in West Twenty-second street where all San Franciscans are received in true Californian style. Dr. Gallwey and his friends have planned many short excursions in and about New York for the next week and then the doctor and his wife will take an Atlantic liner for Europe. They expect to remain abroad some months until Dr. Gallwey has fully recovered his health. Dr. Gallagher will shortly follow his friends to the continent, with intent to complete his medical course in the colleges of Vienna and London.

There is a combination of the grotesque, the humorous and the pathetic in the story of the elopement of Mrs. Billy Hynes and Matt Grennan, meagre details of which were handled by the dailies. What could be more grotesque than the elopement of a thirty-six year old mother of three children, weighing about two hundred pounds, with a twenty-three year old featherweight consumptive, whose physician prohibited him from playing the cornet on account of his weak lungs? It is almost as lugubriously droll as the undertaker in "A Milk White Flag." And somewhat humorous was the banqueting of Grennan by the duped husband only a few days before the cornetist started for Honolulu. I have been told that Billy Hynes had the highest regard for Matt Grennan and sympathized deeply with him in his illness. Grennan had been directed by his physician to take a sea voyags on a sailing vessel, and Hynes entertained him at hie Ashbury Heights' residence with a farewell dinner. Pathetic indeed is the plight of the deceived husband and his deserted children. Hynes cannot realize that he was so cruelly treated by the mother of his children and he is confident that she will return. The Hynes' were very popular in certain musical circles and the numerous friends of the affable husband have the most sincere pity for him while they execrate the faithless wife and mother. I have been told that the pair did not go to Honolulu separately but that they both departed on the same sailing vessel. Grennan's mother and sisters accompanied him to the wharf to bid him farewell and Mrs. Hynes was already aboard and in seclusion. She carried an abundance of jewels and money with her but her lover had only a small treasure-box.

While there has been a dearth of men at most of the summer resorts, the society youth has been largely in evidence and in his element. The absence of full-grown men has created a demand for the youth with all the latest summer togs, flannels and duck suits, golf and driving outfits. He is the lion of the hour at Monterey, Santa Cruz, Capitola and San Jose. What would the dinners and dances, picnics and drives be without the summer youth, who having finished his college exams started out to break hearts, and to acquire the knack of making himself a regular devil

Great bargains this week in elegant "dress hats," stylish outing hats and dainty little bonnets.—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street



among the women? Age has nothing to do with his success. He is invited here, there and everywhere and is surprised at his own popularity while his father and more mature brother have to plod and try to make money in town. And the Californian society youth, be it known, is no very slow individual. Age cuts no ice with him either. He has the same appreciation for matronly beauty as has his elder brother, a fact to which a very charming woman summering in Santa Cruz can give interesting testimony.

Oh, the days were dull and dreary,
I was growing sad and weary
In a wilderness of women in my hammock by the sea;
When I spied a gay youth thrumming
On his banjo and a-humming
A ragtime ditty that appealed most forcibly to me.

Soon the days became less dreary,
And I no longer felt aweary
In my hammock with the gay youth thrumming ragtime on the sly.
He was frolicsome and witty
Was this summer youth, and pretty,
And he knew a thing or two for he was charmingly blasé and fly

Both the Bar association and University club are all agog over the dismemberment of the law firm of Page, McCutcheon & Eells. Nothing that has happened in club or legal circles for some time has caused half as much commotion as the announcement that this aristocratic law firm has been dissolved. The dissolution of a firm of lawyers ordinarily occasions little comment. Lawyers join hands every day for the promotion of mutual interest without causing the slightest disturbance and they separate, too, without provoking inquiry as to the why or wherefore of the change. But within a short time after the news of the disorganization of the firm of Page, McCutcheon & Eells, and the establishment of the new firm of Page & McCutcheon was bruited about, along came rumors of sharp practice and other things with harsh sounding names. An undercurrent of gossip anent the new deal in legal circles was pregnant with insinuations expressed by such idiomatic phrases as "a case of freeze-out" and "raw work." The dailies referred to the dissolution of the firm and also to the rumor that the death of Lloyd Tevis had some bearing upon it. This rumor was promptly and emphatically denied. But the gossip continued. Members of the bar winked the other eye when they discussed the matter and up at the University club, over which Charley Eells presides and of which Page and McCutcheon are members, they talked about it in whispers.

I can readily understand why there has been so much talk over the disruption of the firm followed by the establishment of the more exclusive combination of Page & McCutcheon. Long before Page & Eells ever heard of E. J. McCutcheon they practiced law together in this city. The firm of Page & Eells existed for nearly twenty years. It handled a great deal of important commercial litigation and numbered among its clients many English firms that had business interests in this city. Charles Eells was a director of the Central Pacific railroad company and his connection with that corporation brought railroad business to the office. Several years ago E. J. McCutcheon, a young lawyer of considerable ability who was at one time in partnership with M. M. Estee and also with Ramon Wilson, was admitted into the firm of Page & Eells. He was the attorney for Haggin & Tevis, from whom he received a retainer of something like seven hundred dollars a month. He had other wealthy clients and when he joined hands with Page & Eells it was to establish a law firm on a very large scale with big offices and an extensive library. The firm included besides the three gentlemen whose names appeared, M. F. Michael and R. T Harding. It was generally supposed that perfect harmony existed among these learned gentlemen and that their practice was sufficiently plethoric to keep them together for a life-time, but Lloyd Tevis was scarcely cold in his grave when the split occurred.

Now Mr. McCutcheon may deny until he is black in the face that the Tevis estate had anything to do with the dissolution but he will never be able to convince members of the bar of that fact unless a similar denial is made by Messrs Eells and Michael. These gentleman, I believe, were never more surprised in their lives than they were when they learned that the firm had been dissolved. Mr. Michael was off enjoying his vacation when he received a very brief letter from his partner, Mr. McCutcheon, informing him that they were no longer practicing together. Mr. Eells was told about it in the privacy of his office. He was doubtless more surprised than anybody to learn that his lifelong friend, Charles Page, had left him and entered into a combination with McCutcheon. Mr. Page has long enjoyed the reputation of being one of the immaculate members of the bar. He is a stickler for compliance with the ethics of the profession and he would never do anything that could be construed as irregular. Of course Mr. McCutcheon expects to handle the Tevis estate plum and it would have to be cut up into small slices if the old firm remained intact but knowing that Mr. McCutcheon and Mr. Page are men of high standing in the profession I cannot believe that the prospect of a big fee to come had any bearing upon their action. Yet it is unfortunate that there should have been such a coincidence as the death of Tevis and the dissolution of the firm. Messrs Page and McCutcheon are now associated with Sam Knight, who, being a son-in-law of Charles Holbrook, should in the course of time be able to bring to the firm treasury fully as much as he will get out of the Tevis estate.

That jealousy has not gone out of fashion is proved by a story that has come my way. Some time ago an advertisement appeared in the daily papers to the effect that one hundred thousand gallons of California

Mrs S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, popular new fall hats "Musketeer" "Troubadour" and "Rough Rider

LADIES ARE COMMENTING

about the magnificent line of switches I carry and the very moderate prices I charge.

In fact, no store in town gives such values or shows such an array of hair ornaments.

G. LEDERER
123 Stockton St.

Recreation Park
Corner of Eighth and Harrison Streets

BASE-BALL
EVERY SATURDAY AND SUNDAY

Oakland vs. Watsonville
August 5th and 6th

wine were desired, the ad. being signed by a person staying at the Palace hotel. It was a plutocratic Englishman who was visiting San Francisco accompanied by his wife. The notice was read by a young woman whose father had recently died leaving as part of an extensive estate about fifty thousand gallons of native wine. His daughter thought at once that here was an excellent opportunity to dispose of the liquid property. Therefore with a woman friend to act as encouragement, she went down to the Palace and sent word to the Englishman whose wish was to buy wine by the wholesale that two ladies desired to see him on business. The bell boy soon returned with the query:

"Is it Mr. or Mrs. you would like to see?"

"Mr.," answered the San Franciscan.

"Will you please give me your card?," was his second request.

She complied with the pasteboards of herself and her companion. The boy was absent about fifteen minutes when he returned wearing a very puzzled look and said:

"Will you please tell me again whether it is Mr. or Mrs. you wish to see?"

The young woman began to grow impatient and she hastily returned:

"Mr., of course."

Again the boy went away and this time when he returned he said, triumphantly:

"I've brought *her*."

She was a tall Englishwoman and her attitude was uncompromisingly stiff as she inquired what was the reason of the young women's call. This was explained but no doubt the offer was not satisfactory to the Englishman as from that day to this the owner of the fifty thousand gallons of wine has heard nothing regarding their sale. She sometimes wonders whether the Englishman's wife ever told him of the offer, or whether she had misgivings as to the character of the two ladies who had insisted on seeing "Mr."

A writer in an English periodical says: "The appearance of conceit in a man is frequently the mask donned to hide the furiously blushing face of modesty."

A young chap in town whose employment keeps him up all night stops on his way home at six o'clock in the morning and wakes an old gentleman who rooms alone in an office building. When asked the other day why the old recluse desired to be called at that unearthly hour, he naively replied:

"Well, you see it's this way; if he answers me he knows he's all right, and if he don't answer he knows he's dead."

The finest collection of wigs owned by any actress is that numbered among the belongings of Mrs. Lewis Morrison, the Florence Roberts of the dramatic world. Mrs. Morrison has been collecting the wigs for years and I am told every shade of hair is included in the collection. At each city where the actress is to play an engagement of lengthy duration the wigs are handed over to a hairdresser upon arrival and the artist in coiffures is importuned to take the best of care of them.

Two negroes were lynched in Georgia the other day for the crime which is responsible for the reduction of the colored vote in the south. Those two negroes intimidated a white man by pointing a pistol at him. They outraged his wife in his presence, his fear of the pistol restraining him from attempting to interfere with the black brutes. I am surprised that in Georgia, the state that has boasted so persistently of the chivalry of its sons, the lynching party should have overlooked the faint-hearted white man whose esteem of his own worthless carcass prompted him to remain quiescent while he was being made the victim of the grossest dishonor. The incident suggests the thought that perhaps that volcanic southern blood of which I have heard so much is growing cooler in Georgia.

Daniel Cole
Was a critical soul—
A fastidious taste had he;
He called for a bevy
Of beauty —a levy
On blonde and brunette to be.
And every woman of every tint,
If handsome, was given a "sit" in the Mint.

Jesse Titus has sold his interest in the Golden Eagle hotel at Sacramento and has gone east. Titus conducted the noted hostelry for sixteen years. It is unfortunate that he could not take the house with him. There is no town in the state so badly in need of a hotel as is Sacramento. As the capital of the state it should have at least one house for the suitable accommodation of visitors, but it is utterly devoid of such a luxury and there is not a man in town with sufficient enterprise to fill the long felt want. If ever Sacramento ceases to be the capital of the state it will be due to the animosity against the town occasioned by the lack of accommodations for people who are compelled to go there on business. Every time there is a convention held in Sacramento the delegates swear by all that's holy that they will never go to the dodblasted place again, but they are lured back by sugar-coated assurances about what the natives propose to provide in the way of entertainment and sumptuous hospitality. As the prices at the Golden Eagle have always been in inverse ratio to the character of the things charged for, I have no doubt but that Jesse Titus can well afford to enjoy a protracted period of leisure. Years ago he was a Southern Pacific engineer but being a shrewd man he saw the financial possibilities of a Sacramento hotel business and when he had an opportunity to get hold of the Golden Eagle he seized it with avidity. During the sixteen years of his connection with the house he has witnessed many political battles and he could tell many interesting stories of combinations that were made and broken, of secret deals affected by scheming bosses and of slates that were prepared and jobs put up to defeat legislation. He has seen governors come and go and he has watched the rise and fall of lobbyists and bosses.

Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Moore of the Osteopathic Institute are entertaining at their residence, 204 Sutter street, W. T. Baird, president of the First National bank of Kirksville, Mo,, and W. B. Dobson, president of the State Normal school, also of Kirksville. This is the first vacation, I understand, that Mr. Baird has

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Mrs S. R Hall, 10 Kearny street, new Velvet Roses in beautiful shades and tints for fall wear.

A special attraction in the large show windows of J. J. O'Brien & Co. is the display of Ladies' Muslin Shirt Waists ranging in price from 25 cents to $2.00 apiece. Many thousands of these goods have been sold during the past week, and the entire stock which was bought in bulk by this enterprising firm (from a manufacturer who desired to clean up his warerooms and who cut the prices accordingly) will be sold out within a few days.

taken in thirteen years and he is naturally enjoying every minute of it. Kirksville, it will be remembered, is the place that was visited by a cyclone a short time ago and between fifty and one hundred thousand dollars were raised for the sufferers. The town has been rebuilt and is now in a flourishing condition. Mr. Baird and Mr. Dobson will leave this evening for their eastern home.

The son of a wealthy capitalist is one of the latest converts to platonic love, I understand, and it is also said that his papa does not approve of the conversion but would like his son to go to work and woo and wed a maid in the good old-fashioned way. Père, en passant, is said to like widows himself better than the virgin article and goes directly contrary to the advice of Weller senior to his son Sam. Last summer all Belvedere was interested in the attentions the capitalist bestowed upon a widow of southern birth, the mother of three daughters but whose blonde beauty still retains all the freshness of youth. The widow and her daughters occupied a cottage on the hill not far from the capitalist's habitation and whenever the elderly gentleman took his walks abroad the Belvedereans surmised that he was going a-courting. But whether the buxom widow frowned on his suit or whether the thought of three step-daughters was too much for the elderly gentleman when he came to think over solid financial facts, there were no announcements in the marriage columns of the daily papers to put the pleasing finale to the summer romance.

The son's platonic affection is the talk of Belvedere, I understand, but Belvedere is one of the greatest gossip centres in Marin country. The lady in the case is remarkable for the possession of silver hair above a pair of fine black eyes; she is not of advanced years but is prematurely gray. She is married, her husband having been a widower, and he is very many years the better of her in point of age, my informant tells me. The husband does not object to his wife's accepting the attentions of the wealthy capitalist's son and the three go about in an harmonious trio evidently serenely unconscious of the interest their doings excite in the breasts of on-looking Belvedereans.

Miss Emilia Kalisher, who has lately returned from her studies in Paris and Munich, is now settled in her studio in the Rose building, Sutter street. Miss Kalisher intends to make portraiture her principal work but she is also, I hear, forming a class in painting and drawing. She may always be found in her studio on Saturday afternoons and it is then that her friends and former schoolmates embrace the opportunity to call and talk over "old times," beside enjoying peeps at Miss Kalisher's sketches.

The bright particular stars at Wambold's this summer have been, of course, Mrs. Monroe Salisbury and her two daughters, Kate and Margaret. There was a young man in their train last week and he made up in a manner for the lack of other masculine attendance. I understand that croquet is the amusement par excellence at Blue Lakes this season, sharing favor with the usual boating and fishing diversions. Croquet, in my opinion, is good but for one thing, to show off a well-arched foot. In this respect the young woman who is of marriageable age should play that foot for all it is worth.

Mrs. J. N. Gillette is down from Eureka visiting her mother, Mrs. Katherine Erzgraber, at the latter's residence in Golden Gate avenue. The marriage of Isabelle Erzgraber and Senator Gillette of Humboldt county was one of last year's events and during the late session of the legislature at Sacramento Mrs. Gillette was considered one of the handsomest young women of the legislative swim. She is a sister of Mrs. Frank S. Johnson of San Rafael, who is also noted for her beauty. Ervin Erzgraber, late secretary of the Merchant's club, is Mrs. Gillette's brother.

Some years ago when Charles Dana Gibson used to draw the illustrations for Richard Harding Davis' stories in the magazines, the author appeared several times as his own hero. Both artist and author were so generally ridiculed for their mutual admiration that Mr. Davis ceased to use his face for the illustration of his own stories. But he appears to have taken his conceit from the ice once more, for in the July number of Scribner's his story "The Lion and the Unicorn" was accompanied by the familiar figure. Mr. Davis is the gentleman who was sent to Cuba by a New York daily to report the opening battle of the war, and who after the battle of San Juan pleaded with an Associated Press reporter to mention that he (Davis) was "among those present" when the Rough Riders made their gallant charge.

Two Noted Resorts both under one management, noted for its efficiency. Representing the mountain interior and seaside of Central California.

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"The queen of American watering places." Only 3½ hours from San Francisco by express trains of the SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY. OPEN ALL THE YEAR.

RATES MODERATE.

The Tavern of Castle Crag and Soda Springs

320 miles from San Francisco, on the famous SHASTA ROUTE within sight of MOUNT SHASTA and the wonderful CASTLE CRAGS, altitude 2,100 feet.

Rates: by the day, $2, $2.50, $3.
By the week, $14 to $17.50.
Bath rooms extra.

Season, June to September

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS GEO SCHONEWALD, MANAGER
Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal., or Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crag, Cal

World of Law

Social Item; 'Among the fashionable arrivals at Del Monte is Mr. Garret W. McEnerney, the well known San Francisco lawyer. Mr. McEnerney takes daily exercise upon his wheel."

"WHAT IS IT shakes the air, my son, and makes the leaves to fall?
"Not thunder, no; nor earthquake; nor yet a sudden squall,
"Yet, feel, the earth is trembling, there's a rushing sound like rain;
"The flyer's just gone by, or else I'd swear it was a train."

"My father, is it possible you do not know the cause?
"'Tis nothing that's accountable to aught of nature's laws;
"Ah no, 'tis yet more wonderful; ye never saw the like;
"'Tis Garret McEnerney galivanting on a bike!

"He's a San Francisco lawyer, as doubtless you've been told,
"And yearly he accumulates a goodly stack of gold;
"His honesty's unquestioned, his ability's as great
"As any's that have practiced in our famous golden state.

"An expression grave and solemn sits upon each judge's face
"As he sees G. McEnerney, Esquire, rise up in his place;
"With expansive chest thrown forward and a squareness of the jaw,
"The mighty counsel pounds and pounds and thus expounds the law.

"But to burn the midnight oil too long, though by ambition spurred,
"Will wreck the strongest of physiques; and so it was I've heard,
"That McEnerney packed his grip and hied him to the grove
"Where mighty ocean rolls and roars and the green trees softly move.

"One of the loveliest spots on earth, and the mighty lawyer swelled
"With honest pride and thankfulness, as its splendor he beheld;
"Proud to be born a native son of the state that gave it birth,
"Thankful that youth was left him to enjoy its wondrous worth.

"For days G. McEnerney walked by sea and leafy grove;
"Round by the distant headland, full seventeen miles, he drove;
"He basked in glorious sunshine, he dozed in dreamy shade,
"Cast envious eyes at golf and wished the game he'd earlier played.

"But the lawyer's soul grew restless, and he longed for sterner play
"Than the tame, society-fashioned games he'd watched through many a day.
"So, one glorious, fateful morning, in his oldest garments clad,
"He appeared at the breakfast table, with a face that was far from sad,

"For it beamed with manly purpose, with the light of fixed resolve
"As he thought of a silver-plated bike whose wheels should soon revolve
"At lightning speed o'er dusty roads and gravelled walks alike,
"For he'd quite made up his mind to go a-sporting on a bike.

"It was a glorious morning, and the sun shone from on high;
"No speck of fleecy cloudlet marred the azure of the sky;
"The trees rose up in grandeur as though with a new life fed,
"And the little birds were twittering in the branches overhead.

"His breakfast done, the lawyer said good-bye to all he knew,
"And some they turned their backs, while others tearfully withdrew;
"But they cheered him up with hopeful words: 'Don't stay out after five:
"'We'll see you at the clubhouse.' 'I'll be there, if I'm alive!'

"One lady was a dreamer and confided to a friend
"How the previous night a vision dark her aching brain did rend.
"'Twas on such another day as this, and the hour was striking five,
"'And with beauty, wealth and fashion the clubhouse was alive,

"'And I heard them all discussing how a gentleman from town,
"'A lawyer, too, had suddenly so fond of biking grown
"'That though he'd ne'er bestridden wheel, he'd gone to try his luck
"'With naught of skill, but confidence and a world of Irish pluck.

"'Just then, the clubhouse trembled, 'mid a rushing sound like rain,
"'The flyer'd just gone by, or I'd 'a' sworn it was a train;
"'"'Tis he!" they cried, with one accord, as to the porch they ran;
"'It seemed to me their friend must be a wondrous heavy man.

"'I dreamt I followed them, and there I saw a misty sight
"'Of mighty head and arms and legs, all struggling in their might
"'As nearer, nearer, up the drive from side to side they rolled
"'A man I recognized at once as McEnerney bold.

"'The ladies thought they'd welcome him, so they raised a mighty cheer;
"'Alas, my friend, that graceful little tribute cost him dear!
"'He heard the noise, looked up and saw the crowd with smiles aglow,
"'Lost his head completely and —My God!—he tried to bow!

"'Crash! And the treach'rous bicycle had thrown him o'er its head
"'A grinding sound, a cloud of dust, and all those ladies fled—
"'But I, although I knew him not, remained behind to aid
"'The man who by his thoughtless friends had foully been betrayed.

"'A yawning chasm in the ground, the air was choked with dust;
"'The bicycle resembled an umbrella on a bust;
"'Mid all this chaos saw I (Dear, I'm telling you no jokes)
"'Three hundred pounds of McEnerney mingled with the spokes!

"'I saw at once his course was run, his spirit passed away
"'To the place where harps, not bicycles, are instruments of play,
"'I knelt upon the ground and wept for his poor, bereaved folk,
"'It proved too much for me. Just then, I shrieked aloud and—woke!

"'But the memory of that awful vision haunts me, darling, sti
"'And I fear to McEnerney it must sure forbode some ill;
"'So though I'll at the clubhouse join the giddy throng at five,
"'I fear me we shall never see our lawyer friend alive.'

* * * * *

"But the unexpected happens, as you know, my father, well,
"And dreams have oft been proven to be nothing but a sell;
"So as you saw just now, our McEnerney's still alive,
"And the clubhouse rang with laughter on that evening after five.

"For the lawyer rode away all right, and rode with perfect ease
"Though his trousers had a knack of working up beyond his knees;
"And when arrived they cheered him and his face was all aglow,
"But wisely he dismounted before he made his bow.

"For many days I watched him, his coat-tails in the air,
"The wind a-playing havoc with his football head of hair:
"The lake, the park, the ocean-drive are visited in turn,
"He's wondrous energetic, is that Garret McEnern.

"And now when something strikes the air and the leaves begin to fall,
"Think not of thunder, earthquake, nor yet of sudden squall,
"But if you'll hear your son speak, just collect your senses, Mike,
"An'look for McEnerney galivanting on a bike.

The End. THE COURT REPORTER.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "Hamlet"—with Miller as the melancholy Dane.

CALIFORNIA. "One of Our Girls"—followed at the close of the week by "Sans Gene" in response to popular demand.

ALCAZAR. "Romeo and Juliet"—with Miss Roberts as the fair Capulet.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Boccaccio"—with brand new scenery and a chorus that has captured the town.

TIVOLI. Grand Opera—by a new company of talented artists.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—A hodgepodge of mimicry, pantomime and melody.

PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—realistic and worth seeing.

GRAND OPERA ONCE MORE rules supreme in San Francisco and once more it may be safely asserted that the works of the masters are not injured by the presentations given them. The production of Aida at the Tivoli this week was in every respect in accord with the demand of this excessively ambitious operatic work. In order to invest this opera with the necessary grandeur and magnificence soloists, chorus and orchestra must work hand in hand and as soon as one or the other lacks in furnishing the proper support the performance becomes deficient. It is most gratifying to find the performance at the Tivoli a model in every respect. Considerable anxiety was entertained for the appearance of Miss Ella Prossnitz who reaped many laurels in Milan last season. Despite an affection of the throat caused by a cold it could be seen that Miss Prossnitz possesses a dramatic soprano of much force and a great range. There rings through it a dramatic timbre which thrills you and withal the voice is clothed in a coat of velvet exceedingly caressing. All this could be heard despite Miss Prossnitz' indisposition. The question remains: how does the young lady sing when in good condition? There is surely a great treat in store for the music lovers of this city. Besides being a vocalist of rare talent Miss Prossnitz is an actress intensely versatile. In appearance as well as deportment her Aida was a vivid picture. She controls that southern temperament which manifests itself in intense dramatic action. A more ideal Rhadames than that of Avedano could hardly be imagined. His extensive rolbust tenor is penetrating and at the same time stirring. He possesses a knack of swelling his tone that never fails to arouse enthusiasm of the most superlative degree. His method is exquisite and his diction faultless No wonder that the audiences rave over him Again and again the writer heard the remark:

"Salassa is the best baritone I have ever heard."

And judging from his Amonasro this remark does not seem to be erected on an insecure basis. It is gracefully flexible, as soft as silk and yet at times breaking forth in passionate force. One could hardly imagine a superior baritone. Both these artists know so well how to sing. They are so exact and accurate in everything. Each note is uttered with accuracy and their attack is clean and positive. If any one doubts the value of Mary Linck as an operatic contralto let him listen to her Amneris and be ashamed of his doubts. Miss Linck's dramatic voice thrills and a fine characteristic of her work is the complete abandon which she bestows upon her characrerization. She positively immerses herself into the character she portrays and invests it with reality. She takes her character with that seriousness which every earnest artist should bestow it and it is because of this seriousness and zeal, coupled with a peaceful and bell-like voice, that Miss Linck is an important factor in the success of Aida. Mr. Wanrell reappeared as Ramphis. He has that clean, resonant and soothing bass which becomes a thorough delight when handled with care. That Mr. Wanrell knows how to use his voice no one capable of judgment will deny, for it is an indisputable fact that he is a well trained and intelligent vocalist. His Ramphis gave plenty of evidence to back this assertion. William Schuster as the king and Vincenzo Fomari as the messenger sustained these roles exceedingly well. Chorus and orchestra, thanks to the circumspection and efficiency of Max Hirschfeld, did some excellent work and the mounting was elegant and brilliant, which must be credited to George Lask, the Tivoli's energetic stage manager.

In Lucia Anna Lichter had an opportunity to strengthen her many admirers in their belief that as a colorature singer this capable vocalist has reached a prominent position. Her mad scene was an achievement the artistic facility of which must be admired. She overcame the technical difficulties of this brilliant aria with the ease of the experienced singer and not a tone or phrase could be picked out that lacked in accuracy. It was a true delight to find her the recipient of five curtain calls. A striking sign of Miss Lichter's unselfishness was her appreciation of the splendid flute obligato with which Louis Newbauer enhanced the effect of the scene. She came forward amid thunderous applause and grasped the flutist by the hand, thanking him for his assistance. It was nobly done and Mr. Newbauer was certainly entitled to it. The artistic tenor of Baron Berthald was heard to great advantage in the role of Lord Edgar. One can easily see that Berthald is used to appear in an atmosphere where strict attention is paid to accurate rendition. Judging from his refined and polished tenor he must make even a more ideal Faust than Lord Edgar. He is an artist par excellence and can only be appreciated when appearing in more responsible roles than the one he essayed in Lucia, where the composer seems to endow the soprano with all the glory. Somehow it seems to the writer that Berthald is just cut out for a Faust, always adding of course his Wagnerian roles in which he achieved such success in Europe. His stage presence is imposing. What may be said of Berthald's tenor fits also Mertens' bass. It is a big, resonant organ used without effort and listened to with comfort and a confidence in the vocalist that convinces one that Mertens could never commit an error no matter how difficult the scene. The sextet was rendered exemplarily. Schuster had a fine opportunity to show that he is better fit for grand than for comic opera. His light bass sounds exceedingly well. Euphemia McNeil and Arthur Mesmer fill the inferior parts satisfactorily. Next week Il Trovatore and Faust will be presented.

Mrs. S. R Hall, 10 Kearny street, early fall pattern hats

Grand Opera House

IN MOST gratifying contrast to the production of Faust is the performance of Boccaccio, and thus the contention that Morosco's clever company cannot be surpassed in comic operatic work has again been borne out. Boccaccio is given with vim and dash and the comic features are made very prominent by Mr. Woolf and Mr. Wooley. The latter is especially clever and his well executed Cooper's song brings him three enthusiastic encores. Considerable stress should be laid on the make-up of Messrs Woolf, Wooley and Goff; it is irresistible. Miss Mason sings the leading role with that vivacity that characterizes all her work and Mr. Persse is given a chance to breathe a little and he already shows signs of having enjoyed a slight respite. This proves that his tenor was only tired out and with proper care will soon have reached its former brilliancy. But no more grand opera, Mr. Persse, for a few weeks! Miss Cotte's light soprano is pleasant to hear and she sings with taste and intelligence. Georgie Cooper looks pretty as Isabella and acts splendidly, but, poor girl! she cannot sing. Fortunately it does not however require a particularly great voice to sing Isabella and so Miss Cooper is a success. Mr. Goff has not much to do but what he does is well done. Miss Dreyfuss is developing a fine soprano of much strength and one of these days she will surprise her friends. An elaborate production of Falka is mapped out for next week. The long lapse of time since the last production of this opera here makes it rather new and interesting. Add thereto that Frank King, the clever eastern scenic artist, painted special scenery for this occasion and that particular attention has been paid to the splendor of the costumes, there is more than sufficient cause to expect crowded houses next week.

Alcazar

FOR YEARS we have been crying for a youthful Juliet and at last we have found her. Dramatically no other Juliet has been able to reach Margaret Mather: physically, Florence Roberts is the nearest to the real Shakespearean heroine. She is absolutely charming in her youthful innocence, which yet holds within itself the wonderful intensity and passion of the Italian character. One expected Miss Roberts would give an intelligent reading of her lines, but no one anticipated such an admirable conception of the character. Mr. Whittlesey, also, is a delightful Romeo, the ardent, passionate lover to the life. There have been no mistakes in casting the other characters, the company being very well fitted to its various roles Mr. Denithorne, Mr. Belasco, Miss Leary. Mr. Webster, Mr. Howell and the others are all worthy of mention. But it is the stage settings and the costumes that merit unlimited praise, for nothing has been spared to make them perfect. Miss Roberts appears in the most sumptuous costumes ever worn by a Juliet upon a San Francisco stage and Romeo's costumes are not less elegant. The balcony scene is made especially effective by the real roses climbing up the pillars, and all the scenes are mounted with equally realistic touches. Romeo and Juliet could easily run another week at the Alcazar, bnt The Lady of Lyons is to be put on next Monday. This old romantic play never fails of interest and Miss Roberts will be an interesting Pauline. Article 47 and Under Two Flags will be given during Miss Roberts' season It is a long time since the Ouida drama has had production here, but one can imagine the matinee girl going into raptures over Bertie Cecil as portrayed by White Whittlesey.

Fred Belasco will shortly make a business trip to New York. Mark Thall has returned from the east and during his stay in New York city he secured several new people, among them Eugene Ormonde, formerly of the Lyceum Theatre, New York, who will be the new leading man of the Alcazar stock company.

Manager Mark Thall has brought along with him a list of plays that should not fail to sustain the Alcazar's reputation of producing the very best plays that can possibly be obtained. The list includes Darkest Russia, Sowing the Wind, Lady Windermere's Fan, The New South, Friends, Carmen, My Friend from India, Mother's Earth, Too Much Johnson, The Masked Ball and Charley's Aunt. There are altogether sixty-six plays, each of which is a top-notcher. The company engaged for next season will in every way meet the requirements of first-class productions. The Alcazar is heading for a prosperous season.

Columbia

TOO LATE in the week for criticism here was Henry Miller's production of Hamlet. It will be given this afternoon and evening and Monday, the last week but one of the Miller season, will be devoted to the premier in America of Brother Officers, a play by Trevor, the clever English dramatist. Edwin Stevens, who made his debut at the Columbia this week in Hamlet, will have a more important role in Brother Officers. The play deals with army life among the English Lancers. The character played by Mr. Miller is that of Lieutenant John Hinds, a rough diamond promoted from the ranks to the regiment for bravery on the field. His previous acts of bravery included one which called for daredevil daring and in carrying it out he saves the life of an officer of the regiment which he has come to join. The story has to do in main with the efforts of this officer to teach Hinds how to be a gentleman, for as the latter expresses it he had been in the wilds of India so long that his ability to be quite the proper thing in the smartest regiments in the service is somewhat lacking. The complication arising from Hinds' endeavors to follow his friend's advice to be genial and easy form a splendid comedy element which is interspersed with dramatic situations telling of the officer's troubles with a gambler who held notes over his head for a large sum of money and which threaten to bring disgrace upon him. This time he is saved by Hinds, not from death but from money troubles, and in other ways the brave lieutenant arranges matters for his brother officer so that he wins his sweetheart and is still received as an honored member of the First Lancers. During the play it transpires that Hinds has himself fallen in love with the baroness, but in the concluding act, after smoothing things over for Officer Pleydell, he resigns from the regiment and goes back again for active work in India, leaving the two lovers to their happiness, a very natural and proper ending.

Clay Clement in A Southern Gentlemen will follow the Miller combination at the Columbia.

The Bostonians will visit San Francisco in September.

Orpheum

THE NICK LONGS constitute the star attraction at the Orpheum this week, and Mrs. Nick Long is the feature of this new vaudeville team. Mrs. Nick Long is none other than Idalene Cotton, daughter of the famous old-time minstrel Ben Cotton, who was a great favorite among theatregoers of a few generations ago. It was only a few years ago that Idalene Cotton played juvenile roles at the minor theatres in this city. She is now a tall, sprightly woman with a fund of talent of the kind that invariably makes a hit on the vaudeville stage. She is an artistic mimic and her impersonations of French music-hall singers are particularly clever. Nick Long is the same Nick that made the hit in The Private Secretary at the Baldwin some years inside of a quarter of a century ago. He is old enough to wear a toupee but he does not look a day older than he did twenty years ago, and he renders valuable assistance to his talented wife in their very amusing sketch. There are other clever people at the Orpheum this week and the performance on the whole is very entertaining. Next week Mademoiselle Alexandra Dagmar, the famous Russian songstress, will make her appearance. In addition to being one of the handsomest women on the stage she is also a Tyrolean warbler and is a high salaried artist. The Deonze brothers, trick barrel jumpers, Harry Linton and Leila McIntyre, sketch artists, are also among the newcomers.

California

THIS WEEK has been occupied by One of Our Girls and Madame Sans-Gène, both of which performances have attracted large audiences. Miss Bates is in her element in the leading role of both plays and her vivacity, versatility and penetrative ability had especial opportunity to assert themselves in the Bronson Howard comedy. Madame Sans-Gène will be presented this afternoon and evening, also tomorrow evening. Next Monday Clinton Stewart's comedy The Fairy Godmother will be presented. Miss Bates will assume the guise of a sprightly young lady of the reign of Louis the Fourteenth. The heroine, who is under the tutelage of Madam de Maintinon, serves as the instrument of the gods, the dea ex machina of an interesting masquerade, and while concerning herself with the happiness of others she does not neglect her own. The play will be well worth seeing.

AN EIGHTY DOG STAKE

THE program at the Union coursing park for today and tomorrow will be an eighty-dog stake. The total prize money for this stake will be $725, the winner getting $110. The sport should be of unusual interest as some of the cream of greyhounds on the coast are entered in the stake. Today there will be forty courses and tomorrow the sport should be very exciting as the races get down to the finals. James Dean's Mialmo should win the long end of the purse if the hound is in good condition. Lawrence, Petronius. Rollicking Airs and Gladiator will not be overlooked by the talent should they make a good performance in the run down.

AT BONANZA

THE arrivals at Bonanza springs for the last week in July were Mr. and Mrs. A. T. Ott and Miss Ott of Berkeley, Mr. and Mrs. C. Barr of Woodland, Misses Grace and Stella, Paul and Leonard Mitchell, and Mr. and Mrs. A. M. Nielson and three children, all of Lower Lake.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, elegant new bird and wing effects.

Evolution

[A revised version of Louis A. Robertson's poem Evolution, which was read before the Academy of sciences a few years ago. It was afterwards published in a number of the leading literary magazines of England. It has never before appeared in revised form.]

MYSTICAL DREAM of creation!
Problem of dark evolution!
Tell us the world's early story,
Life's hidden secret unfold;
Vain is each wild speculation,
Groping in gloom for solution;
Enough that from darkness sprang glory,
Sunrise in crimson and gold.

Mounting the stream of the ages,
Up to its sources of mystery,
Threading its channels uncertain,
What, after all, have we won?
Blank were the world's early pages,
Buried in myth was its history,
Long after earth's misty curtain
Glowed with the light of the sun.

Still in the quarried tradition,
Still in the ice-graven story,
Still in the rock-written fable,
Linger the throes of thy birth;
Marking thy growth and transition,
Back in the centuries hoary,
Legends that teach and enable
Thy children to know thee, O Earth!

Nebulous waif of obscurity,
On through immensity stealing,
Wandering child of the forces,
Dropped from the matrix of night;
Fashioning thyself to maturity,
Sphering and fusing, annealing,
Through the dark centuries' courses,
Drifting along to the light.

Chaos all order confounding,
Yet ever silently speeding,
On with instinctive elusion,
Steadily holding thy way;
Darkness primeval abounding,
Down through the æons unheeding,
Still amid murky confusion,
Blundering on to the day.

Thundered a mandate through heaven,
"Let there be light" and the vapors
Losing themselves in the ocean,
Mingled again with the deep;
Then followed morning and even,
Night lit her pale distant tapers,
Order was born of commotion,
Earth was awakened from sleep.

Laboring in primal gestation,
Life in its forms multifarious,
Eager to meet the sun's kisses,
Leaped in her womb with delight;
Weary of long nidulation,
Up from their wallows lutarious,
Up from their darksome abysses
Swarmed the strange brood of the night.

Life in fantastic variety,
Breeding and battling and dying,
Struggling for very existence,
Rending with fang and with nail;
Death never gorged with satiety,
Over the massacre flying,
Blind to the light in the distance,
Deaf to the song in the gale.

Type against type for survival,
Through the long ages contending,
All for supremacy striving,
Man as the master they own;
Brute of the brutes, without rival,
Up from the conflict ascending,
Scheming, coercing, contriving,
Building the steps to his throne.

Fatuous child of mortality,
Swaddled in dark superstition,
Groping thy way through obscurity,
Stumbling, but stumbling to rise;
Casting aside animality,
Girding thyself with ambition,
Fearless facing futurity,
Scaling the steeps of the skies.

Race against race for domin'on,
Creed against creed for conviction,
Throne against throne for subversion,
Moving like puppets at play;
Battling to force an opinion,
Bleeding to follow a fiction,
Dying with instant reversion
To mingle again in the fray.

Many a crimson libation,
Poured on barbarian altars,
Freer and faster than water,
Purples thy triumph with shame;
Many a lurid oblation,
Smoking to priest-prated psalters,
Many a monster of slaughter
Fiddling a kingdom to flame.

Many a Moloch of cruelty,
Many a Tophet infernal,
Hope, after gory baptism,
Flung to the funeral pyre;
But with death-scorning credulity,
Pluming its pinions eternal,
Up from the murderous abysm,
Springing like phœnix from fire.

Dross of the brute disappearing,
Lost in the burning purgation,
Leaving the spirit less weighted,
Less overburdened with clay;
On to the light ever faring,
Toiling in endless gradation,
Lower to higher translated,
Rising from darkness to day.

Many a sacred Thermopylæ
Hurling defiance at slavery,
Many a crucified martyr
Dying for love of his kind;
Tyranny, kingcraft, monopoly
Yielding to justice and bravery,
Liberty's blood-blazoned charter
Many a despot hath signed.

Many a conquest of science
Shaming the warrior's sabre,
Many a triumph of morals,
Wisdom and Mercy and Love;
Many a blade of defiance
Forged to the plowshare of labor,
Many a chaplet of laurels
Wreathed with the olive above.

Height after height thou hast taken,
Yet there are others remaining.
Far in the pure empyrean
Truth's shining battlements rise;
Scale them with courage unshaken,
Death and disaster disdaining,
Storm them with jubilant pæan,
Capture the gates of the skies.

Then shall all ills of mortality
Unto thy wisdom surrender,
Knowledge supreme and supernal,
Leaving no summit to scale;
Truth, in her white-robed reality,
Opening her portals of splendor,
Yielding her treasures eternal,
Lifting obscurity's veil.

A BIG EVENT.

NEVER in its history has the Southern Pacific company announced so many delightful excursions to points of interest in the state than has been the case this year. But the crown of the outings for the season of 1899 will be the annual excursion to Hotel Del Monte and Pacific Grove, on Sunday, September third. Last year more than two thousand people went on the excursion and this year there will likely be an increase of that number. William H. Menton, excursionist passenger agent of the company, will personally supervise all the details of the excursion. Great preparations are being made by the Monterey people to present an attractive program of events that will interest the excursionists. The excursion will leave at eight o'clock in the morning, Third and Townsend street dépot, and will run through without stops; returning will leave Monterey at a quarter before five o'clock p. m. The rate for the outing has been set at two dollars, round trip, and the tickets will soon be placed on sale.

FALL MILLINERY.

THE HATS this year are to be even more swagger than in the past, the combinations of color being original and striking. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, announces the first importation of autumn millinery, the newest European and eastern styles. It is worthy of note that Mrs. Hall not only shows the swellest goods, but her exhibition of fall millinery will be the first in this city.

It is related that a French opera manager was in despair at the prospect of having to produce L'Africaine with white negroes in the ballet, because the dancers refused to black their faces for fear it would injure their complexions. He issued an order, however, that all the young and pretty girls must color their faces, because it would do them no harm, while the old and plain ones would be allowed to appear without black faces because they had more need to take care of their looks. The result was that every blessed one of the girls tried to get on more black than any of the others, and when the ballet was on the stage a half dozen extra calciums had to be used to keep the audience from thinking the lights had all gone out.

Mrs. J. W. McKenzie left this week for a visit to Sonoma Walter Sabin and his sister have returned after a charming visit to friends in Whatcom (Washington), Victoria and Vancouver (British Columbia) where they enjoyed among other pleasant pastimes yachting and fishing Mr Sabin has resumed his classes and is in splendid trim for a busy season. Samuel Adelstein has also begun work and expects a prosperous winter after his enjoyable trip in northern California.

LASH'S BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Next Monday .....9th week of
HENRY MILLER
And a Special Company
First Production in America of the London Garrick Theatre Success
"BROTHER OFFICERS"
A Comedy Drama in Three Acts
Aug 14th, Last Week of the Henry Miller Season

Grand Opera House Morosco Amusement Co., Inc. Lessees. Telephone, Main 532.
Last Nights of "Boccaccio"
Commencing Monday, August 7th,
Magnificent and elaborate production of
"FALKA"
as never before seen in this city
Our Prices—Orchestra floor, 35 and 50 cts; Dress Circle (Reserved), 25 cts; Family Circle (Reserved), 15 cts; Gallery, 10 cts.
Matinee Saturday. Best reserved seat in the theatre, 25 cents
Branch Ticket Office just inside main entrance of Emporium.

Alcazar FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor MARK THALL, Manager
'Phone Main 254
Week of August 7th
FLORENCE ROBERTS supported by WHITE WHITTLESEY
In a production of artistic splendor
"THE LADY OF LYONS"
Gowned to the period and embellished with the wealth of modern stage technic
Our Prices—15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Orpheum O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, August 6th.
World Famous Warbler and noted Russian Beauty, MLLE. ALEXANDRA DAGMAR.
THE DEENZES.
LINTON and McINTYRE.
BOB ALDEN and STRAP HILL.
The Biograph, with war pictures.
IDALENE COTTON and NICK LONG, JOS. ADELMAN, DAVE MEIER, THE PHOITES
Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday

Farewell Concert
OF
Emil Steinegger, Pianist
Prior to his departure for Vienna
ASSISTED BY THE
Press Club Quartette
At Sherman-Clay Hall, 223 Sutter St.
On THURSDAY EVENING, AUGUST 10, 1899, at 8:15 o'clock.
Tickets can be had at Sherman, Clay & Co's, at 618 Fell St., or of any of Mr. Steinegger's pupils
Admission 50 Cents Including Reserved Seat
Seats can be reserved on Aug. 9th at Sherman, Clay & Co's

California Theatre S. H. FRIEDLANDER, Manager. Tel. Main 1737.
The Record-Breaking Business Continues
The biggest hit yet made by
MISS BLANCHE BATES and HER SUPERB COMPANY
Presented by T. Daniel Frawley
Commencing with Monday evening, August 7th
First production upon any stage of a beautiful, fantastic comedy, by CLINTON STUART, Esq., entitled
"THE FAIRY GOD MOTHER"
Last week, commencing Monday, August 14th magnificent production of "THE GREAT RUBY"
Reserved Seats, 25, 50, 75, and 1.00. Matinee, 25, 50, and 75.

Tivoli Opera House ERNESTINE KRELING, Prop. and Mgr.
Regular Season of Grand Opera.
MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY Evenings,
"IL TROVATORE"
TUESDAY, THURSDAY and SUNDAY Evenings, SATURDAY MATINEE,
"FAUST"
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents.

Battle of Manila Bay
This Grand Historical Panorama is now on exhibition . . .
Lectures every half hour by the eminent orator, PROF. W. G. ROLLINS
Admission, 50 Cents
Children, 25 Cents.

A FICKLE LOVE

YE SHEPHERDS, give ear to my lay,
And take no more heed of my sheep;
They have nothing to do but to stray;
I have nothing to do but to weep.
Yet do not my folly reprove;
She was fair—and my passion begun;
She smil'd—and I could not but love;
She is faithless—and I am undone.

Perhaps I was void of all thought:
Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
That a nymph so complete would be sought
By a swain more engaging than me.
Ah! love every hope can inspire;
It banishes wisdom the while;
And the lip of the nymph we admire
Seems forever adorn'd with a smile.

She is faithless, and I am undone;
Ye that witness the woes I endure,
Let reason instruct you to shun
What it cannot instruct you to cure.
Beware how you loiter in vain
Amid nymphs of a higher degree:
It is not for me to explain
How fair, and how fickle, they be.

Alas! from the day that we met,
What hope of an end to my woes?
When I cannot endure to forget
The glance that undid my repose.
Yet time may diminish the pain:
The flower, and the shrub and the tree,
Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain,
In time may have comfort for me.

The sweets of the dew-sprinkled rose,
The sound of a murmuring stream,
The peace which from solitude flows,
Henceforth shall be Corydon's theme.
High transports are shown to the sight,
But we're not to find them our own;
Fate never bestow'd such delight,
As I with my Phyllis had known.

O ye woods, spread your branches apace;
To your deepest recesses I fly;
I would hide with the beasts of the chase;
I would vanish from every eye.
Yet my reed shall resound through the grove
With the same sad complaint it begun;
How she smil'd—and I could not but love;
Was faithless—and I am undone.

SHENSTONE.

Two Silhouettes

IT WAS AN EVENING IN THE early winter season of California. The sky was black with lowering clouds and the warm, vapor-laden atmosphere was oppressive. All Market street from the ferry to the Pavilion was a glare of light, a confusion of noises. Bonfires burned on the street corners, and impatient people stood on the edges of the walks eager for some coming excitement. Once in a while a stalwart but inefficient policeman warned then back but as soon as he had passed on they crowded forward again.

At last a glare of red fire and the blatant music of a brass band announced the long-waited for procession. Slowly it crept out Market street at a walk, while the people cheered and shouted. They were hailing a favorite son, the successful man of the hour, whose name just now was on every tongue and whose face might be seen on the front page of every newspaper. The man whom the people delighted to honor sat in a barouche drawn by four horses. He was stout and bald, past middle age, with a bored look on his face, and he smiled and bowed right and left in a perfunctory way as though all this homage was beginning to pall upon him.

The procession stopped just before it turned the corner of Larkin street, where the press was thickest. A woman who stood on the sidewalk made her way to the front of the crowd and looked straight into the eyes of the successful man. His bored look disappeared. A flash of recognition, followed by a mask of hardness succeeded it for an instant only, and were gone.

But his mind was wide awake. What was *she* doing here in this his hour of triumph? If she were going to play Nemesis and to give him any trouble with her damned tricks, by God! he had power to stop her and would use it.

Then the march was resumed, a cannon boomed, the multitude shouted, and he was borne into the Pavilion almost on the shoulders of men.

The shouting died away and the glare of red fire faded into blackness. The bonfires burned down to their beds of ruddy coals. The clouds grew darker and dropped lower. Large drops of warm rain began to fall.

The woman lingered for a while, half dazed. She walked down Market street following the retreating crowds. She was dressed in shabby finery and her face was pale and swollen. She bore the marks of dissipation and ill usage. Lost in recollection she heeded nobody and did not feel the rain which was beginning to fall more heavily. Her thoughts had gone back into the past and she was unconscious of the present. She was once more a girl in the little mountain village where she was born. She thought of her father's death; of her mother's, shortly after.

She could recall her entry into the great city where distant relatives were to put her into the way of earning her living. What a strange place if had seemed and how those long streets stretched away with their files of lamp posts on each side! Where did they stop and how far did they go? And what was that rumble of noises that went on day and night? The city was a harsh stepmother to her. It taught her how unwelcome she was and how little anybody wanted her.

Then she met *him* and in her hunger for sympathy and appreciation gave up everything for him, for he was the only one who was kind to her. She was so young, so lonely and such a fool. She smiled bitterly as she remembered his winning tongue, his lies.

And he grew tired of her, naturally, and threw her off. A rich girl had fallen in love with h m and he was going to marry her.

A fiend awoke in the soul of the mountain child. She attacked her false lover with a horsewhip the day before he was to deliver a Fourth of July oration and left great welts on his face. He could not appear in public and his friend, the fat colonel, had to invent an explanation, poison oak, caught where he had been rusticating But somehow the papers found out the joke and it was the talk of the town for days.

It had not harmed him, however, and had utterly ruined her. The fat colonel sought her out and tried to pacify her with money which she flung at him, and then crushed her with threats of having her put into the insane asylum.

So the marriage took place, *he* rose h gher and higher, *she* sank down into the depths. Once in awhile she saw him with his well-dressed wife and two beautiful children, daughters. Her child had been a girl, too, but it died, thank Heaven! God was cruel to women, anyhow. She was sick and destitute. There was just a dime in her pocket. She gave another bitter laugh and continued her walk till she reached the ferry.

The hands of the great clock showed that it was nearly ten. She approached the window and asked for an Oakland ticket.

"Return?" queried the clerk.

"No."

She went on board and seeking the upper deck crouched in a sheltered corner near the paddle-wheel.

It was late when the favorite son awoke next morning. He called for the papers. The speech of the night before had wearied him greatly, and all these people were really beginning to bore him, but——. Then his eye lighted on the following paragraph:

ANOTHER SUICIDE FROM THE PIEDMONT.

Last night on the ten o'clock trip of the Piedmont from this city an unknown woman jumped off the upper deck just as the steamer was opposite Goat island. All efforts to save her were unavailing. The body was not recovered, and there appears to be no clue to her identity.

"If I had my way I would let all such cranks drown themselves if they wanted to," was his comment. Then he asked for his coffee.

IRENE CONNELL.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

FOR A PRETTY EFFECT IN STATIONERY nothing is so chaste as the Fleur-de-Lis Linen when stamped with monogram in silver. Messrs. Cooper & Co. have superior facilities in this line, and show a number of new ideas.

"Seeing She Could Never Know Why"

ON THE VERANDA OF THE old-fashioned ranch house a man sat, heavy with drink, and read stupidly: "I wronged you, dear Jim, but by the time this shall reach you, I shall be dead. You would not forgive me. I did not deserve forgiveness, but now I know that we can love only once and I love you. Let my children forget."

So James Boulder learned that his wife was dead and as he drank another glass of cognac the only thought of which he was capable was that he was glad of it. Death had anticipated the courts in ridding him of the woman—that was all.

It was only a year before that Mrs. James Boulder, for whose fate he now showed so little care, had welcomed his sister from the east with all the hospitable warmth that is the birthright of those of Spanish blood.

The love of a youthful marriage was still aglow, though six years had passed since the pretty little senorita and her tall cortejo had come from the church man and wife. Dolores was a proud wife and, as the time went by, became a happy mother content with her husband's lot as he was, himself, for the ranch was his and prospered. Then his sister came out of the east and, only a few short months—well, the Americans said sententiously "Mixed marriages," while the pious relatives of Dolores and her Mexican friends murmured, "Sea como Dios quiera," or something like it.

They have a great way of placing everything on "Dios," have the Mexicanos, but there was one who saw, and does blood guiltiness rest on him who saw yet spoke not or on the woman who whil'st she spoke, knew not what she was doing?

Tall, pale and with an artificial air of ennui, the fruit of a long course of Byron, Ouida and the novels of the decadent school, Boulder's sister was not the woman a man cares for. As every other woman does, who is self-nurtured on such literary pap, she wrote, of course, and she believes herself to be a philosopher while trying to be in imagination a Meredith's "Madame."

Poor little Dolores, rich in her husband and her babies and pretty and sweet-tempered, with such a fanciful education as the sisters had given her at the convent, knew nothing of this world of books in which her sister-in-law seemed so easily at home. To her much that Miss Boulder said was incomprehensible, and with the wondering admiration of one who does not understand she listened to this wonderful representative of her sex, this woman whose reflections on life and on man seemed to the inexperienced little matron so original and daring.

As day by day she listened, dissatisfaction with her lot slowly crept into Dolores' passionate heart, born only for home and tenderness.

It is not in her race to think deeply, so she only felt unhappiness coming over her and its cause was too vague for her to conjecture. But if Dolores lacked the power of deep thought, the other woman lacked it, too, and the one who saw it all and knows has told that the light which seemed to shine from a cultured face was but a sham, a pale will-o'-the-wisp floating amidst the miasma of misty recollections of Balzac and Gauthier. There was nothing tangible, nothing original.

Too cold, too selfish to realize even the meaning of her own words, this product of the period, pleased to find a listener, prated of soul-affinities and the higher life of women; and Dolores listened with the same guilty pleasure that moves a child to do something forbidden.

"No woman really loves one man all her life," said Miss Boulder.

Frigid, spiritless product of books whose thoughts her very temperament prevented her from grasping, "love" on her lips was a frequently used word, though to her it had no meaning and could have none. But the ears of Dolores heard and she chided herself at this superior being's sayings, mortified to think that here she had imagined all these years that it was right to love only her husband

The husband, poor man, could not understand the change in the home atmosphere. It was not pleasant, however, he knew; so business was made to take him to Los Angeles more often than had been his wont and his absences from the ranch were of longer duration.

His sister, while he was away, babbled on of women and their trammels—their grand souls that need only the meeting with the affinity to awaken and to bloom into all that is left to earth of divinity. Little Mrs. Boulder's blood was warm and she could not know that this insidious flow of decadent thought from the lips of the pale woman before her was nothing but words, words, words.

"No woman really loves one man all her life," kept floating through Dolores' brain, and to her this love, that to her mentor meant nothing, had in her experience been real and inspiring.

Then the husband's sister went away to her eastern home, but the shadow in the household darkened and grew always darker, till it became a black cloud.

Dolores fled with one of Spanish name. Desertion, then death and her career was ended.

"Quite a tragedy. I did not know it was in her to die for love," said Miss Boulder when she heard of it. "James should have given her some companions. I tried to cheer her up myself when I was there but it was very dull on the ranch."

THE WOMAN HATER.

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Music World

CUPID AND PSYCHE

THE LIFE of Cupid is in vain,
For he can never love again.
The kiss of Psyche killed the spark,
And made the lad's life chill and dark,
And filled his longing soul with pain.

Yet there was light for him at last,
For when the clouds of pain were past,
Back from the grave came Psyche fair,
Bringing with her lease from care,
And hope then held them hard and fast.

Smile on the pair, O Venus high,—
Once through thy hate did Psyche die.
Lend her thy girdle and thine arts,—
She will not tear, but pity, hearts,
And, 'mongst the pitied, perhaps am I.

THE LOVER.

REPEATEDLY I HAVE BEEN approached to encourage movements whose purpose it would be to educate the masses to an appreciation of good music. The only suggested means to accomplish this feat is a reduction of admission prices. I shall always maintain that this alone will never serve the purpose, nor is now the time to acquire good material at a sufficiently low rate to make a small admission price profitable. It is all very well to speak of art for art's sake but it has been ordained that a man must eat in order to live—even a musician, although the latter sometimes educates himself to interrupt his eating spells frequently. So it may easily be seen that this cheapening of admission has its drawbacks. San Francisco is not in a condition at present to support "popular concerts" In the first place it requires good material to give good concerts. Superior talent demands and earns, of course, equally good remuneration. In order to meet these expenses the receipts in the treasury must exceed the disbursements. Hence the admission price must be fixed upon a basis wherefrom it is possible to gain financial benefits. The admission price to chamber music concerts, for instance, was suggested to me should not exceed twenty-five cents and fifty cents. The people who support music in San Francisco do not comprise a sufficiently large number to enable any management to bring a series of good concerts to a successful end with these prices. It is an impossibility. Besides it seems to me that good music is worthy of a reasonable admission price. The prices charged for the symphony concerts, for instance, are perfectly reasonable. Everyone has an opportunity to attend them, and there is not an active musician here who could not produce sufficient money to attend a symphony concert. Should the demand for reduced prices be so large as to make it profitable even at a low rate, then one or two popular concerts could be given. But a twenty-five and fifty cent rate for a symphony concert would be utter folly. Apropos of the symphony concerts, the season is approaching and no arrangements have as yet been made. These events have become a milestone in the musical life-path of this city and must not be discontinued. They are necessary for the progress of music on this coast This is August and the concerts usually begin at the end of September or the beginning of October, It is therefore time to ascertain two things: first, will Fritz Scheel return to San Francisco or not? And if he does not intend to return—which is most likely the case—whom shall we have as his successor? It is not wise to defer the reply to these questions. Should Scheel accept the position of the Philadelphia symphony orchestra, which stands at his disposal, the San Francisco symphony orchestra will be minus a conductor. The selection and appointment of a director is surrounded with various changes that require time to be put in proper shape. The new director must glance over his field, music has to be acquired and rehearsals have to be announced. It is never advisable to delay these things. Now is the time for the Symphony society to look around and decide as to the course to be taken next season, and the longer this matter is delayed the greater will be the haste in the end, and haste is never conducive to efficiency.

¶ ¶

The concert which will be given next Thursday evening at Sherman-Clay hall by Emil Steinegger will be the pianist's farewell to San Francisco, as he will shortly leave for Vienna, to study with Paderewski's teacher, Leschetizky. Mr. Steinegger will be greatly missed by his large class of piano pupils and by a large circle of friends. He is very popular here and belongs to one of our old families, being a son of Henry Steinegger, a well known and respected pioneer of 1850, who was a former partner in the firm of Britton & Rey. Mr. Steinegger Sr. was the originator and one of the incorporators of the Champion mine (the old Hibernian) of Nevada city, California, and is at present one of the heaviest shareholders in the now famous mine. The indications regarding Thursday evening's concert are that Mr. Steinegger will have a crowded house to bid him au revoir.

¶ ¶

And now we have a complete list of the artists that will comprise the cast at the Metropolitan opera house, New York, next season. Sopranos, Calvé, Sembrich, Ternina, Nordica, Adams and Susan Strong; contraltos, Schumann-Hink, Mantelli, Olitzka, Van Canteren and Broadfoot; tenors, Van Dyck, Saleza, Alvarez, Dippel, Salignac, Bars and Vanni; baritones, Van Rooy, Bertram, Campanari, Albers, Scotti, Muhlmann, Dufriche, Menx and Pini-Corse; bassos, Edouard de Reszke, Plancon, De Vries and Pringle; conductors, Mansinelli, Hinrichs and Paur. The Pacific coast engagement of the Grau opera company having been canceled Mr. Grau has decided to tour Canada instead. I notice that the reason given for the cancellation of the Grau engagement here is that Calvé refused to visit the coast. Pooh! what a flimsy reason. I am surprised that the agents of Mr. Grau could not invent a more plausible excuse. They will lose their reputation if they keep on that way. The fact of the matter is that Grau could not get the Grand opera house cheap enough for him.

¶ ¶

Mr. Dellepiane, president of the Musicians' union, has returned from a summer visit to Fresno. He says that they are making things very warm for their guests down that way and that the atmosphere of San Francisco is very refreshing. Alois F. Lejeal has returned from a vacation trip to Mendocino county. His mass, which was to have been sung at St. Dominic's church tomorrow, has been laid over until October first. Mr. Palmer, the new organist, will take great pains in giving a creditable rendition of the work, which has real merit. Apropos of Mr. Lejeal, he was the fortunate recipient of the first prize in a competition of composers under the auspices of the Musicians' club. The prize consisted of a gold medal and was awarded for a string quartet in A minor. Charles E. Pemberton of Los Angeles received the second prize, consisting of a silver medal, for a string quartet in D minor. Arthur Foote of Boston, the well known composer, awarded the prizes. The competition was for compositions for string quartet only.

¶ ¶

Baron Berthald and William Mertens arrived from Germany last week in order to assume their duties at the Tivoli. Berthald was primo tenor at the opera house in Wiesbaden, the most aristocratic resort in Germany, where he was fortunate enough to gain the good will and approval of the Emperor, who frequently visits Wiesbaden. He has accepted an engagement offered by Mr. Savage to sing with the Castle Square opera company next season. His main triumphs were earned in Lohengrin and Tannhauser. Mertens comes straight from the royal opera in Berlin, where his big, resonant voice gained him many admirers. Miss Mary Howe, who has achieved such great success at Wiesbaden, where she sang in the same company with Baron Berthald, will return to America next season. Miss Howe is a cousin of James Hamilton Howe of this city and the wife of Mr. Lavin who sang tenor with the Bostonians last season. She possesses a fine colorature soprano.

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The San Francisco Philharmonic orchestra is being thoroughly reorganized for its second season. Five concerts have been arranged for the beginning. The strings, which did good service during the last season, will be greatly strengthened. They will consist of eight first violins, eight second violins, four violas, four violoncellos and four contra basses. The brass, which showed some improvement at the final concert of the first season, will be in still better form. The wood wind will also be hauled over. The many friends of Mrs. Charlotte Gruenhagen-Gwynn will be pleased to hear of her engagement as concert master. Mrs. Gwynn was for a long time concert master of the Saturday Morning orchestra. The conductor will again be James Hamilton Howe.

¶ ¶

Mr. Rosner, whose efforts and ability as director of the Orpheum orchestra constantly receive words of praise, is haunted by a number of people who are anxious to know why he puts a cloth on the keys of the organ. He positively pledges his word that there is nothing mysterious about this matter but that the cloth is put there for the purpose of keeping the dust out of the instrument and thus retaining the clarity of the tone. The other day a young man who claims to be a musician asked me whether the cloth is put there for the purpose of "softening" the tone. I thought at the time that the young man wore his hat for the purpose of softening the brain.

¶ ¶

The Temple Emanu-El choir, under the direction of Cantor E. J. Stark, is ardently at work rehearsing the music for the approaching festival services. The additional soloists engaged for this occasion are: Mme. Bernardi, Mrs. Taaffe, Miss Denny, Miss Ryan, Miss Murphy, Miss Rosyn, Mrs. Ettinger; Messrs. Rowan, Tilton, Fletcher, Sandy and Basford. W. Sabin will as usual be the organist.

¶ ¶

The Bayreuth festival performances opened on July twenty-second with Rheingold. Siegfried Wagner, who monopolizes everything of late, conducted. According to reports the attendance of American and English visitors is decreasing. It seems that the mutual admiration society consisting of Fran Cosima Wagner and her beloved son Siegfried is losing its grip. A glance at the list of artists shows a sad decrease in excellent material. The Queen of Wurtemberg attended the opening performance. Van Roolf sang Wotan and the prima donna was Frau Schumann-Heink.

¶ ¶

Hermann Genss is now safely installed as director of the Harmonie singing society and commenced with rehearsals last week. Members of the society inform me that the change in the chorus, even after a few rehearsals, is astonishing and that one could hardly recognize it now. The trouble seems to have been a lack of ability in former conductors who did not understand how to place a voice. Mr. Genss is thoroughly efficient to instruct the singers in these essential points.

¶ ¶

A valuable booklet just received is the American Musical Club Directory. It contains a large list of musical clubs in America and California is also included. Unforthnately the publisher was not able to get all musical societies of San Francisco owing to the lack of interest shown by those who

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HENRY M. BOSWORTH,
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were addressed to furnish information. Surely a little courtesy would harm no one especially when we need considerable press notice regarding the musical progress of California. So I thought it very strange that the Symphony society was not represented. The book is of considerable value to any musician and especially musical managers.

¶ ¶

I have before me a lullaby composed by Mrs. Grisella McAuliffe of Oakland. Both words and music are of that romantic nature that characterizes this class of songs. Under romantic must not be understood sentimental. These latter songs simply float on the market and are worse than worthless but romantic music is seldom heard and the fact that Mrs. McAuliffe has succeeded in applying that romantic tinge that makes a lullaby really "lulling" should assure a large sale for her work.

¶ ¶

From the Musical Courier I glean the following: "It is said that Franz Kaltenborn, the violinist and conductor of the St. Nicholas Garden concerts has purchased the Stradivarius of the late Eduard Remenyi for the sum of six thousand dollars The lawyer of the estate of the Hungarian virtuoso declares that he will have something to say in the matter."

¶ ¶

A dispatch from Rome reads as follows: "A hymn which Pietro Mascagni wrote in honor of Admiral Dewey was performed for the first time in Pesaro tonight. The audience numbered two thousand persons. The work, which is a panegyric of American victories, is generally considered very fine.

¶ ¶

A letter from Sir Henry Heyman states that he is now safely lodged in Alaska. He is in St. Michaels and enjoys his vacation thoroughly. He claims that the scenery is simply magnificent and that considerable excitement prevails over the new gold discoveries at Cape Nome. The violinist will return on August fifteenth to resume his work.

¶ ¶

Laura Jackson, the talented American violinist, was presented by the Queen of England with a jeweled star bearing the royal monogram, while she played at Windsor castle. Miss Jackson will be heard here in concert next season and may come out to this coast.

¶ ¶

Sousa and his band will tour Europe next season and will finish their Trans-Atlantic trip with an engagement at the Paris exposition.

ALFRED METZGER.

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World of Letters

PYSCHOLOGY of Woman by a Woman, by Laura Marholm, translated into English by Georgia Etchison: This is an important and significant book, coming as it does from the pen of a woman. The author says she has tried to create preliminary conditions, that of purely sexual psychology, and that she has studied woman and her functions from the standpoint of social conditions. She draws a distinct difference between Protestant and Catholic women, the former the free-thinking woman in her inner and outer life, and the fact that the development of the time has carried them along all too quickly and torn them out of their roots. Of the Catholic, that she still possesses today the connection with nature and the power of emotional expansion, both of which are indispensable to woman. In her three generations of woman she finds that in the swarm of women from various lands and circles and classes, that all alike were unsatisfied, many who called themselves happy yet chased around the world as if possessed and could compose themselves to nothing. * * * "Wherever one looked in civilized lands and 'cultured classes'—dissatisfaction with man and dissatisfaction without man." Whence came this? Was it merely a reflection of the restless hurrying, seeking and pursuing which affects man in this closing century? Was it simply the joylessness which so stamps the life of our time, imprinted upon the sensitive, imitative soul of woman even more than of man? * * Was it the same passion for life without the life vigor, the same pursuit of pleasure without pleasure, the same enjoyment without the ability to enjoy, which make our festivals so impersonal, our society so empty, our intercourse so tiresome? Or was it something else, something at the same time more or less than these, something essentially feminine, a discontent differing from the discontent of man, arising from another organic basis than his? "She goes on and puts these stupendous questions to herself. She proceeds to hunt reasons, to search out the great fundamental Why? that underlies the unanswerable, the eternal mystery of the feminine which sphinx-like refuses all rational answer to so blunt an attack as a direct questioning. In her chapters on The Women of Today, there is une détraquée, this one is artifically developed by stupid concealment and repression. * * * " The representative of this type flutters covetously from man to man, unable to settle to rest beside anyone of them, finds nothing but disappointment in the final satisfaction of her wants, undervalues her husband, converts marriage into torture, and strange as it may seem, in spite of her eternal circling about it, rarely comprehends the physical basis of the relation between man and woman or enjoys spontaneously the relation itself. This is what the French mean by the irreplaceable word une détraquée. In her many faceted characteristics this femme détraquée is the one who zealously reserves her entire capital for the great bliss of an undividualized, self-abandoning love for the one man destined for her." * * * Women who have the value of their worth, an instinctive delicacy in the deeper phases of love; women of rich, beautiful blood, which longs to gather itself for the loving germination of healthy children. * * * Natures that play for high stakes. Then another type is the grande amoureuse, representing a high intensification of woman nature, she has always, from the day of occidental culture, detached herself from time to time from the mass. She not only embodies the growing ardor of womanly devotion, but represents in the highest degree refined nature, culture which has become nature. * * * The grande amoureuse has an excellent mind. She is the flower of feminine intelligence and moral refinement of her time. That which distinguishes the love of the grande amoureuse from that of the détraquée is the absence of hysteria. A third type still, which the writer says, stands in the vanguard of the phalanx of women in many places today, a type harder, she says, to define than the other two, for it is a variable, marked and yet indefinite, pronounced yet incomprehensible; on the one hand verging toward masculinity, on the other hand toward the unripeness of a clever precocious child. It has qualities which partake of the essential characteristics of the grande amoureuse, but these very qualities develop sexlessness. This type is the cérébrale. * * * The cérébrale is a very different type among "intellectual" women. She is the clever, cool, irreproachable wife, with an atmosphere of distinction about her. She is the young girl with the intellectual expression and frank, open, friendly features. She is the widow who after the death of her husband grows younger, brighter and more graceful, and yet does not take a step beyond the limits of widowhood. She is the ripe maiden with the mute glance which does not reciprocate and lips which speak good, sensible, unprejudiced things. So, under various headings this author delves into the secret recesses of woman's nature and in every line and lineament, every expression of glance or voice, every movement, either of long, slow elegance or the staccato tripping over the byways and highways of life according to the fashion of women, there is no spot in her existence so sacred a secret but this author has looked into with keen, ruthless eye from which there is no escaping. Chapter after chapter does this cool, calculating, divining and exposing go on with such wonderful penetration, selecting her examples here and there and giving the devil (female) her due in regardless fashion. The sex is only a differentiation, with the ring of many accidental notes—false and true.

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LEGAL NOTICES

SHERIFF'S SALE

SAN FRANCISCO PAVING COMPANY (a corporation) Plaintiff vs. ANNIE C RINES, and THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (a corporation) Defendants.	No. 65,594. Superior Court Department No. 7. Order of Sale and Decree of Lien.

Under and by virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Lien issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 7, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 11th day of July A D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein San Francisco Paving Company (a corporation), the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of lien against Annie C Rines, defendant, on the 21st day of February A. D. 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 47 of said Court, at page 253, I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point upon the Northerly line of Sixteenth street distant thereon One hundred and eighty (180) feet Westerly of the Westerly line of Sanchezstreet, running thence Westerly upon the said Northerly line of Sixteenth street Fifty (50) feet, three (3) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-six (36) feet; thence Northeasterly parallel with the Southeasterly line of Market street, Eighty-two (82) feet, six and one-half (6½) inches; and thence Southerly in a straight line Eighty seven (57) feet, four and three-fourths (4¾) inches to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block One hundred aud three (103) in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday the 14th day of August A. D. 1899, at twelve o'clock Noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment with interest, costs, etc, to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States

HENRY S. MARTIN,
San Francisco, July 22nd A. D. 1899. Sheriff.

J. C. BATES, Attorney for Plaintiff,
434 California street, San Francisco.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2.

ANNA DE LAWCZYNSKI Plaintiff vs. THEOPHILE F. DE LAWCZYNSKI Defendant	Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

Theophile F. de Lawczynski, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff since the 15th day of March, 1898; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Anna Fabry, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT.	Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROGER PRENDERGAST Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of ROGER PRENDERGAST deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors at the law office of J. J. Dwyer at the Mills Building, Seventh Floor, Room 38, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER J. DUNNE and CHARLES HIRSHFELD,
Executors of the last will and testament of
Roger Prendergast Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 22, 1899.

J. J. DWYER, Mills Building,
Attorney for Executors.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 2

CHRISTINA JACOBY Plaintiff vs HERMAN JACOBY Defendant	Action brought in the SuperiorCourt City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therin within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff since the 11th day of December A. D. 1897, and for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff for more than one year last past; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Christina Penders, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT.	Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

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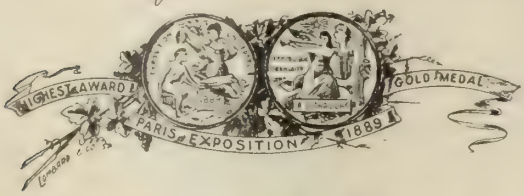

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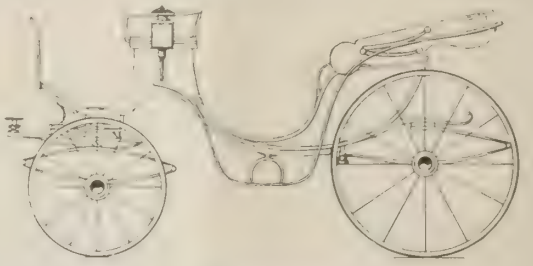

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, August 12, 1899

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OUR OPINION

THE APPELLATE TERM of the Supreme court in New York has laid down a rule in an opinion written by Presiding Justice Freedman, which will no doubt be read with great pleasure by all married men who wish to escape legal liability for new gowns and other articles of personal adornment purchased on credit by their wives. The beneficent rule is stated in this language:

> If a husband allows his wife to wear articles in his presence and with his knowledge which he would ordinarily be liable to pay for as necessaries and he makes no objection, he will be liable to pay for them, for his permission to her to retain and enjoy them without objection is equivalent to ratification of the purchase.

Such being the rule the matrimonial dead-beat should find it expedient to be entirely ignorant of what dresses are in his wife's wardrobe. He may find it somewhat difficult to refrain from the usual felicitations upon the stylishness and beauty of a new frock, but how delightful will his position be when he can swear by way of defense to a dressmaker's suit that he never knew that his wife owned such a gown. If his wife insist, however, that he express admiration for the taste which she displayed in the selection of some particular pattern, he may do so providing he subsequently interposes a violent protest against the purchase. In other words let him always be on the alert to manufacture a defense to a suit for goods sold and delivered and he will find under the ruling of Justice Freedman that it is no trick to defraud a tradesman.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky taken at bed-time. Your druggist has it.

IN THE COURSE of the trial of one of the all too numerous Chinese slave cases last week an attorney took occasion to ask why there was such an eternal to-do over the orientals while there is apparently no notice taken of the large number of white girls in tenderloin dens. One might extend inquiry on the same line, and ask why there are so many missions, retreats, refuges and homes for women who have made themselves socially outcast while there is not *one* where a self-respecting working woman, out of work and with an empty pocket, may obtain a day's victuals or a night's lodging in exchange for service. When a movement toward closing dens and dives is made, why does "society" interest itself to find employment for the barmaids and waitresses who will be thrown out of work, while when wire-stretchers and linotypes displaced book-sewers and compositors, or when a modification of fashion throws out feather curlers, artifical flower makers and fringe and button workers, "society" is blissfully unconscious of their hardships? Why is it that a man seeking honest work may walk the streets day and night in search of something to earn a meal or a bed, without success, but when driven to desperation and on the verge of insanity he commits some petty misdemeanor in order to share the city's hospitality to its criminals, the good people and benevolent associations come forward with offers of assistance, whereas twelve hours before they could not spare time to listen to his story? Why is it that Salvation armies and Volunteer armies of the Lord are so ostentatiously bent upon reforming the drunkard that they have nothing for the man who is sober? When Prison Gate societies and Helping Hands are ready to look out for the ex-convict, who is worrying about the disemployed workman who has not been in the penitentiary? In these days, when every avenue of employment is overcrowded there is an actual premium upon law breaking.

A CONTEMPORARY in discussing the subject of the enforcement of the compulsory education law sees trouble ahead. When all the truants and incorrigibles who now roam at large are forced into the school room, the poor teachers will suffer, and the influence that these young Arabs will exert over the Little Lord Fauntleroys and Lady Gladys's of previously angelic association will be most harmful. The same contemporary applies some severe strictures to the daily papers which "poke fun" at police officers who arrest "baby brigands" and "chubby burglars" as well as to judges who dismiss the juvenile offenders with merely a reprimand. While there most certainly is serious need of some means whereby children can be checked of their unlawful tendencies, it has been

remarked before that no judge or jury will convict children from seven to ten years of age of such crimes as burglary, highway robbery, train wrecking or an assault to commit murder, with a penalty of long confinement in the State prison. Though the babies may be technically guilty it is nonsense to suppose that they are morally responsible for anything worse than trespass or malicious mischief. In a vast majority of instances a sound spanking administered by the parent and the making good of the actual damage will do far more to restrain the youngsters and prevent a repetition, especially if the parents are wise enough to withhold pocket money or garnishee earnings until the fine is made up, than will an arrest and trial, which must result in an acquittal and the return of the offender as a hero among his mates. A generation or two ago when a mischievous boy held a solemn interview with his father in the woodshed, and the girl of unruly tendencies made acquaintance with a slipper sole in the privacy of her bed chamber—when there was no "cruelty man" to be appealed to by some officious neighbor who knew nothing of the matter under judication, and parents were not warned and threatened by that official, it was considered a lasting disgrace to the whole family to have had one of its members under arrest. In those days there was a well established belief in the doctrines of free will and personal responsibility, and the theories of hereditary tendency, alcoholized brain cells and irresistible impulse had not taken hold. Sensitive nervous organization is a polite euphemism for what used to be called "pure cussedness," and much of what is now practically encouraged was then literally whipped out. No doubt the corporal chastisement was often overdone and much of the spanking was ill-advised and unnecessary, but now that we have swung to the opposite end, is the result any more satisfactory? A French physician, M. Bérillon, advocates the hypnotizing of these "degenerates" and incipient criminals. He thinks laziness, idleness, ill-temper, kleptomania, etc, as well as nail-biting, thumb-sucking and such habits can all be eradicated by suggestion. He says eight out of ten children are subject to this influence in a profound degree after a second trial, and is sanguine as to its effectiveness in regard to inattention, cowardliness, selfishness, and in fact the whole list of human shortcomings. As to the thumb-sucking and nail-biting our grandmothers who knew nothing of germ theories and degeneration were wont to regard such tricks as the natural habit of infants and when they were not speedily outgrown, those good dames were known to resort to such cruel practices as tying the hands into woolen mittens or tipping the fingers with aloes or some other bitter drug which acted as a stimulant to short memories. Kleptomania is a very peculiar disease. It appears to be confined to females of fairly good social and financial standing with an "uncontrollable impulse" to become possessed of articles of personal adornment or house decoration which are just beyond the limit of their pocket-books. People of a lower social strata, or more straitened in means, whose impulse leads them to take possession of a loaf of bread or a pair of shoes for the baby find their misdemeanor called in plain Anglo-Saxon, theft and shop lifting, and when they are taken to a sanitarium for treatment, the institution is one often irreverently spoken of as "the stone jug." The doctrine of "can't help it" is a very convenient one, but down under it all, there is a pretty well defined certainty that with the exertion of will, other habits are as much within the control of the individual as that of gum-chewing.

ONCE MORE BUCKLEYISM has been repudiated by the people of San Francisco and James D. Phelan is again victorious. The result of the first election held under the new primary law settled all doubt as to the impotency of the push in municipal poiltics. The administration of Mayor Phelan has whetted the appetite of the people for honest government. His aggressive and uncompromising policy has received the unqualified endorsement of honest citizens, and it has been demonstrated beyond the shadow of a doubt that there is a preponderance of decency in this community. It has been the theory of phlegmatic pessimists who have contemplated with churlish indifference the maladministration of affairs by corrupt city officials that the people of San Francisco were not misrepresented at the city hall. They contended that the degeneracy of the community was mirrored in the personnel of its officials, and that reform in the city government could not be effected until integrity, honesty and decency predominated in the civic body. That this view of the situation was unwarranted has been made evident by recent events. The election of the freeholders was the first expression of popular desire for honest government, and the election last Tuesday was most eloquent testimony of the sentiment which has been crystallizing ever since the crusade against the bosses was inaugurated by James D. Phelan. Heretofore the people have been held in restraint by corrupt bosses under a system that made it difficult for them to assert their rights and wishes. They were misrepresented by officials because they had no voice in the selection of their so-called representatives. It was James D. Phelan that pointed out to them the means by which they could throw off the shackles and they have followed him with faithful and unerring footsteps. Attempts have been made to mislead them by the slanders of a partisan press but fortunately the puerile pretensions of pestiferous personal organs have failed to deceive the public. It was James D. Phelan who secured a charter for the city, and it was the reform crusade of James D. Phelan that secured for the city the primary law which enabled the people of San Francisco for the first time in their lives to elect their own representatives to municipal conventions. The victory over the bosses last Tuesday was a Phelan victory. The Committee of One Hundred deserves credit for its management of the fight, but to Phelan belongs the glory. The people are now assured that the provisions of the charter will have a fair test under the supervision of men who will be selected for their ability to enforce them strictly and honestly.

MIRIAM MICHAELSON, who is capable of better things, wasted a whole page of a recent Sunday Bulletin in the exploitation of Jewell Flint, the flinty jewel being set forth as a "boy convict who is now a poet." "He killed his sweetheart in Sacramento but has now repented and would lead a good life if pardoned." This precious rascal, whose picture in embroidered collar and big bow occupies the centre of the page, is "only twenty-five years old and one-fourth of the sum of his years on earth has been spent in prison." Of course he is expecting a pardon and, of course, he is one of the innocent victims of society, more sinned against than sinning, ad nauseum. The plain straightforward statement of the whole case lies in a nutshell. Jewell Flint was one of a family in comfortable circumstances. At the age of nineteen he was already a drunkard. He had been making calf-love to a schoolmate of his own age and because the girl refused to accept his escort when he was intoxicated, he shot her dead. Now, what is there in that which calls for sympathy and why should the young scoundrel be turned loose on the community simply because he has taken to writing rhymes which he sentimentally dedicates to his mother? The poetry, en passant, is quite as much of a crime as the murder and it alone ought to earn him life imprisonment. Miss Michaelson runs the gamut of "mad with a boy's hot-headed love, with jealousy and drink," "liquor crazed brain," "dazed," "no recollection of it all," and so on, and quotes the case of Rosser, the Tennessee soldier who was acquitted of a cold-blooded murder in this city. But the Rosser case is no argument. That mephitic jury still smells to heaven and the whole affair from first to last was a flagrant miscarriage of "justice." The precious Jewell Flint should have been used as an argument of precedent for Rosser's punishment and the newspapers will do vastly better in not giving over their columns to making heroes of murderers. Intoxication, instead of being regarded as a mitigating circumstance, should be looked upon as an aggravation of the offense and boys of nineteen who fill themselves with liquor and go armed are a menace to a community. It is not a question of whether "this boy has learned all the good San Quentin has to teach," but whether society is prepared to have other young girls killed because they exercise a right to decline the attentions of young men who have not the grace to maintain a decent outward appearance of respectability. Criminals are imprisoned for the same reason that savage dogs are kept chained, not for their good but for the protection of the community. Let us take a side glance at the way these things are managed in England. It is a good many years since Mrs. Maybrick was convicted of the murder of her husband and sentenced to imprisonment for life. There is not an influence on this terrestrial globe which has not been exerted to gain a pardon for her. More than one secretary of state has been appealed to; books have been written and clubs established; political battles have been lost and won; petitions have been circulated and lectures delivered; her beauty and accomplishments, her sickness and sufferings, her already long imprisonment and the alleged persecution of an American woman, have been worked for all they are worth but she is still in prison. There was no doubt of Mrs. Maybrick's guilt and there is equally little doubt but that she will pay the full penalty. Nothing in this state ever acted as a deterrent to women with a penchant for using pistols more than the sentence of one martial female to the penitentiary for twenty-five years. What is needed for these "poor fellows" is not columns of sentimental gush, but certainty of punishment. The "poor mother" argument rightly belongs to the family of the victim. Boys who are rightly trained do not commit penitentiary offenses and if their poor mothers have indeed been "poor" mothers, their griefs and humiliations are only their just dues.

WILLIAM WALDORF ASTOR having long since ceased to be an American in spirit has effected complete expatriation by renouncing his nationality altogether and becoming a full-fledged Englishman. It has been asked why should Americans sneer at Mr. Astor for so doing, in view of the fact that America is a nation of expatriated subjects of foreign potentates? We welcome Englishmen who leave their country to become citizens of the republic: why should we denounce the citizen who leaves our country to become a subject of the queen? The question does not present analogous cases. The Englishman that becomes an American citizen does so because of a sense of obligation to the country in which he improved his material condition or acquired a fortune or raised a family. His case is quite different from that of the American snob who leaves his native soil because he is piqued at his countrymen for failing to show him the deference due in his imagination to a man with great wealth, and in order to escape just taxation imposed by the government which gives protection to the property from which he derives his income. Mr. William Waldorf Astor enjoys the distinction of being a unique case of snobbery. His one aim in life is to enter the nobility and found a peerage but it is doubtful whether he will ever make judicious investment of his vast wealth to that end. He is an air-tight snob and hence the people of England have as much contempt for him as do those of his native country. He is jeered at in London more than he was in New York and all because of the lack of good fellowship which is evidenced by his grip on his purse-strings. In addition to his other mean qualities, that of penuriousness is most conspicuous and against the background of his selfish nature not a single virtue is silhouetted even in faint relief. It was this predominating penuriousness more than all else that impelled him to surrender his American citizenship, for he always rebelled against the exactions of the tax collector. But they are as skilled in the art of elongating a leg in England as they are in America and when a man with many millions seeks to cut a wide swath in a cheap way in London he receives scant encouragement. If Mr. Astor had sought to make himself a "good fellow" when he first went to England he might have dazzled the Britishers by his prodigality, but he preferred to pursue the tactics of a conservative swell until he was guyed unmercifully. And then he tried to make up for his delinquencies by a great splurge but he only attracted the attention of a throng of déclassée aristocrats. Subsequently he made himself ridiculous by publishing a fake biography of his grandfather to show that he was of noble lineage and about that time the Prince of Wales was quoted as saying of W. W. Astor, "He bores me." That should settle the fate of the great American Snob, for any one that gives his Royal Highness that tired feeling is forever barred from the real thing in social functions. So after all the lot of the naturalized Englishman is not to be a happy one.

AND HE LOVED HER STILL

OH! LOVE is a treacherous boy,
See, see, how the truant deceives me,
That she loved me she swore by on high,
And now for another she leaves me.

How false and how faithless is woman!
From fancy to fancy still ranging;
Her heart can be constant to no man,
But day after day will be changing.

For did she not vow, o'er and o'er,
That mine she would be and forever,
Oh! did she not swear by each power,
That death, only death should dissever?

'Tis not for the vows she had plighted,
Now shamelessly broken, I sigh;
That, I leave to the gods she has slighted,
And they must avenge it on high.

But thus to forsake him whose pride
Thou was't, on thy beauty who doted;
Leave him for a soldier's mean bride,
And fly from a heart so devoted—

The heart that was worth thy caressing,
Whose pleasure was but to obey;
And that heart thou mightst still be possessing,
Still proud to acknowledge thy sway.

He may love, but he will not, believe me,
Thus glory in wearing thy chain;
Yet this bosom, though thou coulds't deceive me
And scorn me, will love thee again.

[Translated from the French of Bonnefons.]

The Saunterer

AN INTELLIGENT SERVANT IS a luxury devoutly to be desired for there is no embarrassment quite so distressing as that resulting from the blunder of a hired man or hired woman, but the intelligent servant is also to be guarded against. It is better to have a blithering idiot engaged in the performance of household labors than one that combines smartness with treacherous proclivities. More than one family has been disrupted in San Francisco through the maliciousness of a smart servant. The records of the divorce courts are full of instances of domestic discord promoted through the agency of bright chambermaids and shrewd butlers. One of the latest instances of the evil resulting from the employment of too much sagacity in the kitchen is found in the case of Captain De la Mar, the forty-times millionaire who laid the foundation of his fortune in the mines of this state and whose marriage about five years ago to the beautiful Miss Sands of New York and subsequent divorce are fresh in the minds of the public. I understand that the captain's jealousy was aroused by a designing kitchen artist who wrote letters and signed them with the name of the man who was afterwards made co-respondent. Captain De la Mar was inordinately jealous of his handsome wife and was too ready to be convinced, but I have been told that the treachery of the servant has been revealed to him, and that he has succeeded in obtaining the forgiveness of the woman he had wronged. The story comes from New York that they are soon to be remarried in Paris where Mrs. De la Mar has lived since her separation from her husband and child.

Much to the surprise of the legal fraternity, the Tevis estate plum did not go to the newly organized firm of Page, McCutcheon & Knight. So it appears that there was either no foundation for the rumors concerning the motive that actuated Mr. McCutcheon in disbanding the old firm or else the dissolution of co-partnership was premature. I am inclined to take the charitable view of the matter, now that I know that the Tevis will was not in McCutcheon's inside pocket, for it appears that neither he nor Mr. Page had any reason to feel assured that they would have the handling of the estate. Although Page, McCutcheon & Knight would undoubtedly manage the estate satisfactorily to the heirs, no mistake was made in the selection of John Drum as the attorney for the executor. Mr. Drum is a young member of the profession who enjoys the confidence and respect of every reputable lawyer in San Francisco. In his somewhat brief career before the courts of this state he has shown himself to be a lawyer of splendid ability and with a fine sense of the proprieties that should obtain in the practice of his profession. He is well known to the Tevis heirs for he studied law in the office of Louis Haggin, and his brother Frank Drum is now and has been for years the cashier for the old firm of Haggin & Tevis. He practiced law for a short time in the office of E. J. McCutcheon and subsequently with McEnerney & Goodfellow.

Since the death of Lloyd Tevis I have heard some speculation as to whether he ever told his side of the story concerning the alleged bribery of Chief Justice Wallace of the Supreme court. That story has been hinted at in the newspapers a thousand times and has frequently been used by Judge Wallace's political enemies, and not without effectiveness. In my opinion the story was the fabrication of a diseased brain overtaxed with anxiety resulting from the interest of its possessor in an important law suit. The author of the story was a man named Connolly who was a resident of San Joaquin county. He declared that he bribed Judge Wallace to obtain a favorable judgment and that Lloyd Tevis was his agent. I believe the sum paid was five thousand dollars, and Connolly declared that he saw the chief justice and Tevis meet in the latter's office on the day the money was paid. As Judge Wallace and Lloyd Tevis were friends there could be noth-

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ing significant in a meeting between them and as the justice's decision was against Connolly I never could understand why the story of the transaction should have been circulated to injure the distinguished jurist. All the circumstances pointed to the innocence of Judge Wallace and if Connolly ever parted with any money for the purpose of having it used to corrupt a court, he must have received something in the nature of a double-cross, as they say in sporting circles, from the man that handled the sack.

A progressive hearts party was given at the residence of Mrs. Louis Glass, 1415 Jones street, on Wednesday evening of last week, by her daughter Miss Frankie Glass. Six tables were arranged in the large parlors and a most enjoyable evening was spent. The prizes were won by Mr. Hammer and Miss McDermott, the consolation prize by Mr. Shard. Everyone who has ever been entertained by Miss Glass knows what a charming little hostess she is, and this hearts party was one of the most enjoyable affairs she has ever given. A stringed orchestra was in attendance and at the conclusion of the games dancing was in order.

"When you are married, Henriette, I shall give you a beautiful silk petticoat for a wedding gift," said Gertrude, as she gave her dearest friend a warm kiss.

"Why wait till then ?," returned Henriette, looking in the mirror to see that her friend's embrace had not disarranged her golden tresses. "I would much rather have it while I am living."

If a scrap-book is not an index of its owner's character it at least indicates his temperament. If you find a scrap-book filled with spring poetry you know that the owner's mind lightly turns to nonsense. If a scrap-book contains poems of passion you are sure that they were collected by one whose bent of inclination is in an amorous direction. The scrap-book of an orator bespeaks the spellbinder who is not burdened with originality, and a collection of scientific clippings suggests the student. I came across a scrap-book in the Chronicle office the other day and its contents aroused my curiosity as to its ownership. Its pages were filled with recipes for brewing all sorts of punches and exhilarating beverages, and for concocting a variety of dainty dishes, with antidotes to relieve one of the evil effects of indulgence in the complicated libations and stews, soups, et cetera. Surely here was the property of some well-fed sybarite and epicure. My first guess was that M. H. de Young was the owner of the book for I could think of none other connected with the Chronicle who was likely to be interested in such things. I was not surprised, however, when I learned that I was wrong. William Gifford Smith, the editorial writer with the fat neck and eloquent paunch, is the man that rounded up those recipes. He is an epicure of the Lucullus order and he confesses that if he did not have an antidote for every bane he would long since have been a hopeless victim of the gout.

A buxom newspaper woman who chronicles society events for a daily paper made the trip through the Yosemite a short time ago on the back of a mule named Moses. One day the mule saw a bear and he shied so suddenly that the lady was thrown off. She fortunately fell upon a heap of dead leaves and nothing more serious happened than the disarranging of her dress. Upon her return to the newspaper office she narrated her experience to her co-workers whereupon they were prompted to perpetuate the event in verse. A variety of doggerel was written, and each writer took the bear's view of the situation. Here is one effusion that was not intended for publication:

Said Bruin: "I think it shocking
"For a dame to show her stocking
"Without apparent provocation to a bear.
"From her garter I should guess
"She's a writer for the press
"There were several items on it, that I'll swear."

If it be a fact and not an advertising dodge to test the contralto's popularity, that Jessie Bartlett Davis has left the Bostonians for good and all, then that famous organization may well feel itself a tottering structure. When Marie Stone retired, a sad gap was made in the Bostonians' ranks, a gap which, however, was acceptably filled by a new soprano. Camille d'Arville made such a hit as prima donna that it was a sad piece of news to the comic opera loving world when the dashing soprano started out on her own account as a star. But Alice Neilsen was probably the most popular soprano the Bostonians ever had and charming as Helen Bertram is, she could not fully fill the place made vacant by the fair Alice. The retirement of Tom Karl and Edwin Hoff were both serious losses to the company's strength. Then when the magnificent Cowles seceded to Alice Neilsen's organization it almost seemed as if the worst had happened that could happen. Nevertheless, a greater misfortune comes in Jessie Bartlett Davis' resignation. Grant that Mrs. Davis is not so young as she was ten years ago, grant that her lower limbs are less well fitted to the upper part of her body, grant that her voice is not so powerful as it was, still with all these drawbacks she is still Jessie Bartlett Davis and as such is beloved by the majority of theatre-goers. With only Barnabee and Macdonald of the original Bostonians, I must come to the conclusion that it will soon be necessary to inscribe an epitaph upon the once glorious company of comic opera artists.

A great many stories are told about the amiable Jessie and among them is one which, though it is not new, will bear repetition. Mina Cleary, who is now Mrs. Eugene Cowles, once owned a little dog which was named Jessie, possibly without malice aforethought; the story does not say whether the canine barked contralto. Miss Cleary, who sang in the chorus, was always escorted to and from rehearsals by her little Jessie and the dog also attended her at evening performances. One night when "Robin Hood" was the bill, just as Alan-a-Dale, disguised as a monk, was embracing the plump form of the fair Mina, little Jessie ran out from the wings and hot with resentment at seeing a supposed man with his arms around her mistress, the dog seized Jessie Bartlett Davis' monk's robe in her teeth and pulled away at it in true tug-of-war fashion. Barnabee's wand, which he carried in

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his character as Sheriff of Nottingham, was immediately to the fore and, as he jabbed at the dog, he cried:

"Come off, Jessie; come off."

Mrs Davis, who was oblivious to the dog's proximity, of course imagined that Henry Clay Barnabee had reference to herself and, scarcely able to restrain her tears, she abruptly left the stage. When Miss Cleary, Barnabee and little Jessie had smoothed the contralto's injured feelings, a matter which consumed some time, Mrs. Davis explained why she had wept.

"It was not so much your calling me Jessie," she said, "but it hurt my feelings to have you talk slang to me."

On Sunday there was a great deal of amateur hairdressing going on and the wherefore of this must be laid at the door of the Call which published pictures of the latest style of coiffure illustrated by four pictures of Hope Ross. Artistic disorder is the distinguishing trait of this new style of wearing the hair and it is not likely to be becoming to many faces. Only flaxen or red blonde locks are effective in disordered modes of hairdressing, a fact which is patent to anybody who has taken the pains to watch stage beauties in their various transformations. Mrs James Brown Potter affects the loose, wavy style to show off her burnished locks, while Mrs. Leslie Carter preferred to wear her bright red braid a-hanging down her back in "The Heart of Maryland." However, she may have changed her style of coiffure during the past two years. Blanche Bates runs to two fashions in hairdressing, the Madonna part and smooth braids, or long curls hanging over her shoulders with a few stray locks over the temples. In both of these ways she is equally beautiful. Miss Bates knows that black hair never looks so well as when it is smooth, and plainly parted.

It is from the stage that we get our modes of hairdressing, for it is Minnie Maddern Fiske that has sent this latest innovation among us. In "Tess of the d'Urbervilles" Mrs. Fiske wears her soft wavy hair tumbling in artistically tousled masses over her forehead. It was Mrs. Langtry who gave us the Langtry bang—what ages ago that was! Elsie de Wolfe was probably as largely responsible for the Madonna part as were the Gibson girls. To Anna Held's door may be laid the pompadour craze, not the sleek, high roll which some affect, but the waved hair which, though rolled over a rat, never gives the impression of stiffness.

"She is a widow."
"Grass or turf?"
"Neither."
"Well, then, what kind of a widow is she?"
'Clover: her husband has implicit confidence in her."

Paul Cowles, local manager of the Associated Press, is destined to be the next president of the Press club. He has already been nominated and although there is talk of an opposition ticket, Cowles' election is assured. Jim Tyler of the Bulletin, who has made one of the best financial secretaries the club has ever had, will be retained in that position and John Harrison, better known as "Uncle John" of the Chronicle, has been prevailed upon to accept the nomination for recording secretary. Harrison is at present librarian of the club, and to his efforts is largely due the great improvement that has been made during the past year in the club's reading material. Although the volumes have increased in number the library has not deteriorated from the standpoint of quality. Mr. Harrison will probably be succeeded as librarian by Eustace Cullinan, the Bulletin's poetical genius, who is eminently qualified for the position. Mr. Waterhouse, the funny verse writer of the Examiner, will be one of the vice presidents of the club, and Wells Drury of the same paper and Louis Honig of the Call will certainly be elected directors.

He: What an idiot Miss Bachelormayde makes of herself, trying to dress and act like a man.
She: She gets very near the model, all the same.

Fred Myrtle of the Bulletin and Colonel Trevelyan, one of the few survivors of Balaklava, are occupying a cottage at Santa Cruz and may be seen every day in duck trousers on the beach. En passant, I desire to call attention to the fact that few reporters are vouchsafed the privilege of a vacation and that when Mr. Crothers announced in the editorial rooms of the Bulletin some weeks ago, that each reporter could take a week off without losing a cent of salary the members of the staff were filled with joy. Myrtle chose Santa Cruz as the place for the rest and he started off last Saturday. He was escorted to the ferry by a delegation of friends. He wore a straw hat and carried a traveling bag that was the proper thing in Liverpool before he thought of coming to America. He attracted the attention of a newsboy, who aroused his indignation by asking him with a leer on his face:

"What number on Market street are you looking for, Mister?"

Myrtle's friends thought it a good joke that he should be confounded with the hayseed advertisement for a clothing store, but if they saw him on the beach at Santa Cruz in his duck trousers, or going into the surf in his maroon colored bathing suit, they would marvel at the change in his appearance.

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By this time Billy Hynes ought to be convinced that his recreant spouse is beyond recall. It was hard for him to realize that the mother of his children had become so badly smitten with the musical tailor that she could not be coaxed or lured back to her own fireside. He felt that the glamour would soon wear off and that her fondness for young Grennan was merely an evanescent fancy. She would be disillusioned, he thought, before the end of the voyage on the sailing vessel. And if there is anything that has a tendency to take the edge off a rollicking romance it is the mal de mer that generally goes with a trip on a sailing vessel, but Mrs. Hynes is made of sterner stuff than that which becomes dispirited under ordinary adverse circumstances. Latest developments in the case show that her passion for the weak-lunged cornetist became more intense under the tropic sun of the Hawaiian group. This matronly woman with the limpid, languorous eyes was whispering "Aloha" to her sartorial sweetheart with a fervor as hot as Mauna Loa's seething lava, while her unfortunate husband in his lonely home in San Francisco was devising ways and means of inducing her to return. And return she did, but not as her husband expected—alone and anxious for the forgiveness which he was so eager to grant. This Guinevere heaped scorn upon dishonor by accepting the money which, I am told, her husband sent her to defray the expense of the return trip and she came back as she went, in the arms of her lover and once more aboard a sailing vessel. The guilty pair arrived in this city late Saturday afternoon and, when darkness set in, a closed carriage conveyed them to the Grennan domicile where the mother received her truant son and counseled with him to make restitution. He declared that he was willing to do so but that Mrs. Hynes would not go back to her husband, and that if deserted she would commit suicide. He incidentally outlined his plans for the future. His itinerary includes a trip to Omaha where he has an engagement to play his silver-mounted cornet in the Hawaiian band at the exposition and from there he will travel with the band through the eastern states. He will be accompanied by his Californian Chimay whom he hopes to make his wife in the event of her husband's obtaining a divorce.

After leaving the Grennan residence the lovers repaired to a downtown lodging house where they remained in seclusion until Sunday night when they left for Los Angeles after bidding farewell to select friends and relatives. They received a few visitors Sunday and I believe they gave an impromptu musicale in their rooms, during which a couple of revolvers were on exhibition. Although Hynes was aware of the return of his wife he made no effort to see her. He was no doubt disgusted when he learned that she was accompanied by Grennan. I hope that he will make no further effort to reclaim her for he will only make himself ridiculous The case has many pathetic features and it would be well if the curtain could now be drawn, for scandals of that sort are not of an entertaining character. It is bound to end in the old familiar way and point the inevitable moral, but the damage has been done and can never be repaired.

The little Filipinos who have come on to be an attraction at the Mechanics' Institute fair are having a great time getting themselves acclimated and accustomed to the ways of San Francisco. Down in Hayes street opposite the Pavilion annex an empty store has been fitted up for the foreigners and they have a stove and all sorts of comforts which are likely luxuries to them. Of course they spend most of their time in the Pavilion and one of the first things the little islanders discovered was a big tank, which they immediately proceeded to use for swimming and bathing purposes. They go in stark naked and never seem to mind the fact that there are white face spectators standing near and looking on. The other morning, I am told, some of the Filipino women took a notion that their garments needed washing. Without waiting for such a preliminary as a change of costume, they divested themselves of their attire and immediately proceeded to do their laundrying, oblivious to the presence of the onlookers who were commenting on the bronze Venuses and their classical poses.

Mr. Newman threw himself down into a cushoned fauteuil at the club and heaved a relieved sigh:

"My wife has made a clean breast of it," he said to his fellow clubman, young Bachelor.

"Yes," remarked the latter, in a dry tone as if no further comment were necessary, "I noticed her gown was more décolleté than usual at the Swells' dinner last evening."

There was a hot time in the old town of Capitola last Saturday night when Otto Ziegler, the kingpin bicycle rider, disputed possession of a boudoir with one of the surviving Arguello heirs of San Jose. The affair created quite a sensation at the summer resort and developed into something in the nature of a scandal. Ziegler, it will be remembered, took unto himself a bride several months ago in the person of pretty Margaret Tennant, daughter of Fred Tennant of San Jose. Mrs. Ziegler distinguished herself shortly before her marriage by rebuking, in a somewhat forcible manner, a red-headed girl who was laboring under the delusion that she had claims on Tennant père. Mrs. Ziegler has been spending the summer at Capitola with her husband and I understand that she was as much put out over Otto's violence as was young Arguello. But the gossips of Capitola enjoyed the dénouement very much.

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The last Californienne to betake herself to the boards is Miss Maud Knowlton, daughter of Ebenezer Knowlton. "What Do You Think He Would Say?" is the scare head to a column in one of the dailies announcing this fact, and He refers to one of Miss Maud's stern old Puritan forbears. It is a good advertisement for the debutante and might have been written by papa himself. As a matter of fact, Maud is not the first histrion in the family. Caro True Boardman, the elocutionary reader, is a connection of the family and Ebenezer Knowlton himself, though a pedagogue, has no little talent in this direction and was well known as a public reader and reciter in bygone days. His daughter Maud was well known for her dark, brilliant beauty and for a certain spice of diablerie which made her very fascinating. She left San Francisco as a bride, having married a Mr. Lambert of Chicago who seems to have been mislaid and forgotten. Ethel, the second daughter, was also a pretty girl but she lacked her sister's brilliancy and dash. This did not prevent her, however, from being involved in a little affair of a contract marriage with a young man at a certain summer resort. The young lady pleaded it was all in fun and doubtless the affair was settled to the satisfaction of all concerned, as Miss Ethel, like her sister, married a Chicago man and left the city.

Our theatre-goers are sadly in need of a reminder upon one of of those points of lesser morals otherwise known as manners. I refer to the practice so much indulged in by women, and to some extent by the other half of humanity, of beginning to don wraps and headgear before the performance has ended. Certainly the few seconds of time gained in this way are not of much moment to the audience; it cannot be possible that they are *all* in frantic haste to catch the last boat. The rustle and stir produced are annoying to those who like to enjoy the finale of a play or an opera and I should think would be distracting to the stage people. I believe that it is merely a symptom of the great American malady, *rush*, and it certainly evinces none of that repose which should mark the caste of Vere de Vere.

Care hath a place in every home,
And Love and Care once quarreled sore.
Out in the world did Cupid roam,
But Care turned him from every door.
The world grew weary of Care at last;
It captured Love and held him fast.

A story that is making the rounds of the funny columns reminds me of a similar occurrence of many years ago in a rural neighborhood some miles from Napa. The community was in a condition so well described by the phrase "spoiling for a fight," and yet there was absolutely nothing that would answer for an active casus belli. The school was closed for the summer vacation, so there was not even that perennial storm centre, nor the question of "Who's going to board the teacher?" School election was over months ago and nothing else in sight—and yet the whole valley, individually and collectively, went about with an invisible chip on its shoulder and a perpetual challenge to "Tread on me coat-tail." At this interesting juncture a well-intentioned minister happened to drive along, bent upon a vacation trip with his little family. Finding that there was no church service held nearer than ten miles and no Sunday school, he stopped over and established a Union Sunday school, innocently imagining that he was performing a good work and actually filling a long felt want—furnishing something to fight about. No sooner was the Sunday school established and the good man gone upon his journey than the inhabitants split into two factions, each bent upon running the institution. The Sunday school exercises consisted almost entirely of singing hymns and the method of conducting the warfare was unique and original. Each side tried to induce as many visitors as possible from outside to attend and each made a point of selecting such hymns as it was supposed the others were unfamiliar with. Each faction had a tacitly acknowledged leader who announced the selection and immediately "raised the tune" which was joined in enthusiastically by the rest. If, however, the hymn was known to the opposite faction there was a chance to "sing them down" which was by no means passed over. On one occasion a leader announced a hymn, the opening line of which was:

"He leadeth me, Oh! blessed thought."

The young farmer, however powerful his lungs, did not possess the accomplishment of reading at sight, and when he bellowed forth,

"He leadeth me, Oh! blessed *thow*"

the contretemps was too much for even his own followers, who joined in the general titter. The opposition took advantage of the break and immediately announced another selection. In her elation, the leader started out at such a pitch that she soon balanced upon her vocal tiptoes with several high notes ahead quite out of her reach. Her father, an old farmer of the type made familiar in the illustrations of "The Hoosier Schoolmaster," burst out with the admonition:

"Start her again, Leeney; start her lower this time."

While the discomfited Jim L—— comforted himself with the outspoken reflection:

"Huh! Got the tune right if I couldn't read the words."

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The story is going the rounds in press circles of New York that Alice Rix-O'Leary has lately fallen heir to an immense sum of money through the death of her mother, Mrs. Ballard, in San Francisco. How far the story is true I do not know but the legacy is placed at everything from thirty to seventy-five thousand dollars, and I am told that Mrs. O'Leary has lately been seen in this city, having been called westward by her mother's death. Alice is said to be very well pleased with her latest husband and Mr. O'Leary feels that he is in clover. He is writing special articles for a New York paper about the Union iron works and the war-ships Californian mechanics have built and is receiving sixteen dollars a column for them. Dave, as Mr. O'Leary's friends call him, is a nice young fellow under thirty years of age and is a son of the O'Leary who was for many years the head and front of the Journal of Commerce, also, I believe, editing a paper called the Iron Age. Dave is a good writer and when he was in Honolulu he had a contract to furnish a history of the Hawaiian islands to some publisher whose name I did not learn. However, something new cropped up and O'Leary decided to throw up his job as historian and return to the United States. A clubman who has just returned from New York tells me that Mr. and Mrs. O'Leary have made a great hit there. The former is said to be very clever and he would have a fund of good stories to tell only that, like the famous raconteur Travers who some years ago kept Gotham laughing at his witticisms, O'Leary has a stammer which makes story-telling a difficult task.

"Woman possesses in the highest degree the gift of concealing her feelings. Where the wisest man would betray himself, the woman can go on unsuspected." At least so said Georges Ohnet's Dr. Rameau.

Most of our musical population who have been on the wing are now settled in town again after their summer outings and are preparing for a business season with their classes and concert engagements. Miss Eleanora Connell has returned from her summer vacation in excellent health and spirits. She has been for a month in Portland at the Hobart-Curtis, the most fashionable of farming hotels, leaving the city from time to time for the innumerable pretty river trips. Word comes to us that she charmed many of Portland's music-lovers with her singing and she has made many new friends. Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore has resumed her classes, having returned from Guerneville with her daughters. The camping party of which Mrs. Moore was a member had the pleasure of witnessing the Bohemian club's burial of Care at its mid-summer high jinks, the non-members of the club watching the scene from the other side of the river.

Miss Ella V. McCloskey has returned to her home after an extended vacation through Oregon and the northwest. She will resume her teaching at her residence, 857 Hayes street. Miss Eleanor Jeseph has resumed her professional work after spending two months with her parents in Ukiah.

Some of the republican leaders who are not wise enough to observe that popular sentiment is against partisan politics in municipal affairs are making frantic efforts to find a man who is foolish enough to accept the nomination for mayor. They suggested to Vanderlynn Stow the other day that he was "just the man to beat Phelan."

"Well," said Stow, "I haven't heard of any great popular demand for the defeat of Phelan. I have been laboring under the impression that everybody that has the interest of the city at heart is tickled to death over the prospect of re-electing him."

A call was made at the office of the Alaska Commercial company in the hope of persuading young Louis Sloss to take the nomination but it was learned that the whole Sloss family was in favor of Phelan for mayor.

The Bulletin is having the laugh, as it were, on the other dailies, over the result of the primary election. The Bulletin advocated the ticket presented by the Committee of One Hundred from top to bottom and the victory of the committee was a victory for the Bulletin, which of course TOWN TALK modestly shares in. The Examiner is entitled to credit for its fight against the unspeakable Buckley but its encouragement of the so-called independent democrats indicated that Mr. Hearst was not a very enthusiastic supporter of the policy of Messrs. Fay and McNab and the other stalwarts of the Committee of One Hundred. Prior to the election it appeared from the columns of the Examiner that Mr. Hearst was of the opinion that Sam Rainey was really out of politics for he ignored that distinguished farmer altogether and referred to his erstwhile followers as independent democrats, but on the day after election he published a cartoon which showed that he was not entirely oblivious of Samuel's existence. There has been much speculation in political circles as to why Hearst was so lukewarm in his support of the Committee of One Hundred, and it has been suggested that probablo he has promised Tammany the next delegation from California to the national convention, and felt that it would be easier for him to deliver the goods if the reformers could be shorn of some of their power. I am of the opinion, however, that Mr. Hearst is not bothering himself much about Californian politics.

The Joe Le Counts will spend the winter at the Colonial, I hear, and Miss Susie Le Count will be by all odds the prettiest young woman that has ever been numbered among the boarders at that hostelry. I am told that the latest fad in social pleasures—not the book party, which was a back number at church socials long before society added it to its amusement catalogue—is private theatricals. Taking this fact into consideration with the supposition that the Colonial's younger guests will follow the mode, I can easily imagine Miss Le Count as the star of an amateur club. In the production of "Columbia" at the California theatre, a stage pageant not yet forgotten, Miss Le Count carried off high honors as Priscilla in a tittle scene from "The Courtship of Miles Standish."

Alice Ames, who lately married Thomas Hinckley Robbins, a young Harvard student, and went away to Boston to live, is also one of our society girls who may well pride themselves upon the possession of

If you can afford it

DRINK

Jesse Moore Whisky

histrionic talent. Miss Laura McKinstry, before she decided to become a hospital nurse, had won not a little fame as a star actress in the erstwhile Fortnightly club. I believe if many of the members of the local swim were to embrace a stage career they would very speedily score hits. For who can do society dramas more gracefully than those who really are what their parts in the plays call for?

One could easily fill a volume with good stories of happenings on the beach at Santa Cruz. An amusing thing happened the other day. A comfortable-looking woman came into the bath-house with a luncheon basket in her hand. She looked up at the weighing machine, walked all around it, and after much deliberation climbed aboard. It registered one hundred and seventy-two pounds! She was in a fearful rage and sent for Ralph Miller, declaring that she had never exceeded one hundred and sixty pounds in her life. Miller smiled a bland smile and begged her to let him relieve her of the basket. Then he produced a nickel and said:

"Have another weigh with me!"

The woman scaled again and this time she was only one hundred and sixty pounds. Then Miller handed her the basket and she staggered away with it, scratching her head and wondering how it 'was all done.

While I have not the slightest objection to the borrowing of paragraphs, I will insist that proper acknowledgment be made of the source whence they came. I have called attention in several instances, by personal letter, to the practice of stealing from TOWN TALK'S columns and have warned the perpetrators of the thefts against repetition thereof. The editor of the Illustrated Indiana Weekly promised to reform but I have come to the conclusion that he is a hopeless kleptomaniac, for since then he has several times repeated his crime. I have therefore eliminated that Indiana larcenist from my exchange list. To continue his thefts he must buy the paper or be put to the inconvenience of going to the public library of his town to read it.

I am surprised that the critics of the dailies have given such little space to Nick Long and his wife, Idalene Cotton, whose sketch has made such a hit with Orpheum audiences during the past two weeks. They were surely entitled to more than the scant notices that were given them, for old time's sake if not for the merit of their performance. San Francisco theatre-goers always take pride in the success of old favorites who received their early training on the local boards. Nick Long is a San Franciscan by birth and training and he has spent most of his time in this city. His father was a Washington street hardware merchant in early days and Nick acquired his taste for the stage when a mere lad playing around the entrance to Maguire's opera house. He was educated at Santa Clara college and was a classmate of James V. Coleman and Sands Forman. Shortly after leaving college he became a member of the famous California theatre stock company and is now one of the few survivors of that historic organization. He is better known to theatre-goers of recent years as the creator of the title role in "The Private Secretary" in the first production of that comedy at the Baldwin. His clever wife, Idalene Cotton, to whom he was married on a Thanksgiving day some years ago, is also a San Franciscan. She is the daughter of Ben Cotton, the famous minstrel, and she was at one time a member of the Alcazar stock company. She has proved herself a talented woman and has developed into the Cissy Loftus of the American stage.

At the Tivoli last week, upon the occasion of a performance of "Il Trovatore," the view of the stage was obstructed for two members of an opera party by an elderly woman who above an old-fashioned coiffure of curls à la Clarissa Harlowe wore a bonnet with high trimmings. The obstacle finally became so annoying that one of the party courteously requested the old lady to remove her headgear. The desire was no sooner expressed than granted. Then a young man who was occupying a seat back of the opera party leaned forward and asked, politely:

"Beg pardon, but would you object to asking the lady in front of you to remove her curls?"

There is quite a family reunion of Crocker branches in progress just now, the George Crockers and C. B. Alexanders all being on from New York. They will spend the remainder of the summer on the coast, I am told, chiefly at Del Monte. Mrs. Crocker is accompanied by her daughters, the Misses Rutherford, who have improved greatly during their eastern sojourn. Miss Alice Rutherford was always a charming girl, of refined and sweet personality, but she has now acquired a metropolitan air which has naturally added very much to her beauty. It is this difference in deportment and carriage that was observable in Mrs. Oelrichs and her sister when the Fair girls paid their first visit to their old home after taking up their residence in New York. It is the indéfinissable something that the New York woman, and the feminine resident of no other city, possesses. In the native-born New Yorker, bred within sight of Central park and old Trinity, it might be termed a sort of refinement of insolence, as it were, but in the San Franciscan who has been transplanted to New York the change is only noticeable for its pleasing and improving qualities.

Dividend Notice

DIVIDEND NOTICE—Dividend No. 70 (25 cents per share) of the Hutchinson Sugar Plantation Company will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market st., on and after Monday, August 21, 1899.

Transfer books will close on Tuesday, August 15, 1899, at 3 o'clock p m.

E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

LADIES ARE COMMENTING

about the magnificent line of switches I carry and the very moderate prices I charge.

In fact, no store in town gives such values or shows such an array of hair ornaments.

G. LEDERER
123 Stockton St.

GERMEA
THE
KING
OF
BREAKFAST
FOODS

One of the most delightful functions of the summer season at San Diego, writes my correspondent, was the musicale given by Mrs. George Peckham and the Misses Hildreth on Friday evening of last week. The ball given at Hotel del Coronado last week by the alumni of the Coronado high school was attended by all the four hundred of San Diego. Miss Nellie Grant, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jesse Grant of San Diego, is visiting in San Francisco. Miss Edith Evans of San Francisco is the guest of Miss Vyne Bowers. Mr. Alexander Reynolds Jr. will soon leave for Belmont. Mr. Reynolds was the guest of honor at a supper and dance given at the Country club last Tuesday evening. Mrs. John H. Gay is visiting in Los Angeles. Word has been received that Misses C. Gerichten, Amy Gerichten and Lida O'Brien and Mrs. Jeanette Hart, who sailed in July for Dresden, have safely reached their destination.

A letter dated at Manila June thirteenth has come into my possession. It was written by a San Francisco boy in the regular army and contains much that is of interest at this time, bearing as it does upon the conduct of General Otis.

"The foreign merchants," he writes, "the English included, are thoroughly disgusted at our dilatory ways. General Lawton while on one of his fighting trips cut the telegraph wires behind him so that he would not be bothered by Otis. Two weeks ago he started out with his division to clean out the insurgents in the south of the line. The movement was well planned, each brigade having a position assigned to it and full instructions regarding what they were to do when the advance began. The fight started and was pushed vigorously and soon the insurgents were on the run. They were pushed back a long ways to a place between two hills where the brigade under General Hall was supposed to be, in order to flank them. The insurgents kept on going and when Lawton got up to the place he found that General Hall had never been there at all. Then Lawton got a telegram from Otis ordering him to fall back, which of course he did. Lawton's secretary, whom I know well, tells me that when Lawton came into his quarters that night he sat down on his cot with his elbows resting on his knees and covered his face with his hands and cried like a child."

Here is another paragraph from the same letter which tends to bear out the suspicion that McKinley's man Otis is by no means eager to end hostilities: 'Last Saturday another movement was made at the same place with better success. We lost two killed and twenty-three wounded, the insurgents' loss being smaller than ours. Here I may tell you of an instance which makes every Colorado man lose his temper. There were six companies of them in the advance. They had driven the insurgents back until it was necessary for them to pass through a narrow opening between two hills. The Colorados were not over a thousand yards from the opening through which the insurgents were passing and had a plain sight and an excellent position from which they could pour in a deadly fire. The war vessels in the bay were in such a position that they could see the insurgents pouring out, there being about fifteen hundred. The boys commenced to shoot from their positions and the boats in the bay started throwing shells and using their rapid fire guns. They had just fired a few rounds when the bugler blew 'Cease firing.' Every one stopped shooting and the insurgents were allowed to pass through the opening unmolested. The lieutenant-colonel and about sixteen men in the six Colorado companies were wounded and when they had a chance to capture and kill their enemies they were prevented from doing so."

Continuing in another part of his letter the writer says:" I cannot understand the way operations are carried on nor can any one with whom I have talked. The men are started out on a thirty or forty mile march after insurgents. One wagon is filled with the peace commissionars' proclamation, written in Tagalog, and a barrel of paste. The men find a crowd of insurgents and are fired on. One or two of the boys are killed and possibly half a dozen wounded. They are ordered to lie down but cannot fire. The insurgents get up on their trenches and say 'Mucho malo Americano,' and walk off. After they are gone, out comes the barrel of paste, a lot of brushes and the proclamation. Then the town or village is posted so full of bills that the uniinitiated would think Barnum's circus was coming. Then the soldiers fall back and I suppose Otis wires Washington, 'Situation well in hand; insurgent loss so much; volunteers willing to remain.' Out on the north line a few days ago a party out scouting ran into a body of insurgents and before they could get under cover two men were killed; also a mule. Otis nearly wore out the wires for two days trying to find out who was responsible for the death of the mule. The custom house here is an institution that needs looking after. It is in charge of a regular army officer, Colton of the Nebraska regiment being relieved. The inspectors wear diamonds galore. A short time ago a barge load of small boxes passed the custom house as cigarette papers. Somebody in another department happened to pick up a box and thought they were pretty heavy for cigarette paper. The man reported the matter to some one who examined the package and found instead of papers, Mauser cartridges. As we do not use Mauser rifles you can guess whom the cartridges were for and how our inspectors can wear diamonds. I think there were five million cartridges."

Never before in local history have I heard so many stories of elopements as are floating around these days. There appears to be an epidemic of salacious episodes in the smart set, or else our gilded aristocrats have become addicted to the pernicious habit of gossiping by way of pastime. Again, perhaps they are inclined to weave romances of the erotic order whenever favorable circumstances present themselves. For instance, such a coincidence as a trip to Paris made by a married man about the time that his pretty sister-in-law departs for Europe might be distorted into an elopement. One of the stories now afloat concerns a wealthy member of a large lumber firm, who is now abroad, and his wife's sister, who happens to have gone away. And another story involves a prominent physician who has been administering pills to society for many years. The circumstance of his separation from his wife gives color to the romance about his association with a San Jose

A delightful hot drink may be made with the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky and the usual hot water ,sugar and a little lemon skin.

The enterprising dry goods house of J. J. O'Brien & Co. has at present in its spacious show windows a most inviting display of Black and Colored Dress Goods at prices which cannot fail to suit purchasers. A grand display of gentlemen's underwear is also an attraction in the windows of this popular house. The sale of wash goods and Ladies Muslin Shirt Waists which has been in progress during the past week still continues.

heiress, whose sister was recently married. The story is that they have eloped but I understand that the physician is now on his way back home. Physicians are often hired to accompany their patients on health trips and consequently the simultaneous departure of a doctor and a woman should not be regarded with suspicion. But gossip cannot be discouraged by protests.

Another piece of interesting information that got into circulation during the week was in reference to the mental collapse of a popular young shoe merchant's wife. She has been very ill and became afflicted with suicidal mania and it was reported that she was sent to an insane asylum, but this is denied by the family physician. She is one of the heirs to a large estate left by her mother who obtained considerable notoriety by being involved in almost incessant litigation. One of the daughters became the wife of a local newspaper artist about two years ago and she went to New York where she soon grew tired of a domestic life.

The Californian volunteers who are going to be the beneficiaries at the big entertainment to be given for them at the Orpheum will have to send a special vote of thanks to Edna Wallace Hopper. For it was that brilliant and blooming specimen of what our city can produce in humans of the feminine gender that insured the success of the auction sale of seats on Thursday. Society—which was present in its most magnificent midsummer millinery—is still talking of Edna's wonderful leap into the auctioneer's box, and saying that if Wendell Easton and Mrs. Hopper were to form a vaudeville team, Manager Morrisey's fortune would be made. For first there was a tableau of Mr. Easton in immaculate morning attire standing alone. Then burst upon the spectators' vision a pretty little woman in a frock of pearl gray, that fitted her exquisite figure like a glove. A swish of skirts with countless filmy flounces, an agile bound, and Edna Wallace Hopper joined Mr. Easton in his box. She sat on the edge and swung her daintily-booted feet before the eyes of the audience. A moment before, the people had been going wild over the biographic pictures of our boys in the war; now their rapturous applause was for Edna Wallace Hopper. She had everything her own way and coaxed the dollars out of—well, they were not unwilling pockets, in a manner delightful to record. The witticisms of Wendell Easton and the enthusiastic gayety of Edna Wallace Hopper won the day.

Mayor Phelan and Mrs. A. S. Townsend were the most liberal buyers, the former paying one thousand dollars for a box and the latter two thousand and twenty-five dollars for two boxes. It was a matter of surprise to many that Mrs. Eleanor Martin was not among the bidders for the boxes as she has always been so prominent in works of benevolence for our soldier boys. Eddie Marshutz made himself quite a hero by bidding in a box at one hundred dollars and then returning it to be sold again for the fund.

Uncle George Bromley, who occupied a box with his friend Captain Martin Patterson of the Emperor of China's steamship service, who is out here on a six-months' leave, was very earnestly importuned by Florence Roberts and other beauties of the stage to mske a bid but he always replied that he would "speak later." It was a much regretted fact that Blanche Bates was not present but it is doubtful if even she could have been a more potent magnet to draw the bidders than was sparkling Edna Wallace Hopper.

A paragraph which is making the rounds of the exchanges, relates to the advertisement of a western justice who offers gifts and other inducements to people intending to plunge into matrimony in order to induce them to allow him to perform the important ceremony. Years ago I used to see in a weekly paper published in a small town the advertisement of a justice of the peace who ended his announcement with: "Matrimonial knots tied on short notice, warranted to stick in any climate." These must have been the kind of cordage that induced Ouida to make one of her characters "recommend marriage on the same principle as old Levett used to tender dry biscuit sans confiture:

"''Tisn't so nice as marmalade, I know, Master Philip, but then, dear, it's *so* wholesome!'"

"Tim Frawley has to work twice as hard as the average man."

"Why so?"

"Because he has to play and work at the same time, no change."

Our plutocracy will be well represented at Menlo this afternoon together with a sprinkling of our aristocracy and there will also be present, when the races begin, some of those on the fringe of society. The program of races include some interesting events and the cups that have been offered for prizes are well worth striving for. Walter Hobart will of course be conspicuous and Walter is by no means a diminutive drawing card. Frank Carolan, Charley Baldwin and Hugh Hume are also among the entries and hope not to be among the also rans. Mr. Hume is so confident of his ability as a rider that he has made several small bets on himself. These bets indicate, however, that that there are several others who do not regard the Post's editor as a dangerous competitor. They are betting five to one that he won't win a race, five to one that he won't come one-two-three and eight to one that he won't win a certain race that he is very confident of capturing.

Self respect is on good terms with

The Old Government Whisky

Suit your taste—100% proof, bottled in bond; or 90% proof, Special Reserve, bottled at Distillery.

A wholesome stimulant—a nerve tonic.

Captain Billy Barnes is suspected of having a press agent. I learn from the Call that he has just won a big law suit and that he has succeeded in divesting himself of about seventy pounds of superfluous flesh; also, that there are numerous other pounds still upon his person for which he has no immediate use and which he also intends to dispose of. I hope that he will succeed for he has long since passed out of Colonel Kowalsky's class and was beginning to look like a heavyweight joke. Billy is a bright young lawyer and I predict that when he comes down to his right weight he will win all kinds of big cases.

Go shout the gladsome pæans out,
Proclaim it through the town;
Bill Barnes is tired of being stout—
The captain's coming down.

His flesh will burden him no more,
Nor make his papa frown
To see his son halt at a door—
For Bill is coming down.

He grew so fat he was a sight;
He looked like a great clown.
His clothes they broke, they were so tight—
But now he's coming down.

He once sought honors, high of state,
In Sacramento town;
His record broke beneath his weight—
Since then he's coming down.

I was guilty of a misstatement last week in reference to an engagement matrimonial between Mrs. Bandmann and Lieutenant Brandt and it occasioned widespread surprise among the readers of TOWN TALK, whose confidence in my accuracy upon social and other topics is such that they accepted it as true and marveled at the news notwithstanding that many of them had reason to regard it as improbable. As I am always ready to acknowledge an error I have no hesitation in calling attention to the circumstance of the existence of a Mr. Bandmann and also of a Mrs. Brandt. The announcement of an engagement between a married man and a married woman must be conceded to be premature at least. The announcement was made, however, in good faith but upon misleading information from a source that was believed to be reliable. To the many hundreds of readers of TOWN TALK who testified during this week to the close scrutiny that is given to my paragraphs, by inquiries as to when Mr. Bandmann died, I take great pleasure in informing them that that gentleman is still enjoying good health. Among the elite of Newport and New York marital engagements between married people are not uncommon but the fashion has not yet spread to the wild and wooly west. Such engagements are still preceded here either by a judicial decree based upon statutory grounds or a death certificate.

Apropos of the Bandmanns it may be interesting to know that they are no longer wealthy people. Julius Bandmann was president of the Giant Powder company when that corporation enjoyed the exclusive privilege of manufacturing giant powder. He was then reputed to be a millionaire and enjoyed the confidence of the business community. A decision by the United States Supreme court involving the patent rights under which Bandmann's company operated proved fatal to the corporation and deprived him of his fortune. The erstwhile millionaire now spends most of his time doing jury duty at the city hall for two dollars per day. The Bandmanns were lavish entertainers in the days of the prosperity of the powder company and

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, elegant new bird and wing effects.

Madame De Pasquali
(Marguerite in Faust)

Mrs. Bandmann owing to her great beauty was always surrounded by a large circle of admirers. Although she is now advanced in years she has not lost her physical charms.

In regard to Miss Carrie Coleman Platt, whose name was mentioned last week as having been a former companion of Mrs. Bandmann's daughter Tonie, I am told that the main reason of her trip to New York was the fact that the Pacific Union clubman whose friendship she has enjoyed for some years was broken in pocket and could no longer contribute to the support of the cosy flat near Nob hill. With depleted fortune, he was obliged to seek the Klondike hoping to replenish his exchequer through the mines lying beyond the Chilkoot pass.

E. C. Pistolesi having been elected by the Native Sons to exhibit himself in the full pride and panoply of grand marshalship on the occasion of the big parade in honor of the California regiment, there can no longer be any doubt but the affair is destined to be a grand spectacular success. By accepting the grand marshalship Mr. Pistolesi renders himself liable to the suspicion of harboring political aspirations. From time immemorial it has always been conceded that grand marshals of San Francisco parades are in line for political preferment and there is no reason why Mr. Pistolesi should be an exception. He is before the people at present in more ways than one, having been selected some time ago to act as attorney for the Hotel Nymphia. This

institution is, perhaps, too far ahead of the times to be appreciated but Mr. Pistolesi's connection with it does not appear to have affected his popularity. I hope, however, that there will be no recruits from the hotel in the parade.

It is reported that the editor of a North Carolina paper is offering to publish ten verses of poetry for a load of wood and a three-column story for the equivalent in groceries. This probably accounts for some of the matter that makes its appearance in print. I wonder whether he is as particular with regard to his "exchanges" as the owner of a little sheet published in Uncle Sam, Lake county, some years ago? He was very willing to accept wood at market price for payment of subscriptions but when a load of manzanita was delivered and credit asked at the rate of four dollars and a half per cord he suggested that three dollars and a half be accepted "because the sticks are so crooked."

"I had awful bad luck here some years ago," said Mrs. Swiftleigh, who was sojourning at Del Monte

"Gracious! didn't lose a purse I hope, or a diamond necklace," said Mrs. Brown.

"Oh, dear no, nothing like that," said Mrs. Swiftleigh. "It was during the big railroad strike and my husband came down on a Saturday to stay till Monday, The trains stopped running and he couldn't get away for two weeks."

Consul Pratt, United States representative at Singapore, recently took out an injunction against Kelly and Walsh, the publishers of John Foreman's book upon the Philippines, because it contains an alleged interview with Aguinaldo in which Pratt is represented as having promised independence to the islands on the part of the United States. The injunction applies to all the Straits settlements and similar action has stopped the sale of the book in Hongkong. Pratt says he intends to bring suits which will extend the injunction to all the British possessions.

Society people at Sacramento have been greatly shocked, I understand, by the story of the death of Mrs. Arthur Wilson, published by the News of that city. The story reflected most seriously upon Dr. G. B. N. Clow, who is a prominent physician of Sacramento and who has always enjoyed the reputation of being a most circumspect practitioner and one that could never be induced to encourage illegal medical expedients. The Arthur Wilsons have long been conspicuous in Sacramento social circles and the death of Mrs. Wilson, ending a brief illness, was a great surprise to her friends who had no notion of the seriousness of her condition. Arthur Wilson is the son of J. B. Wilson of the State Board of Agriculture.

The wise men of the political push who have always imagined that they cut large blocks of congealed moisture in affairs pertaining to the management of the government, were rudely awakened from their pipe dream last Tuesday night when the returns rolled in from the various precincts. The following morning they could be seen rushing to cover from all directions. The effect of the primary was the complete annihilation of the push as a factor in local politics. It has been demonstrated that it was a stuffed bogie man. It is of no more consequence than one of Buckley's extinguished lamps. During the next few months it will be interesting to note the efforts of the wise men of the push to persuade people to believe that they were not identified with the Buckley faction on the occasion of the recent repudiation of that defunct dealer in gold bricks. And on the republican side the cohorts of Crimmins and Kelly will present an interesting spectacle in their efforts to crowd in behind the band wagon of the Grand hotel reformers. At this particular time I am curious to know what sort of a play Dr. Perrault of the board of supervisors will make to establish himself in the good graces of the leaders of the anti-boss element. Dr. Perrault has been so industriously engaged in doing peanut politics for Crimmins and Kelly that he will have some difficulty in convincing the reformers that he was only working for the good of the party.

A SEVENTY-TWO DOG STAKE

THERE WILL BE a seventy-two dog stake as the drawing card at the Union coursing park today and tomorrow, the first round being run down today. The sport is growing in popular favor more and more every day owing no doubt to the high class coursing that the Interstate coursing club present to the public. The Union coursing park is easy of access as the Southern Pacific trains, leaving at Third and Townsend, stop at the gates of the park and the San Mateo electric road cars pass the grounds every few minutes. Coursing will begin today at one o'clock and tomorrow morning at eleven. The admission to the park is only twenty-five cents; ladies admitted free.

Two Noted Resorts both under one management, noted for its efficiency. Representing the mountain interior and seaside of Central California.

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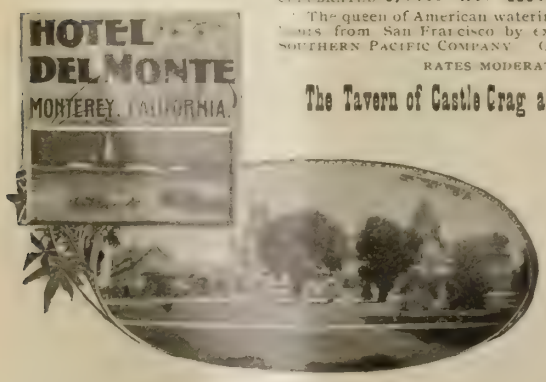

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Rates: by the day, $2, $2.50, $3
By the week, $14 to $17.50.
Bath rooms extra.

Season, June to September

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION ADDRESS GEO. SCHONEWALD, MANAGER
Hotel del Monte, Monterey, Cal., or Tavern of Castle Crag, Castle Crag, Cal.

World of Law

THE SUPREME COURT HAS at last been misjudged. That is to say, the august tribunal has incurred the displeasure of the police department and of the district attorney through no fault of its own. Its magnificent habit of writing involved opinions has caused its weightiest sentences to be misconstrued and the result is that the police department and the district attorney are compelled to ask its pardon. I refer to the case of Albert Frederick George Vereneseneckockockhoff, or, decapitated, plain Albert Hoff. This good man was so unfortunate as to murder a worthy housewife for whom he was laying a carpet. His reason may best be imagined. The insanity dodge would hardly work, so he said he didn't do it. Still more unfortunately, the jury said he did and Mr. Hoff was ordered to be cut off in his prime by means of a stout rope, a knot and a trap. His appeal was taken to the Supreme court more for form's sake than anything else; but the ways of the tribunal of last resort are many and varied. After much discussion, in which Mr. Justice Van Dyke took no part, the learned justices sent the case back for re-trial.

The decision was filed at 4:35 p. m. one day, too late for the evening papers and at a time when the morning men were weary and anxious to get away. The first three pages of Mr. Justice Temple's remarks were devoted to a review of the instruction upon the subject of motive delivered by Judge Cook to his jury. It was the same old instruction that had passed muster in the McNulty and Durrant cases and others of minor note; but it suddenly occurred to Mr. Justice Temple that for a judge to tell the jury that a motive for a crime need not be worn by the proprietor thereof like the heart of a coy maiden upon her sleeve, but may occasionally be hidden and therefore to be presumed by a jury when the facts of the case appear plain to it, was a violation of the prisoner's rights The accused in a criminal case in California has a high old time of it That is as far as the perusers of the opinion went.

"Judgment reversed for an erroneous instruction on motive," they said.

The police caught it up, the district attorney, everyone. Judge Cook walked about disconsolate, saying:

"If I can't give the same old instruction on motive that has been the standard these ten years back, how am I to know where I stand?"

Everyone was sympathetic and it was at once conceded that Mrs. Botkin must get a new trial, since the very same instruction was used in her case. Meanwhile, the Supreme court with its erratic ways was vilified to the fullest extent.

By and by it occurred to some one to read the Supreme court opinion on the case from beginning to end. This was done and the whole stupid mistake shown up. For, after Mr. Justice Temple had said all he wanted to say about the objectionable instruction on motive, he proceeded to remark:

"The point would not have been noticed here but for the necessity of revising the case for another instruction to which objection is made." And then followed a scathing rebuke to Judge Carroll Cook for his long-winded and criminally pointed instruction upon the question of circumstantial evidence. It was shown that Judge Cook had at great length elaborated upon the virtues of circumstantial evidence, driving its value home to the hearts of the jury and leaving no stone unturned to have it regarded with full weight. In one place His Honor said:

"Circumstantial evidence has this great advantage, that various circumstances from various sources are not likely to be fabricated."

"Why not?" asked Mr. Justice Temple.

And so, after picking to pieces the court's charge upon this question he decided that there was a limit to all things and he reversed the judgment. He might have been a little more liberal, in my opinion, in his reading of Judge Cook's charge, but he chose to be severe. Several judges concurred

So the Supreme court was, for once, misjudged by a hasty interpretation of its decision upon an important case. It is only right to make this clear, as the tribunal of last resort in this state is in a peculiar position; it cannot answer back. It must bear all the slings and arrows hurled at it by a disgruntled bar, all the more poisonous because few members of the bar dare for their lives say anything in the open derogatory of the Supreme tribunal and, therefore, send in their shafts through others in secret; it must bear all this, I say, and etiquette permits it not to reply. So, where wrong has been done, let it be righted; for, depend upon it, when the Supreme court fails to please the public upon a public question, it is because it cannot. It is there to construe laws as they are made, not to make laws.

The reversal of the Hoff case will have a salutary effect on one member of the Superior bench. It will teach Judge Cook a severe lesson, not to be so long-winded. I remember when Carroll Cook was elected in November, 1896. He swore by all his gods that he would teach his fellow judges a lesson they would do well to profit by. "Six minutes charges, not longer," he declared. And he suited action to the word by delivering the briefest charge ever heard on his first case. Good for Cook! By degrees, however, the spirit of a dream seemed to steal over him. He appeared to enjoy the sound of his own judicial voice. Lengthier and lengthier grew his incidental speeches in court, his opinions, his instructions. His charge to the jury in the Botkin case was a masterpiece of length. The result is shown in the reversal of the Hoff case. The justices who sit up aloft in the Parrott building would never in this world have reversed the case because of the tenor of the judge's instructions It was their length, the very persistency with which Judge Cook hammered away at the same old theory, that made the whole amount to a very elaborate argument for the prosecution, and, therefore, reversible. Go back to your six minutes charges, judge. Time yourself by the clock.

I have a story to tell of another judge of the Superior bench, Judge Edward A. Belcher. Judge Belcher has just returned from a sojourn of several weeks in the heart of the Yosemite valley. He was with Chris Jorgenson, the artist, who sketched while Judge Belcher declaimed to the tree tops.

"Chris did some remarkably fine work while he was away," said Judge Belcher on his return. "I watched the progress of his work and it pleased me greatly. I was quite satisfied with him."

Well, one day they were talking in a circle at the Sentinel. Russell Wilson was of the party and he told a story of how his revered father, Sam Wilson, had had his hat taken from the rack at the Pacific Union club. Sam Wilson was proud of his hats, and was consequently filled with loathing when, on emerging from the drawing room after lunch, he found the only hat left a dirty, shabby thing he would not have been found dead with. He stormed and raved, but to no purpose; he had to take the hat or go bare-headed. So he took the hat, flew down town to Fisher's, bought a new hat and had the satisfaction of kicking the ancient relic to pieces. The next day Sam Wilson went to the club to lunch, as usual, and was about to place his hat in the rack when he observed the initials in the inside of the hat next to his. "S. M. W." He stared, but there they were, and on investigation Sam Wilson found his stolen hat reposing in juxtaposition to the one he had bought.

"My father was mad," said Russell, telling the story, "and he resolved to go without his lunch and just stand right there waiting for the thief to come out of the dining-room to claim his hat. He waited half an hour, when, among the stream of clubmen that emerged from the room, one man walked up and seized the hat without a moment's hesitation. He had no sooner seized it than my father seized him.

"'D —— you sir, how dare you? You are a thief, sir, d —— you. Don't you know that's my hat?'

"'Oh, is it?" asked the other man, unabashed. "Is that so?'

"'It is so,' thundered my father. "How dare you? Why did you take it?'

"'Well,' said the other, 'it was a good hat, and looked comfortable. It fitted me and I wore it.' Then he walked away, leaving my father aghast.

"And that man was Judge Van Dyke, now a judge of the Supreme court."

Russell Wilson told the story well and the laugh was just about to break out when Judge Belcher, who had been a horrified listener, held up a judicial forefinger and said, sententiously:

"There can be no doubt, in my mind, that it was a larceny. The Code is clear on that point. Now, Mr. Wilson, let us suppose the incident to have taken place in our day. Let us take ourselves, for instance. Let us suppose—"

But here Russell Wilson turned a look of such hopeless, helpless misery upon the crowd that there was a stampede from the spot.

Judge Hunt was last heard from at Klamath hot springs. He is due to return in a few days.

THE COURT REPORTER.

FOR A PRETTY EFFECT IN STATIONERY nothing is so chaste as the Fleur-de-Lis Linen when stamped with monogram in silver. Messrs. Cooper & Co. have superior facilities in this line, and show a number of new ideas.

Superseded

AN age agone I left her with a smile upon her face
And looks of love from out her eyes unto her smile gave chase.
Long, dreary days rolled onward ere I saw that face again;
I searched to find those looks of love—alas! the search was vain;
Her every word, her every glance, they told me love was fled—
I've lived and loved, and joy was mine; but now, would I were dead!

THE ADORER.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "Brother Officers"—one of the best things of the Miller season.

CALIFORNIA. "The Fairy Godmother"—a very pretty comedy, brightly acted.

ALCAZAR. "The Lady of Lyons"—one of the oldtime dramas but still a winner.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Falka"—magnificently mounted and well sung.

TIVOLI. "Faust" and "Trovatore"—the old operas serve to introduce some powerful singers.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—with Alexandra Dagmar the star of the week.

PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—worth seeing.

EXPONENTS OF ART WHEN after tedious study they have come to the conclusion that existing conditions need improvement and better elucidation, must in order to convince their fellow men clear barriers of almost unsurmountable height. The greatest obstacle that obstructs the path of these art-revolutionists, as they may be called, is a strict adherence to tradition, of which the public mind is loath to rid itself. At all times the people have chosen their ideals in art after which they have moulded their own convictions and to overcome this deeply rooted prejudice is indeed an herculean task, and constitutes a rock against which most distinguished skulls have been shattered. When Henry Miller, therefore, announces that he has created a new Hamlet, that his conception is a new one, he must convince his audience that his so-called creation is correct as well as new and unfortunately the public at large will ascertain this correctness by comparison and if the comparison proves unfavorable to the artist his Hamlet is considered unsuccessful, because if you create a role that is inferior to one already formulated your creation becomes valueless. And here is an instance where the utility of the critic is proved. For a critic, if capable, must be above prejudices, must recognize the odiousness of comparison and must view the new work with all fairness and justice. If he show by his remarks that he is correct in his contention the public will not hesitate to accord to him its approval: if he be unable to back his contention with reasonable proofs he is unfit to be a critic. In commenting upon Henry Miller's Hamlet two questions must be answered: Is it an improvement? and if so, does the improvement correspond with the ideas of the author? That Mr. Miller's conception of Hamlet is an improvement cannot be denied. He, more than any of his predecessors, emphasizes the fact that Hamlet was *not* insane. There seems to be a general idea that the royal Dane was wrapped in a cloak of madness. The writer, too, entertained this idea until recently when a reading of the play convinced him that Shakespeare did not intend to invest Hamlet with a darkened mind. For again and again stress is laid upon this fact by passages that deny absolutely this insanity. Hamlet makes his friends swear not to let anyone know of his *pretended* madness: the king and Polonius doubt Hamlet's madness. His actions, phrases and soliloquies are anything but ebullitions of an insane mind. This particular point Mr. Miller has succeeded in bringing out excellantly and his deportment is in full accord with his conception of the Dane. But, unfortunately, Mr. Miller's rational Hamlet is too rational at times, so that the *pretended* madness does not come plainly enough to the surface. This defect may be observed in his scene with Polonius where he omits to give his remarks sufficient spirit and where his sarcasm does not sound cutting in the least. There are other defects, as for instance the soliloquy, which should be uttered deliberately; not in a declamatory manner, it is true, but deliberately. Mr. Miller rushes through the lines without succeeding in getting the necessary import from the philosophical phrases. It is true that sometimes in speaking to himself a man talks very rapidly, but the soliloquy is too meaty, too deep to permit a hurried rendition. The author desires to rivet momentous questions in the mind of the auditors, and momentous questions must be expressed with deliberation, even when addressed to one's self in soliloquy. This hurrying talk Mr. Miller always assumes when talking to himself, which proves that his conception of soliloquy is a rapid utterance of ideas. As shown above this is not always advisable. Another improvement in Mr. Miller's Hamlet is his appearance. His Hamlet is young and not exhibiting the signs of old age that have been the accompaniments of most latter day Hamlets. Thus there are two great improvements in Mr. Miller's Hamlet—stress is laid upon the sanity of the Dane and upon his youth. Perhaps Mr. Miller took as his guide a paper once published by Wilson Barrett in Lippincott's magazine wherein the sanity and age of Hamlet are especially treated. However this may be, Mr. Miller's Hamlet is an improvement and with more experience and some hauling over this new conception will make a mark in the dramatic world. Barring an affectation of speech and spasmodic motions of the head Miss Anglin's Ophelia is

Mary Van Buren, with the Frawleys at the California

worthy of entire praise. Both Mr. Miller and Miss Anglin have that affectation of speech. Mr. Miller in particnlar seems to drawl and raise the end of each phrase. Why should this incline of the voice be correct? Does the average mortal talk that way? It sounds very pretty to some and very much the reverse to others, but it is unnatural. And think of a Hamlet with a drawl!

The new play of this week at the Columbia, Brother Officers, has proved one of the most pleasing of the Miller series. Next week on Monday night there will be a revival of The Adventure of the Lady Ursula, the play which was so well received when put on earlier in the season. It will be repeated on Tuesday night and on Wednesday and Thursday evenings Heartsease will be presented. The Liars, in which the company made its debut over two months since, will be staged on Friday and Saturday nights and at the matinee on Saturday. A special matinee is to be given on Tuesday afternoon at which the double bill will be composed of Heartsease and the one act play Frederic Lemaitre. It will be remembered that Mr. Miller gave his impersonation of Frederic Lemaitre some years ago at the California theatre as a curtain-raiser to The Junior Partner, in which he was twin star with Hugo Toland. At that time Emily Bancker took the part of the young country girl who thought she possessed histrionic talent until she heard the great actor declaim.

Tivoli WITH AVEDANO as Manrico, Salassa as Count di Luna, Anna Lichter as Leonora and Mary Linck as Azucena, there was an Il Trovatore cast at the Tivoli this week the like of which is but seldom seen together and which easily packed the house at each performance. The performance of Faust was in every respect as good a performance as Il Trovatore; the cast included Barron Berthald as Faust, G. S. Wanrell as Mephisto, William Mertens as Valentine, Signora Pasquali as Marguerite and Mary Linck as Siebel. It appears as if the theatre-goers of San Francisco do not fully appreciate the value of these artists, for while Il Trovatore was played to crowded houses, Faust did not always fare as well despite the fact that it fully deserved to share the ovations. Not sufficient stress can be laid upon the fact that it is wrong to single out one or two stars and in the delight forget that there are other artists just as deserving of your attention. There are not many vocalists who can present Marguerite as well as Madame De Pasquali does. She sings the part so daintily, so accurately and with such fine intonation, her temperament is excessively warm and her colorature simply perfect. Her voice is not a large one, but it has carrying quality that enables you to hear the lowest pianissimo no matter how far you may be from the stage. Her attack is sure and what is still more gratifying she acts the part to perfection and looks it still better. Here is none of your cold colorature singers, but a vocalist and actress who understands that in operatic work you must combine music with dramatic declamation. Her jewel song was simply exquisite. The best work done by Barron Berthald this season was the cavatina in Faust. Herein he had an opportunity to exhibit the purity of his voice. He sings with exceeding taste and knows better how to let out and control his voice than does Avedano. In fact he is the better artist of the two. Avedano sometimes forces his voice, which makes it sound strained, and not until he swells his notes and comes out with force can you appreciate the volume of his voice. It is also evident that almost every role is transposed for him so that he is able to sing it lower than originally. He does not save his voice like Salassa. These remarks are intended to show that from a scientific standpoint Berthald is the better artist and yet he does not obtain the recognition that is justly his due. In Faust he proved beyond a doubt that he is an excellent tenor and with the exception of those ruled by prejudice his art will be recognized. As to Mertens and Salassa it is unfair to make comparisons, but as it appears that the public insists upon comparing these two vocalists it is but just to say that Mertens has a larger and more resonant voice, while Salassa sings more scientifically. But the voices are so varied that we simply cannot say whether the one or the other is better. Salassa is the better artist scientifically speaking; Mertens is deserving of attention as his voice is always reliable. He is no stranger to San Francisco. Mary Linck's Siebel is far the best the writer has heard. It is difficult to tell whether this compliment is as valuable as it is intended to be for all the Siebels heard by the writer seemed to have been filled by very poor material. Miss Linck, too, is an actress as well as a singer and her efforts deserve to be heartily applauded. Her Azucena in Il Trovatore was exceedingly well sung and acted. While Mr. Wanrell possesses a bass voice of fine quality, he does not pay sufficient attention to the histrionic part of his duties. His Mephisto is not an ideal one. His voice is very pretty and he sings intelligently but his bass lacks resonance so necessary in a dramatic character. His mimicry is totally without expression and he does not seem to live himself into the part. Outside of his singing his Mephisto was not a success. Owing to the large demand for seats the Tivoli has found it necessary to retain Il Trovatore for another week and present it alternately with Fidelio. Particular attention should be paid to this last opera. It is Beethoven's only operatic success and very rarely heard here.

Orpheum AS USUAL VAUDEVILLE has been a winning card and the star performer this week is Alexandra Dagmar, a Russian with a well-rounded figure which she displays in several changes of costume between songs. Next week the big benefit for the First California Volunteers will be held at the Orpheum and the bill at the vaudeville house is appropriately strong. There will be four new acts, the principal of which will be Mansfield and Wilbur who will present a sketch entitled Color Blind. Gertrude Mansfield first won recognition as a member of May Irwin's company and was later attached to Weber and Field's, and Caryl Wilbur when last here was leading man with Lillian Burkhardt. Esmeralda, who plays the violin and zylophone while balanced on a tight wire, is said to be clever and the two acrobatic troupes, Caron and Herbert and the Cardownies are sure to make a big hit.

Alcazar THE LADY OF LYONS has done a splendid week's business, with Miss Roberts' delightfully sympathetic portrayal of Pauline, which will terminate with tomorrow night's performance. Next week will be given Under Two Flags when Miss Roberts will appear as the vivandiere Cigarette, who loses her life to save the life of the man she loves—Bertie Cecil. One cannot name another of Ouida's novels that has enjoyed such popularity as has Under Two Flags, and the Alcazar will no doubt be packed at every presentation of the play.

California CHARLOTTE THOMPSON in Thursday's Call justly entitles A Fairy Godmother, presented by the Frawley company at the California this week, a "romantic comedy without a heart interest." This is the best criticism of the play and while accusing A Fairy Godmother of this defect, Msss Thompson might have included all comedies the plots of which are based on French situations. Somehow it appears that under comedy the Frenchman understands piquant dialogue coupled with chic deportment. As long as a certain thing is said well and cleverly, it does not matter particularly whether it corresponds with the moral ideas of the world or not. Consequently the playwrights, when moulding a comedy of a French character, devote most of their attention to the dialogue and least of it to the action. Hence we attain as a rule mere conversational plays which lack genuine emotional quality but which sound very well to the literary ear. Therefore a company which professes to present a a French comedy must consist of fine artists who are able to lay stress upon the literary merit of the lines. Aside from clever conversation there is really nothing to A Fairy Godmother. It is an intrigue instituted by a woman for the purpose of

LASH'S BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

winning back the affection of her husband. The idea is so unnatural and unwomanly that we cannot become interested in the matter and do not know whether to agree or disagree with the characters. In nine cases out of ten we disagree with the methods. Here is a husband neglecting his wife for other women and is even caught by his consort in the act of flirting with a supposed stranger. She tries to make him jealous by adopting his own manner of procedure and when confronted with the impropriety of her actions says she had obtained a divorce, at which information her husband seems to be "tickled to death." Despite these repeated rebuffs, she continues her plan to win back her consort and finally she succeeds. But the queer thing about all this is you cannot exactly tell whether the husband is glad or sorry at the "happy" turn things have taken. Indeed you are almost convinced that he will just continue to live as before the reconciliation. So as a matter of fact the play does not effect anything at all. However the play is well presented. London Assurance will be given next week from Monday or Thursday evenings. As You Like It will be given during the remainder of the week.

Grand Opera House

THERE IS a young man among the members of the Morosco company who has yet not received that recognition which is justly his due and this young man is Winfred Goff. He possesses a resonant, pure baritone of a very soft quality and sings with much taste and intelligence. There is not a grand opera company in the United States that need hesitate to engage the services of Mr. Goff for he fosters besides a valuable voice, a knowledge of the scientific side of the vocal art. His Boleslas in Falka is decidedly a meritorious characterization. He is one of those few vocalists who combine histrionic talent with their knowledge of music and taking all these things into consideration Mr. Goff is endowed with gifts that will bring him to the front of the operatic element ere many years have passed. The cast as a whole is admirable. Next week Alfred Cellier's Dorothy will be given. In view of its clever libretto and catchy music it should attract large audiences.

HO FOR MONTEREY

GREAT INTEREST is being manifested over the Southern Pacific company's excursion to Monterey, Hotel Del Monte and Pacific Grove, which though an annual event with the company's passenger department, is not the less enjoyable for that fact.

The excursion will be on Sunday, September third, and trains will leave the Third and Townsend street depot at eight o'clock and returning will leave Monterey at a quarter to five. The trains will be run through without stops.

The fact that William H. Menton, excursionist passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, will personally supervise the excursion is sufficient to insure its success in every detail.

Monterey is making preparations to entertain the visitors with a series of splendid attractions in the way of games, races etc.

A rate of two dollars for the round trip has been made by the company and it it is probable that over two thousand people will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit Monterey.

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Friday and Saturday Evenings, Saturday Matinee "THE LIARS"

Monday, August 21st. - - CLAY CLEMENT.

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SPECIAL NOTICE: Farewell testimonial tendered to MISS BLANCHE BATES.

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Military Contrasts

HERE ARE TWO PICTURES. Look on one and then on the other, and you will find the contrast eloquent of the difference in the character of two men.

PICTURE NO. I.

There are two characters in this picture—Major General Otis and a private of the Utah regiment. The scene is General Otis' headquarters in Manila. The private enters bearing a message to the commander of the American forces and finds the general busily engaged at his desk. Without looking up General Otis gesticulates in the direction of a chair in a somewhat impatient manner. The tired Utah volunteer interprets this as an invitation to be seated, and he drops into the chair. Presently General Otis finishes his work looks around and is greatly astonished to find a private occupying a chair in his quarters. He had supposed that his visitor was an officer.

"Such impertinence!" he exclaimed. The private who had the audacity to sit down in the presence of his august Highness was thrown into the guard house and kept there a week for the improvement of his military manners.

PICTURE NO. II.

The scene was of an earlier date than that of pictnre No. I. It is night. A lonely volunteer, also of the Utah regiment, is plodding his way along a road leading to Manila. He didn't have a pinch of tobacco on his person and he longed for a smoke. He would not reach camp for an hour and he earnestly hoped that he would meet somebody with a cigarette. Presently he hears wheels on the road and his heart beats high with hope. Just as the vehicle was about to pass him he shouted to the occupants: "Say there, can you give a fellow something to smoke?"

The vehicle stopped and a voice said:

"Yes, here is a cigar." The volunteer reached for the cigar, and as he expressed his thanks for the gift he recognized Admiral George Dewey. THE VOLUNTEER.

Clancy on Politics

"I SAY, BARRY, tell me the trooth; don't lie to yer old frind, but whisper it an' raymimber I'll keep it sakerid within me breast f'river—what ticket did ye vote a Chewsda' last?"

Before receiving a reply Mr. Clancy said "whisht," in a stage whisper, walked from behind his bar and closed the door in a way that indicated a desire to guard against eavesdroppers. If the communication he was about to receive affected the welfare of a nation he could not have exercised greater caution. He even shooed the black cat off the counter to the far end of the bar-room before he permitted his friend Barry to reply.

"I voted Buck's ticket from top to bottom," was Barry's emphatic reply.

"Glory be!" exclaimed Mr. Clancy, as he rolled his eyes heavenward. "Barry, you're a gintleman an' a scholar," he added. "I knew there wuz somebody in this precink voted Buck's ticket. Those devils in th' booth couldn't have counted a hundred votes for th' ticket iv there wuzn't wan man f'r Buck in the precink."

"There wuz more than me," said Barry.

"Well, I dinnaw," said Clancy. "There's bin none iv them in here. Be th' way I heard thim talkin' in here f'r over a month I thought Buck wuz goin' to schweep th' town. McCarthy's boy Tom who used to wuruk up at th' city hall an' who hasn't done anything since, poor lad, told me confidenshilly that Buck had 'em 'all skinned.' Sez he to me th' night befure illeckshin, he sez, 'there's nuthin' to it but Buck' he sez, 'those shwell guys,'' he sez, 'iv the Kom-mit-tee iv a hundred,' he sez, 'are all lobsters,' he sez 'They don't know enough,' he sez 'to ax f'r their own death certificatts' he sez. 'They'll be all axin' Buck f'r a job next week,' he sez. And they were all like McCarthy's boy 'round here befure Chewsda' but since Chewsda' I've not found a man, Barry, but yerself that voted Buck's ticket. I've come to the conclushin that this is wan iv th' shtrongest rayform precinks in the whole city. Ivry man that comes in here has bin prayin' f'r the sucksiss iv th' Kom-mittee iv Wan Hundrid f'r days an' days."

"What ticket did ye vote?" asked Mr. Barry.

"Well," replied Mr. Clancy, and he paused because he was having trouble with his pipe. "As I was sayin'" he continued, "this is a rayform precink. We are all f'r Phelan, th' charter an' civil service. 'Down with th' bosses' is our motto. An' shpeakin' about bosses reminds me that you can buy little Phillie Crimmins's saloon today f'r a song an' last week it wuz worth more than a ten acre lot in th' middle iv th' Klondike. Such Barry,is th' ups an' downs iv th' saloon business whin yer whisky shtore belongs to th' organizashin. If ye iver own a saloon, Barry, keep it out iv politics. Little Phillie's shtore was a fine shtand befure Chewsda.' He sold plenty iv shperrits befure Chewsda' to people who came round to ax him who he intinded to illict mayor iv th' city. He always axed them in return f'r a little advice on th' subject, an' they were so willing to give it that they went round ivry day, an' dhrank whisky while they advised th' boss. I think he had about made up his mind to give the job to Dooboast whin Chewsda' came with its terrible calamity, an' th' bung dhropped out iv th' barrel. An' now iv Dooboast gets th' nominashin it'll be from th' kid-gloved gintlemin in th' Grand hotel. But iv course he can niver be illected afther settin' fire to th' church in Manila. 'Afther dhrivin th' Phlipinoes out iv th' church he applied th' torch,' sez the dispatches. I niver knew before, Barry, that th' commanding off'cer iv a regimint carried a can of keroseen into battle with him, but that's what Dooboast did in Manila f'r he reached f'r his can as soon as he reached th' church an' up wint th' sacred edifise in shmoke. I shpose it was th' proper thing f'r him to do, but iv he had any intinshuns at that time to run f'r mayor whin he returned, he should have turned th' conflagrashin job over to some Irish Catholic in his regimint. The man that goes round with a keroseen can on his sholeder an' a firebrand in his hand lookin' f'r a chance to burn a church, is not th' feller to run f'r th' mayor's job."

"I shpose yer f'r Phelan," said Barry.

"Yes, an' so was Buck," he replied.

The Heavenly Twins has just been dramatized. The stage version is said to differ in many respects from the novel. A new version of Monte Cristo has been prepared for Beerbohm Tree.

Marion Crawford is writing a play for Viola Allen, the title of which is In Old Madrid.

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Five Years' Record of the Continental Building and Loan Association.

ASSETS, June 30, 1894
$109,377.90.
Profit and Reserve Fund
$17,739.06.

ASSETS, - June 30, 1895
$185,400.29.
Profit and Reserve Fund,
$26,657.26.

ASSETS - - June 30, 1896
$324,522.07.
Profit and Reserve Fund,
$41,231.87.

ASSETS, - - - June 30, 1897
$562,919.34.
Profit and Reserve Fund,
$66,157.71

ASSETS, - - - - June 30, 1898,
$986,401.30.
Profit and Reserve Fund,
$107,777.45.

ASSETS - - - - - - June 30, 1899
$1,321,845.14.
Profit and Reserve Fund,
$169,769.93.

THE ANNUAL REPORT of the Continental Building and Loan association reveals a magnificent financial showing at the close of the tenth fiscal year during which the association has been in existence.

The report of the president, Dr. Ed. E. Hill, is a very interesting document and ends with the plain and true statement:

"These institutions" [meaning building and loan associations] "should be protected by specially framed laws that will help them to grow in usefulness, because no other branch of finance puts as much of its capital into new homes and correspondingly increases the amount of taxable property, to say nothing of the help to the individual who desires to divert his monthly payments of rent to the monthly payments on a home."

The assets increased from $986,401.30 in 1898 to $1,321,845.14 in 1899, a gain for the year of $343,598.70. The earnings apportioned to installment stock increased from $107,777.45 to $133,367.49 in 1899, an increase for the year of $25,590.04.

William A. Corbin, the Continental's secretary and general manager, makes a report which is interesting from A to Z and which is complete in every detail. The purpose of such associations as the Continental is fully set forth in Mr. Corbin's report. He tells among other things how the association has aided to build sufficient homes to make a city of four thousand inhabitants; i. e., about eight hundred homes.

Mr. Corbin says that the conditions for owning a home in California have never been better than at this time. The people are gradually getting educated up to the fact that it is cheaper to own your own home than to pay rent

Supplementary to the secretary's report are given the reports of the field agents, the number of which has been increased to 136. Fresno is said to be one of the most flourishing of the out of-town agencies. The treasurer of the Continental's Fresno branch is C. Allison Telfer, who is also cashier of the Fresno National bank.

The addition of the insurance feature to the Continental association during the past year has already shown its beneficial effects to stockholders. By the insurance clause the investor's stock immediately matures, in case of death, and is payable to the person designated to receive it.

An itemized statement of loans made during the year in the different towns of the state is appended, with a comparative summary of loans for five years, showing increase of homes, etc. Pretty half-tones of homes built by the Continental with "things of interest to the home builder" add to the interesting features of the report, which is issued in booklet form.

An index explaining the different grades of Continental stock, and how to secure it, forms the finale to one of the most complete reports that has been sent out this year by any financial institution, and one which is replete with matters of interest to the reading world at large, whether those desirous or not wishing to buy themselves homes.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, direct importer of fine millinery goods Exclusive styles.

THE VAMPIRE

ANGEL or demon, tell me which thou art,
And whether thou wouldst bear my captive soul;
If far beyond the stars that o'er us roll,
To some bright home where we shall never part,
Or to those regions of eternal flame,
Where spirits lost forever loudly wail;
So thou art there, dear love, 'twill be the same,
Or hell, or heaven, with thee I'll gladly hail.

Body and soul now thine and thine alone
And the rash homage of each pulsing vein,
As frenzied love leaps into reason's throne,
And like a drunken prodigal doth reign,
All, all confess the raptures that I feel,
As through thy lips my swooning senses steal.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

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The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY, Toledo, O.

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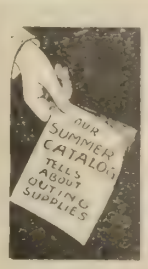

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Justice—A Picture

"IMPRISONMENT for life."

Until three o'clock in the morning the jurors had held out and the judge, nodding on his bench, the officers of the court and the newspaper reporters who had waited around hoping each to outstay the other and so get the exclusive story for his own paper, were utterly wearied. The case had dragged itself out interminably and the judge, who had hoped to enjoy at least a six weeks' vacation, had seen his anticipation crumble and the six weeks dwindle to a prospective fortnight.

Only one man was alert, unfatigued, nervously awake to each movement of the door whose opening would announce that the jurors had reached a decision. It was the prosecuting attorney. He was a young man and this his first case of importance, therefore to him the jury's opinion meant almost as much as it did to the prisoner at bar.

It was a murder trial, that worst of murders with the victim a child. The accused was no burly criminal, no sanguinary Bill Sykes, only a sweet-faced, slender, sad-looking woman. With her large blue eyes and smoothly parted brown hair she had more the look of a Madonna than the Magdalen with Jezebel instincts that the prosecution had pictured her during the trial.

Yet she was guilty. Thus pronounced the foreman of the twelve intelligent citizens who filed into the courtroom just as the hands of the clock pointed to three.

"Imprisonment for life."

They might have made it hanging but they had compromised at that—"imprisonment for life."

The judge looked relieved and the officers of the court awoke from their musings, while the reporters grew interested in a moment.

The prosecuting attorney gnawed his finger-nails and felt that if he had not been in such a conspicuous position his composure would give way. What an immense impetus the jury's decision meant to his own ambition nobody but himself could quite understand. His first important case, and it had resulted in a conviction!

The woman who was to be imprisoned for life grew white as death as the foreman of the jury read the decision. She did not faint but the keen-eyed reporters noticed that her knees trembled as she was led back to jail.

A child murderer! Could there be any criminal more vile, any creature more vicious than this? To take a little baby, only three years of age, put a knife into its tiny hand and guide the weapon so that it would sever an artery and the wounded one bleed to death? So fiendish a deed deserved hanging, surely, and imprisonment for life was a mild sentence. No mother would kill her child? Well, this mother did; the fact was clearly proved at the trial. And did not the jury weigh all the evidence, carefully and in detail, before it rendered its verdict?

The prosecuting attorney congratulated himself upon the way in which he had drawn forth the evidence from the witnesses, with no browbeating, but simply through his marvelous quickness, his penetrative mind, that let not the most minute clew that would convict the woman escape.

There was the unnatural father, for instance. Who else would have thought of putting him upon the stand to give witness against the woman who, if she were not married to him, still stood in that relation to him and had been faithful to him for the four years of their acquaintance? Why did not the lawyers for the defense place the man upon the stand to testify in the mother's favor?

Who else would have thought of numbering the woman's brother among the witnesses for the prosecution? Blood ties are strong: brothers and sisters usually stand together for weal or woe. But this brother's testimony was made to become one of the links that drew upon the prisoner at the bar her doom.

The prosecuting attorney went home to bed He wished to sleep. He had surely earned sweet dreams and deep repose by his unremitting labors during the past three weeks. Through the jury's decision this morning he had placed his foot solidly upon the first round of the ladder leading to fame and before him he could see an endless vista of such successes, with as the crown of his happiness the possibility of winning the hand of one whom he had long loved but without hope of ever gaining her hand. A scantily briefed lawyer was a vastly different person from a judge. The prosecuting attorney already saw himself on the bench.

No thoughts came to disturb his happy visions of the woman who had just been told that she was to go to prison for life. She was a case, his first important case—as a woman, as a mother, she did not come within his ken.

He did not even stop to question himself as to her guilt or innocence. The evidence pointed to her guilt; personally he did not care whether she had killed her child or, indeed, whether she had ever had a child.

And the woman sat in her cell, dry-eyed for her grief was beyond tears. It was not the fact of her coming imprisonment for life that occupied her thoughts. Everything was against her. Her bitterness of spirit was caused by the knowledge that he, the father of the child, the man for whom she had sacrificed her name and her young life, believed her guilty of the murder of their little one. Her brother, the boy whom she had played with when they were children together, the lad whom she had begged off from many a punishment from her parents, the youth whom she had aided with her hard-earned money when as was so often the case he was "strapped," that brother had testified against her before the court.

The twelve jurors talked over their breakfast. They ate rapidly for they were in a hurry to get home and secure some sleep.

"After all, I hate to believe that pretty woman is a murderess," said one, stabbing a slice of toast with his fork.

"If you had not talked so much about the impossibility of anybody else's doing the deed, I'd have let her off," said another, sleepily stirring his coffee.

"For my part, I consider it a shame that we could not have placed a lighter penalty—but we acted according to law," remarked another.

"It's all right," observed the juror who had been the moving spirit, the fiercest one for argument of the twelve, "this is the prosecuting attorney's first case. I have known him for years and I know he had made up his mind to win it. It was the hand of fate."

A young fellow who had stood out the longest of any of the jury for a different sentence laughed aloud. The sound seemed strange coming so soon after the jurors' long and grave silences in the courtroom.

"Fate is as often on the side of the unjust as the just," he said. "I hope we have not convicted an innocent woman just to help a man on in his career."

The woman who had been convicted of killing her child was being conveyed to the state prison. She was under guard and a watch was kept upon her slightest movement. When she suddenly leaned forward and turned her head in listening attitude, the officer in charge of her person moved closer to his prisoner. When she placed her hand in the pocket of her gown, he came still nearer to her. But it was only a handkerchief that was brought forth.

The woman through her tears broke the silence.

"Did you hear that?," she said with a sob to the guard. "It was a little child crying."

And the man heard her murmur, in a half whisper as though she were meditating:

"And they say I killed my child."

THE MELODRAMATIST.

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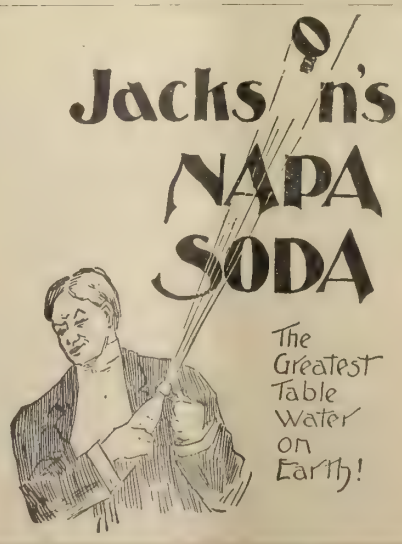

LEE D. CRAIG
NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
316 MONTGOMERY STREET, Bet. Pine and California
San Francisco, Cal.

Music World

MY ATTENTION WAS ATTRACTED to an article in last Sunday's Examiner entitled "Art of Dramatic Singing Declining" in which one Du Pont Syle exhibits his crass ignorance of music and the musical conditions of the present day. Of course the largest part of the article is attributed to one Richard Davey, but as no quotation marks are used it is impossible to discover which of the two is the greater fool. Before going into details I cannot but feel surprised that a paper which is supposed to be ably edited can permit its dramatic critic to discuss musical affairs, especially when it engages the services of a musical critic. H. M. Bosworth is thoroughly capable of attending to all musical affairs, while L. Du Pont Syle has proved that he knows absolutely nothing about music. A man may be a scholar in literature but to understand music sufficiently to criticise and instruct you must have received a musical education and most constantly remain in touch with all musical affairs and developments of the world, else it is an absolute impossibility to debate on this subject. According to the article above referred to the supposed decline of the art of singing is ascribed to: "First, the eagerness of young singers to begin earning money, which leads them to curtail preparation necessary to their profession; second, the killing pressure put upon voices by the requirements of the new (Wagnerian) school of music." What both of these circumstances have to do with the decline of the art of singing is indeed a puzzle. Young singers who in order to earn money discontinue their studies would never become singers. They could never have any influence in the decline or increase of art, because they cannot be artists nor foster any artistic instinct when they lack the fundamental characteristic of an artist—ambition. A singer without ambition is of no value to the art and a singer with ambition would not cut short his studies in order to earn money sooner. Vanity among vocalists is nothing new and was just as frequent years ago as it is today; only in former days vain musicians were ignored while now they succeed sometimes in gaining prominence. No, we have not more inefficient singers, but we have writers who notice them more frequently than used to be the case.

¶ ¶

But the second clause is the acme of idiocy: think of the "killing pressure put upon voices by the requirements of the new (Wagnerian) school of music." First of all there is no killing pressure put upon the voices, provided they are fit to essay the roles. A Wagner tenor can always sing Wagner provided he has been taught how. Surely there is no particular change in the quality of voices noticeable that have been trained for Wagnerian music. But even if it were the case, could this have any influence on the decline of the art of singing? Not at all. The number of voices spoiled by trying to sing Wagner are always insignificant organs that could never have influenced the art of singing; besides they were never fit to enter into Wagnerian operatic work. Wagner held that the vocal and orchestral score are separate and distinct from each other, that hence the vocalist and instrumentalist must work separate and distinct from each other; that the orchestra is not supposed to accompany the singer; but that the voice should float above the orchestra as a vessel on the sea and should be carried away by the sound waves that meet it from below. Wagner held that there are voices of exceptional power that require such treatment and he was right. There is not a man or woman who can point at a genuine Wagnerian singer whose voice was ruined because of the so-called Wagnerian school. Yes, weak voices suffer from being strained, but any singer who risks Wagner without possessing the necessary strength is not an artist and his loss would not be felt.

¶ ¶

Then we have in this same article the expression of "new (Wagnerian) school of music." First of all, there is no "new (Wagnerian) school of music," but a "new (Wagnerian) school of composition." Secondly, a school of music would not interfere with singers in particular. Thirdly, it was supposed to read "school of singing." Fourthly, the new school of singing is not Wagnerian, but Italian. And fifthly, the new Italian school of singing is just the very proof that the art of singing is increasing, not on the decline. Do you understand the rot published in Sunday's Examiner now?

¶ ¶

Listen to this argument: "In grand opera, there were but four prime donne of the first rank to be found in London last year—Melba, Calve, Nordica and Ternina. Thirty years ago there were a dozen, including such names as Titiens, Nilsson, Patti, Pauline Lucca and Marichisio." This argues a decline of singing in Italy as well as in England." This latter remark is not true. It does not argue anything of the kind. On the contrary, it argues in favor of the increase of public appreciation of good singing. It argues the decline of stars and the increase of good singers in general. What constitutes the fame of a singer? The amount of notoriety he or she is able to obtain. In former days the notoriety was gained without extortionate advertising rates, hence we had more great singers. Today it costs hundreds of thousands of dollars to become famous, hence the decline of famous singers. Why, how can a man who heard the Lambardi opera company dare to remark that the art of singing is declining in Italy? Why it is preposterous. In Germany I have heard stock companies in cities of not more than fifty or sixty thousand inhabitants that contain singers of as fine talent as that of the most famous vocalists of today. In Italy you may find any amount of great singers. In America you have many, many singers that could vie with any of the stars. Look at Mme. De Pasquali, who sang Marguerite sublimely. Look at Salassa, who is the finest baritone ever heard here. Yet he is not famous. Why? Because he has not enough money to buy fame.

¶ ¶

The art of singing is not declining by any means, and because Mr. Syle heard a rehearsal of Maritana where he could not understand the words it is not sufficient proof that the art of singing is declining. The number of charlatans is increasing, but even this is not proof that the art of singing is declining. Art itself cannot decline, music itself cannot depreciate and anyone who knows what he is talking about would never make such a statement. Why does not the Examiner let its music critic deal with musical affairs?

¶ ¶

The first rehearsal of the Philharmonic orchestra will occur on Thursday evening, August seventeenth. On that day Mr. Howe, the conductor, will also begin his fall classes and private teaching A portion of the week he will devote to Pacific Grove where his summer school of music is enjoying gratifying prosperity. The term of this school has been extended four weeks because of its success.

¶ ¶

H. M. Bosworth is presiding at the organ in St. Dominic's church during the absence of Mr. Palmer. Mr. Bosworth, being an organist of much experience, is thoroughly familiar with church music and his services are of exceptional value to any congregation. Rhys Thomas did well to ask Mr. Bosworth to play for him. By the way, the choir at St. Dominic's, I hear, is making gratifying progress.

¶ ¶

It has now been definitely settled that Paderewski will be in San Francisco during the early part of March and efforts are being made to arrange for six matinees. Paderewski's manager writes in a private letter to Harry H. Campbell that everything points to a success equal to that of Paderewski's last appearance here.

¶ ¶

The friends of Miss Clara Kalisher, the efficient contralto who recently returned from Paris, are contemplating a benefit concert to be tendered this vocalist before her departure for the east. Charles L. Young, ever on the alert for meritorious talent, has engaged Miss Kalisher for the coming season.

ALFRED METZGER.

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Minor Chords

Madame Jeannette Webster Crawford will add much to the interest of the coming season as she intends making a tour of the state directing the California Ladies' quartet which was organized by her in Los Angeles this spring, from two to five rehearsals having been held weekly since the beginning of March, with splendid result. Mr. Willis Ames will manage the quartet and the time is near at hand when Madame Crawford, who is is an enthusiast in ensemble work, will present in San Francisco and other Californian cities a quartet of worthy work to those whose natures are attuned to the melodies of the old masters. Madame Crawford has been fortunate in securing musicians of ability and reputation, all of them being eastern ladies and worthy of so gifted a director. She hopes to have as much success with the California Ladies' quartet as she enjoyed with the Agnes Zimmermann quartet of ladies organized and directed by her in Boston. After a season here they will probably be heard in the east where Madame Crawford is widely known. The quartet is composed of Madame Jeannette Webster Crawford, pianist and director; Miss Eloise Lemon, violin; Miss Lavelle Knox, viola; Miss Sara A. Simons, violoncello. Miss Lemon is a Chicago violinist of unusual excellence and studied with Mr. William Lewis of Chicago who also taught Maud Powell, the renowned violinist. Miss Lemon is highly endorsed by the eastern critics and has been a successful teacher and conductor. Miss Knox is considered the finest viola player in California. Her tones are broad and full of color and her personality charming. Miss Simons is an exceptionally fine ensemble player and was a pupil of Herr Berlich, formerly of New York. Much enthusiasm was created at a concert recently given by the California Ladies' quartet in the parlors of the Hotel Arcadia, Santa Monica. The program rendered was: Quartet No. 4, allegro, larghetto, menuetto, allegretto, Mozart; Serenade (piano, violin and cello), Widor; quartet, op. 16, two movements, Beethoven; Presto, B flat quartet, Weber. Mrs. Crawford professes a warm admiration for TOWN TALK which published some time ago a portrait and sketch of her interesting career, and her fine intellectual face created not a little interest. Her appearance in San Francisco will be hailed with pleasure.

MARY FRANCES FRANCIS.

¶ ¶

Eleanor Kent is meeting with great success in Atlantic city, New Jersey, as prima donna of the Aborn opera company. Within the next four weeks she will sing the leading roles in Carmen, Chimes of Normandy, Erminie, Pinafore and The Bohemian Girl. Of course all this means hard study to the San Francisco girl but hard study also means continued success as it is only by continued application and increased versatility that success on the stage can be attained. Miss Kent will return to New York in September to rehearse her roles for next season.

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What it is THE SYNTHETIC METHOD for the pianoforte, as originated by Albert Ross Parsons and developed by Kate S. Chittenden, has for several years been an important factor in the musical instruction of New York and the surrounding cities. Although occupying a very high position in the east it is little known on this coast perhaps because it has been mainly dependent for understanding upon transmission from its originators to their pupils. It is a "live" method, as is "Touch and Technic," and cannot be learned from books. Its name suggests concentrated energy as well as material for the feeding of that energy. Who can study this system without thrilling with gratification at the efforts which are made through ingenious and original exercises to "build up" the pupil's musical intelligence? Even the young child feels that there is a motive in each exercise—that it is there to develop some principle necessary to his musical equipment. There is more vital force in one of this method's simple devices than in pages of the material often given to beginners. In the synthetic method, the hands are trained as living things. They swing, hang, skate, stab. The fingers march, walk, see-saw, slide. Freedom, flexibility, independence, are natural outgrowths. More than these in importance, the mind and heart are awakened and kept awake by interest and pleasure. For is it not interesting and pleasant to cause the hands to do these acts? And when the exercises are mainly from dictation, does not the mind move and have its being in each performance of those exercises? Must it not be concentrated more on them than it would be on the reading of pages of notes? When from the very first lesson, the muscles of the hand and arm are freely used under the influence of directed thought, is not the child's ambition roused, is he not made to feel a high estimate of his powers, is he not inspired to be free and express himself?

HELEN M. ANDERSON.

¶ ¶

Mr and Mrs. Willard J. Batchelder have returned from their summer vacation. Mr. Batchelder has resumed his teaching and his office is now in the Kohler-Chase building

¶ ¶

Manager S. H. Friedlander has negotiated for quite a number of big musical attractions which he expects to bring to San Francisco and the coast this coming season.

¶ ¶

The success of Miss Rose Adler (Relda), of this city, in Paris is very gratifying to her many friends here who predicted a brilliant future for her.

¶ ¶

Miss Lotte Siegel, one of San Francisco's most able musicians, has returned from her summer vacation.

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World of Letters

THOUGH Nigel Ferrard is a book of the current year, it savors more of an older day before the sex problem, the unspeakable woman and the precocious infant were given the centre of the stage. The title is ill chosen as the mere name gives no hint of the contents, which might be high tragedy, low comedy or flat commonplace. As a matter of fact, the plot is quite out of the ordinary track and the story is very well told though hardly what one would recommend to the morbid minded. It is manifestly unfair to both author and publisher to attempt to condense into a single paragraph the outline of a tale that is elaborately set forth in several hundred pages, nor is it just to set about the analysis of characters which should be allowed to develop themselves to the reader. Briefly, a child of exceptionally high strung nervous organization and who, unknown to her temporary guardian, is possessed of somnambulistic tendencies, wanders out of doors in her sleep while in a strange neighborhood. On her awakening she is subjected to a severe nervous shock and that, in connection with the consequent fall, destroys her memory. Nigel Ferrard, a young surgeon, believes his safety depends upon her and finding that she has no recollection of anything but her name, Gwennie or Gwen, he constitutes himself her guardian and invents a fictitious history to account for her infirmity and his mentorship. Gwen is in no sense lacking. On the contrary her mind is more alert than the average and she becomes both well educated and accomplished. She is very unlike the usual type of the English girl just released from the school-room. She has a lively tongue and is quick at repartee—far more of an American than a Briton. At the same time there is none of the flippant smartness just this side of vulgarity which so often charactizes the heroine of the Duchess school. She has vague and indefinite impressions of scenes and circumstances of her early youth, for she was fourteen years of age at the time that Ferrard took her into his care, and she is inclined to refer her hazy recollections to memories of former incarnation. These impressions are always produced by being brought into contact with people or circumstances which she had known in her childhood, but which she had forgotten and Ferrard had never been aware of. Gwen has had a wholesome upbringing and is not given to morbid musings. At first she is determined upon a career but finds a suitable one in marriage with her guardian. It is through Mrs. Marchmont, the villain of the story, that Gwen discovers her identity though not until that half-mad Nemesis has done her full share of mischief. A lighter element, though hardly comedy, is furnished by Isabel Ferrard with her devotion to scientific pursuits and wasteful economies. She takes possession of the billiard-room for her beetles and the guest-chamber for the rearing of silkworms and the footmen and housemaids are kept in such close attendance upon these important insects that they have no time for legitimate duties. And yet, when circumstances arise in which common sense and energetic action are needed, Isabel is not found wanting. The dialogue is bright, often epigrammatic, though not of that unnaturally scintillating brilliancy which makes people of ordinary intellect doubtful of its possibility among mere human beings.

I am one of those people who mistake their impressions for thoughts and their prejudices fo opinions.

Careers are possible to anyone who has not to earn a living from them.

Good comes out of evil; that is not religion, only psychology—quite a different thing.

The story brings to mind that novel of Mrs. Molesworth's, popular twenty years or more ago, A Life's Assize. The similarity (if one may so call it) lies neither in plot nor treatment but in the main, underlying motive, the needless sacrifice of years to remorse and concealment when a free examination and investigation of circumstances in the first place would reveal the real culprit. Nigel Ferrard ought to dramatize well. The characters are not too numerous and are all well defined, while the exigencies of stage presentation would demand little, if any variation from the present form. The author, G. M Robins, is bracketed as Mrs. L. Bailie Reynolds. [J.B.Lippincott Co. paper, fifty cents.]

Someone has written to the Bookbuyer: "Will you kindly inform me who is the author of Reclaimed, a sequel to George Eliot's Daniel Deronda?" Now, the next query is, what is there in Daniel Deronda that has need for further elucidation? Perhaps Hans and Gwendolen are united in happy marriage and one of the Meyrick girls is handed over to Rex. Mrs. Glasher and the elder Cohen might be permitted to improve each other's morals or the other Cohens might be induced to give up their faith and their pawn-shop. It had never occurred to me that Deronda had need of a sequel and if George Eliot herself had thought the work unfinished, she would have supplied the second volume. Sequels, even when supplied by the author, are rarely satisfactory, one of the best being The Dusantes, which Frank R. Stockton supplied to round out The Casting Away of Mrs. Lecks and Mrs. Aleshine. His story The Discourager of Hesitancy, a "sequel" to The Lady or the Tiger? is about as aggravating as that tale itself. The veriest tyro at novel reading can tell where G. B. Dinsmore "begins to finish" Bret Harte's M'liss. Of all the continuations of Edwin Drood, left unfinished by Charles Dickens, the best are but approximately satisfactory and one is apt to wish one had let them alone.—*The Bookworm.*

EDWARD ROWLAND SILL.

A bird he could not choose but soar to greet
The sun. What wing upon such flight can dwell,
So fine the atmosphere his pinions beat
In vain that ether; then heart-broke he fell?
—Herbert D. Ward.

A tonic is something that restores strength and vigor to the entire system. Ripans Tabules are a tonic in the sense that they correct digestive disorders and help in the proper assimilation of food. When the organs of the stomach are in perfect working order the whole system is benefited. A society woman of New York City suffered from an attack of bronchitis each year as winter approached, and was often unable to go out of doors for days. When the last attack came on she took a Ripans Tabule each evening and was greatly benefited, having less soreness in her throat and very little tendency to cough. As a result, she had better general health that season than for years. The Tabules, she states, acted in her case as a tonic and imparted renewed strength to her system. If she omitted to take one at night, she would notice that she was not so well the next day.

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LEGAL NOTICES

SHERIFF'S SALE

SAN FRANCISCO PAVING COMPANY (a corporation) Plaintiff. vs. ANNIE C. RINES, and THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY (a corporation) Defendants.	No. 65 594 Superior Court Department No. 7. Order of Sale and Decree of Lien.

Under and by virtue of an Order of Sale and Decree of Lien issued out of the Superior Court, Department No. 7, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 11th day of July A D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein San Francisco Paving Company (a corporation), the above named plaintiff, obtained a judgment and decree of lien against Annie C Rines, defendant, on the 21st day of February A. D. 1899, recorded in Judgment Book 47 of said Court, at page 253. I am commanded to sell all that certain lot, piece, or parcel of land situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows, to-wit:

Beginning at a point upon the Northerly line of Sixteenth street distant thereon One hundred and eighty (180) feet Westerly of the Westerly line of Sanchezstreet, running thence Westerly upon the said Northerly line of Sixteenth street Fifty (50) feet, three (3) inches; thence at right angles Northerly Thirty-six (36) feet; thence Northeasterly parallel with the Southeasterly line of Market street, Eighty-two (82) feet, six and one-half (6½) inches; and thence Southerly in a straight line Eighty seven (87) feet, four and three-fourths (4¾) inches to the point of commencement. Being a subdivision of Mission Block One hundred and three (103) in said City and County of San Francisco, State of California

Public notice is hereby given that on Monday the 14th day of August A. D. 1899, at twelve o'clock Noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will in obedience to said order of sale and decree of lien, sell the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said judgment with interest costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money of the United States

HENRY S. MARTIN,
San Francisco, July 22nd A. D. 1899. Sheriff.

J. C. BATES, Attorney for Plaintiff,
434 California street, San Francisco.

SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

Department No. 2.

ANNA DE LAWCZYNSKI Plaintiff vs. THEOPHILE F. DE LAWCZYNSKI Defendant	Action brought in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff.

THE PEOPLE OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA SEND GREETING TO:

Theophile F. de Lawczynski, Defendant:

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therein within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful neglect of plaintiff for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of Defendant's willful desertion of said Plaintiff since the15th day of March, 1898; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Anna Fabry, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT.	Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROGER PRENDERGAST Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of ROGER PRENDERGAST deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors at the law office of J. J. Dwyer at the Mills Building, Seventh Floor, Room 38, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER J. DUNNE and CHARLES HIRSHFELD,
Executors of the last will and testament of
Roger Prendergast Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 22, 1899.

J. J. DWYER, Mills Building,
Attorney for Executors.

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SUMMONS

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO, STATE OF CALIFORNIA

Department No. 2

CHRISTINA JACOBY Plaintiff vs HERMAN JACOBY Defendant	Action brought in the SuperiorCourt City and County of San Francisco State of California, and the Complaint filed in said City and County of San Francisco, in the office of the Clerk of said Superior Court.

EUGENE F. BERT, Attorney for Plaintiff

The People of the State of California send Greeting to:

HERMAN JACOBY, Defendant

You are hereby required to appear in an action brought against you by the above-named Plaintiff in the Superior Court, City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and to answer the Complaint filed therin within ten days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County; or, if served elsewhere, within thirty days.

The said action is brought to obtain a judgment and decree of this Court dissolving the bonds of matrimony now existing between plaintiff and defendant, upon the ground of defendant's willful desertion of Plaintiff since the 11th day of December A. D. 1897, and for more than one year last past; and upon the further and second ground of defendant's willful neglect of said Plaintiff for more than one year last past; also that Plaintiff be permitted to resume and be known by her former name of Christina Penders, also for general relief, as will more fully appear in the Complaint on file, to which special reference is hereby made.

All of which will more fully appear in the Complaint on file herein to which you are hereby referred.

And you are hereby notified that if you fail to appear and answer the said Complaint, as above required, the said plaintiff will apply to the Court for the relief therein demanded.

GIVEN under my hand and Seal of said Superior Court at the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, this 6th day of June in the year of our Lord, one thousand eight hundred and ninety-nine.

SEAL OF SUPERIOR COURT.	Wm. A. Deane, Clerk. By Wm. R. A. Johnson, Deputy Clerk.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY LEONARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned. Executrix and Executor respectively of the last will and testament of MARY LEONARD, deceased, to the creditors,of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix and executor or either thereof at the law offices of LENT AND HUMPHREY at rooms 54 and 55 in the Crocker Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY LEONARD and LEON ROOS,
Executrix and Executor respectively of
the estate of Mary Leonard, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco August 12, 1899.

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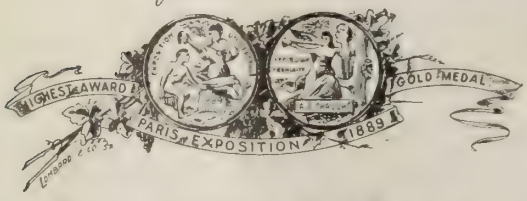

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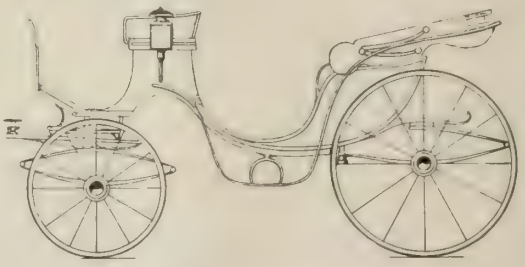

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San Francisco, August 19, 1899

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor

40 Ellis Street, Third Floor Telephone Main 5725

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CAUTION

Pay no money to persons representing themselves to be connected with TOWN TALK unless a written authority to receipt for the same is shown and accept no receipt unless it be on our printed blanks.

OUR OPINION

THE DEATH of Robert G. Ingersoll is a theme that pulpit spellbinders will relinquish with reluctance. The Reverend (?) Sam Jones rushed into print with the aid of the organ of the Christian Endeavor association to tell how he regarded the great Agnostic. He is quoted as stating that whatever virtue Mr. Ingersoll possessed was a gift of grace of Christianity. His liberality, his charity and his love of home were not gifts of infidelity and when "he throws his teaching of no God, no bible, no heaven and no hell into the hearts and lives of others, who have not been blessed by the help which Christianity gives to us, he turns the whole human life into utter rot." It has probably never occurred to Sam Jones that Christ himself was not reared in a Christian home nor under the influence of the Bible, as he understands it. We have a fair percentage of Jews amongst our population who are not steeped in "Bible," i. e., New Testament and they are, for all that, most creditable citizens in their public and private capacity. Jewish tramps and beggars are literally unknown. They do not fill our alms-houses and prisons. Their children are not to be found in appreciable numbers in reform schools and though large families are proverbial amongst them, the Hebrew orphan asylums contain proportionately to population fewer inmates. The boastful Christians might learn valuable lessons of charity and forebearance from this people whose religion is practical help, not windy sensationalism. Ingersoll was quite as much in the private confidence of God as is Sam Jones or any other pulpiteer. He knew as much of the "designs of Providence and the intentions of our Creator" as did any preacher amongst them. He did not deny the existence of a God or a hereafter but he did most emphatically refuse to accept the usual Christian minister's conception of a Creator, all powerful for good and yet complacently permitting, if not actually originating evil. He held that human wisdom was bounded by experience, that we have no positive proof of a future existence, and that our own theory that we would do better on a second trial and therefore we ought to have one, by no means constitutes a divine reason why we were going to have it. He lived an upright, honorable life from principle—not because he was afraid of roasting for all eternity to add a portion to the joy of the saints, nor because he expected to collect usury on the sum of his good deeds. Had he been less honest he might have "devoted his talents to the service of God" for a big salary and a ten per cent discount on tailor bills, with traveling expenses at half rates. Mountebanks and clowns like Sam Jones and Sam Small, whose discourses touch the borders of indecency, sensation-seekers like Beecher and Talmage and scoundrels of the Brown-Gloria type have done more to bring the cause of Christianity into disrepute than have all the atheists and agnostics for two thousand years. There is a vastly large number of professing Christians that have no higher conception of a hereafter than had the little girl in Harper's Bazaar, who ardently longed to be an angel, "so I can fly down and peck Willie for breaking my doll."

A REPORTED CASE of Jew-baiting at the military academy at West Point has set the Call's tea kettle to boiling over and that estimable journal is predicting an epidemic of persecution of Hebrew citizens at large and military cadets in particular. Nearly a column of editorial was recently devoted to this alleged Dreyfus in miniature. According to the story told by Sigmund Albert, he has been made the victim of a conspiracy to wear him out. He has been tripped at drill, insulted and beaten into insensibility, and his room-mate has been persecuted merely for extending ordinary courtesy toward him. It is also claimed that two other Jewish cadets have been driven out during the year by the same course of treatment. On the other hand a story reaches us to the effect that Albert himself has been the offender. Though hazing, in the old sense of the word, has been abolished at West Point, he and his room-mate have been repeatedly detected in torturing other students and they have made themselves personally, not religiously, obnoxious. An investigation would have resulted in their ignominious expulsion and they chose to resign rather than undergo the ordeal of an examination. This is a matter which cannot be decided offhand. The

children of Jewish citizens attend school side by side with those of other denominations, in all sections of the country. They hold their own in scholarship and deportment, and if they are not personally disagreeable, no complaint or objection is ever raised against them. It is hardly likely that there should be a sudden outbreak of religious intolerance at West Point. On the other hand persecution and cruelty are not characteristic of the Jews, either as individuals or collectively. It is very rarely that they resort to physical violence. Only a few years ago the country was on the verge of hysterics because of a case of reported negro persecution at West Point: Cadet Jackson, a young colored man, had been most cruelly hazed. His personal belongings had been destroyed, and he, too, had been beaten into insensibility, his nose slit and ears sliced off. Anonymous letters had been sent to him in which his life was threatened if he did not resign from the academy, or if he ever made any attempt to identify his persecutors. The affair was, on the face of it, outrageous, and the whole civilized world was ready to point the finger of scorn at the military arm of the government, under which such a flagrant case of race persecution conld have taken place. The authorities set about investigating the matter, and showed a determination to probe it to the bottom. The dénouement was as startling as it was unforeseen. Young Jackson was cornered and finally confessed that he was, himself, the sole author of all his misfortunes. It seems that his standing had fallen so low that he would have been dropped from the class roll and in order to avoid the disgrace of dismissal, he had devised a scheme which was to let him out under circumstances rather heroic than humiliating. He reasoned that no one could possibly suspect him of mutilating himself, and as there was no one guilty of any misdemeanor, no one could be made to suffer, while the sympathy he would excite would either secure to him the advantage of a new trial, or raise up friends who would help him on in the world. The case of Sigmund Albert should be rigidly investigated. If there has been anything in the nature of Jew baiting, summary dismissals of the guilty parties may have the effect of convincing would-be future army officers that the Constitution of the United States means what it says when it guarantees religious freedom. If on the other hand, it appears that the three persecuted cadets, Albert, Affel and Huntzler, have proved themselves unfit for associates, or were liable to be dropped for other causes they should not be allowed to hide their misdeeds under a cloak of alleged religious persecution. "If there were but one Jew in the country he should be as safe as if the princely army of the Maccabees were here to enforce his rights," but let us be sure who *is* right before we begin a war dance.

MR. LLOYD OSBOURNE, formerly vice and deputy consul-general of the United States in Samoa, has corroborated the charges made by TOWN TALK a couple of months ago in reference to the troubles over the island throne. TOWN TALK declared that there was too much Christianity in the islands and that our representative in Samoa, the sanctimonious Mr. Chambers, was largely responsible for the row. He encouraged missionary meddling in the affairs of the natives and prevented the Samoans from electing their own king because the London Missionary society, for which he has the most profound admiration, had a candidate for the royal job in the person of an adopted son of Malietoa. Mr. Osbourne is authority for the statement that religion was at the bottom of the complications which resulted in the killing of British and American naval officers and which threatened to disrupt the amicable relations existing between Germany and the United States. Mataafa, the chief whose election was approved by the German consul, is a Roman Catholic convert; Tanu, the choice of the missionary society is a Protestant divinity student. The London Missionary society would not tolerate a Catholic king and Chief Justice Chambers, the head and front of the Samoan Band of Hope, was shocked at the thought of such a thing. Mr. Osbourne declares that Germany was right and the attitude of Herr Rose commendable and that the Americans and English fought side by side to inflict a sectarian rule upon an unwilling people. Now that President McKinley is mending his fences for the next campaign it would probably be well for him to give some attention to the case of Mr. Chambers. The chief justice has undoubtedly added some color to the black eye of the administration.

THE NEWSPAPER proprietors of San Francisco need not flatter themselves that they are the only magnates of the press who abuse one another in good strong English. The New York editors occasionally entertain their readers with verbal onslaughts of a highly personal character. The Herald recently roasted the Sun, and the Sun retaliated with an editorial paragraph that must have been written with a pen steeped in venom. "The Obscene Face of Bennett," is the caption of this somewhat brutal attack on the proprietor of the Herald. "It is useless to call his attention", says the Sun's editor, "to the fact that he is a treacherous and vulgar sort of a blackguard. He is quite used to that sort of thing, and besides we object to the use of strong language. Otherwise Bennett might be exhorted in terms that would make the cicatrix of well earned shame that he wears across his face even more livid than it was when he got it." There was a time in the field of journalism in this country when that sort of pungent personality promoted engagements on the field of honor, but nowadays the wild-eyed editor regards the pen as the most potent of all weapons, and he has too much contempt for the worthless carcass of an enemy to provoke a breach of the peace by anything more serious than splenetic disparagement in the columns of his paper. Yet it must be conceded that in the days of the fighting editor, the influence of the press was much wider than it is today. The editor that had the courage of his convictions in the days when he had to be prepared to support them behind a pistol inspired confidence and respect.

AFTER all there does not appear to be any occasion for the sympathy that has been aroused in some quarters for the poor benighted natives of the Philippine islands. The conquest of the islands does not involve bloodspilling and such sanguinary and tragic episodes as have been pictured from time to time in the press dispatches. Uncle Sam's soldiers are not engaged in testing the accuracy of their aim with human targets and President McKinley, through his representative, General Otis, is not endeavoring to coerce the Filipinos into submission. The excerpts from a soldier's letter published in TOWN TALK last week show that the army is engaged in a most peaceful mission, and that the natives are doing nearly all the shooting while the Americans lie down and wait for the ammunition to be exhausted. The mission of the soldiers is to spread the light of liberty and the virtues of a government for and by the people. It is a hazardous mission for the light is repugnant to the natives and they resent intrusion, with Mauser bullets. The spreading of the light is accomplished by posting the Peace Proclamation on the dead walls and telegraph poles, and the ammunition consists of barrels of paste and brushes. Verily it is a bill-posting job that the soldiers are engaged in, and as they are not union men President McKinley may have trouble later on with the labor organizations. Now that we know what the army is doing, and what sort of a policy is being pursued in the Philippines, we see no necessity of substituting a fighting general for the peaceful Otis. It would be absurd to send General Miles over to direct the maneuvers of the bill posters. No great amount of sagacity is required for the selection of advantageous space on the dead walls. General Otis is the right man in the right place and he should be kept supplied with paste.

"HATS OFF" is a book of the day, a burlesque of the foolish American women who are trying to ape the ways of titled royalty, and is particularly appropriate just now when the various societies of colonial dames and damsels are calling upon the courts to determine which of them has the right to the exclusive use of the precious adjective. In another century if the republic and the society hold together that long, there will, in all probability, be a similar dispute in this state as to which are the most native Native Sons and Daughters, though the ruction will be likely to confine itself to the female branch. Shall those whose forbears came "the Horn around" rank those whose ancestors arrived via the plains and the prairie schooner, or shall both give way to those who can count back to the days "before the Gringoes came"? Shall the progeny of the bankers, faro or otherwise, refuse recognition to those whose ancestors merely put money into the hands of the bankers, or shall the whole pioneer contingent stand aside and make way for those of later date who can claim "Paw was rich and maw was handsome and I am both"? Perhaps the greatest mistake made by the Fathers of the Republic was in not providing for titles and an aristocratic class. Had they done so we might have been spared the ludicrous spectacle of a professedly democratic people falling over themselves in their eagerness to bow down to anything even remotely connected with foreign nobility. We should not have our women figuring as Mrs. Captain and Mrs. Colonel, not to mention Mrs. Ex-Senator and Mrs. Ex-Pay Inspector; nor putting themselves forward in public lotteries at ten cents a chance for the doubtful honor of figuring as "Queen" of a fiesta, and later on, as an outcome, the principal in a sensational divorce suit. A lawfully established nobility with an Earl Marshall to pass upon the crests and coats of arms, would act as a bar to the usurpation of the devices of foreign titled families by the mere plutocrats and would be the means of saving us in many ways from making fools of ourselves. The fiesta, with its assumption of cheap royalty, appears already to have passed—requiescat in pace. Various excesses have been assigned, chiefly the Spanish war but a resident of a city which suffered long and was silent speaks thus: "The first year every one went in for a good time and all pulled together. The best people came to the front and dissatisfaction was kept pretty well in the background. The second year the committees began to see how they could save money for themselves. The grievance committee organized early and reported often. The decorations were mostly second hand and the whole thing was on a cheap scale. The third year the cheap politicians and the objectionable classes were very much in evidence. Fourth year the same, only more so. Fifth year—no fiesta."

TOWN TALK gratefully acknowledges the complimentary notice received in the August number of the Pacific Union Printer, apropos of the issuance of the Union label to this paper. The Printer is published by authority of the San Francisco Typographical union and is a splendid sample of the printers' art. Mr. Will J. French, the editor of the paper, deserves praise for the high standard to which he has raised his newsy publication.

AN INTERESTING EXCURSION

THE MONTEREY people are looking forward to a large exodus of visitors on Sunday, September third, the occasion of the excursion given by the Passenger Department of the Southern Pacific company. Hotel Del Monte, Monterey and Pacific Grove will be visited.

All sorts of attractive features have been arranged by the Monterey people to furnish entertainment for the excursionists upon their arrival. The program will have the element of novelty in all of its details.

The trains last year accommodated very comfortably an immense number of excursionists, and William H. Menton, the Southern Pacific's excursionist passenger agent, is making careful preparations that will render this year's excursion quite as successful as its predecessors.

The excursion will be on Sunday, Steptember third, and trains will leave the Third and Townsend street depot at eight o'clock and returning will leave Monterey at a quarter to five. The trains will be run through without stops.

A rate of two dollars for the round trip has been made by the company and it is probable that over two thousand people will avail themselves of the opportunity to visit Monterey.

THE ENGRAVING OF COOPER & CO., the Art Stationers, is not only superior to that of other houses, but is less in cost. Compare their figures —as for the rest, no charge if not satisfactory. Other houses also charge fifty per cent more for stamping note-papers and with inferior workmanship.

WAIFS

ONE MORN with quickened pulses did we stand
Where life's young fountains murmured of unrest;
The virgin vintage of her lips I pressed,
And lo! we passed to an enchanted land,
Where ruin's bridgeless gulf was rainbow spanned;
But when, that night, she wept upon my breast,
She seemed a love-wrecked angel on the strand
Of some strange star, wing-weary of joy's quest.

Not all unhappy, still we drift along,
Down the wild waters of love's waif-strown sea,
And closer do we cling when others tell
Of that dark whirlpool, in whose eddies strong,
Frail passion-freighted lovers, such as we,
Are dragged by under currents down to hell.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

THE AMATEUR SPORTS AT Del Monte opened yesterday with tennis and will extend over Sunday, the twenty-seventh. The golf matches will begin on Monday and for two days the links will be given over to the women wielders of the sticks. Miss Moffitt is still in the south, having added many laurels to those gained at the Fourth of July games, and she has sent word from Santa Catalina that it is not possible for her to enter for the Del Monte games. This is a sad disappointment, for those who did not get a chance to see her brilliant winning of the championship in July were looking forward to the August games as an opportunity of observing Miss Moffitt's prowess on the links. The golf events will be preceded by tennis and the pigeon shoot today and the latter sport continues to be popular in spite of the heavy scoring it received when first introduced at Del Monte, at the pen of Mrs. "Annie Laurie" Black, who denounced it for its cruelty to the harmless doves. Golf will consume four days, tennis one and a half and the pigeon shoot a day, while polo, bicycle and pony racing with steeple chasing will each be given a day, the yacht race to be the great finale. Ernest Wiltsee expects his Aggie will come in winner on the bay but I understand that Harry Simpkins has hopes of as roseate a hue for the success of his Duke. R. Barrett Fithian of Santa Barbara, who has been staying at the Palace, will take his lately purchased and newly rigged yacht to the South Seas and I understand he set sail yesterday expecting to be away for six months.

"The saleswoman often forgets to be a bored and disdainful goddess and arouses herself to be interested and helpful," says Annie O'Hagan in a descriptive article on "A Midsummer Afternoon in New York," in the August Munsey. It may probably be true of New York saleswomen but very rarely has one just cause of complaint of the shop assistants of San Francisco, who are uniformly obliging and attentive. A Californienne who made her first extensive visit to the east recently and who experienced the step-motherly hospitalities of all the large cities north of Baltimore and east from Chicago, wrote back: "If the policemen, conductors, clerks and sales-girls in San Francisco were as impertinent, indifferent and generally toploftical as those I have encountered since I left there they would, to quote the expressive slang of the street, 'get their heads punched.'"

I remarked a couple of weeks ago that there was in the elopement of Mrs. Hynes, the fat and voluptuous wife of Billy Hynes, with the featherweight cornetist a combination of the grotesque, the humorous and the pathetic. There was one incident of the affair which I failed to mention. It contributed to the combination and for picturesque impudence it has no parallel. Among the people assembled on the dock to bid farewell to Grennan was Billy Hynes who of course had no suspicion of his wife's presence in the vessel. After the gangplank was pulled up and the ship started on her journey Grennan raised his cornet to his lips and to the ears of the group on the dock floated the familiar tune, "Say au revoir but not good-bye."

"I am disheartened," said the bashful wooer, "I cannot think what is the first requisite to win my Lily's love."
"That's easy enough," said the seasoned benedict. 'One word answers it—opportunity."

Some time ago I took occasion to refer to the prevalence of inebriety in the school department. Since then I have learned that the principal of one of our grammar schools is in an abnormal condition when sober. The fumes of the flowing bowl befuddle his brain to such an extent that the boys of the school treat him with contempt and throughout the department the school is notorious for its lack of discipline. The teachers openly discuss his incompetency and marvel at the pull by which he is enabled to hold a position in which he is a disgrace to the department. They say that all that he does is to whine about the decreasing attendance, knowing that a consolidation

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JOHN CAFFREY, Pacific Coast Representative.

of classes may result to the injury of his pocket. I understand that the school directors are aware of this principal's conduct and I wonder that he is tolerated. But there are all sorts of queer people in the school department. There is, for instance, a teacher who proudly proclaims that she is not an American, that this country is all wrong and that its schools and teachers are failures Moreover she asserts that she has no love for the flag and would not teach children to respect it. And there is at the head of a primary school a principal who belongs to womens' clubs that advocate purer air and more comfortable surroundings for working girls. Yet she has issued a ukase that no teacher in her school may sit down in the class room. She must be on her feet continually, walking up and down the aisles, bending over the children and watching their work.

Homebound on the Central Pacific in the Pullman.

Nellie (returning from boarding school): Oh, I shall never marry unless for love. Would you, Mrs. Bride?

Mrs. Bride (who has just taken a flying trip to Nevada): I am not sure. This makes my third—for love—in two years. Next time I may try money

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Mr. Astor of New York and Mr. Drexel of Philadelphia are not the only Americans, it seems, who find this country not good enough for them. Tod Sloan has also lately aired his views to several New York reporters about life on this side opposed to life on the other side of the big pond. Tod says he has not yet decided to become a subject of the Queen but he thinks that Englishmen are "the real thing" and far superior in their turf tactics to men who race their horses in the United States. The Beresfords, Charles and George, are said by Tod to treat him as if he were one of their own sons and he thinks the Prince of Wales one of the jolliest fellows he has ever met. To a Sun reporter Tod remarked:

"I wish to say that on the way over I did not have anything to do with Senator Wolcott or that novelist. I did give the Austrian rider a few points on how to succeed in America, and on the last day I nodded to Pedlar Palmer. But I didn't speak to any of these people. I don't wish to be understood as declining to speak to all such persons. For instance, I talked with William C. Whitney. He told me that he was coming back to America next week. He is buying a good string of race horses over on the other side, and I think he is all right. He will have a good stable if he keeps on, and I shall speak to him when he returns to England."

He further said that though his name had been connected with those of several young Englishwomen, he has not yet decided to marry: "When a rich American girl marries an Englishman she usually gets a good title. I haven't figured out exactly whether or not a fellow gets a title with an English girl."

From these extracts I should judge that Mr. Tod Sloan was either joshing the Gotham newspaper men or else he has contracted a very serious case of inflated cranium.

Mr and Mrs. John Vance Cheney are mourning the loss of their daughter, Miss Janet Vance Cheney, who after a lingering illness passed away in San Diego about a fortnight ago. The Cheneys formerly resided in San Francisco where Mrs. Cheney became particularly prominent as the teacher of a new method of piano-playing. She was the originator of the little musical club called the Abbey Cheney Amateurs, of which her daughter Janet was one of the leading members. Also members of the club were Miss Helen Curtis, now Mrs. Thomas Magee; Miss Margaret Cameron, now Mrs. Smith, and the accompanist of the Hughes club across the bay; Miss Hilda Newman, who at present ranks among our best pianists; Miss Evelyn Henry, who is in New York now, studying vocal music with view to a professional career; Miss Martha Gross, now Mrs. Charles Lacey Plumb of Chicago; Miss Millicent Cosgrave, Miss Lillie Moulton and a few others whose names I forget. The Amateurs probably went out of existence after the loss of their teacher, for I have heard nothing of their work of late years. Mrs. Cheney went to Chicago to live, her husband becoming librarian of the Newberry library there. He had formerly been librarian of the free library of this city. As a poet John Vance Cheney is well known in the world of letters.

Last week it looked as if there would be no contest for the presidency of the Press club this year. Paul Cowles of the Associated Press was supposed to have a walk-over but now Jim Booth, formerly of the Report, is in the fight and there is a prospect of an interesting battle. Mr. Booth is a campaigner of no ordinary ability and he will infuse plenty of vim into the contest. He is popular in the chit-chat annex of the club and his friends have rallied around him. As an election without a contest for the presidency would not be a spirited affair, the members are rejoicing over Booth's entrance into the fight.

Quite a large party of deer hunters were at Tocaloma last week, among whom were Messrs. Al Miller, deputy sheriff, John Smith, Hon. G. Parks, assessor of Marin county, Sheriff William Taylor and party and supervisors Phelps and Black of San Francisco. These mighty hunters before the Lord—see account of Nimrod in Genesis—slew many a fine buck, and the little dépot platform was quite a spectacular proof of their prowess. A few members of the Country club had a battue on their preserves on Sunday a week ago and succeeded in killing three fine bucks. Trout and chub fishing are good and some considerable baskets of frogs are caught daily.

O'Hooley was slumbering on his beat but the words dropping from his lips in his dreams showed him to be a patron of the drama.

"Blanche Bates—Blanche bates 'em all," he said.

The stork has descended upon the home of Mr. and Mrs. James Patrick and both the young parents are rejoicing over the advent of the little one. Mr. Patrick is one of our best known young business men and his wife (May Daniel) was a popular member of the school department before her marriage.

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I am surprised to learn of the number of prominent San Franciscans who are arriving in and departing from this cosmopolitan city, writes my Chicago correspondent. The first two seen during the past fortnight were those clever pyrographists, the Misses Lillian O'Hara and Grace Livermore, who temporarily left their artistic Sutter street studio and have been among us sight-seeing and enjoying their well earned vacation. Moving with the noon-day throng in State street I passed two of your well known attorneys, Charles L. Ackerman and M. C. Sloss. One day last week as I was turning into Michigan boulevard I ran into Frank Jaynes, superintendent of the Western Union telegraph company. He was on his way to the company's office. Mrs. Jaynes accompanied her husband on his eastern trip. Seymour R. Church, the Sansome street merchandise broker, was noticed and sauntering leisurely along Monroe street, toward the department store of Seigel Cooper & Co., I found G. L. Rathbone, the genial secretary of Macondray & Co. He, like many others, was admiring the early fall styles now exhibited in the tradesmens' windows. Dr. John Gallwey stopped over a few days and made his headquarters at one of the fashionable hotels on the Lake front. August Schilling and Fred Frohman were here on business. J.L.Hess of the Werth-Emmet company is staying at the Great Northern. H. P. Taylor Jr. and Warren D. Clark of Williams, Dimond & Co. have left for the east. Mrs. A. B. Boldermann was here last week.

Los Angeles has been well represented in Chicago. E. W. Reynolds, J. W. Walton, Mrs. John W. Hinton and E. P. Johnson were all here recently. The city of Oakland is not far behind with Mrs. A. W. Brewer, Miss C. Young and James McCaw. Haywards sent us J. W. Strobridge and wife. John Marshall, I am told, is a proud man. Last week he was informed that a little girl baby had made her advent into his household. Mr. Marshall married the daughter of a prominent Denver merchant some five years ago. This is their first child. His former fellow employes in the office of the Royal Exchange assurance in Montgomery street will undoubtedly be showering the customary congratulatory letters upon him when they hear of this important event. Maud Chappelle—a former San Francisco contralto, now a resident of this city—has been engaged as soloist for the fall musical festival at Clear Lake, Iowa. Several other prominent musicians from here are also engaged, including L. Amato, the 'cellist.

Alfred Rulofson and daughter made a brief visit to Chicago this week and then pulled out for the east. Miss Rulofson is a strikingly handsome young woman and I understand possesses a voice of much sweetness. It is to be regretted that she did not stop over long enough to enjoy some of the excellent garden concerts we are having at present. The National Window Trimmers' association has been holding its annual convention here during the past week. An award of prizes was the final business of the convention. It is gratifying to know that a Sacramento boy, Charles W. Morton, carried off the diamond medal offered by the Chicago merchants. It is valued at five hundred dollars. I was surprised to see Tom Sharkey the other morning walking along the Lake Shore drive. Several friends accompanied him. J. C. Stubbs of the Southern Pacific company is at the Grand Pacific.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Our elegant new fall "dress hats" displayed this week.

How many Californians remember Margaret Hamilton of Napa? Very few, I will venture to assert. And yet it does not seem so many years ago since she was one of the most popular belles of the state. Maggie Hamilton was one of the advance guard of Californian heiresses that went to Europe to replenish the purses of the effete aristocracy. She married Sir Sidney Waterlow of Trosley Towers, Wrotham, Seven Oaks, Kent, and she is now the Duchess of York's most intimate friend. It was only the other day that I read in a London paper that Sir Sidney and his charming American wife were entertaining Ambassador Choate at their residence. And "among those present" were those other well known Californian representatives of the nobility, Lady Hesketh and C. P. Huntington's adopted daughter, Princess Hatzfeldt.

Lady Bache Cunard has returned to America and is now in the Newport swim. Lady Bache Cunard is none other than plain Miss Maude Bourke, that was, who once lived in Oakland. It was not so long ago that she was spoken of as the fiancée of Prince Poniatowski but that affair, owing to a financial difficulty, it will be remembered, did not come off. She is one of the American women who have made places for themselves in London society. Although she had many friends in New York before she went to London she was not in the ultra-fashionable set into which she has been welcomed at Newport since her return. She was not known as an heiress before her marriage and that element of most international marriages was lacking in her case, but having established herself in the exclusive set of London, she now has the entrée to the innermost recesses of Gotham's swagger circles.

The management of the Southern Pacific system is often censured for not producing luxuries and comforts for its patrons but there are other railroad magnates beside Mr. Huntington who are amenable to criticism. Take, for instance, Mr. Stetson of the North Pacific Coast road. His system is not so extensive that he can successfully plead oversight by way of extenuation of his delinquencies. If his road were used for the transportation of nothing but cattle or stetsons then there would be no occasion for complaint anent the ill-smelling and foul rookery yclept "Mount Tamalpais station." If there is a health officer in Marin county he should be censured for neglect of duty for not having long since condemned that rendezvous of disease-breeding germs. I know that Mr. Stetson is a very economical old gentleman and that he takes as good care of his quarters as an ordinary man does of his life, but something should be done to force him to heed the complaints of the patrons of his road. If he were compelled to spend twenty-four hours in the station he might possibly be aroused to the realization of its unfitness for the accommodation of human beings.

One of the features of the new charter is the augmenting of the duties and responsibilities of the

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district attorney. As a consequence the next district attorney is destined to be a man of considerable importance to the community. He will have supervision over the work of prosecuting offenders in the police courts and will therefore have the selection of the prosecuting attorneys. A district attorney who knows his business and is not subservient to the pull of the push may effect a most desirable reformation in police court circles. The democratic reformers appreciate the necessity of selecting a man for the job who possesses firmness of character and who cannot be swayed by political or other influence, and I have been informed that Charley Wesley Reed is their choice.

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Here is the latest version of a recent episode which imparted a merry twinkle to the eye of the legal profession;

Mr. P——: I intend to withdraw from the firm.

Mr. McC——: And I, also, intend to withdraw from the firm.

Mr. E——: Gentlemen, the firm is dissolved for I have already withdrawn.

And thus it is that a man may display alacrity in grasping a situation without the aid of a diagram.

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I am told by a lately returned traveler that the Castellanes still furnish considerable food for discussion, as le monde is always wondering what they are going to do next. As the Parisian law provides that a husband can only inherit personal and real property from a deceased wife, and is debarred from inheriting money, it is said that Castellane has persuaded his adoring wife to part with several hundred thousand dollars in the purchase of real estate, and in the erection of a magnificent residence, which is not however yet completed. Since the count persuaded her to dye her hair golden and paint her cheeks to simulate a blonde, tout Paris laughs at the unattractively bizarre appearance presented by la riche Americaine. And my informant tells me that Castellane is anything but a noble in the manner in which he conducts himself. His amours are notorious and he does not aim high but chooses the most ordinary type of soubrette and café chanteuse upon whom to lavish his attractions—and incidentally Anna Gould's money.

———

Fair Parisiennes are wearing the tightest of dress-skirts, the extreme of the fashion that I described some weeks ago as being so closely fitted to the figure as to cause the wearer extreme difficulty in sitting down. The skirts are made in two styles, either very tight to just below the hips and then flaring out with a wide flare, or else very tight to below the knees, when the flare becomes pronounced. My informant tells me that they are not wearing double skirts of different colors in Paris, as is the present mode here, but the costumes are all of one hue. Nevertheless, the tailor-gowns are so elaborately trimmed as almost to lose their identity as tailor-made.

———

And with the new gown, I am told by an occasional correspondent, the Parisienne has adopted a "new walk." This does not entail a swinging of the hips à la couchee-couchee, and long loping steps, the style introduced by Mrs. Leslie Carter. The new walk is designed to display to the utmost the beauty of the clinging tunic and flower-like skirt. The gait is easy to imitate and much easier to exaggerate. One must walk slowly, take extremely short steps and spring well on the ball of the foot. The models who display the new gowns at the dressmakers' shops in Paris have exaggerated this gait in the most ludicrous fashion. As they come toward one they appear to be doing a sort of dreamy dance in the nature of a cross between the cake walk and the danse du ventre. It is a most fetching performance and I expect to see the Trilby pedestriennes of a short time ago doing the Parisian step along the promenade before long.

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When a woman who has been rapturously in love with her husband since their marriage and has been his constant companion in his travels all over the globe suddenly takes a notion to settle down in a suburban village and take up the breeding of prize bull pups as a pastime, her friends usually fancy something has occurred to upset the domestic harmony. Whatever the reason, such a chapter, I hear, has been written in the history of an ex-San Franciscan, an heiress of millions, who, before her second matrimonial venture with a New Yorker standing on the same financial basis as herself, achieved some notoriety by her romantic elopement with a local man about town who afterwards became noted on the turf. The lady has recently gone in for the breeding of prize canines on a large scale and is said to be most successful at it from both a monetary and artistic point of view. While she breeds bull-pups her husband is studying music in Paris, having a magnificent vocal organ which would easily win him fame on the stage. A correspondent writes me from Paris that the student of singing has lately made himself conspicuous by his attentions to a fair art student, a Californian girl who is a near relative to a man once occupying an important state office. This infatuation is said to be the talk of the students' quarter. The art student has an income of fair proportions that would enable her to live in good style, but lately her extravagances have brought her into a far more conspicuous position than that she formerly occupied. She drives about in a smart little cart behind a magnificent specimen of horseflesh, both these possessions being the envy of her less fortunate fellow students.

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San Franciscans will not be at all surprised to learn that the hit of the opera season in Berlin this year has been made by Théa Dorré. When the Tavary opera company sang at the Baldwin, Dorré was pronounced by every local critic, and by the public voice as well, to be the finest Carmen that had ever appeared here. Otto Florsheim, the famous Berlin critic, wrote to the Musical Courier that he considered only one Carmen had ever surpassed Madame Dorré, and that one is Calvé's. Dorré is a Chicago woman, a slightly built brunette, very graceful and the possessor of wonderful talent as an actress. As a singer she is not especially great but her Carmen won everybody's admiration for its fidelity to the author's conception of the character. It may be of interest to many to learn that in private life the bewitching Dorré is Mrs. Bailey.

When Barron Berthald, who is singing at the Tivoli now but who, I am told, will later go east to accept the position of tenor in the Castle Square opera company, decided to elope from comic opera into grand, it is said his decision was the cause of not a little bickering between managers. Berthald had been singing the role of Prince Charlie in "Rob Roy" and was the idol of all the matinee girls in the big cities where the company appeared. Therefore when Damrosch coaxed him away from Manager Whitney it is easily understood that the American's wrath arose against both Damrosch and the tenor. Nevertheless Teutonic firmness won the day and Berthald had his wish of returning to the higher ground of grand opera after his long series of triumphs in the lighter work.

While Americans are growing more strict in their drawing of caste lines, my friends in London write me that it is quite the reverse over there. Once upon a time the London season was open only to people with titles or commoners with pedigrees of blue dye, while the Morning Post—the paper which chronicles the doings of swelldom—would not have thought of mentioning the names of any but the givers of most exclusive functions. Now, it is a case of nous avons changé tout cela. As one writer puts it, "the social fringe is broken through." The barrier has been boldly leaped by the nouveau riche and it is the poor relation who has been obliged to step aside to let the newcomer have free rein and a clear road. If you can entertain in a truly entertaining manner, you need show no genealogical tree to the London swim. Give the women a chance to show their gowns and meet some eligible men, and give the men something to amuse themselves with and a liberal supply of liquid refreshment and your house will be packed with a smart crowd at every reception. Money talks just now in London, whether provincial or American gold, and the woman who can give a novel entertainment is sought after, whoever her grandfather was.

It will be remembered that a certain lady of aristocratic lineage, whose death is still fresh in the minds of Londoners, until the day of her death kept to her resolution of never asking people who were in trade, or Americans, or Jews to her parties. But she was considered a back number by the Prince of Wales and his set. Americans are just now—in spite of the fiasco William Waldorf Astor has made in trying to gain entrance to the inner circle—floating on the very highest wave of English favor. Lady Randolph Churchill, Mrs. Arthur Paget, the Duchesses of Manchester and Marlborough, Mrs. Mackay, Mrs. Ronalds Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck and Lady Essex are all of the nation excluded by the aristocratic lady referred to from her parties. And if one cares to include a stage favorite, who is more popular in London just now than Cora Urquhart Potter? Bohemianism is the proper thing in London and to be a bohemian of the simon pure quality you must be gifted with brains. Money alone will not carry you to social popularity. The social aspirant must be clever. It is well understood, from the prince downward, that to be a favorite host or hostess you must be able to amuse your guests. If a native Briton cannot do this, then a cleverer foreigner may shove him aside.

How different this is in the United States at the present time. In New York the talk is all on the pattern of Lady Macbeth's monologue—blood—blood—blood. Of course this means blood *and* money. But in San Francisco never was the time when money's voice was more loudly heard. The real aristocracy of our city, the old-timers of southern or eastern birth, have been pushed out of sight by the plutocracy, the descendants of hardworking parents who slaved that their sons and daughters might have money to burn. The plutocracy contains many very worthy young people but there are others of these money-burning sons and daughters who are the reverse of gentlepeople. They are loud, vulgar in speech and action, modeling their follies apparently upon the characters in the cheap novel of the day. They flaunt their ill-breeding in public places and at the summer resorts this season they have been particularly noticeable. However, I am glad to be able to say that these specimens of our golden youth are not in a majority.

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"A woman has to possess a positively angelic temper if she can smile sweetly when a man in the street car puts his wet umbrella against her white piqué frock," says the Baltimore Telegram. But just imagine the joy of living in a section where wet umbrellas come in the white piqué season! Come over here where we look to the almanac, not the barometer, for a weather guide, and the umbrella goes into retirement from May day till Thanksgiving.

I hear that Mr. and Mrs. Hofmann (Gerda Wismer) are spending their honeymoon quietly in a small Pennsylvania village. Mr. Hofmann, who is first violin of Walter Damrosch's orchestra, also being manager of the organization, is said to be willing for his wife to continue in her career, which has thus far promised so brilliantly. Therefore Gerda Wismer will continue with Daly's company of players until the close of her present contract.

Mrs. H. C. Porter is spending the summer at Hotel El Carmelo, Pacific Grove.

Among the debutantes scheduled for the fall season is Miss Azelia Keyes, a granddaughter of Judge Clinton Hastings and of General Keyes. As the offspring of two such illustrious grand sires and with Mrs. Major Darling for an aunt this young woman should attract some attention in the swagger set. But more important than all, not excepting her charms of person and vivacious nature, is her financial stability, for Miss Keyes is an heiress with simoleons galore. She has just returned from the east where her education has received its finishing touches and she is now adequately equipped for social conquests.

"Poetic license, of course," said Scribble as he wound his arm around Miss Poster's slender waist.

Hastily disengaging herself from his embrace, she replied haughtily:

"For my part, I do not agree with those who would give entire liberty to the press."

Mrs. E. B. Crocker was the guest of honor at a "ladies' social" given by the Elks of Sacramento the other night. Mrs. Crocker has deeded to the Elks her magnificent residence in Sacramento for a home, and the Elks are very much elated over the generous gift. Mrs. Crocker is not the only benevolent woman who has been deeply impressed by the grand principles of the order of Elks. Mrs. Jane Stanford's interest was aroused a couple of years ago at a memorial service held by San Francisco lodge, and since then she has more than once testified to her admiration for the order. If women were eligible to membership Mrs. Stanford would become one of the most enthusiastic Elks in the country.

Reel Terry, the campaign spell binder and raconteur, has discovered a cure for the cocktail habit. He declares that it is much more effective than the gold cure. Reel discovered the cure by accident, and he charges nothing for it. There was a time, not long ago, when Reel Terry found great delight in fanning the flame of conviviality with the wing of friendship, but now the cocktail route holds no attractions for him. Mineral water is his staple libation. And he attributes his change of thirst to a well developed case of rheumatism. He declares that there is nothing more destructive to a thirst for alcohol than an old reliable case of inflammatory rheumatism, one that is highly suggestive of elephantiasis. That is what he had a short time ago, and he now recommends it as the remedy for inebriety. "Innoculate yourself with inflammatory," says Reel, "and you'll never want any more booze."

The unfitness of I. W. Lees for the office of chief of police has once more been demonstrated by his handling of the case of Augustus Howard, the Australian swindler. The plain facts of the case are as follows. The chief of police was notified of a crime and was informed of the identity of the criminal. It was his duty to make an arrest, but for so doing he would have received nothing but his salary. By constituting himself a collector he recovered a large sum of money and permitted the criminal to escape. He certainly received a part of the recovered "swag" for Chief Lees is not in business for his health. He has grown wealthy by just such practice. I was not surprised that he permitted Howard to escape. I can only marvel at the mysterious influence which he exerts to hold his job in the face of his mephitic record and manifest unfitness. The superior respectability of Police Commissioners Alvord and Tobin is all that restrains me from suspecting that behind his "pull" is something akin to blackmail.

The automobile does not appear in our streets with the regularity that should be the case, judging by the

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Used for Baths and Shampoo it will make the skin soft and white.

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Pacific Coast Agent

21 SPEAR ST. S. F.

way the fad for this mode of locomotion is raging in the east. It did not surprise me to learn that the most enthusiastic of the automobilists at Newport is Mrs. Herman Oelrichs. Tessie Fair was always known to be an enthusiast in every new fad and when bicycles came into fashion she and her sister were almost the first to set the fashion in society of being hostesses at bike parties. When it was the fad to belong to a mandolin club, the walls of the Fair residence at the corner of Pine and Jones streets used to reverberate to the tum-te-tum of stringed instruments. And so it was with every novelty. Somebody, apropos of the automobile said to me:

"Yes it ought to, but it most always doesn't."

And a friend writes me from the east of two ambitious automobilists who have had much pleasure with their machine. But the other night they could not make it move a step and now they call it the "naughty-mobile."

"You say that he got a model wife?"
"Yes she has posed for every artist in town."

I hear that the De Youngs are entertaining at their country place in Marin county a guest from New York, no other in fact than Mrs. Charles T. Yerkes. This lady is passing the summer on the coast and her husband will join her here later on. Mrs. Yerkes is a woman whose name has been very much in the newspapers for the past six years, and she is the second wife of the Chicago millionaire, Charles T. Yerkes, the man who served a term in Sing-Sing but did not lose business prestige thereby. After startling Chicago by his limitless expenditures, Mr. Yerkes and his wife decided to storm New York where they built themselves a palatial home. It may not be generally known here that Frank Unger is now the major domo of Mrs. Yerkes, a position he formerly filled in the home of the Harry Gilligs. I outlined the duties of the major domo some weeks ago—he is quite a functionary in the habitations of new New Yorkers.

Quoi qu'il en soit, Charles T. Yerkes, when you come down to the fact of ancestry, does not belong to that beneficently intrusive class, the new rich. Mr. Yerkes' grandfather, Silas Yerkes, was a Quaker of considerable prominence, and one of his forefathers was the first burgess of Germantown. Another of his Pennsylvania kin came over with William Penn, and I do not know of a New Yorker who can show a clearer claim to American sangre azul than this. A friend of mine once dropped into the studio of Müller-Ury, the New York artist, and was greatly attracted by two portraits he saw there. They had been enlarged from old miniatures, and my friend was told that they were to be placed in the gallery of Charles T. Yerkes, the millionaire. The portraits were of Silas Yerkes and his wife, the Quaker grandparents of the ex-Chicagoan.

Something that will interest San Franciscans is the fact that Mrs. Yerkes has taken as her protegée the daughter of Frank Unger. This young girl, who is said to be a fac simile of her mother when the latter was Minnie Buchanan, possesses marked artistic talent which she is having cultivated in Paris. Mrs. Yerkes is very liberal to her protegée and few students are surrounded by such luxury as is Miss Unger's lot. Her mother, Mrs. Arthur Jules Goodman, is at present in London with her husband. The artist has been doing much clever work for the magazines lately and Mrs. Goodman is, I hear, among the Americans who have managed to please the London taste in stories.

Among those who will appear in the cast of "A Bachelor's Honeymoon" at the California next week will be young William Brewer. Mr. Brewer, whose friends call him "Billy," has been an actor off and on for quite a few years and he is the possessor of considerable ability for character work. I remember having seen him first in the character of the violinist in "The Dancing Girl" at the Baldwin when the A.M. Palmer company produced that powerful play. Billy Brewer's part was a small one but he did full justice to all there was in it. Later I saw him in one of the plays produced by Lillian Beddard at the Bush street theatre, and afterwards young Brewer appeared at the California in a production of "Trilby." He is very versatile and has a voice capable of most pleasing modulations; his elocution is admirable. The young actor is a son of Dr. Brewer, the well known dentist, and the family formerly resided in Sacramento. Miss Elizabeth Brewer was married a few months ago to the attorney, James S. Spilman.

Mrs. Lily Langtry having captured a twenty-eight year old lover for advertising and other purposes, indignantly denies that there is great disparity between their ages. People of good memory who recall the period of her advent to London estimate that about forty-seven summers have passed over her head, but she denies having passed her thirty-ninth year. It is over fifteen years since she made her first appearance in this city and she was far from being a dubutante at that time. She had had her domestic experience, and besides having spent a couple of seasons in the drawing-rooms of London, she had grown tired of the Prince of Wales' companionship and had been recognized for a couple of years as the chère amie of Freddy Gebhardt. Mrs. Langtry is the daughter of the Very Reverend Corbet Le Breton, Dean of Jersey, who some years prior to his death was inhibited from all ecclesiastical functions by the late Bishop Winchester on account of his drunken habits. Like all the Le Bretons he was a very handsome man. In 1868 Lily Langtry was a big-limbed, clumsy, hoydenish maiden, with gigantic feet and bulging calves, and she had that peculiar, clumsy walk of the Jersey and Norman peasant which despite years of training is still quite noticeable.

What! you not in the forties yet?
Now, Lil, come off, dear girl.
Why, you were in the Prince's set
And made things hum and whirl
Nigh thirty years ago—I'll bet.

Old Papa Time's been kind, you know,
Since you left Jersey isle;
For though you've had all kinds of beaux
And made them spend their pile,
You still, by Jove! look comme il faut.

Age has not withered your fair face
Nor custom staled your work;
You've gone a very rapid pace
With Britisher and Turk,
And still, old girl, you're in the race.

On September seventh, eighth and ninth the courts of Del Monte will be the scene of the tenth annual tournament of the double championship of the Pacific states. The winners of the all-comers will be called upon to play Sam and Sumner Hardy, the present champions. The championship match will take place on Saturday afternoon, all matches will be the best three out of five vantage sets. Handsome cups will be given by the Hotel Del Monte to the double champions of the coast. First and second prizes will be awarded to the winners of the all-comers. A consolation tour-

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

nament will also be held for which prizes will be offered. The ladies' singles tournament for the championship of the Pacific states will also be held at Del Monte on September eighth and ninth, all matches to be the best two out of three vantage sets. The winners of the ladies' all-comers will be called upon to play Miss Marion Jones, the present champion, for the championship of the Pacific states. Entries will close September fifth.

Mr. and Mrs. D. O'Leary (Alice Rix) will spend some months in San Francisco.

Some men are natural born cads. By reason of their possession of aristocratic parents and the fact that they were born with the proverbial golden spoon between their baby lips, they ought to be gentlemen. Let the student of atavism say why they are cads, instead. I am moved to these observations by something that was told me lately about a young man whose people are ranked high in society. Many moons ago the engagement was announced in all the daily and weekly newspapers of the youth and a very beautiful young woman, a divorcée, who was perhaps ten years his better in point of age. The young man did not, at the time, deny the engagement and he continued to be seen abroad in the society of his reputed fiancée. But the wedding did not come off and now I hear that the lady in the case has another admirer, a local lawyer, and it is tacitly understood by their friends—though it has not been formally announced—that a matrimonial engagement exists. The youth of wealth and lineage who once sunned himself in the lady's smiles is now being desperately angled for by a young society girl with a plain name but a pretty face. The other day some one was talking to the youth about his former fiancée.

"Fiancée?" he said. "I was never engaged to her. I don't know what possessed her to send such a story to the papers."

And that is why I say this wealthy, well-born youth is a cad.

Far different was his conduct from that of one of our young club men, who was married a few years ago to a charming woman. Before this he had been engaged to a girl who, though in society, was known not to possess a reputation sans reproche. At least everybody knew it but her fiancé, and nobody had the courage to tell him that the girl he adored was not like the psalmist's heroine whose price was above rubies. About a month before his marriage day there arose one who was sufficiently the man's friend to tell him the truth about his fiancée. I believe the person who told was one of the girl's relatives. Anyhow, this was at a day when women with pasts were not such ordinary occurrences as they are nowadays, and in fact were not even popular appendages to society. So the marriage was announced as "off," but as it was given out that the man had been jilted by his bride-elect at the eleventh hour, no one suffered but the deserted bridegroom. And all of his friends rejoiced when, his wounded heart healed, he finally married a woman of high standing, morally, socially and financially.

By the death of ex-Congressman Piper the game of poker lost one of its most ardent votaries. Plain draw poker was about the only thing that could separate Piper from his money. But he did not play for large stakes. He was a constant attendant at the poker parties of Mrs. Howard Coit in the Palace hotel. The late Judge Eugene Garber also played in the game in Mrs. Coit's rooms and there are several prominent old Californians who seldom miss an evening's pastime there. Although Mrs. Coit is now an aged woman she is still possessed of all the rollicking spirit that made her so popular in the early days when as Lillie Hitchcock she was known as the woman that "ran with the old machine."

In the divorce court notes in Sunday's paper I noticed the filing of a suit by Gertrude L. Gear against George D. Gear; cause, desertion. Mrs. Gear is a sister of Leigh Larzalere, the commission merchant, and Mr. Gear is the attorney who has just arrived from Honolulu en route to Washington, D. C. He has been chosen by the Hawaiians to represent them before the United States Supreme court in a test case to decide whether the American Constitution is in force in the islands. Gear represented the London Savages in the now almost forgotten Blythe case.

The death of Henri F. Emeric forms another chapter in a life history that would offer a splendid field for the novelist. Until others of the characters in the romance have passed away, the story cannot be said to be finished. Mr. Emeric did much for California. He improved the game laws and he added to the game itself, bringing terrapin and other delights of epicurean palates to swell the list of Californian products. His life was broad, full of interest, but it cannot be said to have been a happy one. He had just

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secured a measure of happiness, practically beginning his life anew with a beloved bride, when his fate willed that death should call him. One must always feel regret when a rich man dies. A poor man's existence has such a narrow span but to the man of boundless fortune a truly Monte Cristo-like future is opened.

I remember the first time I saw Mrs. Emeric—not the present widow, who was a Miss Dorn, but the first wife. It was at a meeting of the board of directors of the Little Sisters' Infant Shelter. Mrs. Emeric had been induced by her adopted daughter, Mrs. Siegfried, to come to the meeting and the board of directors was mightily glad that she came. For they had never met such liberality before in one person. Mrs. Emeric was nothing if not generous. I could easily name several young women who owed the excellence of their wardrobes for many years to the kind purse of the woman who, though rich in this world's goods, was yet so poor in that which makes life worth the living. Beautiful with a rich brunette complexion, brilliant dark eyes and a voluptuous form, no one would have fancied that this woman, the picture of health, was afflicted with an incurable disease that was eating her very life away. The Emerics had no children, so they made protegés of Mrs. Emeric's relatives and to these the unhappy woman was kinder than any mother could be. One of her nieces, Irene Stearns, was married within the last two years to Mrs. Emeric's brother, Howard Barbier. Her sister Lorena, better known as "Birdie" Barbier, was the one who at her death received all the property Harry Emeric had deeded to his wife. The suit Mr. Emeric brought to recover this property was later compromised but Miss Barbier still remains in the enjoyment of a considerable income. She is a very beautiful young woman and knows how to enjoy life.

Of the many versions that have been published regarding the reason of the disagreement between Harry Emeric and his wife's sister is one that I have never seen in print. This is to the effect that Miss Barbier was engaged to a young man, a member of a local firm of carpet manufacturers, and this matrimonial understanding was not pleasantly regarded by the fair Birdie's brother-in-law. As she was a resident of his home and he presumably filled the relation of guardian toward her, he though he had a right to say who should be the man to become his ward's husband. The story goes that Miss Barbier rebelled at Mr. Emeric's espionage. There was a huge split in their amicable relations and the young woman was ordered to leave her brother-in-law's house. This she did, with alacrity, and started a ménage of her own. But when the Emerics moved to the Palace hotel, I am told by one who knows all the persons concerned in the story, that Birdie used often to visit her sister. She arranged her visits so that they would be at times when Mr. Emeric was not in, and Miss Barbier would send up word to her sister that she was downstairs in the reception room. Upon these occasions, Mrs. Emeric never failed to give her sister subtantial presents, for she would never let her favorite want for anything.

The former Mrs. Emeric had a desire, before her health became such that she could no longer cherish any ambitions for herself, to shine as a social leader. There is really no reason in the world, save that she did not go the right way to achieve her wish, why she should not have succeeded. Of humble origin and limited education herself, she had married a man of good family. And their wealth should have been their passport into local society, which can certainly not be termed exclusive. They moved into a comfortable residence in Geary street near Van Ness avenue and Mrs. Emeric proceeded to entertain. Some people of prominence attended her parties but a good many others did not. She entertained most lavishly, gave dinners, opera and theatre parties and all sorts of delightful functions carried out in the perfection of detail. She even supplied the gowns, I am told, of certain young women who attended her parties. However I have never heard that any one of these girls has ever since expressed a word of gratitude toward her benefactress.

A feature of the Emeric dinners was a table service of solid gold, the only one, I have heard, of this rich metal to be seen on this coast. I do not know who has it now. It seems a thousand pities that this generous hostess should not have had her ambitions for social prominence realized. Nevertheless it was through the envy of one of her own relations that her hopes were dashed to the ground. Malicious stories were put in circulation, and even found their way into one of our weekly papers which is not scrupulous as to how it gets its news or whether the news is true. The stories were not bad, but they were dictated by malice and reflected, usually sarcastically, upon the manner in which "a certain hostess" in "a Geary street residence" entertained. It was said spiritualistic seances were often the ordre du soir, and that sort of thing. By and by they stopped—but the damage had been done. And it was shortly after that Mrs. Emeric went abroad, accompanied by her physician, Dr. Terrill, to see what could be done for her by foreign medicos. The result of that trip and her return to San Francisco to undergo an operation here, are well remembered. The operation was successful but the shock of the earthquake that at the moment the surgeon had completed his work, shook the city was too much for the patient in her weak, nervous state, and she died.

First reporter: I know why Chief Lees didn't capture the thieves that stole the box of sovereigns from the Mariposa.
Second reporter: Why?
First reporter: He forgot to throw himself into a hack.
Second reporter: What a fatal oversight!

Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Shumate have returned from their wedding trip and while awaiting the completion of their new home will reside with Mr. Ortmann, Mrs. Shumate's father, at the corner of California and Scott streets.

"JURANCON" IS "IT."

TOM McCANN, the avant courier of the Livermore vineyard, has just returned from a tour of the north and middle west, which he made for the purpose of directing attention to the Chauché & Bon wines. He says that the famous "Jurancon" is now the popular table beverage in all the leading clubs and restaurants from Portland to Chicago.

An advance shipment of Fall Dress Goods will be one of the principal attractions at the establishment of J. J. O'Brien & Co. during the week commencing August twenty-first, and ladies desirous of purchasing the latest and most desirable dress goods fabrics at moderate prices should not fail to visit the old established firm. Another attraction at O'Briens' is their complete stock of Boys' and Children's clothing which parents will find on sale at remarkably moderate prices. The Boys' School Suits which O'Briens' are selling at from $1.60 to $4.95 are exceptionally good values.

World of Law

THE COURT VACATION IS practically over now and all the departments of the Superior court will shortly be in full swing. Judge Hebbard is taking a late rest and will not be seen on the bench till next month; but the others have had their fun and are prepared to settle down to the hard work that will be their lot between now and Christmas. Various judges have various methods of enjoying their ease. Judge Hunt is the busiest man alive on his vacation. He simply cannot rest a minute. He is up with the lark, on his feet the whole day and is the hardest man in the state to tire. He had a varied experience this year. At first he went to Boca, nine miles east of Truckee on the main line, and stayed awhile at the hotel there. He used to swear by the Boca hotel, from the excellence of its table and the care of his guests taken by mine host McDonald. The old Scotchman, however, who so pleased his customers that so great an authority as Admiral Beardslee made especial mention of his establishment, has left Boca and the hotel is now in the hands of a younger man, who, up to now, has not succeeded in so well satisfying the fastidious tastes of the Truckee river anglers.

This fact, and also the fact that the fish were few and far between and the anglers for them were legion, caused Judge John Hunt to pull up stakes after a brief stay and seek pastures new. He went to Webber lake, where he got better sport. But when his fishing trip was over the judge returned to San Francisco, got Mrs. Hunt and took her up to Klamath hot springs, where the last remnant of flesh that hung upon his gaunt frame was boiled out. It was a long cross-country journey and Judge Hnnt reports the weather at boiling point. The world is very small, so it was not surprising that the famous angler should meet acquaintances at odd nooks and corners in his travels through Siskiyou county. He brought back pleasant stories of a pleasant outing.

The whole detective force has been employed in an attempt to discover what Judge Coffey did with himself during his vacation. The man whose city address has never yet been divulged takes a delight in burying himself far from the madding crowd. He is now back and rubs his hands and chuckles when asked how he enjoyed himself. "From east to west, from north to south, o'er hill and dale, by land and sea we roamed," says His Honor, referring to his nephews and himself. That is all he will say. Some had it that Judge Coffey had been to New York and had gathered a fresh stock of legal knowledge from an observation of the institutions and customs of the east. The knowing ones, however, declare that the probate judge did not leave the state but tramped on foot through Lake county, taking in the various resorts on the way.

If that is so I wonder Judge Coffey did not meet his brother of Department 11, Judge William P. Lawlor, who also footed it through Lake county. They say the latter was the most picturesque object the world ever set eyes on. "I travel alone to get acquainted with myself," he said, as he tramped his Weary Walker way. Some idea of his plight may be gathered from the fact that he was refused admission to the hotel at Highland springs. "We take no tramps," said the man. Now that sort of thing would irritate any man differently constituted to Judge Lawlor. Not so the little judge, who chuckled merrily to himself as he gradually overcame the scruples of the bath attendant with regard to some harmless and decidedly necessary ablutions. He enjoyed himself to his heart's content and is now back on the bench, dispensing justice in his usual firm, vigorous, fearless, open way. Despite his short experience he is all there.

It seems only too certain now that the Botkin case must be reversed and the murderess of poor Mrs. Dunning awarded a new trial for the very same reason that caused the Supreme court to grant a new trial to Albert Hoff. Judge Carroll Cook reluctantly admits that he delivered the very same long-winded and pointed charge upon the subject of circumstantial evidence in the one case that he used in the other. Chief Lees is looking very glum at the prospect of another trial, with witnesses that may or may not be induced to undertake a second time the long journey from Delaware state. Judge Murphy is no less dissatisfied and is now concentrating all his energies upon an elaborate motion for a rehearing of the Hoff case. He will point out that the objectionable instructions have been used over and over again and will endeavor to show the tribunal of last resort that terrific harm will be done in the event of its refusal to reconsider.

There are lots of 'A. A.' brands of whisky, but only one Jesse Moore 'A.A.'

"Ain't there anyway to get the case to the Supreme court at Washington?" asked Chief Lees the other day

"Afraid not," replied his legal adviser.

"Why," blurted out the chief, "there are thirty odd kinds of habeas corpus. I'll swear we can use one." The chief is an adept on habeas corpus and forgets that it is the prisoner's remedy, not the state's.

Poor Supreme court! It has some hard tasks set it. It is confronted with a dilemma in the charter cases. In order to decide that the county clerk, the recorder, sheriff, coroner, district attorney and public admiuistrator must come up for election again next November it must "skin back" its decision in the case of Kahn v. Sutro. It must say, too, whether the charter supersedes the county government act, and no matter what its ultimate decision it cannot fail to get itself cordially disliked.

One eminent believer in good government said the other day that in his opinion the Supreme court would rise above small technicalities in dealing with the new charter. "They will say," quoth he, "that the people's will expressed at the polls and in the legislature must be supported even if the means to arrive thereat has been somewhat irregular." Then, in the next breath, the same man said that when the people had had two years of their coveted charter they would be up in arms against it. Time will show; it is hard to please a fickle public for all time.

Judge Wallace is mentioned as a democratic candidate for district attorney. Ye gods! The dignified judge, so conscious and so tenacious of his power, to be willing to find himself in the position of an advocate before some younger member of the judicial fraternity. Nothing but a judgeship, and of the Supreme court at that, would serve to atone for his Honor's defeat of November last, it was thought. And now district attorney! It will be justice of the peace next. His ex-Honor must be tired of a life of luxury and ease between his Van Ness avenue mansion and the card-tables of the Pacific-Union club.

Another eminent jurist, Justice of the Peace Joseph E Barry, has been calling attention to himself of late. He passed some weeks at Highland springs, where he was the adored of the fair sex. He spouted eloquently and vigorously upon all occasions on the subject of his great profession, having an eye to a place among the fortunate four who will be elected superior judges in 1900. One night he was heard to observe:

"I am the only jurist (save the mark!) in San Francisco who has always consistently fought the Southern Pacific!"

Now, Uncle Collis, get out your drag-net and sweep this young man in. For years you have silenced the tongues of your most dangerous opponents by placing their names on your pay-roll. Look out for Joseph Barry before he gets you in his clutches.

—o—

My friend Mr. William S. Barnes, the eminent ex-district attorney, has been distinguishing himself as a criminal lawyer up country. A man named Emerson killed a man named Rogers in Tuolumne county and hearing of Captain Billy's wondrous prowess he sent for him. Terms were arranged, and the genial Billy exerted all his forensic and strategic powers on his client's behalf. But country juries are hard game. The man was found guilty of murder in the first degree, with the death penalty. What throws the extra ha-ha! on to Billy B. is the fact that this was the first conviction in forty years in Tuolumne county.

—o—

I have been to Santa Cruz for a few days. While there I inspected the courthouse and found it to be an inoffensive, unbusiness-like sort of place. The town is agog with the expectation of a second trial of Plyler, the mayhem fiend. It may come to nothing, as the miserable victim of the outrage has fled the city, gone to hide himself God knows where, away from the taunts of friend and foe. THE COURT REPORTER.

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BUT NOT THE LAST

AWAY with your fictions of flimsy romance;
Those tissues of falsehood which folly has wove!
Give me the mild beam of the soul-breathing glance,
Or the rapture that dwells on the first kiss of love.

Ye rhymers, whose bosoms with phantasy glow,
Whose pastoral passions are made for the grove
From what blest inspiration your sonnets would flow,
Could you ever have tasted the first kiss of love!

If Apollo should e'er his assistance refuse,
Or the Nine be disposed from your service to rove,
Invoke them no more, bid adieu to the muse,
And try the effect of the first kiss of love!

I hate you, ye cold compositions of art!
Though prudes may condemn me, and bigots reprove,
I caught the effusions that sprang from the heart
Which throbs with delight to the first kiss of love!

Your shepherds, your flocks, those fantastical themes,
Perhaps may amuse but they never can move.
Arcadia displays but a region of dreams:
What are visions like these to the first kiss of love?

Oh! cease to affirm that man, since his birth,
From Adam till now, has with wretchedness strove:
Some portion of paradise still is on earth,
And Eden revives in the first kiss of love.

When age chills the blood, when our pleasures are past,
For years fleet away with the wings of a dove,
The dearest remembrance will still be the last,
Our sweetest memorial the first kiss of love. BYRON.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. The Miller company in a repertory of the successes of their season.

CALIFORNIA. "London Assurance," "As You Like It" and Ibsen—Blanche Bates shows her versatility.

ALCAZAR. "Under Two Flags"—Ouida's old novel in dramatic version.

TIVOLI. "Fidelio" and "Il Trovatore"—interesting and well sung.

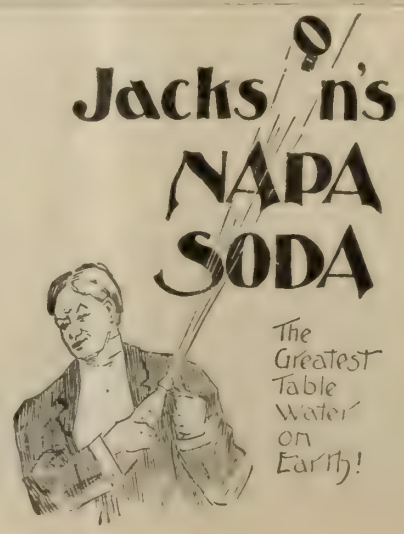
GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Dorothy"—a dainty and charming production.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville is all right.

PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—worth seeing.

SAYS THE DRAMATIC ORACLE of Munsey's, in speaking of Hannah May Ingham, leading woman of the Murray Hill company: "To play Ophelia at fifteen is something of an ordeal, even for an enthusiastic amateur. To play it so well that the impersonation leads to an engagement for leading roles in a professional company, is a record worth remembering Like a vast number of her sister players, she is a daughter of California. The association of amateurs in which she gained her first distinction, was named in her honor, the Ingham dramatic company. A peculiarity in her career is the fact that from the very beginning she has never played any but leading parts." I must confess never to have heard of this prodigy before. California is always producing precocious infant wonders, who are rarely heard of after they reach maturity. About a decade ago there were a dozen or more amateur companies, all producing Hamlet or Romeo and Juliet. If I remember rightly, Laura Crews was essaying Juliet at the age of seven. There were Little Wednesdays and little every-other-days at every theatre in town and there never were so many theatres open at once before nor since. There was a Little Morrow Tucker and a Little Geraldine Something else, and almost as many Little Lord Fauntleroys and young Bootblacks on the stage as there were on the streets; and yet, of the whole army of "gifted children," how many are now worthy to be called actors? Georgie Cooper and Jimmy Horn come into their talent by right of inheritance. Their mothers, Georgie and Edith Woodthorpe, were exceptionally bright stage children of about the same period as Zoe Tuttle, Helen Dauvray (Little Nell, the California Diamond) and Fay Templeton, none of whom except Helen Dauvray maintained in adult years the promise of her childhood. There were four of the Allen sisters, but Viola appears to be the only one who has become a leading lady. Grace Pierce is another of whom much was prophesied. One might enumerate a score or more, all of whom were to have cast a shadow upon the greatest names the stage has ever known—and all of whom have been eclipsed. In some cases it has been the inevitable result of mistaking a small talent and natural vivacity for great genius. Children not infrequently play a child's part well because the character is practically their own. There is nothing beyond their experience or their capacity of comprehension. With well-trained voices and a familiarity with stageland they do creditable work and moreover, they are easily stimulated by applause and flattery. It is not so much acting as doing on the stage precisely what they do off. It does not follow as a matter of course that these same children are capable of transferring themselves mentally to other times or conceiving other conditions. Elsie Leslie was a wonderful Fauntleroy. Had she not been such a mere infant, her failure to grasp the difference in the characters of Prince Edward and Tom Canty in The Prince and the Pauper would have been pitiful. The child was letter-perfect in her part and well-costumed, but at her age, how could she have been expected to appreciate either of the characters, the boy king of England or the street beggar of over three centuries ago? Sometimes the child actor falls behind from lack o industry. They are generally taken from school while very young and thereafter their whole training consists of elocution, singing, dancing and such physical training as will help them to appear well under a calcium light. History, literature or general mental culture of any kind is considered unnecessary and the natural outcome is that the child who, at ten, twelve or even fifteen years of age says good-bye to school books, has no definite idea of where to turn for information concerning any epoch or event in history. Tough girls and chappies they study from life on the streets. Bathing girls and bouncing girls and the precociously juvenile young man about town—and there is the end of their ability. As a rule, the only infant phenomena who make good actors at maturity are those who are descendants of theatrical families, and who are retired early to undergo a thorough schooling, entirely uninterrupted by excursions into the land of make-believe. Stage prodigies are too apt to prove themselves but forced blossoms, beautiful in advance of their season, but evanescent. SARAH CONNELL.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Our elegant new fall "dress hats" displayed this week.



Tivoli THE FEATURE of this week was the production of Beethoven's Fidelio. By reviving this classical work which may be entitled a symphonic poem the management is entitled to the gratitude of every earnest admirer of good music. Because of the symphonic character of the work, the vocalists are not taxed to any great extent and the artistic success of the performance depended almost solely on the orchestra. It is not a secret that the musicians who sit before the stage at the Tivoli are fully capable to overcome the greatest difficulties with ease. Despite the fact that Fidelio necessitates a large number of strings, the Tivoli orchestra obtained sufficient volume to extract the imposing grandeur and impressive color which the composer has introduced in the score. Theopera Fidelio is as earnest as are all of Beethoven's works and through it may be heard some reminiscent strains from some of the composer's well known and much admired symphonies. It was indeed gratifying to note that an opera which several years ago would not have attracted two hundred people, succeeded in filling the Tivoli on almost every evening of its production. Miss Linck no doubt deserves credit for her impersonation of the title role. To sing Beethoven's music is far more fatiguing than to sing Wagner opera, for the former demands intensely dramatic accent embodied in vigorous recital, while Wagner merely demands powerful organs which he asks to free themselves of any fetters whatever. Miss Linck, both in dramatic declamation as well as musical knowledge, proved herself fully capable of essaying the part. Miss Ada Palmer Walker made her initial bow in grand opera here as Marcelline. Miss Walker has a soprano of dramatic quality which she understands how to use according to artistic rules. In Marcel Perron, who essayed the part of Fernando, the Tivoli has succeeded in engaging the services of a vocalist who commands a pleasant and well schooled voice. He certainly did some good work in Fidelio. William Schuster as Rocco, the jailor, was fully equipped with the necessary requirements of the role. Il Trovatore brought back Ella Prossnitz, who is considerably refreshed from her week's vacation and whose voice showed fine signs of dramatic quality and excellent method. No doubt as Santuzza Miss Prossnitz will prove an admirable exponent of the role, as her histrionic talent together with her musical ability will make the part very impressive. Next week's bill will consist of I' Pagliacci and Cavalleria Rusticana. Who would not give much to hear again that wonderful baritone of Salassa's in the prologue to Pagliacci? To this day it is ringing in the ears of all those who heard him before. Avedano will repeat his triumph as Canio.

Orpheum ALTHOUGH there will be but three new attractions in the vaudeville line the coming week, the bill presented promises to be one of exceptional strength. All of the new acts come well recommended and the people retained from last week will all make some change in the specialties they present. Of the newcomers Frank Hall and Cass Staley promise the most. They call themselves The Twentieth Century Burglars and their demonstration of the possibilities of comedy in a criminal occupation is said to be clever and amusing Freeze brothers, tambourine jugglers and clog dancers, made a big hit in New York during the early part of this year and McMahon and King, black face artists, are known the world over as champions of the art of fun making. Mansfield and Wilbur will be retained from last week. Their work won for them many friends and in a new sketch which they will present they expect to continue their success. The other holdovers are Caron and Herbert, Cardownies, who acquired the ability to dance real jigs and hornpipes on the heather of the Scotch Highlands; Esmeralda, the musical wire-walker; Dagmar, the Czar's big favorite, and the American biograph.

Grand Opera House THEY are giving a delightful production of Alfred Cellier's Dorothy at the Grand. One hears of its great success everywhere and its popularity is evidenced by the fact that the theatre is crowded to the doors nightly and those who come late are unable to gain admission. Bessie Fairbairn, who makes her first appearance, justifies the favorable reports that have preceded her from the east and proves herself to be a clever character actress. Monday evening Von Suppe's Clover will be revived after a lengthy interval, with a splendid cast and an increased orchestra and chorus. The costumes and scenery will be very beautiful and the latter will illustrate picturesque and celebrated places in Bavaria, France, Italy and Norway. A charming feature of the program will be a grand ballet, which will be danced by a corps of beautiful girls, while the Venetian carnival holds full sway. A military march by attractive damsels in brilliant and dazzling uniforms will also be performed.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Our elegant new fall "dress hats" displayed this week.

Alcazar BERTIE CECIL AND CIGARETTE have been objects of adoration to many hundreds of theatregoers all this week, and next week by special request Florence Roberts has decided to repeat two of the plays in which she created so profound an impression, Camille and Romeo and Juliet. Camille will be given on the first three nights of the week and beginning with Thursday evening and for the remaining of the week with the Saturday matinee, Romeo and Juliet will be revived. Miss Roberts' season at the Alcazar has been most successful. There remain but two more weeks of Miss Roberts' season, when will come the inauguration of the strongest stock season the management has ever offered its patrons. Both in people and plays to be presented the fall season of the Alcazar promises a dramatic treat to our theatregoers. The new leading man is said to be both clever and handsome.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY LEONARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned. Executrix and Executor respectively of the last will and testament of MARY LEONARD, deceased, to the creditors, of. and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix and executor or either thereof at the law offices of LENT AND HUMPHREY at rooms 54 and 55 in the Crocker Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY LEONARD and LEON ROOS,
Executrix and Executor respectively of
the estate of Mary Leonard, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco. August 12, 1899.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
54-55 Crocker Building.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROGER PRENDERGAST Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of ROGER PRENDERGAST deceased, to the creditors. of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors at the law office of J. J. Dwyer at the Mills Building, Seventh Floor, Room 38, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER J. DUNNE and CHARLES HIRSHFELD,
Executors of the last will and testament of
Roger Prendergast Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 22. 1899.

J. J. DWYER, Mills Building,
Attorney for Executors.

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

In the Matter of the Estate of MABEL RUTH LOCKWOOD CRAMER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles duly given and made on the 8th day of August A. D. 1899, in the above entitled proceeding, the undersigned, the administrator of the said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, Gold Coin of the United States and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, 10 per cent of the purchase price to be made-at time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court on or after the 6th day of September A. D. 1899, all the right, title and interest and estate of the above name decedent at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that the estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Mabel Ruth Lockwood Cramer, deceased, at the time of her death, and commonly described as an undivided one-fifth (1-5) interest in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Elliott Park One Hundred and thirty-two (132) feet westerly from Steiner Street and running thence westerly along said line of Elliot Park twenty-two (22) feet, thence at right angles northerly seventy (70) feet: thence at right angles easterly twenty-two (22) feet: thence at right angles southerly seventy (70) feet to the point of commencement, with improvements thereon consisting of a cottage of six rooms: Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at law, Rooms 54 and 55 Crocker Building, at the junction of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California or may be delivered to the administrator personally or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

RICHARD LOUIS CRAMER,
Administrator of the estate of
Mabel Ruth Lockwood Cramer.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
Attorneys for the Administrator,
54-55 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

A. D. Cheshire, President and Manager — Blair T. Scott, Vice President — W. O. MacDougall, Secretary

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Columbia THE MILLER SEASON will come to an end with tonight's performance and the regular combination season of the theatre will begin on Monday night. The management will then present the author-actor, Clay Clement, and his own company in the new romantic comedy, A Southern Gentleman. When Clement appeared here last season in The New Dominion he was received in the most cordial manner and his return will be one of more than passing interest in theatricals. He will be supported by Augustus Cook, Jeffry D. Williams, H. S. Duffield, Phosa McAllister, Helen Broderick, Mrs. Clay Clement and others. It is said that in no play heretofore offered has southern sentiment and southern atmosphere been so happily combined into a story of intense interest as has been done by Clay Clement in A Southern Gentleman. The play was seen in but one southern city last season—Louisville, Kentucky, where it was the subject of not only the most favorable and extended criticism but was editorially commented upon by Mr. Watterson personally in the Courier Journal.

California THREE INTERESTING productions have held the boards this week, London Assurance, Hedda Gabler and As You Like It. Next Monday Mr. Friedlander will present A Bachelor's Honeymoon, said to be the funniest farce that has been written for many a day. It is entirely devoid of offensiveness or vulgarity and had a tremendous success at Hoyt's New York theatre where in the farce line it easily made the hit of the season. The company presenting ia here has been carefully selected and contains some of the cleverest comedians in the country. A Bachelor's Honeymoon will be run but one week when the California will be closed to undergo a complete renovation and to receive improvements and adornments.

There was an amusing little incident at the Columbia last Saturday night. About the middle of the last act an old lady accompanied by a little boy started for the door. But she evidently did not know where the place of exit was located. She had been occupying a seat in the extreme rear of the balcony, but she tramped—not noiselessly—with her little companion down the stairs not only of the upper, but of the lower tier of seats. And then she made everybody in the front row stand up while she and the boy made their way across from one aisle to the other. About the time she was starting up the stairs on another hunt for the exit, an usher spied her and gave her a cue to pursue her search successfully. However, it must have been a strange sight to those on the stage when an entire row of balcony spectators arose in the midst of the last act.

AN OPEN AND A PUPPY STAKE

THE ATTRACTION at the Union coursing park today and tomorrow will be a Puppy and an Open stake. The puppy stake has forty-eight entries and the open fifty-four. In the puppy stake the Pasha kennels have entered a very promising dog in Roundabout, the puppy has a world of speed and should capture the long end of the purse. In the open stake Lawrence and Gladiator should battle out for first money if they are in form.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky taken at bed-time. Your druggist has it.

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Week of August 21st

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Wednesday night - - - - - - - CAMILLE.
Thursday night - - - - - - ROMEO AND JULIET.
Friday night - - - - - - ROMEO AND JULIET.
Saturday matinee - - - - - ROMEO AND JULIET.
Saturday night - - - - - - ROMEO AND JULIET.
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A Breezy Absurdity

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THE WIND AND THE WHEAT

I HEARD the wooing lips of the wind low whispering to the wheat
Which rustled and trembled, swayed and bowed beneath his caresses sweet;
Which listened responsive and thrilled all through from golden head to feet.

Defiantly smiled and glittered in the face of the dazzling sun;
The wheat knew well that his shining day to shadow would surely run
And loved the wilful wind the best whose persistence had favor won.

JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

Music World

WHILE LAST SATURDAY I endeavored to show that the vocal art is not declining, that the reasons enumerated in favor of this supposed decline were absolutely irrelevant and incorrect, I shall even go further today and prove that vocal art stands at this day higher than previously and is steadily increasing. And I shall not confine this statement to vocal art alone. I propose to show that music as an art is upon a higher artistic basis today than it ever was before. Beginning with the vocal art, the most accurate criterion by which to ascertain the value of a certain commodity is the demand for it. What is good of products applies also to the artists and what may be credited to artists is equally true in regard to art itself. Thus if you desire accurate information as to the standing of vocal art today in comparison to that of earlier date, find out the number of persons who practice vocal art today with that of former days. If you discover that there are more students now than there were before you have gained the first step in proving that vocal art is increasing, for a greater interest signifies a greater demand and if the demand for vocal art is becoming greater, art itself is, as a natural result, more encouraged. And finally when art is more encouraged this year than it was last year it shows that the art is increasing. I need not cite any examples to prove that the number of vocal students and teachers exceeds today by far that of previous periods. I need not show facts and figures to uphold my assertion that today we have ten good vocal students and teachers to one years ago. These statements are too matter of fact to need any further elucidation. No one whose observation is keen will deny these circumstances. Now then, if the number of students and teachers is larger than it was at any previous time, the demand for a vocal education is certainly increasing and I have gained my first proof in my contention that the vocal art is in the increase.

¶ ¶

From the instructors and the instructed we pass on to the professional vocalists. These are divided into two classes, the concert singers and the operatic singers. If you desire to prove that vocal art is increasing, you must show that its exponents are increasing also, and thus I do not hesitate to assert that today we have more good concert and operatic singers than we ever had before. And the very best proof lies in the fact that the number of prima donnas and "illustrious" concert singers is decreasing. This sounds strange, does it not? Nevertheless it is the truth. What was the reason that years ago we had over a dozen prominent prima donnas? Because the average operatic singer was so limited in resources that anyone who succeeded in discarding this vocal conventionality was hailed with delight. Twenty-five years ago singers were not offered the inducements regarding vocal art that is offered them today; by this I mean that vocal instruction was practiced by a select few and that all ordinary vocal teachers were not equipped as well years ago as they are at the present day. So the teachers not being so numerous and their resources of instruction being very limited they could not educate their pupils to become prominent singers, hence the enthusiasm over new stars. In short, as there were but few good teachers there were but few good singers and thus it was possible to produce more "famous" artists. However, matters are different today The number of good teachers is increasing, the number of good students is becoming larger; hence our good artists are becoming more numerous. It stands therefore to reason that our "famous" prima donnas must accomplish far more than has formerly been the case and consequently we have not so many. The more efficient our amateur talent is becoming the more is required of the professional and the day will come that the star system will be abolished altogether because we will have so many stars that they will be too numerous to enumerate. A natural result of the increase of good talent is the decrease of great stars. The concert stage is an excellent illustration. Note, for instance, the pianists—they are becoming more numerous every day. And because Liszt at his time was considered more wonderful than Rosenthal today is not proof that he was really superior; it merely proves that at the time of Liszt there were not so many pianists as there are today. Why did Paderewski make a greater "hit" than Rosenthal? First, because more money was spent to "boom" him, and secondly, because during his first tour pianists were very rare in America. We will see whether my contention is correct during Paderewski's next visit to America.

¶ ¶

I have thus gained two points: First, there is a greater demand for vocal education than there ever was before and secondly our number of well equipped vocalists both in concert as well as operatic work, is increasing while the number of so-called "stars" is decreasing. Of course an increasing demand for a vocal education carries along an increase of charlatans, who desire to create the impression that they above all are able to introduce young ambitious amateurs into the inner circle of vocal art. I believe there are just a few here in San Francisco of this class. But as long as they succeed in luring inexperienced people to their private studios only, it is not the critic's duty to interfere with them, but whenever one of these self-appointed educators desires to pose before the public as an eminent apostle of the art of music then is the time to apply the whip of retribution. Perhaps there may be some opportunity next season to act in the interests of humanity. Next week I shall endeavor to show how music in general is today far more advanced than it was years ago.

¶ ¶

Giulio Minetti returned from his European trip last Sunday. He looks somewhat sunburned and has acquired a few pounds of avoirdupois. He visited his family in Turin, Italy, and also his old teacher Signor Bolzoni, who gave him some of his compositions—two string quartets bearing the compliments of the author and some symphonic orchestral pieces. Signor Bolzoni is director of the Turin conservatory of music and a prominent teacher and composer. Mr. Minetti will play these new compositions during the next series of chamber music by the Minetti quartets which will begin during the early part of September. In Paris Mr. Minetti attended the opera and also witnessed some of the Dreyfus excitement which he claims is not so great as one reads in the newspapers. In fact he asserts that the interest is keener here in America than it is at Paris. In London Minetti visited the symphony concerts of Wood and Mackenzie. He prefers Wood's orchestra which he heard in Tschaikowsky's symphony No. 6—the pathetique—and claims that Scheel's interpretation of it is far superior to that of Wood. Ysaye was the soloist, and received his usual ova-

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tions. At Covent Garden Minetti heard Tannhauser and Die Walkure, which operas included Lilli Lehmann and the heavenly twins—Jean and Edouard. He also heard Van Dyck in Lohengrin. Lilli Lehmann, according to Minetti's idea, is still an excellent vocalist and her voice does not seem to show any signs of antiquity. Of course the De Reszke brothers are upon the pinnacle of fame. Minetti returned on the German steamship Wilhelm der Grosse where he met Scharwenka. A concert was given for the benefit of the sailors in which Scharwenka and Minetti participated. One of their selections was a Foote sonata And now having gained a little inspiration abroad Minetti is ready to take his quartet in tow, which promises to inaugurate one of the most refined and artistic chamber music series ever given in San Francisco.

¶ ¶

From the Colorado Springs papers I see that Ferdinand Stark is as successful there as he was here. One of the writers has this to say of Stark: "The secret of this superiority is found in Mr. Stark's personality. He is a born leader. His command over his men is such that though they are a picked body of soloists on hearing them one gets the impression that the whole orchestra is but Stark magnified. His sense of rhythm is phenomenal. I know of no one, unless it is Strauss, who can ennoble a waltz and lift it into the realm of poetry as can Ferdinand Stark. His command of the rallentando is almost unique; he knows the value of the pause; his crescendos are uplifting—in short his variety, dash, tenderness and sparkle compel one's admiration." Glancing through Stark's programs I find that he gives a series of symphony concerts which include such works as a suite by Grieg, symphony by Mozart, Tschaikowsky's andante cantabile (for strings) and chant sans paroles and Beethoven's symphony No. 1.

¶ ¶

Emil Steinegger's farewell concert was well attended and gave evidence of the fact that the gentleman does not make any mistake in desiring to increase his already advanced musical accomplishments by a visit to Europe. I hear that Mr. Steinegger is not one of those who parade their talent in public but is rather backward in trying to obtain recognition. It is generally the case that artists who do not make great pretensions are generally the most deserving and Mr. Steinegger does right in going to Europe where in an artistic atmosphere he is sure to acquire confidence in his talent. I understand also that Mr. Steinegger is an excellent teacher. He seems to have grasped the idea of going to Europe after one's studies are completed here. In other words go to Europe for observation and polish rather than for study. He has selected a good man in Leschetizky and on his return his ideas will no doubt be broader and more positive. The participants in the concert were the Press club quartet, D M. Lawrence and Chas. Parent Jr.

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Dr. H. J. Stewart began his regular organ recitals at Trinity church on August sixth, and executed them in that musicianly and artistic manner that characterizes his organ playing. Tomorrow's recital will be of especial interest as it will comprise a Wagner program. The five numbers will consist of: Elsa's Brautgang zum Munster (Lohengrin); Song of the Rhine Maidens (Gotterdammerung); Wotan's Farewell and Magic Fire Scene (Die Walkure) and Kaiser March Throughout Dr. Stewart's selections I notice a praiseworthy departure from the ordinary collections of church music. He seems to be fully awake to the fact that church music is supposed to educate and instruct as well as assist in divine service. It is too bad that really good music is so rarely found in the musical program of a church service. Now here is a musical service after my own heart: Te Deum in B flat minor, Foote; offertory, Hearts Feel That Love Thee, Mendelssohn; Te Deum and Jubilate in F, Tours; Fear Not O Lord, Goss. These are numbers of merit and are taken from the Trinity musical program of tomorrow and next Sunday. The organ recital next Sunday will include compositions by Best, Tours, Grieg and Gigout. True music lovers should not fail to attend them.

¶

The Arion concert last Tuesday evening introduced Herman Genss as a conductor of choral works. The Harmonie showed marked improvement under the baton of its new director and in a little while will be able to give a good concert. Mr. Genss is one of those earnest musicians who pay strict attention to light and shade and are accurate and careful, endeavoring to obtain as correct an interpretation of the works as can possibly be obtained. I am sorry to say that from Tuesday's orchestral exhibition I cannot as yet form a decisive opinion of Mr. Genss' qualifications as an orchestral conductor but must yet depend on the fine indorsement he obtained abroad. However it is not fair to draw conclusions after a first hearing, especially when connected with such great disadvantages as guided the organization of this orchestra. Only one day did the musicians have to come together and considering the short time he had to organize this orchestra Mr. Jaulus, who did this work, must be heartily complimented for he succeeded in engaging first-class musicians. Mrs. John Marquardt's harp solo was a decidedly artistic piece of work. There are few artists that can vie with this highly talented harpist.

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The Professor's Hobby

Dr. Justus Falkenberg, PROFESSOR of Archeology in Berlin, had for the last five years regularly installed himself at the beginning of his long vacation in the household of his brother Fritz Falkenberg, apothecary of Honef, a little health resort. In years gone by he had passed his holidays at the seashore but now that he had grown older and more sedate he no longer found enjoyment there. At his brother's he found a true home, large, pleasant rooms and such cheerful attention to his wants that the fifty-year-old bachelor fairly basked in a sense of ease and comfort. When his tall, stout figure and large friendly face appeared on street or promenade many a hollow-chested and narrow-breasted Kurgast cast an envious glance after him.

The two brothers were wealthy in their own right. The apothecary was the younger by two years and had been ten years a widower. He had one child, a twenty-year-old daughter, Marie, who ruled the household, reinforced by an experienced cook, the pearl of her calling, as the professor termed her. At almost every meal he felt constrained to cry out:

"That woman understands her business."

Between the two brothers reigned an unusual concord—except on one point—for perfection unhappily does not exist on this planet.

The professor had a hobby—what learned German has not, especially when he is a bachelor? His was graphology. The apothecary considered this child's play and designated it by one word, "Bosh." But the professor did not worry himself long over his brother's vandalism, for had he not learned from the latter's handwriting that he was of a flighty nature, and that to him the deep and solemn secrets of wisdom had no meaning?

This happy fellow might be able to determine the age of Rhine wine by tasting it but to loosen knotty problems by power of deep thinking—impossible! However, no blame to the poor fellow.

Toward ten in the morning, after his walk the professor often installed himself in the laboratory, where he was decidedly in the way of the apothecary and his two assistants. As his father had been of the same calling he understood a little of the art of reading prescriptions A new district physician had come to Honef and as soon as the professor heard of his arrival he seized upon his prescriptions to study the handwriting. One day he captured one of them as usual, and was soon deep in his beloved graphology. He studied a long while and at last with great decision pronounced judgment:

"The fellow drinks."

The attendant so shook with laughter that he had to lay down the vessel he was in the act of holding; while the apothecary cried out wrathfully:

"A stop to such foolishness; remember you are talking of the district physician."

"I cannot help it, it is so, the writing declares it."

"Bosh!"

The professor did not mind the word but his brother's tone irritated him and he replied, earnestly:

"I can only advise you to read some books on the subject, such as 'Studies in Graphology' by Lagenbeck or 'The Psychology of Handwriting' by Professor Preyer. You will thereby acquire a respect for this knowledge. They have demonstrated that character in all its particulars is expressed in handwriting, and that further—

"Listen, I beg of you! In the first place you are disturbing us, in the second it is the doctor's hour and he may appear at any moment He writes from ten to twelve prescriptions here daily."

"And drinks an equal number of drams. Honestly, now Fritz, isn't it so?"

"Not quite so many, only half."

"Now do you see how my knowledge stands the test —— "

"Go I pray you; the doctor is coming."

"Well, good heart, I will go to please you."

Hardly had the professor left the room, when sure enough in came the doctor. The purple color of his nose betrayed his weakness. Inside of half an hour he had written a dozen prescriptions, accompanying his work with sarcastic observations and drinking three glasses of Marton sherry. When he had finished his task he treated himself to three of dry sherry.

Meanwhile the professor took a walk in the garden to admire the roses. There he found his niece Marie, a stately blonde with fine and agreeable features. He broke off a fine centifolia and said, laughing merrily as he presented it to her:

"Accept, deserted maiden, in the absence of your bridegroom, the all-wise justice of Honef, this flower. I do not understand how the chosen of such a bride can leave her to go on a pleasure trip."

"I accept your rose with thanks and on the return of my bridegroom, which will be today or tomorrow, I shall not fail to acquaint him with your severe charge."

"Frightful! My knees even now tremble under me."

The mighty frame of the professor suddenly shrank, his knees shook and he assumed such a comical look of anxiety, that Marie laughed heartily. But this melodious sound found a harmonious echo and the professor, looking over his shoulder, perceived the perfect cook who had approached unseen and joined in the mirth of her mistress. He was ungrateful enough to forget for a moment all the gratification Anna's cooking had afforded him and he berated her soundly. The cook, however, had arrived at years of discretion and took his hard words calmly.

"I should like to ask," she said with a superior air, "if I am not to bake some cake for the coffee."

"Why do you ask?" inquired Marie.

"Ach, Gott! Müller called to me through the kitchen window that the justice has just arrived"

Marie's face glowed with joyful surprise.

"Certainly Anna, do as you wish."

The cook threw the professor a look which if translated into words would have said:

"Do you see now how you have treated me, you great clown?"

Then she nodded disdainfully and hurried as fast as her great, round figure would allow her, toward the house.

"I am impatient to see the young magistrate and new bridegroom," said the professor, for he had not yet met the young man who had only entered upon his office six months before.

While Anna was busy mixing the cake someone tapped her on the shoulder. With a cry of astonishment she turned round so hastily that she knocked a letter out of Müller's hand into the coal-box

"Ach Gott! Müller, it is you! How came you to frighten me so?"

Müller cast a look of dismay at the letter and then one of love at Anna. He was the bailiff of the court, a man of forty, who, with his savings, amounting to a round five thousand marks, appeared to the cook a desirable parti.

"Now, Müller, I am too busy to see you mornings, you must wait till evening. What was that that fell into the coal-box?"

"That was the letter of the justice to Fraülein Marie."

"Ach, dear Lord God of Biebernheim!" shrieked Anna, trying to extricate the missive from its black hiding-place.

But her blind zeal only hindered matters—a little bit of coal dust had done no damage, but the print of her greasy finger was indelible. As she saw the misfortune she set up such a wail that Müller embraced her mighty girth tenderly, saying to comfort her:

"Never mind Annchen, it is not so bad as all that."

"But I cannot give the letter to my mistress in that state!"

"No, no, of course not. Wipe your fingers and then fetch me a new envelope."

"What are you going to do, Müller?"

"Copy this scrawl, that's simple enough."

"You will open the letter?"

"Why not? Do you want a scolding from your mistress and I a downright blowing up from the justice? Or shall we suppress the letter?"

"Oh, heavens, not that!"

"Then quick and bring envelope, pen and ink."

"But you will not read the letter?"

"Of course not. A love letter and from a magistrate? Shocking!"

While Anna brought the articles desired, Müller opened the envelope with the aid of his pocket-knife. Müller had not overrated his cleverness; in a short time a new address was written, enough like the old to deceive anyone.

"Now Anna, it is all right. There is the neatest letter in the world."

Anna wiped her hands a second time in her white apron and took the letter.

"Well done, Müller. But you have forgotten one thing, the name of the sender on the back."

"Is that necessary?"

"Yes indeed, our young lady is used to it. When she reads the name she does not give a second look to the address."

Müller did as she directed and Anna hurried into the garden where she found her young mistress still with the professor.

"Here, Fraülein, a letter from the Herr Braütigam."

Marie seized the letter joyfully, opened it with haste and carelessly let the envelope drop to the ground while with a beating heart she read the lines of her beloved wherein he announced his coming for afternoon coffee. Anna would gladly

have picked up the envelope, but a glance of the professor deterred her and she hurried back to her kitchen. Hardly had she disappeared when the professor stooped and seized it eagerly; he was on fire to see and test the handwriting of the aspirant to his niece's hand. Hardly had he glanced at it when he exclaimed:

"That man drinks, too."

"What do you mean, uncle?" asked Marie, who did not understand him.

"Is that letter really from your intended?"

While he spoke he cast a glance of pity on his niece.

"Certainly, uncle, from Fritz."

"Poor child, I pity you."

"But uncle, what do you mean?"

"It is my sacred duty to warn you. I must tell you what these characters clearly and distinctly announce to me."

"Indeed, I am most anxious."

"They tell me that the writer is a drunkard and a bully."

"But uncle, Fritz does not drink and he is a peace-loving man."

"Love is blind but my wisdom is clear-sighted."

"Your wisdom is a nuisance, a crime. Yes, a crime, for it slanders people, it takes away their honor and good name. You will not only recall your judgment but you will entirely alter it."

"No, I cannot, I dare not."

So ran on the dispute between uncle and niece long and excitedly, until the apothecary appeared on the scene. Naturally the father took his daughter's part and both heaped the professor with reproaches. Red in the face from anger the father at last cried out:

"So long as your mania harmed no one I did not interfere, but now since you bring trouble into a happy house and cause strife between a loving pair, I forbid you to study another bit of handwriting in my house. I have had enough of this folly which is a menace to mankind and makes honest people miserable."

The professor gave in and peace was restored. At coffee the uncle became acquainted with the young man, who made a good impression on him, for which he was sorry since the agreeable young fellow of barely thirty was the possessor of such horrible failings. Drunkard and bully! So declared his handwriting, yet his eye was so bright, clear and soft that the professor was almost convinced that his beloved wisdom was at fault in this instance. Meanwhile he resolved to hold his peace and watch.

Everything would have gone smoothly had not the apothecary later in the evening joked his brother and revealed to the magistrate the result of his graphological researches.

The justice was a peace-loving man, and under ordinary circumstances would have laughed at the professor's verdict but being a lover he was sensitive at being placed in an unfavorable light in the eyes of his beloved. He was angered and before he left the house he found an opportunity of seeing the professor alone and taking him to task for his assertions. All this was very painful for the latter but his uprightness of character prevented him from extricating himself from the disagreeable situation by a lie, and he held unchanged to what the writing had revealed to him. But this was too much for the young man and he challenged the professor to a duel with pistols unless he would retract.

The loud voices of the disputants finally brought the apothecary and his daughter on the scene. The magistrate, still insisting on satisfaction, strode angrily from the house. The professor only threw oil on the flames, for he regarded the challenge as a proof of his correctness. In transports of rage the two brothers turned away from each other for the first time in their lives.

Never had four people passed so uncomfortable a night, never was graphology so execrated. The apothecary dreamed that he had driven his brother out of the house. Marie dreamed that she saw her beloved lying on the grass with a wound in his breast. The professor spent the night in deliberating whether or not he ought to compromise his beloved graphology by a lie. This conflict of soul cost him sigh upon sigh, and yet he could come to no decision

As soon as morning dawned he leaped out of bed and hastened to his acquaintances to inquire into the character of the justice. To his astonishment one and all spoke favorably of him.

Strange! Could his beloved hobby have played him a trick?

About nine o'clock Marie begged her intended to call upon her and her entreaties inclined him to reconciliation. She wished to bring him and her uncle face to face. This he would not listen to but agreed to write to him.

"But, I beg of you, write politely and not touchingly."

"Certainly, first because he is your uncle and secondly because it is not fitting for a Prussian judge to challenge anyone to a duel."

"I will take it upon myself to see that my uncle gives you a friendly answer."

The magistrate returned home and wrote his letter which he forwarded to the professor. As the latter during the afternoon received and read it, his expression showed astonishment, and his face grew longer and longer. He sent after his niece, and called out as she appeared:

"Look here, is this really your bridegroom's handwriting?"

"Certainly."

"But, mein Gott! it is an entirely different hand from that out of which I drew my conclusions. Here is the envelope and here is the letter."

A deep and searching investigation now began and the truth was drawn from the perfect cook. The professor hurried to the magistrate, told him all, and begged his pardon. The young man was in such a happy frame of mind that Müller got off with a light reprimand. To his satisfaction the professor learned that the bailiff indeed took a glass now and then and on occasions was something of a brawler. He gave a sigh of contentment. The infallibility of his beloved graphology was confirmed.

[Translated from the German by Irene Connell.]

FOR A WORTHY CAUSE

On the evening of August thirty-first, at Maple hall, will be given a benefit for a very worthy cause, i. e., to increase the fund for the support of the Co-operato, the home for self-supporting and small-salaried women established by Reverend Dr. and Mrs. J A B. Wilson at 645 Folsom street, and which has now been in successful existence since December twenty-second, 1898.

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World of Letters

THAT WAS a delightful doing of Edward Stevens, to review Dr. C. W. Doyle's Taming of the Jungle under the impression that it was the work of "R" Conan Doyle of Sherlock Holmes fame. Stevens might have made the mistake of confusing the initials of two authors of the same surname—both moreover, physicians, but how could he or anyone else of even ordinary observation, have failed to see in almost every paper for the last six months laudatory references to "our" Dr. Doyle; and getting past Stevens, is there not yet anyone connected with the Morning Call who knows anything at all about literary matters? For the past quarter of a century that paper has been making just such woful breaks and apparently never even suspecting their absurdity. It is a curious fact, in connection with reviews in general, that the books are almost invariably handed over to the youngest apprentice to the inky trade. One would naturally suppose that a taste for reading, the ability to recognize grammatical English and a bit of experience ought to be a part of the mental outfit of a literary critic, not to mention the possession of critical and analytical ability and some acquaintance with literature. Literary criticism requires quite as much ability and acumen as does the dramatic variety, but apparently the office boy is regarded as competent to "do books." To get back to Dr. Doyle, his Illumination of Lee Moy in the current Lippincott gives a foretaste of his forthcoming book. It promises well for interest and will give us not the "gentle heathen" of the Mission Sunday school, but the shrewd, silent Oriental, the stranger within our gates.

The much commented upon though still nebulous book of Mark Twain, which is not to be published until a hundred years after his death, is reminiscent of that absurd conceit of Stockton's professor, that the humor of Pickwick Papers might be preserved for future generations by rendering it into Greek, where it would be safe from the possible changes incident to a living and growing language. Mark Twain is so up-to-date that one feels inclined to the opinion that we are being defrauded for the benefit of those who probably will not be capable of appreciating the good things they are about to receive.

Anent Stockton, here is a specimen of his Greek translation rendered back into English: Let anyone compare it with the original of Dickens—if he can recognize enough of it to find the right place:

"'For the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road holds high office above the masses,' to him answered the Sire Weller with eyes affiliated; 'for the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road acteth at will, undoubted, humanity otherwise proibited. For the reason that he who drives a vehicle of the post-road is able to look with affection on a woman of eighty far distant, though it is not publicly believed that in the midst of any it is his desire to wed Among males which one discourseth similarly, Sammy?'"

The persistency with which McTeague calls for recognition and comment is surprising. The August Book Buyer devotes a page and a half to a discussion of the novel "from the middle point of view." McTeague is now "a novel with a purpose," but I confess that I am unable to discern what it is. Is it a warning to "Beware of the Dentist" or of a girl who has "win" in a lottery? Perchance the moral is that one should not live on Polk street, or again, it may be a warning to men not to murder their wives or to select some more genteel method than the "all bluggy" one detailed by Mr. Norris. If people had cold shivers over McTeague, what is to be said of A Man's Woman, where one may sup full on horrors in every chapter? The minute details of a surgical operation are a little too much for even abnormal nerves.

It is an odd coincidence, as for that matter all coincidences are, that Winston Churchill, the author of Richard Carvel, should have a namesake in England who is also a writer. The English Winston Churchill is a son of Lady Randolph Churchill of the Anglo-Saxon Review, for which, it is reported, he is writing a new novel. It has been suggested that he should use the middle name Spencer, which both he and his father have omitted and which, for some high and mighty reason unknown to me, must always be hyphenated with Churchill, but surely a man may do as he pleases with his own name. In this connection, it is worth while to mention the humorous lament of the Englishman, Gilbert Burgess who, too, writes nonsense tales for children somewhat after the manner of our Gelett Burgess and who threatens, since Gelett has invaded his field, that he will turn his steps towards San Francisco.

The Bookman announces: "The new edition of H. C. Bunner's poems—the third since his death—will be enlarged by the insertion of his posthumous verses." !!! It is to be hoped that Bunner's "posthumous verses" will do less violence to his memory than do the alleged posthumous writings of others who have gone before. However, it is not every day that the Bookman is caught napping and there is some allowance to be made for New York weather in August. There ought to be a lively "Letter Box" in the September issue.

Ahmet Aarifi Effendi, once director and censor of the press at Constantinople, issued a circular containing the following rules for the guidance of every editor in the Turkish capital:

Do not publish scientific or literary articles too long for completion in a single issue. Avoid the notice "To be continued," which causes an uncomfortable tension of the mind.

Avoid blank spaces and suggestive dots in the body of an article. They tend to raise suppositions and disturb the tranquility of the reader's mind, as was lately seen in the case of the Levant Herald.

Avoid personalities. If anybody comes and tells you that a governor or a deputy governor has been guilty of embezzlement maladministration, or any other blameworthy conduct treat the charge as not proved and say nothing about it.

You are forbidden to publish the petitions in which individuals or associations complain of acts of misgovernment and call the sultan's attention to them.

You are absolutely forbidden to publish a word about attempts on the lives of foreign sovereigns, or acts of sedition in foreign countries, for it is not good that such things should be made known to our loyal and peaceable populations.

You must not mention these regulations in the columns of your journal, because they might provoke criticisms or draw unpleasant observations from ill-conditioned minds.

There is little chance for "scoops" under such regulations and journals which make a specialty of sensations would have small opportunity to work up a paying subscription list. Even the newsboys would be deprived of an excuse to call "extry!"

Here are two old printers' toasts which at the rate that linotypes are replacing hand-set work, will soon be as unintelligible to the craft as they are to the outside world:

Woman—Rule of our infancy; guide of our childhood; measure of our youth; fat take of our manhood; star of our hope; pearl of our middle age; she corrects the last stick; smooths the last sheet, and gives the last embrace ere we frisket to the skies.

The Printer—The master of all trades—he beats the farmer with his hoe, the carpenter with his rule, and the mason with setting up tall columns; he surpasses the lawyer and the doctor in attending his cases, and beats the parson in the management of the devil.

From Laird & Lee comes A Guide to Paris. Now, a guide book is never looked upon as a humorous work, but this little book is inexpressibly amusing, with its anecdotes of droll mistakes and its directions given in a way to put the most grumbling traveler in good humor. It is gotten up by Professor Maury of the University of Paris and is of immense, practical value, containing maps, directions, advice-guides to every possible place, also giving the most rational pronunciation to follow the French that I have ever yet come across.

It is said that Henry James, the novelist, asked an American girl in London if there was not a river in this country called the Potomac. "Oh, yes," she answered; "and I should have thought you knew all about it, because there is a place on it called Mount Vernon, where a man named Washington once lived. You are sure to have heard of him, you know, because his father was and Englishman." This would have been quite witty on her part if her history had been a little more accurate.

A Philadelphia mother reads a child's story paper regularly to her little daughter, and most of the tales are continued from week to week. The other day the little one heard the expression, "writers' cramp," and asked what it meant. "It is a stiffening or cramping of the fingers, my dear," was the reply; people who write a great deal often get it and have to stop writing for awhile." "Oh!" said the little miss, as a great light broke upon her perceptive faculties, "that is it, is it? I've often wondered why the writers of those nice stories always stop in such interesting places."

Pierri Loti (Lieutenant Viaud), who was recently restored to his rank in the French navy, has been intrusted with a diplomatic mission to Persia and Afghanistan. This will be interesting news to Loti's many admirers, as he was contemplating a visit to central Asia when ordered to report for duty, and it was feared that the literary world would lose some delightful books. M. Viaud is said to frankly acknowledge that he is not of much value as a sailor. As a child he aspired to be a minister.

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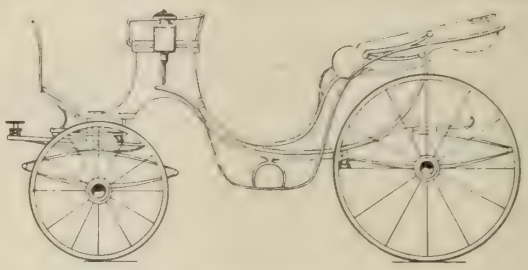

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OUR OPINION

THE IDIOSYNCRASIES of the dailies are most amusing. For over two years prize fights have been conducted in this city under police supervision, and apparently with the approval of the newspapers, for none called attention to the flagrant violation of the state law. That law made it a state prison offense to engage in or conduct a prize fight. Every newspaper in the city was cognizant of the law, and yet the newspapers encouraged its violation, by maintaining a strict editorial silence and by devoting columns of local space to the descriptions of the affairs, to interviews with the pugilists and their managers, and to gossip concerning prospective battles. In some instances they declined to give space to news about field sports upon the plea that they were overcrowded with "stuff about the big fight." They could have put an end to pugilism in this city by denouncing the violators of the law and demanding the arrest of the offenders. They preferred to stimulate interest in the sport, and as a consequence of this plainly indicated preference, the impression was created that pugilism was not offensive to the community, and the legislature of the state repealed the prohibitory statute and enacted a law licensing glove contests. The governor approved the measure, and the fight promoters proceeded to provide entertainment for their patrons. All went well until one night last week when a certain brute met his death at the hands of another brute in the presence of several thousand enthusiastic people representing all classes of society. Thereupon the shocked and virtuous editors of the dailies indulged in hysterical denunciation of the outrage. Are they not amusing? TOWN TALK is not an advocate of the sort of physical culture which is promoted within the roped arena, and in accordance with the code formulated by the aristocratic Marquis of Queensbury, but we suffered no perceptible shock through the violent removal of a red-headed pugilist. Moreover we believe that glove contests will continue to be held, and that the dailies will continue to emblazon bulletins from the ring side on the facades of their tall structures, and subsequently utter shrieks of derision at one another for failing to get out the first announcement of the coup de grâce.

A MOUNT VERNON society composed of women who have the courage of their convictions declares its purpose to prosecute all boys under ten years of age who may attend any theatrical performance unaccompanied by their parents. The ladies have also induced a judge in the town to announce in advance that he will sentence every boy caught in the crime of attending a theatre unattended by his parents to be confined in some institution until he shall reach the age of twenty-one years.

It is just such wholesale and high handed proceedings as these which stand in the way of "women's rights." There is no law in this or any other land which gives the judge of a police court the authority to incarcerate a boy for five years or more and brand him as a felon without opportunities for education or for fitting himself to earn a living simply because he has spent an evening in what may have been highly intellectual enjoyment. There is no attempt to distinguish between a dive performance and Henry Irving in Shakespeare nor apparently is there any effort to prevent girls from going where they please without chaperonage. It is well that the Constitution of the United States contains a clause forbidding the infliction of cruel and unusual punishment. The young men of twenty-one who emerge from their confinement of five or more years for having committed the heinous offense of attending a play would not be very anxious to cast their first vote to sustain a government under which such tyranny was permitted. The boy of today is the man of tomorrow and upon him depends the stability of our government. Too much restraint is apt to produce the same effect as too little. Both lead to anarchy. This good Mount Vernon society might profitably employ itself in making red flannel night caps for the little Hottentots.

IT IS REPORTED that the Harper-Doubleday and McClure combination contemplate issuing a new magazine on the lines of the Review of Reviews, but it hardly seems possible that there is an opening for another. The field of literature—if one can be justified in applying the term—is already so overcrowded that one would think it more necessary to prune down the production and add strength to some of those already

in existence. There is no possible subject but which now has its literary exponent. Every ism and ology hastens into print. There are not only medical and surgical magazines but regular publications devoted to special diseases. Faith Cure, Christian Science, Phrenology, Hypnotism, Palmistry and all the other sciences are represented. There is not only The Voice of Labor, but the voice of each minute subdivision of labor. Every religious body and every fraternal organization is represented. Colleges, high schools and Sunday schools are all supplied. The first thing that the various Boys' Clubs and Homes turn their attention to is securing a few cases of battered type, giving the inmates a slight smattering of the printers' craft, getting out a paper and trying to compete with regular offices in securing job work. One wearies of the items concerning the papers gotten up by passengers of ocean steamers and snow bound railway trains. Aristocracy and royalty have invaded the field in England and the ubiquitous small boy can be found about the wholesale districts "rustling for ads" for his Clarion or Sunrise in a manner that would open the eyes of those who know him only as a shirker. The butcher, the baker and the candlestick maker each has his special trade journal. The Journalist, the Writer and the Author add to the burden and the daily and Sunday papers and general magazines do their best to cover all ground. Every section of the country has its magazine and of late the railroad gazetteers have been invading the field of descriptive and historic writing by publishing in pamphlet form excellent articles by competent writers. Among the first to join the rush in the Klondike district were some young printers who invested all their spare funds in an outfit with which they expected to reap a golden harvest by establishing a periodical, and they probably would have realized their hopes if they could have succeeded in getting it in intact. As it was, the press and other accessories were abandoned on one of the trails and their journalistic hopes found a grave in the Arctic snow. There are very few men—and we may add, women—in these days who do not in their secret souls consider themselves competent to "run a paper," and it looks as though there were very few who were not making a trial, even though they only run it into the ground.

THE STAGE BLONDE has had her day, according to Manager Lederer, and since the stage beauty sets the fashion for the rest of womankind, we may expect to see job-lots of blondine sold for lesss than cost while brunine goes up in price. In some unaccountable fashion blondes have managed to gain a reputation for all the virtues and from our earliest childhood we are made familiar with

> Anna Maria, fresh and fair,
> Sky blue eyes and golden hair,

as a type of the angelic. Art, literature and the drama persistently represent the vixens and villains as of the brunette type and yet in every day life, experience does not reveal virtue as a matter of complexion. The criminal records produce quite as many fair law breakers as dark ones and some of the most notorious names therein are those of blonde females. The dear deluded darling of a farmer's daughter in stage-land would fall short of her character did she not make her first appearance in blonde pigtails, and the villain, of either sex, would be unrecognizable in other guise than brunette while the comic element would fail to be funny in anything but a bald red wig. There used to be a doleful poem beloved of "elocutioners" of which we recall but a single line.

> Ah, consumption has no pity for blue eyes and golden hair.

One can readily see why the Marguerites, Elsas and Brunhildas of opera should be blonde, since so many of the leading characters are of Norse or Germanic origin the type of which is fair; but why should every leading lady of every type of stage presentation insist upon the same complexion, and why should one of the main causes of dissensions in every amateur performance be the determination of every woman in the cast, irrespective of age or occupation, to appear in a blonde cheveleur of precisely the same shade of infantile gold? Perhaps the only answer is the universal woman's reason—Because.

MRS. SUSIE RYNHART has mounted the lecture platform. She is engaged in relating her harrowing experiences while attempting to carry "the word of God" and a year old infant into the interior of Thibet in defiance of the laws of that country. The infant naturally succumbed to the hardships of a journey on horseback at an altitude of fourteen thousand feet and one can only wonder at the brain capacity of a woman who would subject a child to such needless suffering. It is a curious commentary upon missionaries, either as organized bodies or as individuals, that although loudly protesting their belief that God, in his infinite wisdom, created the world and all it contains, nevertheless He is quite incapable of instructing His creatures without assistance and each and every one of them looks upon the special brand of creed which he accepts as the only one entitled to use the patented trade mark "The word of God." Egotism and self-assertion have quite as much to do as religion with these schemes for forcing closed doors and ill-advised efforts to set at defiance the laws of these countries and outrage the decencies of their communities are at the back of the greater part of the massacres which take place. There seems to be some sort of a nebulous idea that the government of the United States is in duty bound to protect those who are engaged in "spreading the gospel" and "upholding the Christian religion." Never was there a greater mistake. This country is bound to protect its citizens engaged in peaceful and legitimate occupations, but one has to stretch the interpretation to make it cover actions which directly contravene the religious observances of foreigners in their own homes, however absurd they may appear to us. Many of these enthusiastic religionists have only the most vague ideas as to

the beliefs which they feel called upon to combat. They have no notion whatever of the point of resemblance from which they might make a start in their crusade. No, the "poor heathens have no Bible." Thousands of dollars are collected every year all over the civilized world to be devoted to saving their souls, willy-nilly. As to practical results, there are always enough so-called converts for the sake of the loaves and fishes, or the commercial advantages or because they are willing to be accommodating, and one god more or less makes no particular difference. Millions of Bibles are distributed and always eagerly accepted. It has been an open secret these many years that the Orientals depend upon this source for the raw material which they "convert" into papier mache articles to be disposed of chiefly in occidental markets. It is related in Frank Leslie's for July on the authority of the zealous and successful missionary himself, that having "labored hard in the work of converting the Chinese to Christianity, there was unfeigned rejoicing in all the missions of China and the churches of America when the demand for Bibles on the part of our converts culminated in an order for eighty-four thousand Bibles at one shipment." The gentleman says it was "at once the most encouraging and the most disillusioning experience of my life," for an inquiry into the method of soul-saving which brought about such wholesale results brought to light a practical commercial basis. It seems that firecrackers are manufactured at home, the contractor furnishing the powder only, the workman supplying the paper. Now, paper is not so cheap in China but Bibles can be had for the asking, hence the demand and the whole eighty-four thousand were used to make firecrackers' holy smoke that time. A religion which is not a natural outcome of the life and civilization of a nation does not fit its needs and can never be more than a veneering of the surface. The Kanakas today are, at bottom, as pagan as they were before the missionaries began with them. The Hindoos are still what they were. Who ever met with an acceptably Christian Chinese or a really converted Indian? The Mohammedans are decidedly not dying out nor are the Jews—not for lack of missionaries amongst them. Meanwhile, an application has been made at the Copley Square Library, Boston, Massachusetts, in these United States of North America, for "some book that told about Christ and had Genesis and Exodus in it," from which one might infer that there was a fair field for religious propaganda nearer home.

IT IS EXTREMELY DIFFICULT for the people of this country to understand why there should be any doubt as to the result of the trial of Dreyfus. It appears that the prosecution cannot make out a case and that therefore his acquittal should follow, but the judicial system of France is not founded upon the same principles as that of the United States. The failure of the prosecution to establish guilt is not sufficient for a verdict of acquittal; the defendant must prove his innocence and the proof must be made as clear as the sun. The Anglo-Saxon standards of justice cannot be applied to France, and in the case of Dreyfus even the French standards of justice cannot be adhered to, because the honor of the army is involved, and there is nothing that concerns the Frenchmen more than the welfare of the army. The Dreyfus case has ventilated the rottenness of the army, but the Frenchmen feel that if Dreyfus is convicted the army will be vindicated, and therefore they are earnestly hoping for his conviction. They concede that if his innocence were demonstrated, six ministers of war would be disgraced and that is a calamity they object to having precipitated.

The sentiments of many of the French people are expressed in the following language of Paul Deroulede, the socialist:

"There is not one accused but two, and the first of the accused is now France—France, her generals, her statesmen, her entire political organization, and behind if with few exceptions, the whole social organism, the whole people. Before condemning France to the punishment of Jewish oppression, before binding her hands with the cords of infamy and making her follow barefooted, with the halter about her neck, the caparisoned horse of Captain Dreyfus, prove to us, demonstrate to us, that he is worthy to remount it, or else let him return to the devil from whom he comes and leave the French people in peace. To substitute the uncertainty of his innocence for the uncertainty of his guilt is to perpetuate the affair, to revive hatreds and to commit a crime of *lese patrie.*"

Such are the principles which Deroulede is proclaiming day and night in France and he has many followers. The crime that concerns them is not that of *lese humanite.* In their opinion it is preferable for Dreyfus to suffer though innocent than for the mere crime of *lese patrie* to be committed.

THIS special edition of TOWN TALK is not authorized by the Bohemian club, but was published on the responsibility of the editor, who recognizes in the club an institution of much interest to many who have not been blessed with the privilege of membership, and who will be entertained by a perusal of its history and its achievements. The club itself is a home for its members and as such is surrounded with all the sanctity and sentiment that a gentleman bestows upon his own roof-tree. Hence, the writer feels that no one should receive the impression that the club is responsible for the exploiting of its own affairs.

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The Temptress

BELIKE thou art a temptress come from hell,
The devil often dons a fair disguise;
And yet I like the laughter in thine eyes,
And for thy lips—I love them wondrous well.
They do remind me of an ocean shell,
With all its murmurous melody of sighs,
Till I forget when captive to their spell,
The whispering music may be naught but lies.

Nay! Nay! I do thee wrong, have I not felt
The rosy rebels into sweetness melt,
And seen thee swoon beneath my warm caress?
What matter if thy lips the word withhold!
In the mute music of thy pulses bold,
Thy love grows voluble and doth confess.

Louis A. Robertson.

The Saunterer

DIFFERENT men have different minds and in no place is this more noticeable than in our clubs. There are always groups of what we call nowadays "knockers," and these all knock in different directions. Some are for changing the rules and regulations. Others are for cutting down the membership roll. Others believe in abolishing the bar and the dining-room. It is doubtful if a club could exist without its knockers. However it is likely that the Bohemian club contains less of this element than is numbered among any other San Francisco club. Perhaps this is because

"Good fellowship rules as its goodly king,
His subjects all to his mandate bow;
He ruleth supreme, and there is nothing
Of petty strife—but a loyal vow!

Bohemia's realm is a land of cheer,
And sordid care enters not its gates;
Comradeship blooms in its atmosphere
And a laugh through its halls reverberates."

Almost every member of the club who is at all prominent has figured in a story of some kind. Many of these stories have appeared in the daily and weekly papers of this city but they are worthy of repetition. Horace Platt has had more than the average number of bons mots accredited to him. I remember one story which describes an evening at the theatre when Mr. Platt, accompanied by "the actor's friend" and a few other Bohemians, occupied a box, and opposite their box was another in which the occupants were also members of the club. I believe they were all guests of Jimmie Hamilton. It was along toward the third act that an occupant of the second box came over to the one wherein sat Mr. Platt.

"Good evening," he said; "the others have made me a committee of one to pay my respects."

"Really?" drawled Mr. Platt, adjusting his eyeglasses that he might see more plainly who were sitting in the other box. "Do you know this is the first time I ever heard of any of that crowd paying anything?"

A story is told that one time Emil Carlsen and Willis Polk had a desire to study in the realistic and they begged Harry Bigelow to take them through the morgue. They got a lot of sketches but they felt weaker than the small boy essaying his first smoke behind his father's barn. Finally the driver of the morgue wagon entered and said that he had brought a suicide's body this time. The man had cut his throat. Bigelow immediately ushered his visitors into the operating room, where they found the supposed corpse still alive but unconscious. Just as they bent over the would-be suicide a huge gasp came forth and the wound opened. Poor little Willis could stand no more and fainted dead away. When Bigelow looked around for the artist he had fled no one knew where. However, only a few moments had elapsed when a messenger rushed in saying a man was dead in the alley. The driver of the wagon soon brought the corpse into the morgue. It was a ghastly place to smile but he could not refrain from it. For the new corpse was only poor Carlsen, who had dropped in the alley in a dead faint which had been mistaken by the bystanders for the real article.

A feature of the Christmas jinks has always—up to last year, when the usual Santa being ill the Bohemians would out of love for him appoint no other—been a Christmas tree with appropriate gifts for all the members. I recollect hearing that at the jinks of five years

ago one of the gifts created an immense laugh. The recipient was, I think, Dr. Cushing and his present, a copyof the Woman's Examiner.

There is a legend extant in the annals of the Press and Bohemian clubs that the Press club cat and the Bohemian club owl did not always dwell together in harmony. It took more than water and firewater to restore peace—in short, a conflagration. When the Press club burned down, tradition says the black cat knew not where to take up its habitation. As it looked around, in desolate dismay, down upon the feline swooped a large-winged owl and beneath its sheltering feathers the little cat found refuge. Thus, says the legend, peace and harmony took up their abode in the breasts of the cat and the owl.

They have given many dinners at the club to distinguished visitors from the east and from Europe. One of these functions was in honor of Hon. T. B. Reed and Hon. F. F. Low presided. It was not the club entire that acted as host upon this occasion, but former residents of Maine, and beside the guest of honor there were many others invited, not by any means all Maine men. Almost every actor and author of note has been dined or breakfasted by the Bohemians—Henry Irving, E. S. Willard, Charles Dickens Jr., Rudyard Kipling and others. It was at a dinner given to Frederick Warde by W. Greer Harrison that Horace Platt read his beautiful essay on "Shakespeare." There is more than one member of the club beside Jimmie Hamilton and Greer Harrison who is an admirer of the immortal bard, and Mr. Platt is one of the most enthusiastic of these Shakespearean students.

One of the best stories told about Uncle George Bromley is an incident that occurred to the veteran Bohemian when he was in Boston in 1895 attending the conclave of Knights Templar, he being a Knight of California Commandery No. 1. In Tremont street one day a lady stepped up to Sir George and said:

"Oh, how delighted I am to see you again. How do you do?"

Of course Uncle George raised his hat and shook hands most cordially, but somehow the lady did not seem satisfied.

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Bromley? Why, it was only six years ago that I met you at Mrs. ——'s."

Then a dash of inspiration came to the other. He seized both the lady's hands:

"Remember! Why, I have been striving for six years to forget you."

The late Isaac H. Bromley, editorial writer on the New York Tribune, was an honorary member of the Bohemian club. He was a brother of George T. The New York journalist had a fine fund of humor. A story, however, that used to amuse him very much was one that told how his son Isaac Jr., the present advertising manager of the New York and New Haven railway company, when working as a reporter on the Tribune was given a detail by the city editor to interview some oldtime character in New York.

"Give full play to your humor," said the editor, "and you can have a column and a half in the Sunday paper."

When Ike Jr. told his father about this detail, later, he said:

"How do you imagine, father, he knew I had any humor about me?"

"Perhaps he thinks you may have inherited it," said Bromley père.

Young Isaac fell into a brown study from which he awoke with the query:

"Does he know mother?"

Ever since Kühne Beveridge modeled George T. Bromley's bust for the Bohemian club in honor of his seventy-fifth birthday, the fair sculptor has enrolled herself among the vast army of Uncle George's nieces. Since her first bits of modeling, Miss Beveridge has been doing remarkably well in New York and London. At a recent exhibition at her London studio, there was quite an arry of notabilities of her modeling from the Prince of Wales to Buffalo Bill. In a letter to Mr. Bromley, Miss Beveridge tells him that the family will soon start for South Africa where Kühne's step-father, the Baron von Wrede, has received an appointment as civil engineer. The younger sister, Ray Beveridge, has grown to be a beauty, I hear, and a wit also. She is a great favorite in London. Ray will be remembered here as the "little girl blacksmith," and her blacksmith shop in Sacramento at one of the state fairs was a prominent feature of the exposition. Ray made a striking figure in her leather apron presiding at the forge.

"Soak is an awfully honest man."

"Yes?"

"Yes. He's so straight that he won't take his whisky any other way."

I have not seen any of our golden youth wearing bracelets, though the golden girls are not backward about adopting such little fads as the new style ties and collars affected by their brothers. I can fancy bracelets being highly becoming to some of our young men about town whose beauty is of an effeminate cast. I hear that the bracelet worn by the Prince of Wales once belonged to Maximilian, the ill-fated Mexican emperor, but no doubt the prince is not superstitious. One night at the Zinkand I noticed a man wearing a bracelet, a magnificent snake of Roman gold with eyes of brilliants. The wearer's ornament naturally attracted considerable attention, especially as he was attired in an ordinary gray suit, a scarlet waistcoat, pink shirt and red tie. He was with two strikingly gowned women and those occupying seats at the other tables naturally supposed the trio to be people of distinction. But among all the society youths who were enjoying après théâtre refreshments upon that evening, and for whom the gaily dressed man's bracelet seemed to have such wonderful fascination, I have as yet noticed no imitators of the fad. However, as the fashion has come as far west as Chicago, it will likely strike us in time.

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Some of the dailies have been striving to verify the story of a social episode to which I briefly referred a fortnight back. It is the story of the elopement of a wealthy lumber merchant with his own sister-in-law. They have ascertained that the story is about a year old, and that the lumber merchant is now a physical wreck in Paris while his wife is residing in this city, but they have been unable to locate her sister. Although there appears to be scarcely a doubt of the truth of the story the dailies have not secured sufficient reliable corroboration to warrant them in giving it publicity. An interview was secured with the deserted wife who, by the way, is the daughter of a deceased grocer whose name is still a household word throughout the city, and she has maintained a dignified silence, neither affirming nor denying the reports. She declares, however, that her sister is now in New York.

Samuel M. Shortridge

Word comes from Paris that "our" Sybil Sanderson Terry is no longer in affluent circumstances. She is now staying at her mother's villa, dresses in the deepest black and is still very much affected by her loss. It is said that Terry mortgaged his Cuban estate to the extent of several millions shortly before his death and that now his widow has found it necessary to give up her magnificent Champs Elysées home owing to the necessity for retrenchment. During the years of Terry's protracted wooing, the singer dowered her mother and her two mature sisters with valuable presents which they have since turned into cash and she has a well filled jewel box but nothing more to show for the vast sums she received in the heyday of her success. I am told that the return of the family to San Francisco in the near future is not unlikely.

A London correspondent writes me that there is one American in the world's metropolis who is regarded by both his own countrymen and Englishmen as well as typical of the very best America can show in the way of a man. This is Henry White, who for years has been first secretary of the United States embassy. Mr. White has lived so long in England that he seems

John D. Spreckels

almost a part of London but at heart he is one of the best Americans that ever lived. He is, in feeling, another Dewey and is as modest, unassuming and altogether sterling as is the famous admiral whose name is just now on every lip. Mr. White is not a spread-eagle American but, in his gentlemanly way, he upholds his country whenever the United States is brought into discussion. He is a married man with a wife who is a typical American matron of the highest caste, and they have a smart young daughter who inherits the best qualities of both parents. It is such Americans as these that keep our nation popular abroad, in spite of the snobbish plutocrats who try to buy their way into the London swim only to get laughed at for their endeavors.

I hear that American women are so much the vogue in London just now that the English women are aping them in every way. The surest way just at present for a man to win his way into a pretty girl's favor is to tell her she looks American, acts American, or her dress is American. Which is quite the reverse of the case over here, and sort of balances matters up, as it were. At Burlingame or in Santa Monica, if you would get a girl to look twice at you, you must say:

"Oh, how English you look. I should have taken you for an English girl, sure."

Raphael Weill returned from Paris on Sunday and the Sabbath déjeuners which were discontinued during his absence will now, I presume, be resumed. Mr. Weill, who is known among business men as one of the most solid of our merchants, shines in another capacity among Bohemian club members. On Sunday mornings, Mr. Weill dons cap and apron and enacts the roll of chêf. He is said to be most expert at concocting dainty dishes and is equally able to cope with a gas range or a chafing dish. Other Bohemians who have come "home" after lengthy absences are Colonel A. G. Hawes, who was in Mexico, and Harry Marshall, Frank Unger and Theodore Wores.

Stuart Robson is going to forsake comedy for a more serious line of work and is this season to appear in "The Gadfly," a dramatization of the novel. The play is said to be in the vein of "Daniel Rochat," which theatre-goers of some years ago will remember. In the Sardou drama Sara Jewett, I recollect, played the part of the Christian while Charles R. Thorne was the atheist. Ever since Maude Adams made such a success in "The Little Minister" and Viola Allen scored such a hit in "The Christian," plays in which clergymen figure have been regarded as winners by theatrical managers. Those who have read the novel "The Gadfly" will remember that its motive lies in the conscience-war between an advanced atheist and a priest of the most deeply religious type. While I cannot fancy Stuart Robson playing anything but liveliest comedy, still it is a move in the right direction that he should aim at something of more dramatic depth. His move is probably indicative of a general revulsion of feeling among the play-goers. After the succession of silly farces and musical comedies and salacious comedy-dramas, even a play with a problem is welcomed. But I sigh for the good old days of "The Charity Ball," "Saints and Sinners" and "The Henrietta."

Tradition says that "The drinks are on me" was originally an utterance of Hugh Burke.

We shall soon see no bald men in San Francisco, and Harry de Young, Donald Graham and the others who enjoy distinction in the social or political world will no longer be able to flatter themselves that they can outrank billiard balls. I am told that any fine day one may go to a down town building and see a procession of well known club men whose hirsute head coverings are getting scanty, each waiting for his turn to enter the studio of a hairdresser who claims to be able to make new hair grow upon the baldest head. She already has an enormous clientèle and her studio has been enlarged to a suite of six rooms, this enlargement being necessitated by the increase of business. Fifteen dollars a month is her price and she finds no difficulty in obtaining all the patients she wishes at this figure. Truly, vanity is not a fault possessed only by women.

J. O'N. Reis

The graves of two noted Bohemians lie just outside Honolulu. One of the graves is that of "Joe" Tilden, the other, that of Jules Tavernièr. The latter was a Frenchman born, an American by adoption. Before he became noted as a portrayer on canvas of Hawaiian scenes, particularly the volcanic phases of Mauna Loa, Tavernier had taken as the special feature of his paintings sketches of Indian life on the plains. Some of the most striking of the jinks cartoons in the club collection were the work of Tavernier. Four years before the passing of the artist, that prince of epicures, Joseph Tilden, was burned to death at his Hawaiian home. Tilden was, like Dan O'Connell, always one of the merriest spirits at Bohemian feasts. When he took up his residence in Honolulu, he was sadly missed. When he passed away forever, many tears were shed.

It was Jere Lynch, the Honorable Jeremiah Lynch, who presented the club with the Egyptian mummy that is commonly supposed to be that of the beautiful princess, daughter of the great Pharaoh, who rescued little Moses from his cradle in the bull-rushes and adopted him. The mummy, in a glass case, is treasured among other priceless possessions of the club.

There is a goodly band of artists in the club, of which some have moved to other cities, still however leaving their names on the membership roll. G. Cadenasso, Emil Carlsen, E. Peixotto, J. W. Clawson, H. S. Fonda, C. A. Jorgenson, Solly Walter, J. D. Strong, C. R. Peters, Bruce Porter, F. Marion Wells, C. J. Dickman and Amedee Joullin are some of Bohemia's artists.

Uncle George Bromley asked the question: If in the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as fail, what word would you substitute?

Who would ever suspect Chief Justice Beatty of the Supreme court of being a hoodoo? Nobody, I am sure. And yet that venerable and esteemed jurist has entertained a lingering suspicion that concealed somewhere upon his person was a genuine Jonah. The justice is an ardent lover of the national game, and as Sacramento is the town from whence he hails he is a rooter in a mild way for the Gilt Edge team of that borough. But although the Gilts have been winning ball games with marked regularity it was never Justice Beatty's good fortune to applaud one of their victories until last Saturday afternoon. That is why he regarded himself as a hoodoo. He beamed with smiles last Saturday when the team from Sacramento won, and when leaving the grand stand after the game he said to an acquaintance:

"Well, it's a relief to know that I am not a hoodoo."

Phew! How those newspaper men of the citizens' celebration committee did jump on Adjutant-Genera Seamans of the national guard! And what a glorious opportunity it was for them to take a kick at our narrow-gauge governor! And how enthusiastically they administered the kick, too! If it were a calm day the impact could have been heard distinctly at the Farrallones. Governor Gage is probably beginning to realize that he was a trifle too gay with newspaper men at Sacramento. He ought to have learned a lesson from the experience of his fellow-townsman, the unlamented and unsung Mr. Markham who is now a dead one, and scarcely remembered as one of the governors of California. Gage's term has just begun but it would already be difficult to recall his name were it not for just such incidents as that arising out of the effrontery of his representative, General Seamans. The newspapers are getting even on Gage by keeping his name out of print except when there is a chance to smash him. He comes to town and nobody knows he is here. No attempts are made to interview him. He is given no more attention than if he were a clerk in his own office. In view of his comparative obscurity I can readily understand his desire to obtain a conspicuous position in the parade. The committee ought to assign him to a vehicle drawn by Seamans in full regalia.

James Madison Hamilton was the author of the expression, in greeting a new acquaintance: I am glad to see yon. For the time being you are as good as I am.

It is astonishing what a hold Henry Miller still wields over the heart of the matinee girl. Last Saturday afternoon the walls of the Columbia were lined with women who had come too late to get seats but who were perfectly willing to stand through the entire play. And Mr. Miller was called out four or five times after the second and third acts, and was twice obliged to make a little speech. Yet it is a matter of wonderment to me how Mr. Miller still manages to please the matinee girl. He is no longer young, he is growing stout around the waist, and everybody knows that he is a married man and devoted to his wife. I asked a smartly-hatted young woman standing near me in the lobby why it is that Henry Miller continues to be such a favorite.

"Why, don't you know?" she said. "It's because he knows how to make love. When he tells her how he loves her, he half closes his eyes, and you see his face turn pale—oh, it is indescribable."

She seemed to see that I was interested, for she went on without a pause:

"I have been attending matinees for ten years and I know every one of them. Mantell has a glare when he makes love, and leans over the back of the girl's neck. He is a wildly passionate wooer. But dear old Barrymore has a swagger that is simply superb, a sweet, sad smile and a languid, oh-I-wish-it-could-have-been expression. Faversham and Worthing go right up close to her and look fiercely down into her eyes. 'You must,' that look says—and she usually succumbs, in the play. Little Sothern gets confused, stammers, then braces up and goes through the ordeal with a do-or-die defiance. But, after all, I like the Miller style best. It is so refined."

And then the curtain went up.

George Loughborough and Miss Clement will accompany the R. B. Fithians of Santa Barbara on their sail to the South Sea islands.

Engraved . . .

Wedding Announcements and Invitations . . .

ROBERTSON'S

126 Post Street

Frank Norris' story entitled "A Man's Woman," now in course of publication, notwithstanding its power and originality of treatment, is marred by some defects incidental to an excess of realism. Certain chapters are devoted to the experiences of a professional nurse who is the heroine of the story. She takes charge of a surgical case requiring a delicate operation and the details of the treatment and even of the operation itself are given ruthlessly, though with an evident knowledge of the subject. There are but two considerations which can render such a description tolerable: It must contain something essential to the plot or it must be the means of creating an atmosphere. As far as the story has progressed the surgical details do not seem to belong to the plot, and here I would remind Mr. Norris of the French playwright's advice, not to put a gun in your play if it is not to go off. In the plots of some skillful writers such as Poe and Wilkie Collins, it will be found that even minute details furnish something upon which the story hangs. The other consideration is that of atmosphere or local color. If the writer's intention be to create this it defeats itself, for the ordinary reader—that is the reader who wants simply the story—will skip what he does not like or does not understand unless he thinks it has something to do with the plot. Surgical and medical details are especially abhorrent to the normal and healthy minded reader, and all the study and research which an author expends in arriving at perfection in them is simply a waste of force.

James D. Phelan
Ex-President and a Popular Wit of the Bohemian Club

Out on Twenty-First and Fair Oaks streets stands an ordinary looking two-storied residence which had the honor of serving as a habitation for Mrs. Langtry when she was a resident of California for divorce purposes, and from which she daily walked to Golden Gate park by way of a constitutional. There was one noticeable peculiarity in the arrangement of furniture which gave the casual passer-by an impression that the inhabitants were eternally house-cleaning. In the upper front room bay-window a large bureau stood, unscreened by blind or curtain, with its back turned to the street. Mrs. Langtry is, of course, but making use of the privilege of her sex and profession in maintaining her eternal youth, but her tale of years brings up the ancient story of a French actress, who on being interrogated in court upon the same subject, made a very liberal discount from facts. Later on in the progress of the case, her son, called up as a witness, was asked to state his age, whereupon he naively, but indignantly made answer: "Just a year older than my mother."

Mrs. Langtry's new mother-in-law, by the way, is a woman after the actress' own heart. She was married to Sir Henry de Bathe in 1871. She had been his mistress for several years and she bore him four illegitimate and two legitimate children. Mrs. Langtry's husband was their first lawful issue. Among those born out of wedlock are Lady Crossley, Mrs. Henry Lawson and Mrs. Hugh McCalmont—all pretty women, who have married the millions that have been apportioned by the press to their father Sir Henry de Bathe. In his day Sir Henry was the greatest dandy in London, but when called upon to fight he proved himself a gallant soldier.

I see that Katherine Bloodgood is still in the concert field. That is, she is at present in London passing a well earned vacation, but in the late fall she will return to fulfill her professional engagements under Victor Thrane's management. A portrait of Mrs. Bloodgood, in a décolleté black velvet gown and with her wavy brown hair dressed after the latest mode in coiffures, adorns the front page of the current Musical Courier. California takes more than a passing interest in Mrs. Bloodgood for, though she was born in the state of New York, she lived in San Diego nearly all her life. Pretty Kitty Spencer and her musical talents were talked about in San Diego long before the Bloodgood divorce suit brought her into prominence. It will be remembered as an event of last year that Kitty Spencer's husband and the father of her child, William D. Bloodgood, sued her for a divorce. Mrs. Bloodgood did not approve of divorces and preferred a separation, therefore she bitterly fought her husband's suit. It was on account of her child, I understand, that she disapproved of her marriage tie being severed by the courts, otherwise there would have been no opposition offered. Mrs. Bloodgood is devoted to her art but though nature has richly endowed her with voice and physical charms she has never evinced any desire to shine as an operatic star but has always appeared on the concert stage or as the contralto of prominent church choirs.

Ella Sterling Cummins Mighels, late of our city and later of New York but now a resident of London, has a story in the Chicago Inter Ocean. It is neither so good nor so bad as it might have been, but her girl is not a far off copy of M'liss. A constant dropping will wear away any stone; perhaps, in the course of another generation, if Californian writers have the courage to

keep on they will finally convince the world that the young females of the human family on this edge of the continent go fully clothed and do not live in trees or subsist entirely upon pine nuts and acorns. Mrs. Mighels' intention is good. She aims well but does not hit her mark. However, her arrow makes a straight flight in the right direction and that, in itself, is much.

The Earl of Yarmouth is now the rage in Newport. He is engaged in heiress-trapping pastime and will no doubt catch big game. But the earl has a past and even his present is by no means free from suspicion.

General Joslah Howell

He is a promoter of private theatricals and some years ago he appeared as a ballet girl in Australia. It appears that in the antipodes the female impersonator is under the same sort of a cloud that hovers over the man with the mincing gait who has a penchant for assuming female roles, in this country. An Australian governor refused to receive the Earl of Yarmouth after his ballet girl impersonation and subsequently Queen Victoria took occasion to show that her views upon the impropriety of the impersonation were the same as those of the Australian executive. Nevertheless the Earl of Yarmouth is a social lion at Newport. Evidently the aristocrats of that swagger watering place do not draw the line at trivial peculiarities. The earl is a direct descendant of the Duke of Somerset, who was Lord Protector of England in the time of Edward IV.

The large number of patrons who crowded the aisles of J. J. O' Brien's & Co's spacious salesroom during the business hours of the past few days was an evidence that the Black and Colored Dress Goods and Ladies' Tailor-made suits specially advertised by that firm on Sunday, were found to be as the advertisement expressed it, "Positive Bargains at the prices quoted." During the coming week the display of Black Silk Waists, Fancy Neckwear and Ladies Eiderdown Dressing Sacques will be among the chief attractions at this popular establishment.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

Alameda's cultured set has set aside Ibsen and Browning for the nonce and is now going in for knowledge of color vibrations. Lectures on this timely subject are being given in series at the residence of Mrs. Marcus Wiggin, by Mrs. Norris.

On Saturday evening Mrs. E. S. Bonelli, assisted by her sons Ed and Al Mehlert, and Robert McLean, gave a curio social at Hotel Mount View, Ross valley, which proved to be a most successful event. Six prizes were given equally distributed among the masculine and feminine players. Guests from Mira Monte came over to take part in the games. Mrs. Auger and Mr. Oliver carried off the first prizes, the second were won by Mrs. Sanderson and Mr. Wainwright, the third by Mrs. Franks and Mr. Nathan. The pleasant evenings at the home of the Bonellis in Powell street have proved Mrs. Bonelli's charm as a hostess and she displayed her usual grace upon this occasion. The deligtful evening closed with dancing.

The Olympic club's prospects are brightening. For several years it has appeared as though the club were drifting to the demnition bow-wows. It was heavily burdened with debt, and its financial condition was such that men of means were afraid to be identified

Thos. J. Barbour

with its board of directors. Its athletes were suffering from ennui and all efforts to revive interest were in vain. Its membership was falling off and the personnel of its members was far below what it was in the days when the club was recognized as the leading athletic organization of the Pacific coast. It was felt that there was only one man in the club who could rescue it from a sad fate and that man was William Greer Harrison. Now that he has been prevailed upon to accept the presidency, and as he will have the co-operation of such men as John Elliott, most popular of all amateur athletes, and Henry R. Mann, John Hammer-

William Greer Harrison

smith and O. B. Burns, there is scarcely any doubt but that an era of prosperity is impending. The big Post street club building will soon be something more than a mere bath house, and the winged oval will once more be worn with pride.

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The California regiment having returned we should soon learn the facts concerning the record of Brigadier-General Smith. The man with the hammer has applied the instrument of malevolence to Smith with some severity and I should like to know just how the regiment regards him. I have reason to believe that Smith has been cruelly maligned, for upon investigation nearly every story in disparagement of him that I have heard proved false. Every volunteer officer I have interviewed has declared that Smith was one of the best officers in the Philippines. The regular officers have pronounced him the best volunteer officer. In view of the honors that have been conferred upon him I cannot understand why credence should be given to the stories that have been given circulation by those people who are prompted by envy to libel others in whispers. When an arbitration commission was appointed in Manila, consisting of two regular and three volunteer officers, Smith was honored with the position of chairman. If he were not an efficient officer he would not have been chosen for that responsible position. Subsequently an Army and Navy club was organized in Manila. Admiral Dewey is a member and Smith was its first president. A man's unpopularity does not win him such an honor. When it became necessary to select a governor-general of Negroes island every volunteer officer in the Philippines wanted the position, but Smith was chosen on account of his eminent fitness. In view of these facts it is incredible that Smith was guilty of anything that would reflect discredit upon himself or his regiment. He was a strict disciplinarian and as such he probably incurred the displeasure of some of the volunteers who were laboring under the misapprehension that the trip to the Philippines was taken for pleasure only. He compelled them to drill every day and prevented them as much as possible from indulging in pastimes that swell the sick list. Hence it was that there was less sickness in the California regiment than in any of the other volunteer organizations.

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One of the musical events scheduled for October will be a concert by Miss Lilian Slinkey. This will be Miss Slinkey's first public appearance since her return from Milan, where she studied for some years, consequently her friends are all on the qui vive to hear her sing and to note the improvement foreign culture has made in her naturally fine voice.

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Everybody will remember the series of recitals given iby Paloma Schramm and the marvelous manner in which the little pianist improvised from themes given her by people in the audience. It will also be remembered how when the child began her recital her soft cheeks would be flushed with a delicate pink. When she had neared the end of her concert, what a difference was noticed—the cheeks had paled to ghastliness. I was not surprised when the dispatches this week announced the mental and physical collapse of the child genius.

Tom T. Lane

TOWN TALK

George T. Bromley

Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, whom I mentioned last week as being one of the leaders in London society, is a twin sister of Mrs. Ogden Mills, who has always been regarded as one in the shining lights of the New York swim. The sisters are said to be very much alike in looks and manner. Both were married about the same time and both have young daughters who made their first bows to society last season. Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck, my London friends tell me, has a magnificent town-house in Whitehall Gardens, London. I remember reading of a cotillon given about two years ago by the Cavendish-Bentincks when some untoward circumstance caused the electric lights to go out and simultaneously every room was in darkness. There was a positive panic until, after much search, two candles were discovered on Mrs. Bentinck's writing-desk.

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It was said at the time that the scene presented when the tiny, flickering candlelight revealed the frightened guests, huddled together as they had been moving in the mazes of the valse, was indescribably amusing. In London houses when they are lighted by electricity one can rarely find a candle for it is never supposed such articles will be needed. But Mr. Bentinck and his butler went to the chest holding the family plate and, while the two men dragged forth all the long unused candlesticks, some of the guests were sent next door to borrow candles to grace them. Of course at that hour shops were impossible. And while the candles were being put into their holders a servant was sent off to the electric light company. However, it was fully half an hour before the lights were in order again. Such are some of the inconveniences incident upon dispensing hospitalities in London.

[Photo by Thors.]

Raphael Weill

One of the Most Successful of Bohemia's amateur chefs

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Editor Peck of the Bookman declares "The Vampire" "the best short poem that has been written in the past ten years," and Ambrose Bierce says that the rock upon which Editor Peck's literary galleon has struck is a kind of touchstone to test the merit of navigators on the high seas of letters. He does not agree with Mr. Peck and incidentally states that not one writer in a dozen knows poetry when he sees it. He intimates that if Editor Peck were not afflicted with the congenital delinquency he would not prefer "The Vampire" to "The Recessional" as poetry. And what about Bierce's "Invocation?" Has there been any better poetry than that written in the past ten years? If there has, then I must confess myself afflicted with that same congenital delinquency. I hope that I will not hear Mr. Bailey Millard suggesting "The Man with the Hoe" as the "very bestest." If he refrains I will pardon him for classing it with "Thanatopsis."

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The Reverend (?) John Alexander Dowie, whose Faith Cure Home is under investigation in Chicago by reason of the number of recent deaths under his ministrations, was quite well known hereabouts a decade ago. He established himself as a divine healer both in Oakland and in this city and managed to take up good sized collections from those who were duped into making contributions, of which of course he rendered no account. He held forth in some large hall or theatre, professing to heal all sorts of disease through faith on the part of the sufferer and his own touch and prayers. Part of his stock in trade was a thin little girl, his daughter, precocious beyond her acknowledged age, who used to take the platform and discuss in a shrill piping voice of her love for and faith in the Lord who had cured her of innumerable and unnameable ailments. His wife also gave testimony as to her experience and materially assisted him in transferring other peoples' coin to his pockets. Though professedly owning nothing, Dowie has been shrewd enough to have all the property of his so-called Zion city placed in his own name. The assessed value of the concern is in the neighborhood of three hundred thousand dollars, not a bad showing for about ten years' work.

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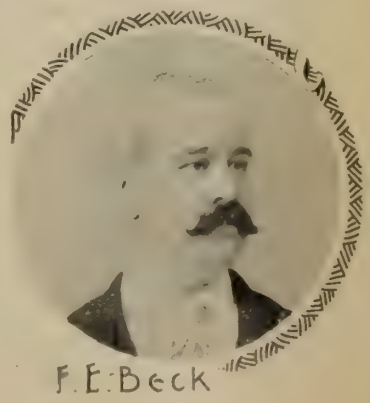
The warm wave that has struck San Francisco this week has brought in its wake a revival of interest in that form of refreshment exemplified in the once raging fad for ice cream soda, water ices and ice cream. The most up to date bachelor maid, who has educated herself up to a taste for cool beer and plain cocktails, has gone back to her old love. One evening last week I dropped into a candy store in Kearny street and noticed a crowd of people enjoying post-theatre refreshments of a light iced nature. And the matinee girl now treats herself and her friends on warm days to that delicious restorative, plain ice cream soda



Sands Forman
First Secretary of the Bohemian Club

Bill Barton has returned to town with stacks of gold and Bohemians are making merry over his return. Barton has not been up to the Klondike as might be supposed from his sudden acquisition of great wealth. He has been in New York during the greater part of the period of his absence and while there he succeeded in making a deal with a big corporation that has large interests in asphaltum mines, and he is now reputed to be a millionaire. Joe Redding heralded the story to this city when he came out for the midsummer jinks, and Barton made his appearance in the streets the other day, much to the surprise of his old friends, and corroborated the tale of the stroke of good fortune. Several years ago he obtained an interest in an asphaltum mine in Ventura county and tried to introduce the product in the local market but failed. The supervisors were doing business with several contractors who had the foresight to give them a substantial interest in their business and as a consequence Barton's asphaltum was pronounced unfit for use. But it has been found good enough for New York and other large cities. I understand that Northrup Cowles and George Hall were also considerably enriched by the New York deal. Barton will be remembered by many San Franciscans as the author of that once popular rollicking song, "Razzle Dazzle."

Ed H. Hamilton
[As he appeared at a Vaudeville Jinks, fresh from the fields of fiction, in his expoundation of popular and political policies entitled "Who?"]

I heard a very sad story in connection with the homecoming of the California volunteers and one that proves the adage, in the midst of life we are in death. The mother of one of the boys had prepared a reception for him, invited a number of friends and was overflowing with happiness to think she would soon see her son. Yet it is known to her husband that the boy died before the troops took passage on the Sherman. The mother has been in a weak state of health for some time and her husband feared to tell her the sad news because of the effect it might have upon her in her nervous condition. On Wednesday, when the Sherman was sighted, the poor mother was happy and the father was in the depths of despair as it was impossible for him to think of a way out of the difficulty.

Willard T. Barton
as Bill Bowley, the cross-eyed comedian from the Bowery, formerly of the Gayety, in an impersonation at a Vaudeville Low Jinks.

J. L. Flood, multi-millionaire, bon vivant and prince of good-fellows, is a deserter from the ranks of men-about-town. He has been in the city about a fortnight, having returned from his honeymoon trip, and is now quartered with his handsome bride at the Palace hotel, but since his return his old friends and boon companions have seen very little of him. Even Charley Paxton who was his inseparable companion before the death of the first Mrs. Flood, has been in his company for only a brief spell and Captain Nat Messer has been with him only in business hours. It appears as though a second marriage has completely changed the popular millionaire's habits. The hours that he formerly devoted to his new friends at informal stag gatherings are now monopolized by his wife. There is a mild suspicion abroad that Mrs. Flood has social aspirations and that her husband is inclined to encourage them. I understand that they intend to build a magnificent home in New York and take up their residence in that city. If Mrs. Flood really has social ambition she is quite different from her sister, who as the millionaire's first wife never bothered herself about the frivolities of the swagger set but preferred to enjoy life in a sort of aristocratically bohemian way.

Hon. J. J. Smith of Oroville, Butte county, is in town for a few days, visiting relatives.

Clay M. Greene

Isabel Strong, step-daughter of Robert Louis Stevenson, is about to mount the lecture platform with two discourses, "Stevenson in Samoa," and "In Stevenson's Samoa," a distinction without a difference. The latest contributors to Stevensoniana are a young female who casually met him in the Quartier Latin of Paris and someone who has turned a penny more or less honest by virtue of an article going to show that but for his sudden death Stevenson would have embraced the Catholic faith. Already photographs of upper Kearny street, Bush street, Portsmouth square and other humble and plebeian localities have done duty as illustrations because, forsooth, Stevenson had meandered through them. The monument in the old Plaza is almost as familiar now as the writer's countenance. While I have no desire to detract from any honor that has been given to Robert Louis Stevenson, I am of the opinion that a monument erected in Portsmouth square, a locality around which so many of our brief historical associations are clustered and which was the centre of the bustling life of pioneer times, should have been dedicated to our own Jonathan D. Stevenson of the famous Stevenson's regiment, and who is yet unhonored by any memorial.

On September sixth at the residence of D. D. Shattuck, 814 Powell street, the marriage will be celebrated of Miss Anna Crothers of Columbus, Ohio, and W. C. Culbert of the well-known firm of paper dealers, the S. B. Leavitt company. The bridegroom that is to be is very popular up and down the coast as well as in the city, for this business has made it necessary for him to make frequent trips north and south throughout the state. He owns a comfortable home in Alameda. This will not be Mr. Culbert's first matrimonial venture as he has been married before, his wife dying a few years ago and leaving five motherless children. The bride-elect also has many friends in San Francisco, though her home for some time past has been in Arizona, where she was engaged in work for the Home Missionary society. She studied at the Pacific Theological seminary before entering upon the home missionary field and has always been most successful in her labors. Only lately, the society expressed itself so pleased with her work that Miss Crothers was appointed to a wider field in New Mexico. She was spending her vacation in San Francisco when fate changed her plans for the future. Miss Crothers is a bright, charming young woman who is a favorite among a wide circle of friends. No one has ever begun married life with more good wishes than will be showered upon Mr. Culbert and his bride.

Alfred Bouvier

In the death of Mrs. Hitchcock San Francisco loses one of its few reliable historians. There was very little about the leaders of our social swim that Mrs. Hitchcock did not know. She was eighty-two years of age at the time of her demise and she was reckoned among the pioneers of California, having come here with her husband in that historic period usually referred to ambiguously as "early days." Now that Mrs. Hitchcock and Mrs. Hager have passed away I know of no one who can take their place as society historians. They knew everything about everybody and nobody was so competent as they to pass judgment upon who is who and who is not who in the local swim. They both passed the greater part of their later lifetime at the Palace hotel, though Mrs. Hitchcock paid periodical visits to Europe almost up to the time of her death. Her daughter, Mrs. Lillie Hitchcock Coit, was a belle of early days. She still retains her fascinating powers though she must be nearly, if not past, sixty. Howard Coit, her late husband, was classed among the gayest men about town. He was an American aristocrat, of Connecticut ancestry. The Brooklyn hotel now stands where was formerly the Hitchcock residence, famed in early days as the place where was dispensed the most lavish hospitality. It seems as though all the old Californians were passing away. Soon there will be no one left to tell from personal experience what San Francisco looked like "when the water came up to Montgomery street."

Colonel Summers of the Oregon regiment made quite a hit at the midsummer jinks of the Bohemian club, but during his stay in this city he was called on so often for speeches that he gradually became enamored of the sound of his own voice. One night, so the story goes, he was so verbose that Horace Platt was prompted to remark that the colonel had no terminal facilities.

Arnold Grazer, in his Skirt Dance

That irrepressible wit Lan Mizner was at a dinner not long ago, when epicurean topics were under discussion. The merits of various delicacies and dishes were passed upon and one very sweet and charming young woman took occasion to remark that the capon was a very fine bird.

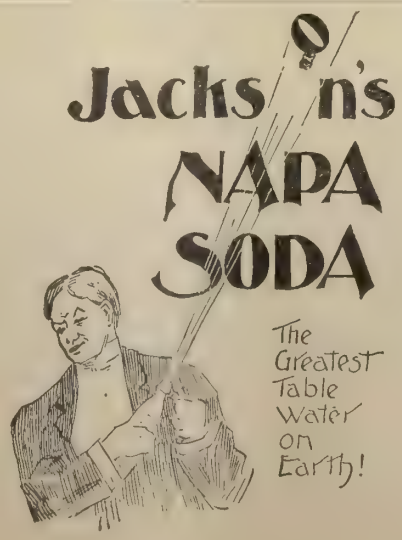
"And virtuous," added Mizner.

Mrs. Edward Morrison did not come so far west as she expected and her relatives and friends here were thus deprived of the pleasure of personally congratulating the young Californian upon the success she has attained upon the eastern stage. Mrs. Morrison is better known here as Lillian Coleman, and she is a very charming and gifted young woman. I have followed with interest her career since she became a professional and the press notices I have seen all speak in the highest terms of her talent. She came, upon her latest tour, as far as Kansas city but concluded not to extend her trip to San Francisco this time.

Arnold Grazer, who will appear at the Orpheum next week in a duo dance with little Hazel Callahan, is what one would call a "natural born dancer." He has taken lessons since he was a mere infant, almost, but it is not those lessons that have made him the marvel of grace that he is. He was born with the talent for dancing, just as were the famous Taglioni, Barbarini and other renowned danseuses. Little Arnold no doubt gained in style and technic from Mademoiselle Irmler, who was one of his instructors, but the gift of grace was his by nature. He has danced on his toes in a marvelous cake-walk, he has given skirt dances and a danse du diable for San Francisco audiences, but next week he will give a more ambitious dance than any of these. This mirror dance in which little Arnold Grazer will be the leading figure is something out of the common. It is not exactly a mirror dance such as that Papinta gave, but is in reality a mirrored-window dance. The writer was shown one of the bits of glass such as that which will be used in the dance, and it is transparent from one point of view, while taking it from another point it reflects objects. La miroir-fenetre, one might suggest as a name for this unique arrangement of glass. Arnold is a pretty lad, as full of fun as any ordinary schoolboy without especial talent, and his dancing is but to him an episode of the day. He will go east after his Orpheum engagement, one understands, and he is sure to win loads of praise from the critics and bouquets from the spectators who see his dances. His mother, the wife of the Mission physician, Dr. Fred Grazer, will accompany him in his travels.

Rhys Thomas will find another ex-Tivoli singer in the Castle Square opera company, which he will join for the new season, no other than Ed Knight. It is a long time since Knight was in this city; he has many friends here who would like to hear him warble in his deep basso the old favorite "Tomorrow will be Friday." Bernice Holmes, the contralto, will also be of the new Castle Square company, which promises to be a powerful organization. I do not know how St. Dominic's choir, and the McNeill club of Sacramento, will get along without Mr. Thomas, who is rated among our best tenors. Before he came to San Francisco he was with Francis Wilson's comic opera company and played as far west as Chicago.

The Seaman's institute entertainments, arranged at regular intervals by local musicians or music lovers,



continue and are always evenings of pleasure. At the concert given last week, on Wednesday, among the participants were Miss Charlotte Beckwith and other well known professionals, and stereopticon views were shown by Bruce Wood.

It is said that George E. P. Hall invented the saying: Allah be with you! May He bless you—at his earliest convenience

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Some of the soldier boys who have been tasting the hospitality of the Philippines, and dodging the enemy's bullets, have become hardened cynics. I was told of one, who when asked if the soldiers had to suffer many hardships, said:

"Hardships? I should say so—and deprivations. Half the time I could not get any morphine."

However the Filipino cigarette, which is big and solid, should have been an excellent substitute.

A young matron remarked at Del Monte early in the week that she was sorry she was married.

"Have you already had a tiff with Harry?" asked her friend.

The young matron said she had not, but explained that she could not play golf as well as she could when single.

"And," she added, "I love golf better than hubby."

World of Law

THE TRIAL OF THE libel suit brought by Senator William J. Dunn against the Examiner, which terminated the other day in a verdict of five hundred dollars damages against the paper, contained some amusing incidents. Mr. Hearst was defended by Billy Foote, and as usual that astute counsel relied on his ability to break down the testimony of the few unfortunates who had the temerity to take the stand in Dunn's behalf and say that the community in which he lived thought him a good fellow. One of those witnesses was Lawrence J. Conlan, better known as "Larry" Conlan.

When Conlan had done all the good he could for Dunn he was turned over to Mr. Foote for cross-examination. "Billy" winked at the jury and assuming his most truculent sneer, snapped at the witness the following question:

"You've done politics for Dunn, haven't you?"

"Yes," was the unabashed reply. "That is, I've done politics with him."

"And you've done politics for Chris Buckley, too, haven't you, eh?"

"Oh, yes."

"Ha, I thought so," triumphantly exclaimed the eminent counsel, with another look at the jury.

"Oh, that's all right," pursued Conlan. "I'd do politics for Buckley now, if he wanted me to, for I never go back on a friend. And I'd advise you not to go back on your friends, either, Mr. Foote."

"What's that?" roared Billy, jumping up. "What do you mean sir?"

"Just what I say."

"Do you mean to say, sir, to insinuate that you have ever done politics for me?"

"I do," rejoined the unabashed Conlan.

"Through whom, sir?"

"Through one man in particular," replied Conlan.

"His name, sir," cried Foote, thumping his chest; "I insist you tell this jury his name."

"Christopher A. Buckley," slowly replied the witness. "Don't you remember the time you sent for me and got me to go to Buckley and have him send a delegation over to Alameda county and win out a primary election for you?"

Subsidence of W. W.

After being out about thirty hours the jury in the Keenan murder trial found a verdict of acquittal. Such is justice in this our Golden State! A man murders the mother of his five children and then asks an acquittal at the hands of his fellow-men on the ground that he was crazed with love for her at the time. And although the proof is as clear as daylight there is no satisfaction in a trial before a jury.

This man Keenan, once known by the sobriquet of Patsy Hogan, cannot have been a kind and indulgent husband, a loving father, or his good wife would not have been compelled to bring divorce proceedings against him. True, after a patient hearing Judge Hebbard decided to refuse the divorce, but that was for the sake of the five little ones rendered motherless by their father's act. That he had a maudlin affection for the family is not disputed; his very action in pestering Mrs. Keenan with promises of reform by way of inducement to her to return to him is in attestation of that fact. But he did not act rightly in the first instance or there would have been no estrangement. So one day he went home, had a few words with his wife, murdered her and was found slightly wounded himself by what looked like self-inflicted cuts.

He was a member of the Fire department and so had a pull. Good men, and true, climbed aboard the witness stand and swore to his spotless reputation for peace and quiet, to his love of his family and earnest desire to better their condition and, as a last resort, to his occasional fits of insanity, particularly after the death of one of his children. That was all right; men have a right to befriend one another; but I maintain that in the case at bar, the friendship of these men was sadly misplaced. Patrick J. Keenan, alias Patsy Hogan, deserved no sympathy at their hands.

I will explain why Keenan did not stand to his guns. He did not play the man and take his medicine. Instead, he broke down completely under the ordeal, forgot all about his pretended insanity and worked artfully to save his life. And in

Self respect is on good terms with

The Old Government Whisky

Suit your taste—100% proof, bottled in bond; or 90% proof, Special Reserve, bottled at Distillery.

A wholesome stimulant—a nerve tonic.

order to do this how did he act? Why, he dragged the good name of the woman he had murdered into the dirt. He tried to save himself at the expense of that poor, dead thing, mute accuser but powerless, indeed, to give him the lie to his face. He took the stand and swore, in the first place, that his wife stabbed him three times before he was compelled, in self-defense, to draw his gun. The woman grabbed for it, he said, it was discharged two or three times, one bullet grazing his forehead, and then he knew no more till he woke up in the Receiving hospital.

That was not all. There was a broad hint of a man in the case. Keenan said that his wife replied to him, on being asked the direct question: "Yes, I have. And it's none of your business what I do with him." Man, forsooth! Why, Mrs. Keenan was a comfortable, motherly person, who helped to support her children and herself by working as a janitress in one of the schools. She was no Venus to attract the smiles of men. In my humble judgment the very nature of the testimony given by this man Keenan should have sufficed to damn him forever in the minds of the jury and have caused him to be discredited in toto. Why not? When a man gets up in court in a divorce case and swears that he has been intimate with the wife it is an unwritten law among judges that his testimony shall go for naught. Vide Henri Steuart, in the Russell case. Why not in a case like Keenan's, where the murderer tries to shield himself by besmirching the reputation of the murdered mother of his innocent children?

And yet that jury wrangled and wrangled away in their room over the facts of the case. Judge Frank H. Dunne very properly did all he could to prevent "undue influence" by locking up all twelve citizens from the beginning of the trial. So it was passing strange that there should have been more than one question to deliberate, viz: whether to hang the man or to let him off with imprisonment for life. Let us do away with common juries and have murderers tried before judges in bank. Keenan was defended by Mr. J. N. E. Wilson, the attorney, by the way, of the M. B. Curtis and G. F. West cases. And that reminds me that I was much attracted by some verses that Mr. Wilson fired off in the course of his speech for the defense. They were not apropos of the case, nor of anything else, for the matter of that, but Mr. Wilson thought they were pretty lines and the jury would be in better humor if they heard them. They evidently made an impression. M. Wilson told me after the trial that the verses were taken from a number of the Century magazine published at least ten years ago. Also they were published anonymously. I reproduce them here:

A STRANGE old tavern have I seen,
The walls are thick, the garden green,
'Tis damp and foul, yet through the door
Do rich men come as well as poor;
They come by night and they come by day
And never a guest is turned away.

The landlord, an unwholesome fellow,
Has a complexion white and yellow;
And though he is exceeding thin
Does nothing else but grin and grin
At all his guests, who after awhile
Begin to imitate his smile.

The guests are a fearful sight to see,
Though some are people of high degree;
For no one asks when a carriage arrives
A decent account of the inmates' lives;
But Holy Virgins and men of sin
Sleep cheek by jowl in this careless inn.

And beautiful youths in their strength and pride
Have taken beds by a leper's side;
But all sleep well, and it never was said
That any kind of complaint was made,
For all the people who pass that way
Appear to intend a lengthened stay.

The house has a singular bill of fare,
Nothing dainty, nothing rare;
But only one dish and that dish meat
Which never a guest was known to eat;
Night and day the meal goes on
And the guests themselves are fed upon.

These merry guests are all of them bound
To a land far off, but I never have found
That any one knew when he should start
Or wished from this pleasant house to part.

Oh! strange old tavern, with garden green,
In every town its walls are seen.
Now the question has often been asked of me,
"Is it really as bad as it seems to be"?

The only lucid explanation that Mr. Wilson could offer for his recitation was that he sought to impress the jury with the idea that Mrs. Keenan was better off in her grave than battling with the cares of life in this vale of tears, an ingenious way of contending that Keenan had done his wife a service by murdering her. The five little motherless children were not thought of, just then. Well, well, the law is a peculiar profession. They say the late Mr. Hall McAllister used to recite a chapter of the Bible to his jury when he felt that way.

Rincon Valley, Near Santa Rosa

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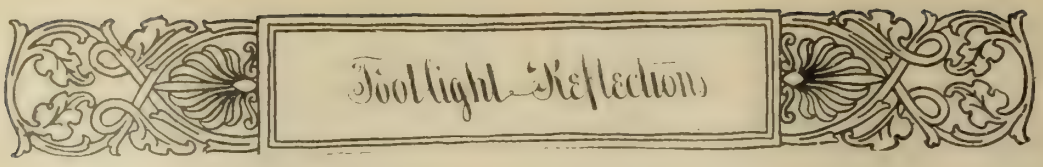

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "A Southern Gentleman"—authored by its star and starred by its author.

CALIFORNIA. "A Bachelor's Honeymoon"—amusing and with Delia Stacey in it.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Clover"—sweet and suitable for summer.

TIVOLI. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I' Pagliacci"—strong production.

ALCAZAR. "Camille" and "Romeo and Juliet"—Florence Roberts season nearing its close.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—the Cardownies and Dagmar are all right.

PANORAMA BUILDING. "Battle of Manila"—worth seeing.

DIALECT PLAYS BEGOME absolutely devoid of artistic character when presented by thespians who cannot do justice to the lines. No matter how intricate certain dialect forms may be the actor must be so capable as to make them distinct to everybody, even those unfamiliar with dialect forms. The art of dialect declamation is distinct from that of mere dramatic declamation and requires much study and natural talent. Clay Clement has in his company no member who can do full justice to the gracefulness of the southern dialect and hence it occurs that a large portion of the play is missed by being mashed into an indistinct mass from which it is impossible to gain any information as to the purpose of the play. The southern dialect is not so constructed that one is unable to understand it, but if the declamator comprehends his duties he will never fail to make himself so well understood when using the southern dialect as when he employs classical English properly. So right here we have the great drawback of the performance at the Columbia. Naturally when you take away the dialect from the southern character you deprive him of the very thing that surrounds him with that quaint originality people love so much, and the genuine southern atmosphere is lacking. On the other hand Clay Clement himself is always a careful student and throughout his work one cannot omit observing that the character he portrays lives. His work is convincing, realistic and inspires conviction. After all it is the foremost duty of an actor to reflect certain men or women as in a looking-glass and when they succeed in this essential characteristic of the dramatic art they have done their duty. Therefore Clay Clement must be classed among the leaders in the profession for his characters are molded from a model that lives and his portrayal of a character is merely the reproduction of a living example. This is the finest art. The acme of dramatic art is, after all, imitation, provided you imitate correctly. The least flaw in your endeavor to imitate somebody else makes your work offensive in the eyes of the connoiseur. Mrs. Clement proves herself possessed of much vivacity and esprit and Augustus Cook imposes his aggressive temperament into his role. From one point of view the play is valuable, namely, it contains that genteel aristocratic environment that forms such a distinguished atmosphere around the southern home life. Next week will bring back The New Dominion, in which play Mr. Clement made such a pronounced success last season. The dialect of Baron Hohenstaufen is correct and the genuineness of the character is apparent throughout the play, which is a delightful bit of romance and can easily be listened to many times without losing any of its charm.

Alcazar THE FLORENCE ROBERTS season has been one of the most successful this theatre has ever known. Miss Roberts has established herself a favorite and the fact of her popularity was never more clearly shown than last week at the benefit for the California soldier boys at the Orpheum. While the other participants were warmly received Miss Roberts' greeting was absolutely enthusiastic and she was compelled to return three or four times to bow her acknowledgments for the applause after her act. Miss Roberts has youth, beauty and talent on her side in the race for fame and she will, the writer feels sure, rank among America's greatest actresses at no far distant day. This week Romeo and Juliet and Camille have been the bills at the Alcazar and next week, the last of the Roberts season, Ingomar will be given.

Grand Opera House NOTHING COULD HAVE BEEN a more suitable offering for the midsummer season than Clover. Its very name sounds summery and Von Suppé put into its score some of his most catchy melodies. The members of Morosco's company enter fully into the spirit of their respective roles and sing and act with refreshing vim. As is usual at the Grand the costumes and scenery are of the best. Next week's bill will be Paul Jones, which is a particularly appropriate offering at this time when "our California boys" and American soldiers and sailors are the theme on every lip. Mr. Persse will sing the title role.

Orpheum OF THE SUCCESSION of vocal soloists who have graced the Orpheum's boards Alexandra Dagmar has certainly been the most freely favored by nature. Her beauty is absolutely flawless, her bearing is graceful and aristocratic and she sings divinely. The mystery is how she catches the gallery, for neither Josephine Sabel nor Lydia Yeamans Titus ever succeeded in making a greater hit than that accomplished by the big Russian. Her bigness is not her beauty. You do not think of her enormous size when you look at her, for she is so exquisitely proportioned. And she is refined from head to foot. The Cardownies with their Scotch dances are worth seeing more than once. At first it seems a trifle shocking to see two men with their legs bare and unconcealed by their short plaid skirts; if you could eliminate the audience and the orchestra you might readily fancy yourself in the Highlands. The tall Cardownie feminine who dances the sword dance is as graceful as a fawn

G. H. Mumm & Co.

Extra Dry

The very fine Vintage of G. H. Mumm and Co.'s Extra Dry now coming to this market is eliciting universal admiration on account of its very superior quality and dryness, without being heavy, making it a perfect wine in the true sense of the word. It should be tasted to be fully appreciated.

E. M. Greenway, Pacific Coast Representative

Mr Clay Clement
As the Baron Von Hohenstauffen in "The New Dominion"

and the two others are marvels of agility. There is something uncommonly interesting about these five Cardownies. Next week will mark the return of that delightful actor Felix Morris, who will appear in Kerry, a dainty little comedy taken from Dion Boucicault's play Night and Morning. The company in support consists of Mrs. Felix Morris, Miss Ethel May Harrison, Miss Mary Townley, Foster Lardner and Benjamin Selby. The Mouliere sisters also open at the Orpheum tomorrow. They are the only female triple horizontal bar performers in the world and this is their first appearance in America. Arnold Grazer and Hazel Callahan, two clever San Francisco youngsters, will make their debut to an Orpheum audience in a new spectacular mirror dance. The other newcomer is Apollo, a bounding wire performer with a European reputation.

It is reported that the Comedie Francais has not accepted the bust of Francisque Sarcey, on the ground that the gallery of the theatre is reserved for actors and playwrights, not critics. That may do for Paris but in America, as well as in England, the "gallery gods" are noted critics, so much so that "playing to the gallery" has long since ceased to be rated as slang and is all but classic Edwin Booth, Lawrence Barrett, McCullough and others of our greatest stage stars are said to have placed more value upon the approval of the gallery than the applause of the boxes.

Tivoli THE SENSATION of the week at the Tivoli was Berthald's Canio. With one long jump this accomplished tenor leaped into public favor and has now succeeded in even eclipsing Avedano, who seemed to have been the lion of the season. Berthald is certainly deserving of this tribute, for he is an artist par excellence and an actor of great resources. His Canio was in every respect a highly artistic piece of work and executed in such an ideal fashion that his reputation as far as the balance of his engagement at the Tivoli is concerned will be the very best. The orchestra did justice to its merit and Max Hirschfeld showed his ability as an operatic conductor by imposing his own healthy ideas of these passionate works into the orchestra and chorus. It was a wise action of Mr. Hirschfeld's to refuse an encore of the intermezzo, inasmuch as such would disturb the balance and sentiment of the production. The intermezzo serves as a bridge between the climax of the duo and the finale; to disturb it by rendering it twice—the second time it would never contain the same spirit as the first time—would be utter folly. It was therefore in bad taste when Avadeno repeated Canio's grand aria, and when he took Santuzza from the steps of the church to include her in the applause. The dramatic effect of a play should never be disturbed by formalities. Miss Prossnitz gives an ideal Santuzza, the singing and acting being the author's own conception. Miss Lichter's Nedda was as neat and well executed a role as one is accustomed to hear from this energetic and efficient vocalist. Next week will bring Gioconda and Rigoletto, both of which operas are always in demand.

California DELIA STACEY was always a bright little actress. She knows how to dress, too, and she has a good figure. Miss Stacey makes a distinct success of her role of the retired actress, Miss Arbuckle, in A Bachelor's Honeymoon. The comedy is amusing, it is vivacious and it goes with an élan, a vim that is positively brilliant. The dialogue, while it may be perilously near the risqué at some parts, is never coarse. All of the characters are in good hands. Besides Miss Stacey there is Charles Bates, who cleverly impersonates Dr. Ludwig Schwartz, sub-described as one "who nurses a secret sorrow." William McVay is the hero, Benjamin Bachelor, who marries in haste, and Helen Tracy is his strong-minded sister. William Brewer shows that he possesses considerable talent for character work in his impersonation of the "very busy man," Stephen Howston. Joe Swickard as Anthony Gumbag, George Morehead as Joe, Louise Temple and Ann Hathaway as Bachelor's twin daughters and Verne Castro as Barbara are all good. Indeed the farce is so brightly interpreted that it may be said to go like wildfire. After tomorrow's performances of A Bachelor's Honeymoon the California will be closed for a time to admit of extensive improvements and alterations.

A question as unanswerable as the old one of what becomes of the lost pins is this: What possesses an actress whose nose approximates the shape of a button-hook to have herself photographed en profile?

DEL MONTE EXCURSION

ALL SORTS OF EARLY Californian, Spanish sports have been arranged by the residents of Monterey to entertain the crowd of visitors expected down on September third. It is on that day that the passenger department of the Southern Pacific company will hold its annual excursion to Monterey, Hotel Del Monte and Pacific Grove.

This outing ranks among the great events of the year and last season fully two thousand people availed themselves of the opportunity to go on the excursion. The chance to enjoy such a visit at two dollars for the round trip is not often offered and it is likely that even more will take advantage of it than was the case last year.

The excursion will be under the personal supervision of William H. Menton, excursionist passenger agent of the Southern Pacific, which insures its success in every particular.

Special trains for the excursion will leave the Third and Townsend street depot at eight o'clock, instead of half-past seven as heretofore; returning trains will leave Monterey at a quarter to five. The trains will have ample accommodations and will be run through without stops.

A Scandal

[One of Bohemia's favorite verses.]

THE WIND just whisper'd to the Pine,
Who shook her head and sigh'd,
And then she told it to the Oak,
Who said the wind had lied.
But soon he told it to the Ash,
And to the Willow tree,
And so along the line it pass'd,
Until it came to me.
I got it from the Speck'led Trout,
Who got it from the Pool,
And this is how the story ran,
"Last night the Moon was full."

Anonymous.

At the Club

[Speech made by General X. Y. Z. Jones at the dinner given to the volunteer army officers at the club last week. Topic—"Does Civilization Civilize"?]

CIVILIZATION? WELL, I should smile. Take civilization away from a man and what is left? He and himself alone—and badly left, too. 'Tis well indeed for affected pessimism to sing the praises of the savage and decry the delights of civilization, but as for me I would rather be here tonight, the savory smell of cooking tickling my nostrils; a bird nicely browned on toast before me and my legs gradually corkscrewing under the blissful effects of sauterne, chablis and champagne than to sit under fruit-laden palms upon some South Sea island, feasting with eager appetite upon the tender missionary and washing him down with copious draughts from crystal springs near by. [Applause.]

Oh, no, excuse me! And a bird on the toast is worth two or more on the very prettiest palm tree, though their plumage outrival in brilliancy the neckwear of General Slickinson. Of course, it is not so romantic to sit here, evidences as we are of the highest intellectuality and the most advanced civilization. We should make prettier pictures, no doubt, on golden sands or in cocoanut groves. We should be pleasant to read about if a full-dress fig leaf sheltered us from the inclemency of the winter; if papa were a Fiji chief and mamma wore a nose-ring. However, we cannot be both, and somehow I have a sneaking admiration for the barbarities of civilization. [Laughter.]

If we had no civilization we should have no Monarch, and where would Willful Willie be? If we had no civilization there would be no San Quentin—and what would we do with the men who are fitted for wardens' and keepers' jobs? If we had no civilization we'd have no ferries—and where would Billy Foote get off? If we had no civilization San Francisco would not be the wicked city it is and the supervisors and school directors would not have been moved to start out and do so much to reform it.

I might show these disadvantages of a lack of civilization at length, but further argument, I am sure, is unnecessary. [Thunderous applause.]

When, as a closing argument, I state that the savage, whatever the joys of his situation, knows absolutely nothing of the ecstatic bliss of poker, and that to his dull mind a blue chip is of no more value than a white, that he has never experienced the pleasure of bluffing on an ace high—and losing—I have completed the picture. I now leave to you, gentlemen, the decision: Does civilization civilize?

THE REPORTER.

WHERE QUALITY REGULATES PRICE

THE QUALITY of anything invariably regulates its price. It is a reasonable presumption that, all else being equal, the thing which costs the most is the best. This is particularly true of champagne, the wholesale prices of which are regulated for the entire world by the London market, in which the greatest connoisseurs and most discriminating judges are engaged. Here *Pommery* invariably sells at a higher price than other champagnes. This is proof positive that it is considered by the best judges to be superior. In America its retail price is usually the same as other brands, but those familiar with the facts appreciate that they are getting better value for their money if they order *Pommery*. Uncle Sam's commissary department has indorsed the judgment of the connoisseurs of champagne by putting Pommery on board the various transports for hospital use. Pommery was selected out of all the brands submitted, which shows that the government supplies now being shipped to the army are the best the market can supply—quality being apparently considered before price.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Sunday night, last time, "A SOUTHERN GENTLEMAN"

Beginning Next Monday, Second week of MR. CLAY CLEMENT and his own company.

Elaborate production of the beautiful play,

"THE NEW DOMINION"

Mr. Clement as Count von Hohenstauffen.

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Last two nights of Von Suppe's charming opera, "CLOVER"

Week of Monday, August 28, magnificent production of Planquette's greatest comic opera,

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Superb cast. Beautiful Scenery. Gorgeous costumes.

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Week of August 28th

Farewell week of FLORENCE ROBERTS and White Whittlesey in a beautiful presentation of

"INGOMAR"

Staged and costumed to the period.

Beginning September 3d, opening of the New Stock Season, in "CHRISTOPHER, JR."

Prices—15, 25, 35 and 50 cents.

Orpheum O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, August 27th.

FELIX MORRIS and COMPANY, in a one-act comedy, "KERRY"
MOULIERE SISTERS. APOLLO.
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Reserved Seats 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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"CAVALLERIA" and "PAGLIACCI,"

Last times tonight and Sunday Evening.

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Monday, Wednesday Friday and Saturday Evenings,

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Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents. Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

Battle of Manila Bay

This Grand Historical Panorama is now on exhibition . . .

Lectures every half hour by the eminent orator, PROF. W. G. ROLLINS

Admission, 50 Cents

Children, 25 Cents.

A delightful hot drink may be made with the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky and the usual hot water, sugar and a little lemon skin.

The Bohemian Club

SAN FRANCISCO has no institution of which it has more reason to be proud than the Bohemian club. There are older and more prosperous clubs in the world than the Bohemian, but none that holds higher rank in the world of art and letters or in whose history is embalmed so much wit and wisdom. The Bohemian club is famous for its camaraderie, its high jinks and its punch. The objects of its existence were defined in its first constitution to be:

The promotion of social and intellectual intercourse between journalists and other writers, artists, actors and musicians, professional or amateur, and such others not included in this list as may, by reason of knowledge and appreciation of polite literature science and the fine arts, be deemed worthy of membership. And also, the collection and preservation of records, mementoes and archives, illustrating the progress of literature, science and art on the Pacific coast and calculated to preserve the memory of those who have been or shall be instrumental in promoting such progress.

In 1875 the constitution was amended to permit of the admission of "gentlemen connected professionally with literature, art, music and the drama, and also those who by their love or appreciation of these objects, may be deemed eligible." As the club advanced in years no great stress has been laid upon the amount of "love" and "appreciation" essential to eligibility, and the club has steadily increased in membership and in the number of guests at home and abroad who have attended its jinks, "till," as has been truly said, "the number of those in whose memory lingers a couplet from some bit of original poetry, a fragment from some brilliant description of travel, a snatch of delicious song, the harmony evoked by some master of a musical instrument, a flash of sparkling wit, perhaps a touch of tender pathos, planted there at some 'jinks' has become very great."

The birth of the Bohemian club occurred in 1872—not long enough ago to be shrouded in oblivion—and yet the historian of the club has not a proper record of it in his annals, for which delinquency he must be taken to task. He states that it was brought into existence by men who made their living by the practice of the arts—writers, painters, musicians and actors—drawn together by a similarity of tastes, in subterranean places where beer was sold for "a bit" a glass. They also held informal gatherings in art studios and at private homes, and he concedes that journalists "were not behindhand in these social occasions."

As a matter of fact the club was organized by journalists, and had its inception in the minds of newspaper men. The club was suggested by an incident that occurred one night in front of the box-office of the old California theatre. Thomas Newcomb of the Call and Sands Forman of the Examiner were standing in front of the box-office when they overheard a seedy individual demanding a free pass and representing himself as a reporter. Newcomb remarked that there ought to be some way of lending dignity to the profession of journalism and preventing imposition by frauds. Thereupon Forman suggested a newspaper club and that very night they sat down in a beer saloon and sent out invitations to fellow members of their craft to attend a meeting for the purpose of organizing a club

The meeting was held on February fifth 1872, in the editorial rooms of the Examiner office, in Washington street, and there were present Dan O'Connell of the Bulletin, Sands Forman and Joe Irwin of the Examiner, Tommy Newcomb of the Call and James F. Bowman of the Chronicle. The proposed club was discussed at that meeting and it was then decided to send out a circular inviting all journalists of any standing to cooperate.

The first formal meeting took place February twenty-third and the purpose of the Bohemian club which was then organized was modestly set forth to be "the promotion of good fellowship among journalists and the elevation of journalism to that place in the popular estimation to which it is entitled." Colonel J. C. Cremony, the noted Indian fighter, who was then connected with the Commercial Herald, moved that they adopt the name "Bohemian." The motion was opposed on the ground that "Bohemian" was not a respectable name. It was declared that the popular notion of a Bohemian was one who buttoned his tattered coat to conceal his soiled linen and who, while he was skilled in the art of borrowing money, was afflicted with a treacherous memory. Colonel Cremony made a hot speech in support of the motion and his argument was supplemented by one from O'Connell, after which the motion prevailed and the exponents of respectability withdrew in indignation.

The first president of the club was Thomas Newcomb, and the first home was in the Astor house, at the southeast corner of Sacramento and Webb streets. Although the treasury was in an impoverished condition the club managed to get some second-hand furniture and then the members felt that they were on the high road to prosperity.

In the first year of its existence the club began holding monthly reunions, which were called "High Jinks," a name borrowed from Walter Scott's novel of "Guy Mannering." These entertainments of the Bohemian club are famous the world over for their originality and brilliancy. An idea of their character may be gleaned from the following invitation issued by W. H. Rhodes, a lawyer who wrote sketches over the name of "Caxton," to a High Jinks held in June, 1873:

SPECIAL NOTICE TO ALL

Bohemians attend!
I address you as sire,
Elder Brother and Friend.
Come forth from your attics, your garrets and dens,
And brighten your bonnets and sharpen your pens.
The theme for your thoughts in your High Jinks tonight,
Is jolly and gleesome and funny and bright.
'Tis the wits of the state—California's boast—
Mark Twain's lively spirit and Squibob's pale ghost,
With Pipes in your mouth, and Hart in your hand;
With Podgers in pocket and Forbes at command;
With Mighels to live with, and Mulford to roam;
And Newcomb and Bowman and Bromley at home.
We can laugh at the world with its follies and crimes;
Its cares and misfortunes, its dollars and dimes;
And drawing about us our emblems of Love
Cry "Bohemians below are Archangels above!"
For there, as this evening, in Eden's abodes
You'll find, as
Your Grand Sire
Yours, "CAXTON" H. RHODES.

Mark Twain, who was referred to in the invitation, became a member of the club in 1873, and Bret Harte became an honorary member about the same time. "Squibob" was Lieutenant Derby, "Pipes" was the erratic Stephen Massett and

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Podgers was Richard Ogden, correspondent of the New York Times.

A notable jinks was held in November 1874, which dealt with "The Poets who have sung of the Battle-field." General W. H. L. Barnes was the sire. In the early part of the evening a complimentary greeting was sent to Oliver Wendell Holmes, who wired back the following answer:

Message from San Francisco! Whisper low!
While on his peaceful pillow he reclines,
Say to the friends who sent these loving lines,
"Silent, unanswering, still to friendship true,
He smiles in slumber for he dreams of you!"

BOSTON, FEBRUARY 28, 1874, MIDNIGHT.

On January twentieth 1877, the club moved to new quarters in Pine street over the California market. This motto was left behind in the old rooms:

This place has been consecrated to the growth of friendship and to the cultivation of intelligence. May no evil influence ever pass across its threshold.

The members marched to their new rooms where Judge Boalt delivered an address to the Owl, which was chosen early in the club's career to preside over its destinies. Clay Greene read a poem composed for the event in which the following lines occur:

Old Dick, the Owl, that grave, wise bird,
Whose face is stamped on wall and paper,
Who never in his solemn life
Has laughed a laugh or cut a caper,
Looks out tonight from his new cage
On carpets rich and rooms extensive,
And, muttering to himself he says:
"By Jove! this thing is growing expensive."

About the year 1879, Harry Edwards, the actor who had twice been elected president of the club and who was for many years one of its most active spirits, accepted an engagement with Wallack's stock company and it was decided to give him a farewell entertainment. Camp Taylor, on Paper Mill creek, was chosen as the scene for the jinks and that affair was the first of the Midsummer High Jinks, which each year have become more interesting until today men gladly cross the continent, if they have the means, to witness its glories and participate in its mysterious ceremonies.

About the year 1884 the club had outgrown its Pine street quarters and the members turned up their noses at the variety of smells that emanated from the sundry stalls in the market below. A building had been erected for the club at the corner of Post street and Grant avenue, and here the owl and his followers shifted their motto of "Weaving spiders come not here" together with their art treasures, many of which commemorate incidents in the history of the club and are the works of California's most famous painters. And now the club of modest origin, that held high revel in the days of yore at the corner of a small street and a still smaller alley, within sound of an undertaker's coffin carpenter, and afterwards inhaled the combination odors of sausage and other fragrant stuffs, is now housed in one of San Francisco's most imposing structures in an atmosphere redolent of the highest culture and refinement.

This brief history of the famous club would not be complete without the following from the pen of James Anthony Froude, who was one of the many men famous in the world of letters entertained in Bohemia:

We do not live for politics alone, nor for business alone. The Bohemian club is composed of lawyers, artists, poets, musicians, men of genius who in the sunshine and exuberant fertility of California were brighter, quicker and less bitterly in earnest than their severe fellow-countrymen of the eastern states. It was the American temperament, but what a difference. Dollars, perhaps, are easily come by in that happy country, and men think less of them and more of human life and how it can be spent and enjoyed. If Horace were brought to life again in the new world he would look for a farm in California and be a leading Bohemian. The pictures in the drawing room, painted by one or other of themselves, had all something new and original about them, reminding one of Bret Harte's writing.

In the summer weather the club takes to tents migrates to the forest and holds high jinks in Dionysic fashion. There was a clever sketch of one of these festivals in the abandonment of intellectual riot. It is likely enough that some original school of American art may start up in California. Their presiding genius at the club is Pallas Athene in the shape of an owl; but for some reason which they could not or would not explain she has one eye shut.

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A Bohemian Episode

MONSIEUR CHARLES DUBOIS sits in his studio. He is just giving the last touches to a picture. Softly the door opens and a very pretty woman enters. She is tall and graceful and a remarkable handsome brunette.

The artist looks up and is decidedly surprised to see her.

"Tiens, mon ami," begins his brown-eyed visitor. "Do you remember in our stolen interviews how very often you regretted that I had married before meeting you?"

"Yes, my dear Amelia," replied the artist, "I remember it very well; very well, indeed, and I still regret that you married before we met."

"Eh bien, mon petit Charles," replied the charming Amelia "I am no longer enchained. I am free! In other words I am a widow, and I have come to tell you that your oft-repeated wish may be realized!"

"What! is it really true?" said Charles, looking as though he had been suddenly struck by a thunderbolt.

"Oui, monsieur," said Amelia gayly; "it is really true. But perhaps now you do not wish to marry me?" she added, coyly.

"Why, to be sure I do, ma mignonne," replied the artist with marked nonchalance—thinking to himself, "If I have got to do this thing I had better do it at once and make an end of it"—"I am ready to marry you now, this very instant"

Amelia mistakes philosophy for love and her brown eyes sparkle with delight as she listens

"No, we cannot be married here, mon petit Charles," she answers. "This is simply impossible; propriety forbids, and though I detested my husband I must not be seen with another so soon after his death. But come, let us go to some quiet sequestered country place where we can be married, sans bruit, and where we can live entirely for each other, I having no other thought but you and you having no other thought but me. Where there shall be nothing in the world to disturb our solitude. Here we can laugh together, we can talk together, we can paint together, we can play together, and—and we can fight together. For, you know, we shall certainly do that," she said laughingly. "Come, mon ami, let us start at once!"

"Very well, it is agreed," said the artist, taking his hat, entirely won by Amelia's picturesque description of love in a solitude.

* * * * * * *

A month has passed in this quiet, frightful solitude of the country and the artist, blasé, is nearly dead with ennui.

One evening after he has poked at the fire for nearly a quarter of an hour, while his wife has occupied herself with embroidery, he suddenly breaks the silence.

"Tell me, my dear Amelia," he said, "if you do not think of returning to Paris soon? For my part I infinitely prefer the gayety and bustle of the boulevards to this quiet monotonous life in the country."

"Well, I do not agree with you, mon chèr petit Charles," replied his wife, who adored the country even in the depth of winter because she adored her husband, just as she adored him in the springtime of her love.

"But you see, my dear Amelia," pleaded Charles, "I am positively obliged to return to Paris. Business compels me to do so. I supposed, of course, you would be most delighted to accompany me, and had you agreed to do so I intended taking apartments there and giving up these country catacombs for the winter. However, since you are so anxious to remain among these delightful snow-clad hills, I shall go alone and to please you I shall return; meanwhile I shall write you just exactly what they are saying about you in Paris."

"Ah, yes," said his wife, "do, that would be very interesting. I shall be so pleased to know exactly what my friends think about my sudden departure from Paris—and the rest of it."

With exquisite finesse Charles had touched the cord of feminine curiosity, so Amelia joyfully bade her husband bon voyage.

She opened with the greatest embarrassment his first letter from Paris, which ran thus:

TO THE WOMAN I ADORE:

Ever ready, my dear Amelia, to gratify the least of your desires, the first thing I did on arriving in Paris was to call at your former lodgings and I hasten to let you know at once the happy result of my visit. Presenting myself to the concierge, with that supreme air of indifference which is so interesting in our position, I inquired with charming nonchalance if Madame de V—— were at home.

"No," replied the concierge promptly, "but go upstairs, monsieur will see you!"

Fancy my astonishment, chere Amelia, at being invited to go upstairs and interview monsieur!

"How is this?" I said, trying to conceal my surprise as best I could. "I thought monsieur was dead.'

"Yes, monsieur," replied the concierge.

"Oh, merciful heaven!" I said to myself, "What is this I hear? Am I dreaming?"

Then turning to the concierge I timidly asked: "But is it not true that monsieur is dead?"

"Well, yes" replied the concierge indifferently, "something of that sort did occur."

Then, assuming a most confidential tone, the good woman confided to me that for three days everybody thought that monsieur was dead but that on the fourth, having shown signs of life, monsieur le docteur was called and pronounced it a case of lethargy, and now monsieur is quite well and entirely himself again

"Grand Dieu!" I murmured, "how extraordinary!"

"Pauvre monsieur is very sad—very sad indeed—"

"Monsieur sad!" I repeated in a tone of delicious innocence. "Sorry to come to life again in this wicked world?" I suggested.

"No, monsieur is sad because the wife who adored him and whom he adored has disappeared and no one, not even her most intimate friends, know where she is. Grief over the death of monsieur has probably unbalanced her mind," said the concierge with a deep sigh, "and monsieur refuses to be consoled."

"Ah, that is too bad!" said I, "pauvre monsieur! pauvre madame!"

An hour later Amelia was on her way to Paris, and Monsieur de V —— now goes about telling his friends how his dear little wife came very near losing her mind through grief. Et quant à Monsieur Charles Dubois, he is quite content with single bliss, and when his friends suggest a wife the young artist shrugs his broad shoulders and laughingly says:

"No, thank you! I have no taste for marriage!"

[Translated from the French of H. de Balzac, by Beatrice Hastings.]

Home Products are Best

THERE IS ALWAYS A GREAT DEAL of talk about the superiority of the products that come from foreign manufactories, over those that owe their being to domestic manufactories. Yet this is an absurdity and the person who refuses to see any good in a home-made article, while he continues to exploit the works of Europeans, deserves to be expatriated. Right here in San Francisco we manufacture many articles that easily rank with those of foreign manufacture.

There is the Pacific Saw Manufacturing company, for instance, the pioneer of its line, and located at 17-19 Fremont street in this city. James Patterson is the president and manager of the company, and Antone C. Anderson is the secretary.

The Pacific Saw Manufactory makes saws of every description to order, planing and courier knives, lace leather, emery wheels, saw mandrels etc. A visit to the manufactory reveals some highly interesting scenes, the details of saw manufacturing being of interest not only to those engaged in this line of work, but to all classes of students as well. And a visit to the manufactory also reveals the fact that home products cannot be excelled by those of foreign make.

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THE CHILDREN'S JINKS

MY REMEMBRANCE of the only children's high jinks ever given by the Bohemian club is very hazy but I remember quite well the fact that I was there. It was given at the old clubrooms in Pine street, and was one of the most unique events that Bohemia had, up to that time, celebrated.

Robert Howe Fletcher, in his annals of the club, says that the juvenile jinks emanated from a suggestion involuntarily voiced by a crusty old bachelor, who was objecting to the giving of another of the most delightful ladies' jinks.

" 'Women are adorable, no doubt,' he said, 'in their proper sphere, but when we enter the portals of our club, we should feel that it is ours and ours only, and be assured that our privacy is not going to be intruded upon. Why, good Lord !,' he cried with an outburst of righteous indignation, 'if this sort of thing is encouraged much more, we will be having children here next.' "

And thus was born the Great Idea, for Paul Neumann seized upon the suggestion at once.

It was Mr. Neumann who acted as sire of the jinks upon that memorable Saturday afternoon when children from twelve years of age downward climbed the stairs leading to the club-rooms and exclaimed in bashful rapture at the picturesque scenes laid bare to their unaccustomed juvenile eyes.

Mr. Neumann was associated in entertaining the children High Priest Bromley and by Andrew McF. Davis Mr. Davis being a father himself and Mr. Bromley a grandfather, it will easily be understood they both knew how to go about their task.

There was a program of music a kinder-symphony etc, contributed by club talent. The high-priest made a short address to the sire and to the children, who were ordered to appear as neophytes before him. A long line of pretty girls and boys, headed by Mr. Neumann's little daughter, Pauline, filed up before the sire and the high-priest. I do not remember all the bright things that were said. We were told, though, that:

"Notwithstanding you are about to enjoy this great and unparalleled privilege, you are not expected to aggregate to yourselves any special privileges as you mingle with your less favored associates; nor are you expected to feel as did the little boy when he fell into a molasses cask and became so stuck up he wouldn't speak to any of his friends. You should, rather, strive to emulate that other little boy who became so bright that his mother had to use smoked glass to look at him."

We were told all about the owl and how it became Bohemia's emblem, and then questions were asked of the neophytes. However, the high-priest did not wait for the children's answers but answered each one as soon as the query was propounded. Among other qestions were:

"In preparing yourselves for the great battle of life would you prefer to pull the bow oar or join the archery club?

"In modern history is there any account of more than one city hall that cost six millions being surmounted by a six-bit flagstaff?

"Of all the booms now booming over the country, do you believe than any of them will leave so lasting an impression as the spanker boom of childhood?"

There were a few other questions, then we had to chant some verses in chorus, and then we were told to kiss the owl as a conclusion to the ceremony.

Then came refreshments, with candies and bonbons, and we cracked the last and donned the caps and enjoyed ourselves until it was time to go home.

But I imagine it was the sisters, mammas, cousins and aunts accompanying us who extracted the greatest enjoyment from the jinks. We were really too young to understand the immensity of the privilege accorded us, but Bohemia was not then such an open book to the fair sex as it is today and the afternoon was decidedly a treat to our adult feminine relatives.

THE GROWN-UP.

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HAVING AMPLY DISCUSSED the present prospects of the vocal art and pointed out the fact that today there are more good vocalists and instructors than at any previous time I shall go a step further and contend that instrumental music, too, stands now upon a higher plane than formerly. Repeatedly I have heard the exclamation: "There are no more great masters, they all lie in their graves." The gravest mistake a man can possibly make concerning music is to spread such a report, for it lacks all substantiation and is wholly without reason. In truth there are to-day as great masters as we ever had and I may even make the bold statement that we have greater masters today than we ever had before. These are serious assertions to make and I know that in certain quarters where prejudice rules supreme and narrowness of mind does not permit liberal ideas these lines will be laughed at. But no matter how such statements are received they are based upon absolute facts. Did not Mozart succumb to the pangs of hunger? Were not conspiracies inaugurated in order to kill his Magic Flute? Was he not constantly abused and ridiculed as a charlatan during the time of his activity as a composer? It is a matter of history. Beethoven's Fidelio, at the time of its first production, was cried down by the friends of the other composers who were then considered great. Wagner could never gain a foothold until King Ludwig II of Bavaria, inspired by an almost unnatural affection for the composer, assisted him in the production of his works. And yet today Mozart is living in the hearts of all musicians, Beethoven and his Fidelio are still in existence, while his antagonists were forgotten long ago; and Wagner is admired more than ever. I need not elucidate my contention that none of the great masters was appreciated during his life time. We have today what may be termed a *new* school of composition, based upon the Wagnerian principle of separating the voice from the orchestra and letting each employ its finest resources. In order to embody this revolutionary idea, more is required of our modern composers than ever was required of them before. Why, a member of an operatic orchestra during Beethoven's time could never have played the score of Pagliacci. Even some of Wagner's men threw away their scores and declared it an impossibility to play such "rot." And just because more is required of them new composers are rarer now than they ever were before. It is exactly the same condition as with the vocalist. The more we require the fewer great exponents of music will we have and the larger increase will we find of good musicians in general. The Boston Symphony orchestra contains today soloists who fifty years ago would have posed as great virtuosi.

¶ ¶

At the present day we have the Italian epoch. Outside of Italy no composers of particular merit are found. I contend that Puccini, Leoncovallo and Mascagni are as great composers, if not greater, than we ever had. In order to fully appreciate the veracity of this statement compare the orchestration of our modern composers with that of the old masters and note the vast difference in color and volume. La Boheme, Pagliacci and parts of Cavalleria Rusticana are fully as grand works as were ever composed. The trouble is that the death of a composer puts a halo around his head that inspires the greater portion of men with an awe bordering almost on worship. It is one of the weaknesses of humanity to belittle an artist during his life and adore him after his death. Musicians do not believe in the French maxim: "Le roi est mort, vive le roi," but they would rather exclaim: "Le roi est mort, á bas le roi"—(The king is dead, down with the [new] king.) The Italian epoch of composition is proof of the musical prosperity of today. Some one may ask now: What about the future? Suppose the Italian epoch is at an end, what then? Well, then we will have another epoch and I voice the sentiment of a great many musicians when asserting that the Russian epoch will in all probability follow. Russia has now its symphonic epoch with Tschaikowsky as a prominent leader. An epoch of symphony is generally succeeded by an epoch of opera. It was so in Germany, France and Italy. In the latter country it is perhaps not so pronounced but a perusal of musical history will prove the truth of this statement. After the Russian epoch the American epoch will not be far distant. MacDowell and Foote have already begun the foundation for national music. These song and oratorio composers will lead the way to more ambitious efforts, as for instance the symphony, and the symphony will be followed by the opera. So you see it is a great mistake to assume that music is declining. No, no, music is increasing and the time will come when the masters of today will be considered as illustrious as the old masters.

¶ ¶

When, twelve years ago, Dr. H. J. Stewart came to this city with the intention of locating, he was told by some acquaintances: "You had better make all the money you can and then leave for there is no room for any more teachers here." It is a pity that some people are unable to discriminate, that is to say, to refrain from making their remarks apply to a class instead of restricting them to individuals. To assert that there is no room for more teachers is absolutely wrong. Good teachers are always in demand. By good teachers I do not mean those whose efficiency dwells only in their own imagination, but those who by their work, their actions, their intellectual efforts and their artistic facility, give indisputable evidence of being entitled to the honor of proving members of that select group known as our musical educators. Small jealousies, vindictive epithets and envy can not dispute or eliminate the inborn gifts of a man and thus the prophesy of Dr. Stewart's acquaintances proved erroneous, inasmuch as his circle of pupils increased constantly until today he is proud to find that his class is larger and contains more capable pupils than ever. The worth of a teacher lies in the work accomplished by his pupils and when I heard that three of the four ladies who sang in the double quartet engaged for the Miller performance of "Heartsease" were pupils of Dr. Stewart I cannot as a conscientious writer deny that he is an able instructor and an earnest musician, for the ladies in that quartet sang excellently. A number of Dr. Stewart's pupils occupy prominent

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positions in various churches and fill the same to the complete satisfaction of those who engaged their services as well as those who listen to them. Accompanying this article the reader will find a reproduction of Dr. Stewart's studio. The remark is often made that a music studio does not require luxurious ornamentation, but that a plain room is all that is needed for instructing. This contention is not altogether correct. In order to obtain effective results a teacher should make his pupils feel at home. He should inspire those who come to him for an education with a feeling of comfort, surround them with a cosy nook where their artistic temperament is supported by an artistic environment. Dr Stewart as a teacher, scholar and critic knows right well the importance to be attached to one's surroundings, as they may facilitate or retard study. The manner in which Dr. Stewart's studio is furnished shows taste and refinement. There is not too much luxury nor is there a lack of the necessary appliances that contribute toward creating a homelike atmosphere. There is, before all, the situation that strikes you as particularly applicable for a studio. Van Ness avenue is a quiet thoroughfare and its construction dulls every noise. The studio is divided into two compartments—a reception-room and the studio proper, where a magnificent Steinway grand attracts attention. There is ample space, thus giving the pupils an opportunity to be heard at private recitals which are so essential in the advancement of one's work. An ornament that deserves mention is a rug consisting of the skin of a polar bear, and some splendid specimens of plants and flowers. As a member of the Bohemian club Dr. Stewart fosters artistic tendencies which are noticeable in the ornamentation of his studio. There is a certain quaint refinement prevalent that impresses the visitor immediately on his entrance. Oriental curios, such as Buddhas, artistic candlesticks, Chinese lanterns of rich and quaint designs—among which some bronze, ebony and glass panel specimens are particularly pleasing—form fine features of the decoration Lovers of statuary will be delighted to find a magnificent porcelain statue by Bayre representing a lion. Admirers of bric-a-brac will be delighted with a cabinet containing dainty hand-painted chinaware. Students will find a valuable musical library at their disposal from which they may glean important information. Hospitality seems to be one of Dr. Stewart's traits, for you will find a buffet containing exquisite silverware, among which a costly punch-bowl is particularly conspicuous and which is in evidence during the occasional pupil recitals. In order to be successful nowadays a teacher must not only be efficient but he must know how to surround his pupils with the comforts of a home. Dr. Stewart has solved this problem and hence his success with his pupils, who regard him as a friend and adviser as well as an instructor.

¶ ¶

An informal reception and pupil recital was given by Dr. Stewart at his studio, on Thursday afternoon, August seventeenth. A prominent feature of the selections was the intelligent character of the pupils' execution, which demonstrated good schooling. The program included the following numbers: Song, Bitte (Max Spicker), Miss Nourse; four songs (Henschel), Miss Ella V. McCloskey; song, Sunday on the Rhine (Schumann), Mrs. Emilie Parent; aria, My Heart at thy Sweet Voice (Saint-Saens), Mrs. Briggs; piano solo, Gondoliera (Moszkowski), Miss Lyon; song, Eco di Napoli (Berignani), Miss Grace Davis; songs (a) Invani (Tosti), (b) In Sweet September (Hope Temple); aria, Thou Brilliant Bird (David), Mrs. Eva Tenney; aria, Il est doux (Massenet), Mrs. Etta Bayley Blanchard.

¶ ¶

A concert is announced by Miss Meta Asher and Harry Samuels, both of this city and both instrumentalists of considerable ability. Miss Asher graduated from the Royal academy in Berlin where she studied with Barth and afterwards completed her studies with Moszkowski. She has returned to this city fully equipped with the best musical education that one may possibly obtain and having natural talent she should accomplish gratifying results. Harry Samuels, having received his fundamental instruction from Henry Heyman, entered the Berlin Royal academy and became a pupil of Joachim and afterwards studied with Cesar Thomson at Brussels. Naturally the advice of two such masters had considerable influence on Mr. Samuels' education and it will be exceedingly interesting to listen to his work which is classed among the best in New York.

¶ ¶

The rehearsals for the holiday services at the various synagogues are progressing nicely. The Taylor street synagogue has undergone a complete renovation and presents now a most luxurious appearance. Cantor Davis is officiating at the

[Photo by Bushnell.] Music Studio of Dr. H. J. Stewart

Taylor street temple and the choir includes Miss Ella V. McCloskey, Frank Coffin and F. Mills. Frank Bohner acts as organist.

¶ ¶

Inasmuch as this issue of TOWN TALK is a Bohemian club edition it would be appropriate to mention a few musicians who have gained prominence here while members of the Bohemian club. Among these is Joseph D. Redding who has written many pretty bits of dance music. By the way, there are so many people who sneer at dance music and yet it is as refined as any other class of music. Illustration of this statement is superfluous. The late J. H. Rosewald, too, was a member of the club. He wrote Baroness Meta, a comic opera which was produced at the Grand opera house, and various other minor works of his proved quite successful. Then there is Willard D. Barton who wrote the famous Razzle Dazzle trio and the well known Wild Man of Borneo. Donald de V. Graham has written various bits of melody, among which a Feuille d'Album attracted especial attention. John Marquardt, one of the fore most concert masters in the United States who composes occasionally and is now leader of the Louvre orchestra, is also a member of the club. Luigi Arditi considered it a great privilege when the club elected him as an honorary member. Another Bohemian of musical prominence is Dr H. J Stewart among whose compositions the comic operas Bluff King Hal and His Majesty proved to be works of artistic merit. Dr. Stewart also wrote the beautiful quartet to Tennyson's words Crossing the Bar, which was sung at the memorial service of Elks at Metropolitan hall in 1892. Another composer who was a member of the club was the late Stephen Leach, who wrote the still popular drinking song Let All Obey. Bohemians who are vocalists compose this list: Donald de V. Graham. J. H. Graham, Frank Coffin, Harry A. Melvin, C. D. O'Sullivan, F. G. B. Mills, W. B. Hopkins, C. J. Dickman, H. M. Gillig and others. Members otherwise active in the musical profession are: T D Herzog, H. M. Bosworth musical critic of the Examiner, Sir Henry Heyman, Otto Fleissner, F. J. Loring, C. von Gerichten, Ashton Stevens and George E. P. Hall.

¶ ¶

The other day I heard Miss Hilda Newman of Oakland play a scherzo by Brahms. While I had only an opportunity to admire Brahms in his orchestral compositions, I could nevertheless hear that Miss Newman fosters originality and possesses a natural tasts for that which is refined in music. Her execution is characteristic and one can easily extract therefrom her ideas, which though frequently at variance with the printed copy must be considered largely as improvements rather than anything else. It is somewhat presumptuous perhaps to state that Miss Newman played that Brahms scherzo better than it is written in the copy, but having an aversion to stereotyped methods of playing I was glad to see Miss Newman introduce her own ideas. Such actions always reveal genius, provided they bear the crown of intelligence. Miss Newman will play this Brahms number at Miss Grace Carroll's farewell concert in Oakland on September twenty-second and I would advise the piano students present to follow her interpretation; they can profit by it. Miss Carroll will leave for New York after her concert where she will continue her studies. An efficient instructor will be able to develop Miss Carroll's voice in a manner that will produce gratifying results.

¶ ¶

The musical season in Oakland will be opened by Putnam Griswold, whose concert at the Unitarian church on September first promises to be an artistic and social success. This accomplished baritone will be assisted by Mrs. Sofia Neustadt, better known to the musical cult of this coast as Miss Newlands. The lady is visiting relatives in Oakland and her appearance at Mr. Griswold's concert will be the only one during her stay. She is residing in Scotland where her excellent voice has occasioned much favorable comment. Other participants in this concert will be: Miss Elizabeth Westgate, pianist and accompanist; Miss Constance Jordan, accompanist; Alex T. Stewart, violinist, and the Stewart string quartet

¶ ¶

Having had an opportunity to listen to some of Oakland's prominent vocalists last week, I am convinced more than ever that the vocal art is increasing not alone because of the good voices that one finds but because of the good class of music selected by the soloist. It is always a sign of musical prosperity when the selections you hear at a concert are of first class quality. Thus it seems that Oakland is not in the rear of the army that advances toward a musical Mecca.

¶ ¶

There was a re-union at the Von Meyerinck School of Music on Thursday evening of last week, the purpose of which was to introduce the new members of the teachers' staff, Arthur Fickenscher and L. D. Ventura. The latter explained the plan of his French and Italian classes and read some extracts from the French classics. A meritorious musical program was rendered.

ALFRED METZGER.

Major and Minor

WHEN THE SEASON OPENS with pleasant gatherings of musical and dramatic talent a sweet young face will be missed—a face too radiantly bright to be dimmed with the trials of the world and wherever the name of Myrtle Watkins is mentioned sacredly and reverently a tear falls in memory of the young life taken in God's wisdom to a realm more fitted for so fair a flower. Miss Myrtle was born in Butte city, where she was tenderly laid to rest on the second of last July, passing away at the age of eighteen. She was a pupil of Cyrus Brownlee Newton, who predicted a brilliant career for the gifted girl who was possessed of rare magnetism, her fine hazel eyes being most expressive and her face lighting charmingly as she enthused with her work. Her gifts were manifested almost in infancy, when her mother taught her to lisp little verses and she became an attraction among their circle of friends and at little entertainments. When she was fifteen she had already won medals in elocutionary contests without a teacher's instruction. The writer had a sincere affection for little Myrtle and her interest was all the stronger in the knowledge that the success she had achieved was greatly due to her own ambition and perseverence, for she insisted upon meeting by her own efforts much of the expense of her tuition, and to her mother's first training she attributed her chief encouragement and impetus in her chosen work. Mr. D. Kimber Watkins, her brother, took loving pride in her when she became a student with Mr. Newton, during a period of a year and a half. Her face was becoming familiar at the entertainments of the Y. M. C. A., Western Addition club and at concerts, and she was proud to have placed her foot upon the first step of the ladder as a professional, attracting so much praise in her readings that she received during her last illness flattering offers from the stage Miss Watkins was particularly clever in comedy although she was versatile and had won praise for her natural and spirited monologue work. Mr. Newton lost one of his brightest pupils, the profession a favorite, while at her own fireside her love cannot be replaced. She was a natural musician for having had but a few lessons upon the piano in childhood she improvised and interpreted with true artistic feeling, of late also taking up the violin. Myrtle gave promise as a vocalist and her sweet alto voice was heard at entertainments and in the solo parts in the choir of the Twelfth-street Christian church. It is hard to think of her bright eyes being closed to the sunshine and music of the world, but those who loved her may remember her cloudless face and pure heart that have been spared, at least, earth's griefs.

¶ ¶

Homer Tourgee has published a group of pretty melodious compositions of moderate difficulty for pupils' practice. Each is a gem in its own particular style, the group embracing Water Babies, A Tone Picture, A Storiette and Musings. They are full of sentiment and interest and would be acceptable to teachers who find so much difficulty in selecting simple yet

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instructive compositions. Mr. Tourgee is also working upon an opera that is to be produced in the east. Samuel Adelstein will have charge of the mandolin department in the Pacific Coast Conservatory of Music, which Mr. Tourgee tells me is looking up in the number of pupils. William Piutti will give a recital before the California club this afternoon. Miss Hattie Jeannette Elliot has gone to Los Angeles to fill engagements as a lecturer upon Physicial Education. She will be away three weeks, appearing in several towns. Miss Emily Curtis has returned and begun a very busy term at the California School of Elocution and Oratory. Miss Claire Cole has moved to 1317 Hyde street, where her studio is so spacious and charming that she will give some recitals there. Charles P. von Oer is in town, I hear, from Oroville. Mrs. Jessie Dean Moore has returned from a visit with her daughters to Guerneville. Her work has improved very much, she tells me. Alice G. Crawford, the beautiful daughter of Madame Jeannette Crawford, has recovered her health in Santa Monica and may soon resume her work upon the stage. Mrs Eva Tenney has taken a new studio at 1199 Bush street. Professor Bonelli and family have returned to the city and the San Francisco Conservatory of Music seems to be very lively Alfred Kelleher will be in charge of the choral work, and Mr. Newton is gaining quite a large class in the department of elocution. The Knickerbockers will give a concert in Healdsburg in early September.

MARY FRANCES FRANCIS.

¶ ¶

The first Sunday evening of each month is made occasion for a special service of song at Grace Episcopal church, and the music is always of the highest order. J. F. Veaco, solo tenor, is the possessor of a fine voice admirably adapted to the interpretation of sacred music.

¶ ¶

At the reunion of the Von Meyerinck school of music the following program was rendered: (a) Etude, (b) Polonaise (Chopin), Arthur Fickenscher; Widmung (Schumann), Elsa Priber, Che faro from Orpheus (Gluck), Cecilia Decker; (a) Feurzauber from Walkure (Wagner), (b) Campanella (Paganini-Liszt), Arthur Fickenscher; Le sais tu (Massenet), Im Herbst (Franz), Anna von Meyerinck. Mrs. von Meyerinck is more than pleased with the outlook for the coming season, a surprisingly large number of new pupils having already resumed their studies. A special feature of the school throughout the entire season will be so-called faculty recitals which will be given every month at the school by the faculty only. Every evening will be devoted to special composers like Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Mendelssohn, French composers, Italian composers, American composers and so forth. Among the

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possibilities is an evening devoted to local composers for which purpose Mrs. von Meyerinck will shortly address the local composers, so that she and her assistants may be enabled to prepare a thoroughly representative program. As the seating capacity of the assembly room of the school is about eighty, invitations will only be issued to a limited number of guests. The first concert will take place early in September.

¶ ¶

The old Philharmonic society is working diligently toward effecting a reorganization of the orchestra under the leadership of Herman Genss, who has succeeded in becoming quite well known since his arrival here There cannot be any doubt that a reorganization of this society will add much toward increasing musical taste in this city and with the proper people at the head a Philharmonic society should prove very successful. It is believed in some quarters that this new orchestra will interfere with Mr. Howe's body of amateur musicians. This is a mistake. We have sufficient patrons of good music to support two amateur orchestras. Each of these will attract a different class of people. Each of them possesses a circle of friends who are willing to support them as an orchestra, and if there is but energy and staying power there cannot be any question as to the existence of two good amateur orchestras. The Harmonie singing society under the direction of Mr. Genss is making rapid progress and will ere long give a grand concert. It is the intention to combine the newly organized Philharmonic orchestra with the Harmonie society in concerts. A male chorus with orchestral accompaniment will be a novel thing in this city and ought to contribute much toward creating a lively interest in this movement, which is in every respect worthy of the closest attention.

ROCK OF AGES WILL RUN.

THE Union coursing park management will have as a drawing card to the grounds today and tomorrow a sapling and an open stake. The sport should be good as the entries in both events are of a very high order. The Pasha kennels have in the sapling stake an unknown quantity in Rock of Ages. The proprietors of the kennel never send a dog to the slips that is not in condition, and it is certain that there will be a number of enthusiasts who will journey to the park to see the youngster make his initial run. Lawrence the good hound, the property of Deckelman, looks as if he would get first money in the open stake.

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Town Talk gives best reports of Concerts and Musicales

Midsummer 1899

I HAVE HEARD GREAT THINGS of the Bohemian club jinks this year. On all sides it seems to be agreed that never has that generous spirit of camaraderie so entered into the souls of Bohemians as to make them forget the trials and tribulations of the outer world and join hands together in a true spirit of friendship. The Bohemian club is remarkable for that esprit de corps which holds it together and makes it one of the clubs of the great world. Though there are and always will be factional disputes in the best of fraternal organizations, and though the Bohemian club has its cliques, all that sort of thing is laid aside and forgotten during the annual visit to Meeker's grove.

One thing that made the celebration this year more joyous than usual was the fact that for the first time the club held its jinks upon its own ground. Since the outing of a year ago the one hundred and sixty acres upon which the Bohemians hold revelry by night and day have passed into the proprietorship of the club. The purchase price was twenty-seven thousand dollars. Some say that the club paid seven thousand dollars for the property and twenty thousand dollars for the sentiment that attached to the spot. What matters it if this be true? There are rich men galore in the society whose town habitation is bounded by Post street and Grant avenue. If they did pay too much for their happy hunting grounds it is their affair and none else's They are happy, at least, in its possession.

As usual, the high jinks took the form of the Burial of Dull Care. The illuminations came as near perfection as the human mind can imagine. The whole grove to the very mountain tops was lit up and the effect was indescribably beautiful. The colors, too, were well chosen, and the fires that burned on the mountain sides blended wonderfully well with the deep green of the foliage It was a sight well worth remembering The curtain rose upon a forest scene, with the return of Rip Van Winkle from a big sleep and his conference with huntsmen as to the best means of killing care. He called for volunteers to show him the means. One suggested friendship. Immediately a light blazed on the mountain side and then zig-zagged down the precipitous path a figure bearing a lantern and representing Friendship. He spoke for his cause with true feeling, only to be interrupted with a mocking laugh that resounded through the grove and a chorus of voices from north, south, east and west shouting, "What the —— do we care?" From all sides rang the defiant chorus and Friendship's cause was for the moment silenced

Then came another volunteer who advocated the cause of Bacchus, the wine-god. "Wine will kill care," he said

Bacchus, appropriately costumed, made his descent from another corner of the heights, carrying what appeared to be a barrel of double X. He made his talk and a capital drinking song was sung. But he met the same scornful reception, the same defiant:

"What the —— do we care?"

The cause of Love, beautifully illustrated with the illuminated figures of a man and woman in close embrace on the mountain side, was next advocated and sent to the rear in the same rude fashion. So with the cause of Literature. Then, when all the suggestions had been exhausted, it was decided by the judges that not one of the elements advocated was powerful enough, singly, to kill care. Friendship could not, nor wine, nor love, nor literature. But the whole four, taken collectively, could do what no one singly could do. So it was decided that all four should join together and kill care. This was done and the four trooped up the grove, to return in a moment with the corpse of Dull Care.

The ceremony that followed was very fine. The priests came on in advance to the strains of Chopin's funeral march; then followed the elements that had combined to kill care, with the corpse between them; then hoi polloi followed the cortege. A funeral pyre had been erected and when the three judges had pronounced the awful sentence of extermination upon Dull Care the cremation took place. Of the judges Brother Peixotto was declared the best He spoke with clarity and resonance and his words were of the most eloquent. Uncle George Bromley, for the first time in his life, read his oration.

The low jinks was not quite so good as usual this year, though there was an amusing representation of a bull fight on the program. The high jinks was so grand, the supper that followed so soul-satisfying, that almost anything in the way of a low jinks would have been received with fervor. But it was acknowledged by the critics that the inventive brain of some genius must be set a-working before a low jinks worthy of the name can be presented to Bohemian visitors.

Some of the sideshows were amusing. A shower-bath had been rigged up, the idea being that the victim should be led to see it, should be prevailed upon to pull the string and should be douched for his pains. President Vanderlynn Stow, however, forbade the use of the bath because of the scarcity of water. So another device was substituted. The victim was escorted to the bath, induced to pull the string, when instantly there flew up a signboard on which was painted: "THE DRINKS ARE ON YOU!"

Then the victim bade all comers accompany him to the bar.

Dr. Arnold of Belvedere rigged up a wigwam in company with another Bohemian and gave free entertainments of the true red Indian description. Another Bohemian, Eager of Chicago, I think, collected cigarettes and had thirty-nine separate and distinct brands to offer visitors to his tent.

Colonel Trevelyan, late of the Seventh Hussars, and of the Barton vineyard, near Fresno, has initials that spell H-A-T. George Lyon, the artist, painted a sign representing an enormous plug hat, with an eye peeping out from under the brim and the words "HIS DEN" as a motto. It was hung outside the colonel's tent.

One thing noticeable about the jinks, during the whole twelve days of the camp, was the absence of the millionaire element in its conspicuous vulgarity. The millionaire was not asked to exhibit his wealth, but was made to share the fun and the contests for drinks with the poorer members. All were on an equality; none were high, none low. It was a noisy crowd that dined at the Bohemian club on the Sunday evening after tents had been struck and the Bohemian summer jinks had rolled away to a place among the things that are past.

Three familiar faces were absent this year. General W. H. L. Barnes did not put in an appearance; nor did Horace Platt; nor did Donald de V. Graham. THE SPECTATOR.

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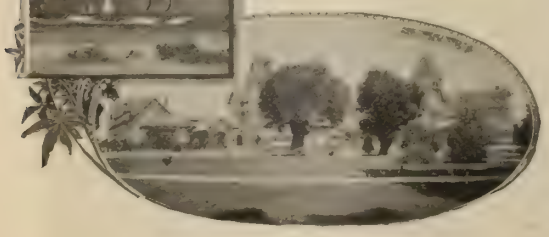

Season, June to September

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A Feast of Reason

ONE EVENING SOME YEARS AGO several of the wits of the Bohemian club assembled at a dinner. To the strains of a hunter's horn those bidden to the feast strolled through the halls and entered the small dining-room where they found themselves in the midst of a miniature forest of Arden Stately trees rose on either side and their branches interlaced overhead, closing out all else from view, while a pale moon (calcium) illuminated a stretch of landscape—a chef d'œuvre of the scenic artist. Al Bouvier was the host. A rude table was freighted with palatable things and the guests sat upon benches covered with skins and furs. The ensemble was most realistic. In vino veritas it was learned that the whole affair was planned by a certain fair lady whose health was then and there pledged. A huge boar's head adorned the centre of the table and to it was attached a blue ribbon bearing the legend "The only bore in this merrie company." It was at first resolved that the blue ribbon should go to the greatest bore of the evening, but at the close of the dinner it was decided that each should write an apropos epigram, and that the author of the cleverest should receive the ribbon.

A jolly tooth-puller, Dr. Younger, wrote:

"I was never worth a d——
At writing an epigram
But come to boreing, simon pure
Then boys, I'll take the ribbon sure."

General Barnes' clever effusion was:

"Many a dead bore
Lives in an epigram."

Then came Peter Robertson, dramatic critic and famous for his anti-Bohemian dictum, "men with trousers that bag at the knee come not here." His epigrammatic lines are as follows:

"So may your art, fair lady, always strike it,
And life, like this fair fete be as you like it,
Sure aptest fancy fashioned this design—
Here art and taste in dainty union shine;
And merry humor gives us gentle hint
The only boar's head here has nothing in't."

Al Bouvier dashed off these lines:

"To bore or not to bore?
Who bores? That is the question.
It is not meet to bore to spurn
Has he not uses true,
For many a wit such contrast needs
To make the jokes seem new."

Joseph D. Redding, who is said by lawyers to be a great musician, and by musicians to be a great lawyer, was responsible for this:

Were I to write till 3 A. M.
The time when milkmen yawn
And bakeries give up their bread,
It wots me not; let Empires fall
And ruin come—I have with Bouvier fed."

The final bonne bouche born of that unique feast was the work of James D. Phelan. Here it is:

"The silent witness of the banquet bore
The ancient jest without a smile or frown,
Until—the guests all fallen on the floor—
He then in swinish sympathy looked down
And said: I am no hog—a pearl am I
And cast before ye ere the night did die."

Peter Robertson captured the prize, not, however, because of the superior brilliancy of his achievement in the epigrammatic line. The gallant bohemians conceded that he was entitled to it because he was the only one that had apostrophized the lady of the occasion. THE EPICURE.

The Flesh and the Soul

WHEN ANNA WAS a rosy-cheeked girl in short frocks, her mother was an object of much interest to men-about-town. Her ornately gowned figure was familiar to habitués of the promenade, to loungers in the cigar stores and to theatre ushers. She was frequently seen behind a spanking team in the park and the private-room waiters in every swell rotisserie in town had a bowing acquaintance with her.

Her husband? Well she met him at home, but when she was treading the primrose path she was not encumbered by her better half. She was a handsome woman, was this young and dashing mother of Anna, and she was skilled in the art of enhancing nature's gifts. Her gowns were the finest creations of high-priced modistes, but despite her fashionable attire her refinement of manner, her graceful carriage and aristocratic air, her personality always betrayed that indescribable something which attaches itself to a woman addicted to forbidden frivolities. Her passionate fondness for the roses and raptures of voluptuous pastime impelled her to regard her home merely in the nature of a place of abode. It was a home to her in no other sense. The complacency of a confiding husband encouraged her in the development of amours until she became notoious for the number and variety of her salacious escapades.

Meanwhile little Anna grew up neglected by a heartless mother. She was a beautiful child with a face of Madonna-like innocence and sweetness of repose. When she reached her fifteenth year her father placed her in a convent across the bay. The gay mother gladly acquiesced in this disposition of her child, for it meant a little more freedom and still less responsibility, although it had never seemed as though Anna's existence was a matter of much moment to anybody but her fond father.

The years went by and Anna remained at the convent and developed into a charming girl of a most kindly and generous nature. She saw her mother only during vacation, and in that period she always seemed sad and dispirited. A smile seldom parted her ripe, red lips or effaced the melancholy from her big, brown eyes. That she was an unhappy girl there could be no doubt. Her only consolation appeared to be in the consciousness of her devotion to religious duties. She was a fervent communicant and often told her father that she would like to be a nun. Her mother laughed at the silly notion.

In the course of time that long complacent husband had an awakening. The horns that the world had viewed so long became so conspicuous that they finally attracted the attention of the man that wore them.

A divorce followed and everybody expected to see the dissolute and repudiated wife sink rapidly into the depths that are almost inevitably invaded by women of her ilk. But no, she continued her butterfly existence, seemingly more vivacious than ever. And much to the surprise of many the fair Anna emerged from convent walls and joined her mother. Her friends reprobated her for doing so, and concluded, as they expressed it, that "the bad blood was in her veins."

One day they were greatly surprised to read the public announcement of the grass-widow's marriage. She had captured a rich foreign merchant. She disappeared for awhile, having gone to her husband's home accompanied by Anna.

"She has probably reformed," her acquaintances said, and they marveled that such a transformation could be effected. But one day Anna and her mother returned. They were accompanied by the new husband and took apartments in a fashionable hotel. Soon Anna's mother was conspicuous again on the promenade, and it was learned before long that she was going the rapid pace again.

"Another man wearing horns," they said, and such was the case.

Anna still wore that sad, melancholy air. Cynical persons declared it to be affected; that she was an artful damsel and was merely trying to appear coy, whereas she was a chip of the old block. In the course of a few months Anna no longer accompanied her mother on the promenade or to places of amusement. She was missed and people wondered whither she had gone.

At last the truth is out. Anna is in a convent wearing a veil. Her childhood's wish has been gratified. During all that period in which people wronged her by the suspicion that she was drifting on the rocks the poor girl was striving for the reformation of her mother. There was nothing fictitious about that melancholy air. She wears it yet, and she is more beautiful than ever in the sombre costume that bespeaks her holy vocation. THE LOUNGER.

There are lots of 'A. A.' brands of whisky, but only one Jesse Moore 'A.A.'

The Mitherless Bairn

A WEE BAIRN was wondering in a strange country. He was a tattered kid with a frowsled wealth of yellow hair. His kilts of the Stuart clan were soiled and showed the marks of many conflicts, like the chain-shirt of a warrior. His sun-tanned knees shone above wrinkled stockings which he pulled up occasionally with an impatient movement when they entangled his feet. From a gaping shoe there appeared an array of tiny toes.

He was toddling along an avenue between rows of stolid, brown houses. He went slowly with a look of absorbed interest on his small sunburnt face. His bonnie blue eyes stared curiously. Carriages went with a musical rumble over the smooth asphalt.

A man with a bunch of heather was going up a door-step. Two nursery maids chatted as they walked slowly, while their charges hobnobbed amiably between perambulators. A truck wagon roared thunderously in the distance The child from the poor district made his way along the brown street filled with dull gray shadows. High up, near the roofs, glancing sun-rays changed cornices to blazing gold and silvered the fronts of windows.

The wandering baby stopped and stared at the two children laughing and playing in their carriages among the heaps of rugs and cushions. He braced his legs apart in an attitude of earnest attention. His mouth opened and disclosed his small, even teeth.

As they moved on, he followed the carriages with awe in his face as if contemplating a pageant. Once one of the babies shook his gorgeous rattle at him. He smiled jovially in return.

Finally a maid ceased talking and, turning, made a gesture of annoyance.

"Go 'way, little boy," she said to him. "Go 'way. You're all dirty."

He gazed at her with an infant's sad tranquillity for a moment, while the tears—or was it the mist?—came into his eyes, and then went slowly off, dragging behind him a bit of rope he had picked up in another street.

He continued to investigate the new scenes. The people and houses struck him with interest as would flowers and trees and the drifting clouds. People had to avoid the small, absorbed figure in the middle of the sidewalk. They glanced at the intent baby face covered with scratches and dust as with scars and powder smoke. Yes, there he was "building castles in the air." And who knows but that in after days some of them became true?

After a time he discovered upon the pavement a pretty child in fine clothes playing with a toy. It was a fire engine painted in crimson and gold The wheels rattled as its small owner dragged it uproariously about by means of a string. The baby with his bit of rope trailing behind him paused and regarded the child and the toy. For a long time he remained motionless, save for his eyes, which followed all movements of the glittering thing. The owner paid no attention to the spectator but continued his joyous imitations of phases of the career of a fire engine.

His gleeful baby laugh rang out in the quiet street. As children laugh—as lovers laugh—and to laugh signifies that you must be innocent and pure in heart, lacking which qualities you look glum as a priest who has worked for a bishopric and failed to fetch it.

After a little, the wanderer began quietly to sidle nearer. His bit of rope, now forgotten, dropped at his feet. He took his eyes from the toy and glanced expectantly at the other child.

"Say," he said softly.

The owner of the toy was running down the walk at top speed. He was making a noise like the clanging of a bell. He did not look around at the coaxing call from the small, tattered figure on the curb. The wandering baby approached still nearer and, presently, spoke again.

"Say," he lisped, "le' me play wif it ?"

The other child stopped his shrill tootings. He bent his head and spoke disdainfully over his shoulder.

"No," he said.

The waif retreated to the curb. He failed to notice the bit of rope, once treasured. His eyes followed as before the winding course of the engine and his wee, tender mouth twitched.

"Say," he ventured at last, "is dat yours?"

"Yes," said the other, tilting his round chain.

He drew his toy suddenly behind him as if it were in danger.

"Yes," he repeated, "it's mine."

"Well le' me play wif it ?" said the homeless bairn, with a trembling note of desire in his voice.

"No," cried the other child with determined lips "It's mine! My ma ma buyed it."

"Well tan't I play wif it ? Please, for I have no mither."

His voice was a sob. He stretched forth little, covetous hands

"No," the other child continued to repeat, "no, it's mine."

"Well, I want to play wif it," said the other.

A sudden, fierce frown mantled his baby face. He clenched his fat hands and advanced with formidable gesture. He looked some wee battler in war.

"It's mine! It's mine!" cried the pretty child, his voice in the treble of outraged rights.

"I want it," roared the wanderer.

"It's mine! It's mine!"

"I want it!"

"It's mine!"

The pretty child retreated to the fence and there paused at bay He protected his property with outstretched arms. The small vandal made a charge.

There was a short scuffle at the fence. Each grasped the string to the toy and tugged. Their faces were wrinkled with baby rage, the verge of tears. Finally the kid in tatters gave a supreme tug and wrenched the string from the other's hands. He set off rapidly down the street, bearing the toy in his arms. He was weeping with the air of a wronged one who has at last succeeded in achieving his rights.

The other baby was squalling loudly. He seemed quite helpless. He wrung his chubby hands and cried.

After the small barbarian was some distance away, he paused and regarded his booty. His little form curved with pride. A soft, gleeful smile loomed through the storm of tears. With great care he prepared the toy for traveling. He stopped for a moment at a corner and gazed at the pretty child whose small figure was quivering with sobs. As the latter began to show signs of beginning pursuit, the little vandal turned and said:

"Here's your old toy!"

Then he turned down a dark street and like the snow that melts in the river a moment white, then gone forever.

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THE EPICURE

Fill the bowl with rosy wine!
Around our temples roses twine
And let us cheerfully awhile,
Like the wine and roses, smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours, what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here:
Let's treat it kindly that it may
Wish at least, with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs tomorrow.

Cowley.

World of Letters

BOHEMIA without writers would not be Bohemia at all. In the Bohemian club I could name any number of clever men who could write bright stuff if that were their calling; as it is, a good many embryonic men of letters have been forced by circumstances to become merchants, doctors, lawyers and bankers. But of course there are many real literary men who are members of the Bohemian club, fewer now than formerly but still a sufficient number to keep up the literary tone at the monthly jinks. Dr. Winslow Anderson and Dr. Jules Rosenstirn write medical articles and Dr. Younger, who now resides in Chicago, has given to the medical world many well written expositions of his theories. A. L. Bancroft, the historian, is a member of the club but space does not permit my making excerpts from his works. James V. Coleman has a novel in press, upon which the late Daniel O'Connell was engaged in collaboration at the time of his death. Dr. Benjamin Marshall is the author of the Silver Lining series of stories published by William Doxey, the latter by the way also being a member of the club, as is that other well-known local publisher and bookseller, A. M. Robertson. Story of a Watch is the second of the Silver Lining series and contains several sketches and poems. From The Contraband, one of the shorter sketches, I quote this very true bit of Dr. Marshall's observation:

There is no balm to a saddened heart like tears A dumb animal howls to ease its pain, and so does a human being, and there is no doubt a flood of tears soothes a tortured heart.

Among the newpaper men who are members of the club are Hugh M. Burke, C. S. Aiken, C. L. Clough, W. R. Hearst, C. G. Yale, J. A. Hart, E. H. Hamilton, Charles B. Hill, J. N. H. Irwin, E. W. Townsend, L. Du Pont Syle and Peter Robertson. The last might by rights be also classed among the authors and playwrights, for he has written more than one play, I believe, beside the libretto of His Majesty. And Mr. Robertson's Sunday column in the Chronicle is so full of fine bits of philosophy and beautifully phrased thoughts that it seems a pity they should not be gathered into a volume of essays by their author. From late issues of the Chronicle I cull the following bits from Mr. Robertson's dramatic column:

Worth is a variable quantity. There are kinds of worth you would like to have yourself and other kinds of worth you're willing that other people should have, if they want it. Some awfully good people are very unpleasant. In fact there is nobody so peculiarly unpleasant as the awfully good man who is unpleasant. * * We are always seeking to reform the world; we are struggling to reform the world; we are struggling, subscribing, preaching, putting ourselves to an awful lot of trouble to make other people what we believe they ought to be. How do we know what they ought to be? Like ourselves, if we think we are good? They wouldn't be happier for that, may be. Does the world get any better for all our preaching? I doubt it. It seems as if there were a constant law of proportion between good and bad, vice and virtue, happiness and misery. The mystery is in the distribution—the proportion remains about the same. Ah, the alchemy of human nature! If we only understod that. If science could only find the formula that could set down the value of all the integral parts of human nature, love and hate, envy, malice, generosity, patience impatience, and tell us what combination was perfection, we should know maybe, that a little of all of them are needed to make the perfect man.

In the country people seem to be different, maybe less, maybe more, really themselves. Mean people become generous; bad-tempered people become kindly; stupid people become entertaining; coarse people become gentle. Human nature is full of good qualities, and the best of us comes out in the country. We are all thoughtful, considerate, sympathetic, when we go into the summer woods or down to the summer sea. Steeped in the beauty of nature, we cannot be otherwise; we must love one another. * * If it only lasts for a minute, heartsease comes to us there—the only heartsease we can know, for it is God's will that the dearer the one to whom we are dear, the deeper the pain if trouble comes to either. And trouble comes to all. And no one else could give us heartsease. Yearning, longing, sympathizing, loving, suffering, make happiness and unhappiness—the two extremes of the movement of the pendulum which beats the time of life, and only stops when there is no more need for heartsease.

Lieutenant Robert Howe Fletcher, who compiled the first volume of the published annals, was some time since made an honorary member. He is a clever fellow and a good fellow. I remember reading his first published novel, also the pretty little serial about his daughter Marjorie that appeared in St. Nicholas. Mr. Fletcher's writings show him what he is, a sincere American gentleman. Jeremiah Lynch, who is now in the Klondike, is known in the world of letters for his book on Egyptology. Clay M. Greene has written many popular dramas, his latest being His Japanese Wife. The much talked about McTeague's author, Frank Norris, is enrolled among the club's membership. Lucius Harwood Foote, ex-United States Minister to Corea, is one of the most highly esteemed poets on the coast. Harry A. Melvin, the Oakland lawyer, has been a newspaper man and has also written good poetry but of late years he has not contributed much to the world of letters. Mark Twain and Bret Harte are both honorary members of the club.

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George T. Bromley has often been importuned to write his memoirs, for in the course of his eighty-two years of life he has met many interesting people, from Queen Victoria to Li Hung Chang and John Russell Young, but his only contributions to literature have been a few scattering newspaper articles. He, however, frequently contributes to the press of his native town—Norwich, Connecticut—letters reminiscent of his boyhood days three quarters of a century ago, reminding the older generations of men and scenes long since forgotten, and telling the younger generation of many things they have never known. In a recent letter to his "home" paper Uncle George tells something of the Bohemian club midsummer high jinks, and as 'tis sometimes said that many items of local news are obtained from abroad I copy part of the item from the Norwich Bulletin, whose founder, by the way, was Uncle George's brother "Ike":

The camp is supplied with an abundance of everything except sleep; 'tis always a bit shy on sleep. The weather is always simply perfect, and all day we are getting ready for the great event and at night we all sit around a blazing campfire and have more fun than a barrel of monkeys. A force of cooks, waiters and barkeepers goes up from the club and fresh supplies are sent up every day and the living is the same as at the club.

* * * Just before my departure for the redwoods I was reading in the Courier an account of the celebration of the opening of the Groton railroad, and it occurred to me that I would like to have been there and been called upon to tell what I knew about railroads. I could have told them that when the building of that road was in contemplation Mr. John Breed went to New Haven, where the legislature was then in session, to apply for a charter, when an incredulous questioner said to him: "Why, Mr. Breed, how in the world do you expect to build such an expensive railroad." "Well," said Mr. Breed, "we are going to make a h—ll of a noise about it." And that was what built the Norwich and Worcester railroad. I could have also told the listening throngs between the thunders of applause that I had charge of the construction train in the building of the first railroad on this side of the continent, and was the passenger conductor for nine years thereafter on the same road, which was the Sacramento valley railroad. Before the advent of the railroad conductor the women and children always looked upon the stage driver as just about it; but when the railroad conductor came around the stage driver wasn't in it for a minute.

Bohemia's greatest literary light of late years was rightly considered to be Dan O'Connell. Poor Dan! He died last February but his will be one of the names that will always live in Bohemian annals and the hearts of his fellow club members. Of the many exquisite bits of verse from Mr. O'Connell's muse Sweethearts and Wives was always a favorite. And who could ever forget that beautiful song in Bluff King Hall, Love Endureth After Death?

Doubt that streams through forest flowing
Kiss on sands the yearning sea;
Doubt the sun at noontide glowing,
Doubt the stars, but doubt not me.

Love shall live for aye and ever,
Stream and wood and zephyr's breath,
Murmur nought shall love dissever,
Love endureth after death.

Say those dear words o'er and over,
'Till the birds with carols sweet,
Fill the woodlands, and each lover
To its mate those vows repeat.

W. Greer Harrison is counted among the Shakesperean cult of the club as well as among its authors and playwrights. His plays, with The O'Neill and Robin Hood as their respective heroes, were produced by James O'Neill and Warde and James. Mr. Harrison is a widely read scholar. The only literary effort I have ever seen from the muse of W. G. Stafford was brought forth in response to a request for some photographs of the midsummer jinks last year, to use in illustrating an article, and was typewritten, as follows:

"In reply to your letter of even date I beg to call your attention to the following extract from the club by-laws: 'No information of proceedings of the club shall be supplied for publication to any newspaper or magazine except by authority of the directory.' You have evidently mistaken the Bohemian for the Burlingame club."

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

In the Matter of the Estate of MABEL RUTH LOCKWOOD CRAMER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles duly given and made on the 8th day of August A. D. 1899, in the above entitled proceeding, the undersigned, the administrator of the said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, Gold Coin of the United States and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, 10 per cent of the purchase price to be made at time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court on or after the 6th day of September A. D. 1899, all the right, title and interest and estate of the above name decedent at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that the estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Mabel Ruth Lockwood Cramer, deceased, at the time of her death, and commonly described as an undivided one-fifth (1-5) interest in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Elliott Park One Hundred and thirty-two (132) feet westerly from Steiner Street and running thence westerly along said line of Elliot Park twenty-two (22) feet, thence at right angles northerly seventy (70) feet: thence at right angles easterly twenty-two (22) feet: thence at right angles southerly seventy (70) feet to the point of commencement, with improvements thereon consisting of a cottage of six rooms: Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at law, Rooms 54 and 55 Crocker Building, at the junction of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California or may be delivered to the administrator personally or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

RICHARD LOUIS CRAMER,
Administrator of the estate of
Mabel Ruth Lockwood Cramer.

RICHARD J. DILLON
Attorney for the Administrator,
54-55 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY LEONARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned. Executrix and Executor respectively of the last will and testament of MARY LEONARD, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix and executor or either thereof at the law offices of LENT AND HUMPHREY at rooms 54 and 55 in the Crocker Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY LEONARD and LEON ROOS,
Executrix and Executor respectively of
the estate of Mary Leonard, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco August 12, 1899.

LENT & HUMPHREY,
54-55 Crocker Building.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ROGER PRENDERGAST Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, executors of the last will and testament of ROGER PRENDERGAST deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within ten months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executors at the law office of J. J. Dwyer at the Mills Building, Seventh Floor, Room 38, northeast corner of Bush and Montgomery streets in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

PETER J. DUNNE and CHARLES HIRSHFELD,
Executors of the last will and testament of
Roger Prendergast Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, July 22, 1899.

J J DWYER, Mills Building,
Attorney for Executors.

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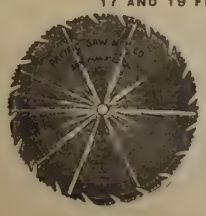

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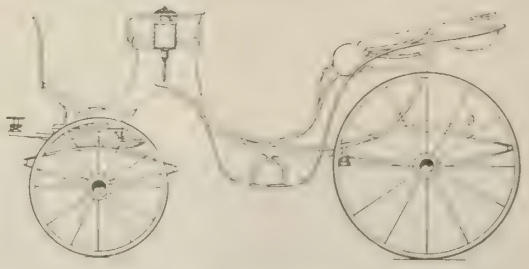

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, September 2, 1899

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OUR OPINION

WE NOW HAVE the testimony of two reverend eye-witnesses to the conduct of affairs in the Philippines. Unfortunately they do not agree. Their statements are diametrically opposed, showing that even learned and veracious clergymen are not any more reliable authority upon mundane subjects than the average layman, and that it is advisable for them to confine their editorial opinions to spiritual matters. The Reverend Mr. MacQueen, who is vouched for by the Examiner as "a man of high character, an experienced observer and an accomplished writer," says that he was on the firing line for six months and that so far as he was able to observe, the American plans for the pacification of the islands have been wrecked so completely that it will take an immense expenditure of blood and treasure to make them a reality. He also declares that General Otis is incompetent. Reverend Father McKinnon, who had more than six months experience in the islands and whose bravery on the firing line is a matter of history, asserts that General Otis has been misrepresented, and that the American forces are prosecuting their work intelligently but under adverse circumstances. So now you can take your choice or go over and satisfy yourself as to the true state of affairs by spending a little time on the firing line. But while conflicting reports may obscure the situation, there has never been any doubt in the public mind as to what would have occurred if President McKinley had given Admiral Dewey the proper authority immediately after the sinking of the Spanish fleet. The Admiral has said that the Filipinos are capable of self-government, and that the only way to stop the insurrection and to insure prosperity was to concede it to them. He always opposed violence to them and favored autonomy, feeling certain that annexation would follow as a matter of course. Admiral Dewey was familiar with the situation at the beginning and had the confidence and respect of the Filipinos. He knew a way out of the embarrassment and if President McKinley had kept his bungling hands out of it, he would have pursued it to a happy termination. Dewey stands for right and the American constitution.

THE CITIZENS' COMMITTEE that had charge of the reception to the Californian volunteers deserves great credit for having lured many people with money to burn to this city, and also for having supplied much interesting entertainment on land and on water. It was unfortunate, however, that the dénouement was not up to the expectations of the populace; that the finale should have been in the nature of a fizzle. Everybody was led to believe that the curtain would fall upon a grand spectacular climax, a nocturnal pageant of unrivaled magnificence, a fitting wind-up to a series of imposing demonstrations in honor of our valiant fighters of the gallant and irresistible First. It was to be something unprecedented in the glittering annals of pageantry; something that you would like to remember for the purpose of electrifying your grandchildren with descriptions thereof. So dazzling and fulsome were the promises of the Executive committee that you were tempted to rush through your dinner, struggle into town, elbowing your way through the surging multitude, climb up a pole and cling there with the simulated composure of one of your arboreal ancestors, and wait for the passing show. Perhaps in the intensity of your enthusiasm you were tempted to purchase an elevated seat on a temporary platform erected by sordid speculators, at a price which you would have hesitated to pay to hear the divine Patti sing in the days when she had a voice. And with a placid indifference to the wear and tear of your patience you waited in the fond hope of witnessing something that would compensate you for the various sacrifices that you had made. When the agony was over you either tried to persuade yourself that it was a superb spectacle, or else you felt like the man that had been doing business with the purveyor of gold bricks. But now you may solace yourself with the reflection of how dreadfully dull it might have been if Chief Lees and the patrol wagons had not contributed to the gayety of the occasion, or if a few more parlors of the native biped had attenuated the long line of picturesque civilians. From the standpoint of the altogether—spectators, paraders, illumination and fireworks—it was

an astonishing spectacle, but perish the thought of what it might have been without the bands and Shafter!

CHICAGO SOCIETY is again shocked. It is not a nymph fountain this time, says one writer, but a book written by a young society girl—Miss Margaret Potter—which makes Amelie Rives' creations appear like children's school books. This is only to be expected, for of all the unspeakably bad books that have made their way into print the worst have been the work of women—young women—and, moreover, presumably well-bred women. Miss Potter, who produced "The Social Lion," is in the social swim of Chicago, and perhaps she knows what she is about when she, in the language of the Times-Herald, "makes every woman either bad or stupid and every man thoroughly disreputable. There is no redeeming character in the jumbling plot, which is laid in Chicago and represents supposed scenes in the town's high society. This stripling in the ranks of would-be writers blasphemes and swears through the mouths of her creations until even a calloused worldling might stand aghast that in any youthful brain such frightful thoughts have come." Our ears have not yet ceased tingling from the recent tirade of Lilian Bell, also of the windy city, who complained loudly that all our art and literature were emasculated lest the "young person" might suffer from contact with anything more dangerous than "Little Prudy" or a child's picture book. Now what has she to say? As Miss Palmer is just out of the school-room, and is reported to have published her novel unknown to, or at least without consulting her parents, and out of her own pin money, one has to wonder somewhat at the advanced ideas promulgated at the seat of learning to which the young ladies of Chicago repair for finishing touches. A glimpse into her plot informs us that "an abandoned woman and a noted author are the parents of the heroine of the story. She is educated in a convent until her eighteenth year, and then breaks out in Chicago society by the father, who, however, introduces her as his niece. 'Who was Joan Howard?' inquired society. 'What was Joan Howard?' 'Why was Joan Howard? 'Stagmar's niece,' said society calmly, and then half of society, the trousered half, blinked discreetly, and the other half, who have caught the reputation of being fair, smiled sweetly and waited for a chilly afternoon, some bits of embroidery and hot chocolate." In the matter of style it is evident that the young lady has been well steeped in Helen Gardiner's manner and enamored of her material. The book ought to make interesting reading for the parents of other débutantes who have been straining their every nerve to enter the Potter set, and may open the eyes of some who have heretofore been highly flattered that their young daughters have been honored by private seances with the youthful authoress. As to the Potter connections, the best thing they can do is to take immediate action toward suppressing "The Social Lion." By the way, it was an elder daughter of this same family who bounced into notoriety some years ago in tights, through the medium of Henderson's or Kiralfy's ballets. This was in the days of old, before golf and bicycling had taken the feminine world captive. Society had not yet undertaken to elevate the profession of acting and going on the stage, even in full feminine costume, was a more than questionable proceeding. There was some kind of an escapade which involved a susceptible lad engaged in delivering newspapers or telegraph messages, the outcome of which was that the foolish boy, for he was nothing more, was landed in the penitentiary by the aid of old Potter's dollars. What became of the daughter is now forgotten, but presumably the same potent means were instrumental in securing for her a brilliant social alliance.

ANY DOUBT there has been as to the utter subservience of William McKinley, President of the United States to monopolistic influence should be removed by his conduct toward the commercial cable company in the matter of the proposition to land a wire on the island of Cuba connecting with this country. The commercial cable company has done much toward rescuing the people of the United States from the extortions practiced by the Western Union company. As a result of the competition supplied by Messers Mackay and Bennett, the Western Union bandits were compelled to cut their cable rates seventy-five per cent, and it is now the purpose of the commercial company to introduce a competition in the cable business between this country and Cuba, but the pull of the Western Union company at Washington is so strong that all efforts to disturb its monopoly have been in vain. The agents of the monopoly set up the ridiculous plea that the company holds a monopolistic grant from Spain, and under that alleged grant and with the acquiescence of the distinguished friend of Mark Hanna, the Western Union charges five dollars for a ten-word message to Cuba, while the commercial cable company stands ready to supply the same service for one dollar. Eminent attorneys skilled in the practice of international law have informed the president that the contention of the Western Union is preposterous; that if it were tenable the United States would be unable to correct any of the abuses of government

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COME TRY SOME ON

inflicted by Spain upon the island, but Mr. McKinley declines to interfere with the monopoly.

BOOKS WHILE YOU WAIT is the title of an article in a recent number of the New York Sun, the immediate provocation being Will Clemens' "Ken of Kipling" which the Putnams so kindly included in their alleged pirated edition of that author's works. The sermon is preached against that class of so-called literature made up of biographies of people especially prominent for the moment and books of travel or description which appear almost over night as soon as general attention is called in the direction of any spot on the earth's surface. There are more biographies of Dewey in existence now than one could read in a lifetime and it is only necessary to mention the floods of Klondike literature and the guides to Cuba, Hawaii and the Philippines which have been issued within the last few years. Will Clemens is credited with the ability to produce a book on any subject at ten days' notice. To the uninitiated, it would seem that these "authors" must be possessed of enormous erudition or what is next to it, a phenomenal capacity for research. In reality, the labor is almost entirely mechanical and is little more than "licking into shape" and writing the necessary connecting paragraphs. When Will Clemens was a resident of San Francisco, he was the proprietor of a "clipping bureau" where clippings from all sources were collected and classified with authentic biographical notes and apocryphal anecdotes, interviews and opinions, genuine or invented, geographical and historical sketches, natural phenomena and habits and habitat of fauna and flora. Every item that finds its way into print is preserved, classified and labeled and when the time is ripe for a book on any subject, there you are, as fast as printer and pressman can make machinery fly. When the public thinks it wants information on any subject the first book at hand is bought up. That the contents may be flatly contradictory and the style as uneven as to suggest a ride over a cobblestone road is of course not discovered until after the thing is paid for and by the time a really reliable work is put on the market the compilations of clippings have practically covered the "popular" field. A few years ago there was a suit instituted in this city for damages—quite an appreciable sum being asked for—in compensation for the loss of the manuscript of a book or play. The complaint, as usual, set forth in legal phraseology the irreparable injury that had been inflicted, inasmuch as no copy of the work had been kept, etc. etc., and the "manuscript" developed itself into a complete file of the clippings of the odorous Hill–Sharon suit. The whole process is but little of an improvement on the ancient schoolboy dodge of cribbing for a composition and without the boy's obvious excuse.

THE ENGRAVING OF COOPER & CO., the Art Stationers, is not only superior to that of other houses, but is less in cost. Compare their figures —as for the rest, no charge if not satisfactory. Other houses also charge fifty per cent more for stamping note-papers and with inferior workmanship.

"IF" said one of the witnesses against Dreyfus, testifying at the Rennes court-martial, "all of the officers having mistresses were driven out of the army there would scarcely remain an officer on the General Staff." And he would not have wandered far from the truth if he had added that, if all the mistresses of the officers of the General Staff were driven out of France years ago, the Dreyfus affair might never have happened. To those women that occupy the attention of the dandies of the French army in their lighter moments may be traced much of the intrigue and plotting that have led to the present disgraceful condition of affairs. The looseness of French morals is responsible for the degradation of the army, and of the weakness of the republic. The man without a mistress is a rara avis in the army or in diplomatic circles, and the women constitute a set in which affairs of state are discussed in the same breath with the latest fashions and scandals. The men are influenced by the jealousies of the women and many an important official act had its origin in a conference of feminine conspirators. The paramours of French officials are involved in the Dreyfus case, and have made their subtle influence felt from the beginning. It is now understood in France that the cabinet headed by M. Waldeck–Rousseau is destined to have but a brief and precarious existence, for it is believed that it will be upset by the Chamber upon the re-assembling of that body. There has been plotting to that end by the mistresses of the army officers working in harmony with those of the Deputies. Hence it is that the generals who have testified at Rennes comported themselves in a way that showed that they have no fear of disciplinary measures. And for the same reason the officers of the court-martial have permitted the case to be conducted in flagrant violation of all rules. They expect to see President Loubet forced to resign by a refusal to accept any ministry recommended by him, and in that way have the government put into the hands of the enemies of Dreyfus. Premier Waldeck–Rousseau and the bold General de Gallifet are today trying to secure a fair trial for the prisoner, and they are opposed by the entire French army, a majority of the Chamber of Deputies and a considerable portion of the French people. In the circumstances it is reasonable to assume, in the vernacular of the day that they "are up against it."

If you can afford it

DRINK

Jesse Moore Whisky

MRS. S. R. HALL, 10 Kearny street. Our elegant new fall "dress hats" displayed this week.

WHY SHE WEPT

SWEETLY you kiss, my Lais, dear!
But, while you kiss, I feel a tear
Bitter as those when lovers part
In mystery, from your eyelid start;
Sadly you lean your head to mine,
And round my neck in silence twine,
Your hair along my bosom spread,
All humid with the tears you shed!
Have I not kissed those lids of snow?
Yet still, my love, like founts they flow,
Bathing our cheeks, whene'er they meet—
Why is it thus? do tell me, sweet!
Ah! Lais, are my bodings right?
Am I to lose you? is tonight
Our last—go, false to heaven and me
Your very tears are treachery.—Tom Moore.

The Saunterer

As a free-and-easy watering place Santa Cruz has no rivals. Some years ago I heard a charming young woman on the Sea Beach hotel piazza remark that "everything goes on the beach," and I have often felt since that she knew what she was talking about. Even the representatives of the ton seem to throw off all restraint when disporting themselves at this popular seaside resort, and everybody appears to have a languid contempt for the conventionalities within sound of the breakers. An easy indifference seems to come in with the tide and communicate its influence to the loungers in the tents. Hence we frequently hear of their doing strange things. One of the latest freak escapades occurred last week, and of course the perpetrator was a woman—a buxom dame that certainly tipped the scales at not less than two hundred pounds. She disrobed in a tent on the sands instead of seeking the seclusion of one of the compartments of the bathhouse, and donned, instead of a regulation bathing suit, a Mother Hubbard gown and nothing more. The spectacle that she presented upon emerging from the tent was most amusing, and she naturally attracted a great deal of attention. Although the gown completely enveloped her well-rounded form, leaving no flesh tints to view except those of her "tosie-wosies," it was the consensus of opinion that the most décolleté Newport bathing suit would have been an infinitely less immodest medium of revelation. Into the surf she trudged, but only to cling to the rope and indulge in ludicrous pantomime. Presently an unexpected breaker bowled her over, and momentarily served the Mother Hubbard in the way that the wind sometimes does an umbrella. The affair caused a sensation in Santa Cruz and was given a half column in one of the papers.

———

At that other watering place on the other side of the continent—the world famous Newport—they are enjoying a sensation more productive of gossip than was the woman in the Mother Hubbard at Santa Cruz. The sensation is purely social. It is the result of the unexpected influence wielded over society by Mr. W. K. Vanderbilt, the father-in-law of "Our" Birdie Fair that was. It appears that an American court has been established at Newport and that Willie K. occupies a position similar to that of the Prince of Wales in the social realm of London. His attentions, smiles or frowns make or unmake the social fortune of a feminine member of the court or of an aspirant to it; and the raiment that he wears is copied by the young men that make obeisance before his throne. It has been predicted that in New York, as in London, ambitious hosts or hostesses and match-making mammas with eligible daughters will make up parties including women whom the prince may be known to like and will leave out those whom he is thought to dislike, in order to insure the success of their functions. And already women are braving the sly innuendoes of a sensational press by having their names associated with that of the American Prince. I suppose that it will not be long before the spirit of emulation will pervade Blingum and that a court will be established for the accommodation of our Californian Prince.

———

The only saying that is never received with the chorus "Chestnut:"

"Come and take something."

———

Mrs. Braddon once wrote a novel in which she made one of her characters, a millionaire, regret that with all his money he could not hire somebody to get up in the morning for him. I have no doubt Walter Hobart sometimes feels that way. Mr. Hobart is a very ill man, and his illness came upon him just when he was about to distinguish himself by riding in the polo races at Del Monte. All the money in the world could not ward off from him that attack of typhoid. Somewhat over a year ago, Mr. Hobart had an attack of appendicitis and it was thought that he would die, but an operation was successful and the young millionaire recovered.

POMMERY

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The interest that the public takes in members of the dramatic profession was never more clearly shown than on last Saturday morning, when the Santa Rosa sailed for Southern California with a large proportion of the Frawley company on board. Of course Harry Campbell, as secretary of Mr. Friedlander's amusement enterprises, was down at the wharf; also Jimmie Hamilton, the actor's friend, who is never found missing on such occasions. And Frank Mathieu's pretty little wife was there, with one of the children, to bid her husband au revoir and wish him bon voyage. But there were a great many others who made the journey to the Broadway wharf for no other reason, probably, than that they had heard of the purposed embarkation of Mr. Timothy Daniel Frawley with members of his company at that particular time and place. Modishly gowned women stood around in groups and said. "There is Frawley" and "That's Frank Mathieu" and figured out who were the others, which was not so easy since all actors do not look quite the same off as they do on the stage The wharf had the air of a festive function.

I hear that Timothy Daniel was very sick the first day out but as the beautiful and statuesque Miss Van Buren held his head for him nearly all the time, no doubt he did not mind the mal de mer so much as if he had been compelled to suffer alone. The critics all remarked during the Frawleys' stay in town that Miss Van Buren's chief beauty was not her large, liquid eyes or her fine figure but the sweet womanliness that was so apparent in her manner on the stage. Therefore I could fancy her ministrations would be most soothing. Those on the Santa Rosa who were not familiar with the Frawley lisp and the Frawley nose were soon made aware of the actor-manager's identity by Mrs. Bates, Blanche's mamma, who was also a passenger. Mrs. Bates calls Frawley "Tim."

Those who believe in kismet will say that fate's workings had something to do in the formation of the cast of characters for the forthcoming production of Israel Zangwill's "Children of the Ghetto" under the management of Liebler & Co., for among the dramatis personæ may be found the names of Blanche Bates and Frank Worthing. There are other familiar names in the cast, Rosabel Morrison, William Morris and Wilton Lackaye, but around these nobody will try to weave a romance. However, everybody knew that Frank Worthing admired Blanche Bates and during the Frawleys' engagement here of two seasons back, the former's devoted attitude toward the beautiful Blanche was the talk of the theatre-going part of our town. In Oakland, where the Frawleys played a short engagement at the Macdonough, Mr. Worthing used to follow Miss Bates about as if he were on a chain. His heroine-worship was noticeable in his face and he took no pains to conceal his feelings. Audiences at the Columbia used to enjoy seeing the two appear in such plays as "The Wife," "A Social Highwayman" and "Sue," where Worthing played opposites to Miss Bates. And when Worthing joined another company for the succeeding season, the new Frawleys never seemed so interesting. It was said that the reason Worthing would not come out here again was that he had given up all hopes of winning the prize he longed for. The fact that he has agreed to appear in "Children of the Ghetto" as David Brandon, with Blanche Bates in the role of the young Jewess, Hannah Jacobs, leads one to the conclusion that hope is not yet dead in his breast, and that he is going to make another effort to meet with favor from Miss Bates.

Most astonishing are the vagaries of a drunken man, and they depend largely upon the particular brand or combination of brands of liquor that he has indulged in. I have heard it said that an expert can tell from the character of an hallucination what a man has been drinking, and I would therefore like to have an analysis of the contents of the flowing bowl which was responsible for the delusion of a certain drummer one night recently. This individual, who travels for a large shoe house when he is not engaged in lighter pursuits in the tenderloin, was discovered under somewhat peculiar circumstances. The discovery was made by the landlady of a fashionable boarding house, who was aroused at a late hour of the night by loud snores. Entering a hallway in which there was a small table and a chair against a wall she noticed that upon them were various articles of wearing apparel belonging to a man. A search for the author of the snores resulted in the finding of the drummer asleep in a small alcove leading from the hallway to one of the rooms. Upon being awakened he was very indignant and it was with considerable difficulty that he was made sensible of the fact that he was neither in his room nor in his own house.

As a regiment the First California was not popular with the other volunteers in Manila, but the members of the regiment were not responsible for the prejudice aroused against their organization. I have been told that a feeling of antipathy was provoked by the fulsome and exaggerated praises of the regiment which appeared in the San Francisco papers. The Californians were given unmerited credit for the part that they took in the early engagements in the Philippines. They were no more heroic than were the volunteer representatives of other states, and they achieved no greater glory, but the correspondents of the San Francisco dailies lauded their bravery in most extravagant terms, and made it appear as though the Californians were the only genuine fire eaters in the islands. As a consequence the boys from California were guyed most unmercifully. It frequently happened that a coterie of Californians was greeted with the sneering yell: "Who captured Manila?" which would be answered in the same breath with: "Why, the Californians." And again they would hear "Who knocked out the Spanish fleet?" answered in the same way.

And they all got grandly, gloriously drunk
On the night of the grand parade.

The members of the Filipino band which was brought from Manila to swell the amusement program at the Mechanics's fair were among those who enjoyed themselves on Saturday night. They had been dining at a restaurant near the Pavilion and were so well dined and wined, particularly the latter, that they were all in a very joyous mood when they came to the black coffee. They refused to return home and to bed immediately, as their manager advised them to do, and insisted upon visiting a friend of theirs in the Quartier

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Latin. Therefore they moved along Market street, pursuant to this desire, trailing their instruments after them, and were naturally the observed of all observers, even diverting interest from the city hall tower and the illuminated ferry building. Our Filipino visitors evidently believe that when a good time is on it is their duty to be in it.

The newspaper honors of last week—and it was a week when newspaper people made and lost reputations between days—fell easily to Mabel Craft, who has been the Chronicle's brightest star for the last four years. Miss Craft has contributed to the Chronicle, in her time, articles on all sorts of subjects and has had much praise for her immense energy, for her cleverness as a searcher after facts and for the tense, nervous, clean-cut English in which she has told all that her quick eye has seen. There are many who have classed Miss Craft as first of local descriptive writers. Considering her graphic presentations of what she witnessed in Hawaii and in Mexico and in a dozen other places, I have been inclined to agree with Miss Craft's admirers and to rank her with the descriptive writers of the coast, but after her notable achievements of last week I will put her even higher than that; I will give her all the credit and all the glory that should go to a newspaper woman who has fairly and squarely outdone all the newspaper men and newspaper women with whom she has been in competition in one of the fiercest struggles for first place that local newspaperdom has ever witnessed. From Wednesday afternoon, when the Sherman was sighted, to late Sunday morning, when a remarkable night spectacle was closing Volunteer week, Miss Craft was at the head of the Chronicle's corps of writers. From day to day she gave a series of pictures of the biggest and most thrilling things that ever happened in San Francisco; of the arrival of the Sherman off the harbor, of the naval parade, of the home-coming of the Californians and the wild demonstration that marked it, and finally, of the procession on Saturday night. For all that is worth while in newspaper work, look at the introductory articles about the soldiers in the Chronicle from Thursday to Sunday. Miss Craft wrote them all and the quality of them is such as to end all discussion as to who is the best all around newspaper writer in San Francisco.

The most remarkable feature, in my opinion, of Miss Craft's performances, was her handling of a whole staff of reporters. It is something new in journalism for a woman to direct. Heretofore the feminine journalist has been expected to do nothing but write and she has been detailed to report events, but nobody ever supposed that she could take charge of a corps of reporters and assign to each some particular duty. That is the sort of work that requires peculiar executive ability and judgment, which come only after long and varied experience. A capacity for such work qualifies a person for the city or managing editorship of a daily. The question suggests itself as to whether, if women continue to make such rapid strides in the field of journalism, may they not be found in the near future occupying the principal chairs in the offices of the great dailies. And if they were I wonder what sort of a staff they would select. Would their own sex have the preference or would they bar skirts entirely?

"Opening" our display of elegant "dress hats" always the finest, Monday, September fourth and following days, Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny St.

Dave Jordan's first announcement upon his return to Palo Alto after a two months' trip to the head of King's river was that a Yale football man would be at Stanford this season.

"He was full-back," said Jordan, "on the Yale team and was catcher for the baseball nine.'

David Starr Jordan is, of course, highly elated over this notable acquisition of brawn and muscle, feeling as he surely does that they will offset whatever prestige may come to Berkeley with its new president and the reorganization of its faculty. The spirit of rivalry between the two Californian universities is as intense today as it was when Berkeley stole the Stanford ax. The learned gentlemen engaged in fostering higher education will never permit that rivalry to lag even though it becomes necessary to import the entire athletic output of Yale, Harvard and Cornell.

On a back shelf is Latin—
Forgotten now is Greek!
Those tongues we ne'er shall chat in,
Of them no more we'll speak.
Let U. C. wallow in classics
With Benjamin, their President;
The "Full-back's" the boy
That gives us great joy—
Just hearken to our merriment!

Now that Honolulu is an American city, social matters in the Hawaiian metropolis become of greater interest to those living in the United States. A new engagement announced is that of Miss Adele Widdifield and Lieutenant John Howell, Sixth Artillery, U. S. A. While Miss Widdifield's home is in the islands, she has often visited San Francisco and consequently has many friends here who will wish her happiness.

Even a newspaper sometimes makes a bad bargain. For illustration take the case of the Call. The souvenir edition of Thursday of last week containing

IS YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT?

Or is your scalp in a bad condition. If so then you have use for Lederer's QUINTONICA. It makes the hair grow and keeps the head in healthy condition. 35 cents per bottle.

123 Stockton St.

Utica Cleansing Compound
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Sidney, N. S. W.

Try it TIACU TRADE MARK
For household use and the results will amaz you—very economical.

—ALL GROCERS—

LASH'S BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

beautiful half-tones and interesting reading matter concerning the California regiment was in great demand and sold like the proverbial hot cakes, but a rank outsider reaped a goodly share of the harvest. I refer to the irrepressible "Fatty" Blodes. "Fatty" knows a good thing when he sees it. When he saw Thursday's Call he hied himself to the business office and closed a deal whereby he secured the exclusive right to all papers of that day's issue that had not been sold and all the papers of any supplementary issue of that edition. Then "Fatty" erected booths on the street and sold souvenir papers in wrappers. He sold all that were left and Monday the Call's presses were started again to meet the demand. The enterprising speculator cleaned up several hundred dollars through the deal. The Examiner had a little hard luck with its special edition which was to have been issued the same morning the Call's came out. It was to have been a twenty-two page paper and it was so numbered, but the first eight pages were missing. A broken-down press was responsible. While on the subject of special editions I hope I shall be pardoned for indulging in a little self-congratulation over the success of TOWN TALK'S handsome Bohemian club number. It was the hit of the season and in daily newspaper circles it was agreed that it was far ahead of anything that had ever before been attempted by a local weekly.

"I have signed the pledge," said Cholly Dude, as he laid his stick and hat down on the divan.

As he pressed warm kisses upon Loretta's lips he murmured:

"I am in a sea of love. Your kisses intoxicate me."

She hastily disengaged herself from his embrace.

"Leave me," she cried. "I am not the one to wean you from your allegiance. And you are now a prohibitionist!"

A letter from a friend in London informs me that Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Breuer are at present living in Chelsea—"the place where old Carlyle used to growl" and will pass the winter there. The Breuers left San Francisco last February for Paris and after a five months' gambol in the gay capital they crossed the channel and fell in love with Chelsea. Mr. Breuer is hard at work painting pictures for the spring exhibitions and his artist friends in London predict all kinds of success for him. I am glad to hear that the future looks roseate for Breuer since it was really TOWN TALK that discovered him. At the last Bohemian club art exhibition I drew attention to the excellence of his large canvas, a landscape, which the critics of the dailies had utterly ignored. Acting on TOWN TALK'S suggestion the judges awarded the prize to Mr. Breuer and his picture sold at once for five hundred dollars. The week following the exhibition he received orders for five pictures.

Will H. Keith, who has been sojourning in California for some months, will leave tomorrow for the east en route to Europe. Mrs. Keith and Miss Eliza D. Keith are at the Hotel Berkshire for the winter.

The popular Dry Goods store of J. J. O'Brien & Co. has always been conspicuous for the completeness of its Silk and Velvet stock. At present they are displaying a magnificent collection of rich Black Silks and Satins, including the new and popular "Cablecord" Taffeta, the durability of every piece being guaranteed by this old reliable firm.

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moore "A. A." Whisky.

I am not the only one, it appears, who occasionally commits such a slip of the pen as to announce the engagement of a lady who is already blessed with a husband. The Examiner, on Monday, in elaborating a rumor voiced in the Sunday morning Bulletin that J. B. Stetson is about to enter the matrimonial state for the second time, his choice being a monied widow, Mrs. J. S. Doe, made an amusing blunder. The widow who is reported as affianced to Mr. Stetson was said by the Examiner to have been a Miss Lulu Kennedy before her marriage. Now I happened to know that Miss Kennedy married Loring B. Doe, a nephew of the widow's late husband, and was therefore not surprised to find the Examiner apologizing in humble terms and in fine type, on Wednesday, for its error. Mrs. Loring Doe, with her two children, a beautiful boy and girl, is living with her mother at the latter's home in Pine street. She is a trifle beyond thirty years of age but is still as handsome as in the days when dashing Lulu Kennedy was wooed by more than one young man about town who sighed for the gift of her heart and hand.

The lady in the case is, in reality, the widow of the late J. S. Doe who, though part owner, with his two brothers, of the St. Nicholas hotel and much valuable real estate, beside having a long bank account, was never known to be very lavish in his expenditures. Since his death his widow has shown that she understands the art of spending money freely and she lives in luxurious style in an elegantly furnished residence at 2489 Jackson street. As this paragraph goes to press, no confirmation of the rumor of the engagement has been received, but it is generally supposed to be founded on fact.

I can imagine what a commotion was caused in the Stetson ménage when the report was put into circulation that Papa Stetson had decided to take unto himself a bride. I can even fancy this move of the aged capitalist being received with as much wordy opposition as was the promulgation of Lady Randolph Churchill's engagement to young Cornwallis-West. The latter, by the way, is in a state of abeyance, the betrothed couple agreeing to a year's trial of affection. I am wondering if Mr. Stetson's trip abroad, just terminated, and in which he had the companionship of his son Harry, was taken with a view to seeing what foreign travel could do to efface a fair one's image from the heart of the aged capitalist. Mrs. Chauncey Winslow (Sallie Stetson) has managed household matters for her father for some years, and she resides with her husband at the family mansion, corner of Clay street and Van Ness avenue. Though Mrs. Winslow is noted for her good nature, it remains to be seen whether she will enjoy being ousted from her position by a stepmother of about her own age.

It is only by making a man understand that you are not in love with him that he begins to understand that he is in love with you.

MEDICATED STEAM BATHS
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Mr. and Mrs. Emil Bourguignon of San Jose have been spending the week in town. A great many San Joseans came up for the festivities in honor of the returned volunteers. Among them were Senator and Mrs. Morehouse and the Misses Morehouse. Manager S. H. Friedlander left this week for Portland, Spokane and the east, on a business and pleasure trip combined.

General W. H. L. Barnes was the author of this definition of the New Woman: One who has not forgotten that she is a lady and has not yet learned to be a gentleman.

The news that has just reached San Francisco of the marriage of Miss Helen Thornton and Mr. Schacher, a German who resides in Paris, is a source of regret for one reason, that local society will have no opportunity to offer its good wishes to the bride and bridegroom in person. And while I have no doubt that Mr. Schacher is all that one could wish for as a husband being young, wealthy and cultured, I am sorry that Miss Thornton did not choose for her husband an American, since she is so purely American herself, with as much to boast of in her lineage as has Miss Julia Grant. On her mother's side the bride is of revolutionary ancestry, her grandmother, Mrs. D. D. Colton, being one of the charter members of Sequoia Chapter, Daughters of the American Revolution. On her father's side her blood is of the very bluest that California can claim. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, and everybody knows that the Thorntons and their connections—the Judges, Thompsons and Huies—are counted among the representative southern families who constituted the swim of San Francisco in early days.

I remember Helen Thornton when she was a child. She was brought up as few American children are, with the simplicity of the English method of training. Her mother made herself her daughter's companion as well as guardian and watched over her recreations and studies. She was taken abroad for the continuation of her education, Mrs. Thornton believing that the continental system is less trying to the growing mind, and also more thorough, than the methods in vogue here. Mr. Schacher has, therefore, obtained in his American bride not only a very attractive and accomplished young woman, but one who preserves with her inborn independence of character a most charming and unaffected manner.

The daughters of Mrs. Thornton and her sister, Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, made their débuts in society about the same time. Both Mrs. Martin and Mrs. Thornton gave several functions in honor of the débutantes. It seemed a pity that their mother's old home no longer remained in possession of the family, for it would have been such a delightful place in which to have held the functions. When Mrs. Colton lived in the big white house at the northeast corner of California and Taylor streets, now owned by C. P. Huntington who obtained it through the famous lawsuit, the place had a homelike air foreign to most of the Nob hill residences. Mrs. Colton was always very hospitable, a characteristic that has been inherited by both of her daughters.

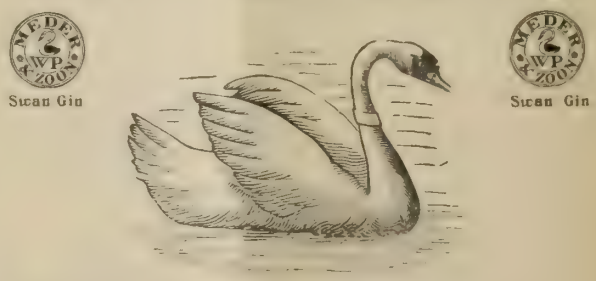
When a newspaper loses its prestige and patronage, it betrays evidence of decay by snarling raucously at its prosperous rivals. One of San Francisco's degenerate weeklies has been exposing its unhappy condition by calling attention to flaws in my social gossip. I am not sufficiently reliable to please the editor of my tottering contemporary, and yet it pains him to think that people should be deluded to such an extent as to prefer TOWN TALK to a journal which was established as far back as 1856, and which is edited in the style of that era. The poor fellow ought to be content that his paper still lives. I have often marveled that its early reputation acquired in the remote period when it was well edited by its founder should enable it to survive to this late day. Incidentally I desire to assure the proprietor of my envious contemporary that while my social gossip may not always be as reliable as holy writ, I have some in stock, upon the accuracy of which there is no person more competent to pass than himself.

Young Andrew Donahue Martin, who has just been announced as the bridegroom elect of Miss Genevieve Goad, is less of a gilded youth than are either of his two brothers; that is, he has never been known to go to extremes in his pleasures. Peter Martin's amusements are of a convivial order, while Walter, if rumor speaks true, prefers woman and song to wine. Since the engagement of Peter Martin and Miss McKenna was broken off, the former has seemed to be impervious to feminine wiles, at least so far as witchery with matrimonial intent is concerned. But Andrew fell in love in regulation fashion and I understand that his mother, Mrs. Eleanor Martin, is highly pleased at her son's choice of a bride.

Miss Genevieve Goad is one of the most beautiful girls in the swim, and her beauty is of the refined, aristocratic order. Ever since her marriage to Mr. C. A. Williams of Johannesburg was prevented, on the eve of the wedding day, by the discovery that the man was passing under an assumed name, his real cognomen being White, and that he was an embezzler and wife-beater, Miss Goad has resided quietly in Sausalito with her sister, Mrs. C. K. McIntosh. The alliance with Andrew Martin will be one of social equality, and as both the prospective bride and bridegroom possess youth and wealth, there is no question but that the affair is a pure love match.

The fact that this engagement is so pleasing to Andrew Martin's mamma goes to show, more than could anything else, how prejudice in the matter of religion is dying out. A few years ago there was the

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Our elegant new fall "dress hats" displayed this week.



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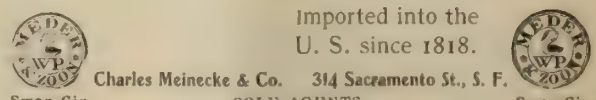


Charles Meinecke & Co. 314 Sacramento St., S. F.

SOLE AGENTS

greatest to-do when a Catholic woman married a Protestant man, and vice versa, but nowadays such a trifle does not apparently cut any figure in tying the matrimonial knot. When Birdie Fair married Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. some of the papers made a point of saying that Willie K. had agreed to be converted to his bride's faith, but nothing corroborative of the rumor has since taken place. It is said that Willie K. went to church with his bride one Sunday in Newport, but this scarcely gives grounds for a substantiated statement that he had abjured his own religion and taken that of his wife. Lots of Protestants take pleasure in attending Catholic churches, and I have known many Catholics who would as soon listen to a Unitarian clergyman's sermon, if the speaker were brilliant, as to a discourse by one of their own priests. Nevertheless, to listen with interest to a clever sermon does not necessarily imply that the auditor is going to change his creed because he admires the clerical speaker and his views.

The Los Angeles Capital tells a story about R. Barrett Fithian, who sailed for the South Seas last week on his new yacht, the Rover, and Peter Martin. The story refers to a bet made by Mr. Fithian with Mr. Martin over a proposed pony race. Part of this story was given, in garbled form, in one of the San Francisco dailies. As the Capital tells it: "Peter got the best of Fithian in a novel way, and the sea voyage is said to be Fithian's excuse for yielding up so easily to Martin. The story is that after a dispute over the running qualities of Fithian's well known pony Finesse, a wager of five hundred dollars was made that Martin could or couldn't find a pony to beat Finesse. Martin scoured the country for an animal that could give Finesse a brush, but could find nothing, even though Walter Hobart gave him the pick of his string. But Hobart came to the rescue with a scheme. This was to lease Colonel D. M. Burns' Midlove, a very fast three-year-old filly, undersized, but a splendid runner. When Fithian heard that scheme he simply laid down and asked Martin to take the five hundred without going through the formality of racing. The joke of all this is that while ordinarily Midlove could easily beat Finesse, just now she is in no condition to race. So Peter won on a bluff."

"We can never elevate the stage in this city," said Mr. Friedlander the other day.

"Why not?," asked Phil Hastings

"There are no roof gardens."

I see they are enjoying a county-seat war over in Contra Costa, and the town of Concord, true to its history, is in the thick of the fight. Years ago the settlement at Pacheco promised to become a thriving burg, but being slanted on low lands between two deep creeks, successive winter floods proved discouraging and when inducements were offered for wholesale removals a large proportion of the inhabitants took advantage of the offer and betook themselves and their belongings to the new locality a few miles distant. The natural rivalry between the new and the old town was speedily lost sight of in the face of a new diversion. For some reason long since forgotten the chosen site of the new settlement had been known by the unbeautiful appellation of Drunken Indian. This, of course, was out of the question as a town title, and after the usual amount of wrangling it was officially baptized Todos Santos. This by no means put an end to squabbling, many of the inhabitants frankly declaring that they would rather date their letters and transact their business at Drunken Indian than at Todos Santos. The fun grew fast and furious, for, of course, each side had a paper, until finally one of the Martinez journals in derision begun to refer to the place as Concord. Curiously enough, that settled the trouble, for all sides adopted the new name. Concord was put into universal use and it appeared upon newspapers, letters, etc. The postoffice was named Concord, and Concord it was printed upon county maps, though the official designation was for years afterward, and, for aught I know to the contrary, may be to this day Todos Santos. Contra Costa county, and incidentally the state of California, had a narrow escape from an absurdly ridiculous bit of nomenclature. For reasons too well known to need recapitulation, Diablo was settled upon as the appropriate title for the well known peak, but some members of the body appointed to act as sponsors insisted that "San" should be prefixed and stoutly maintained that the syllable was an integral part of all Spanish names.

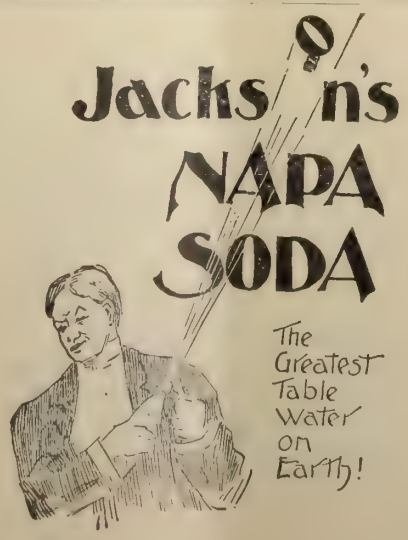
"Jones always said he would live according to his convictions."

"Well, does he?"

"Yes, he is in San Quentin now."

It strikes me that the Bohemian club is unfortunate in having lately given undue prominence to the commercial element in the board of managers. Why a clerk in a plumbing shop, who has not the slightest suggestion of bohemian tone to his character, and who possesses none of the qualifications that were essential to eligibility to membership under the original constitution of the club, should be elected to the office of president, I am at a loss to understand. I have an idea that Mr. Stow can distinguish between a bar-room gas fixture and one that is suitable for the ornamentation of a swell dining-room and that he has sufficient knowledge of the plumbing business to be able to pass upon the merits of a lead pipe cinch, but surely the sort of technical training which fits him for the earning of his salary does not qualify him for the presidency of the Bohemian club. Mr. Stow is a very nice gentleman and a fairly good school director, but could he preside over a club jinks in a way that would impress visitors of literary and artistic tastes with the idea that there was something more in Bohemia than the pictures on the wall which are so eloquent of the spirit that should pervade the place?

A delightful hot drink may be made with the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky and the usual hot water, sugar and a little lemon skin.



Mr. Andrew J. Clunie, the insurance commissioner, and his attorney, Mr. Eugene F. Bert, have returned from the east. They visited several large cities in the east on business pertaining to the office of insurance commissioner, and after it was transacted, Mr. Bert, who is one of the officers of the California Baseball League, spent some time in the study of the national game as it is conducted under the National League. He declares that the work of the eastern teams only served to heighten his admiration of the playing qualities of the ball players of California. Apropos of Clunie's return from the east I am reminded of the story published in one of the New York dailies concerning the energetic young commissioner when he made his first trip there to instruct the insurance autocrats as to their duties under the laws of this state. Andy is well-known in this neck-of-the-woods as a pugnacious fellow always prepared to meet some sort of resistance and to overcome it, and there was nothing that pleased him more than the opportunity to "call down" one of those pompous magnates. The story is that when he was admitted to the executive office of one of the great life insurance companies, he looked around apparently bewildered at the magnificence of the appointments. The insurance officials smiled at one another. They thought that the man from out the west was awed by what he saw, and they were preparing to give him a frigid reception, but when he smiled blandly and asked, "Is this the place where the man is who thinks he's next to God?" their manner softened perceptibly.

At a Montgomery street hotel is sojourning a feminine member of the Filipino swim, who evidently possesses loads of "dough" as she is accompanied by a retinue of servants. The Filipino lady's unconventional manners afford not a little subject for discussion among the other guests of the hostelry. As an instance of the foreign visitor's independent attitude may be adduced an incident that occurred one evening last week. The Philippine islander came down to dinner wearing an expensive silk waist and a dark skirt. Some untoward happening caused the skirt to spring from its fastenings and down it slipped. However, the Filipino lady was equal to the emergency and hastily pulling up the breadths of the sliding garment, she gained the door. She made one rush at the elevator, dislodged the boy from his position and started the machine herself. In barely a second's time she had reached the floor where her apartments are located and the lookers-on had time to draw breath.

Some months ago when Jennie Webber brought suit against Colonel William J. Sutherland for twenty thousand dollars damages for breach of promise of marriage, I made the incident the theme of a brief homily on the indifference of the Bar association to the reprehensible practices of certain attorneys who are ever ready to espouse the cause of the brazen blackmailer. Incidentally I predicted that the suit against Colonel Sutherland would never be prosecuted. My prediction has come true. The case was dismissed last Wednesday on motion of Mrs. Webber's attorney who represented to the court that his client had lied to him. Now I do not know whether Colonel Sutherland ever engaged in amorous dalliance with Mrs. Webber, and I do not care whether he did or not. But even though he did it is no reason why he should be made the victim of a blackmailing suit, such as I believe the one that was dismissed to have been, and I think that attorneys whose cupidity, and inability to make an honest living prompt them to facilitate blackmail, should be punished. Moreover I think that a Bar association that tolerates such practitioners is as contemptible as the individual that disgraces the legal profession. Perhaps Timothy J. Crowley, the attorney who appeared in court and pleaded that his client had lied to him, told the truth. Perhaps Timothy, though he is not a novice at the bar, is one of those gullible attorneys who being of a chivalrous and confiding nature, are easily persuaded to espouse the cause of dashing widows. It would be much easier for me to believe all that about Timothy if he were not an associate of that experienced advocate, the cumbersome Kowalsky, who has had vast experience with the downtrodden female and her questionable offspring. And by the way I have a faint recollection of the colonel's being connected with the Sutherland case in its incipiency. Am I wrong and if not where was he at the wind-up?

The dismissal of the suit without protest from Colonel Sutherland was unfortunate. Such a proceeding, coupled with the circumstance of the disappearance of the woman and her husband, warrants in a measure the suspicion that after all he did submit to the blackmailing process. Having been sued and charged with having trifled with a woman's affections he should have demanded a trial and obtained a decree of vindication. Tim Crowley's statement that the woman lied to him and that the suit should never have been filed is hardly a certificate of exculpation. The case would have ended precisely in that way if Colonel Sutherland had paid the woman and her attorneys money to withdraw the suit. But the public is not much interested in Colonel Sutherland and his affairs. It is the principle involved, and with that principle the Bar association should concern itself. There is a cer-

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Self respect is on good terms with

The Old Government Whisky

Suit your taste—100% proof, bottled in bond; or 90% proof, Special Reserve, bottled at Distillery.

A wholesome stimulant—a nerve tonic.

tain character of litigation that decent attorneys will not undertake to prosecute unless they have made a most searching investigation and ascertained whether an action at law is justified. There should be some way of dealing with attorneys who file their suits first and investigate later on.

The leading representative of Los Angeles in this city during the reception festivities was Felix J. Zeehandelaar, and I learn from his card that he is now secretary of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' association of the southern burg. He appears to be on the top wave of prosperity once more. All old newspaper men remember Zeehandelaar—the little man from Holland who used to do the court detail for the Examiner in the days when Willie Hearst was a student at Harvard, perfecting himself in the study of journalism. He is best remembered as the hero of the habeas corpus proceedings which resulted in the handing down of a decision by the Supreme court to the effect that a reporter could not be compelled to testify concerning information that had been given him. The rule of that case made communications to reporters "privileged" and placed them in the same category with lawyers and priests. When I think of Zeehandelaar I cannot help recalling an episode of a session of the legislature many years ago.

"Zeek," as he was called, was then involved matrimonially and the lady in the case was always in the imperative mood. One night when "Zeek" was out late with the boys he was fearful of the inevitable encounter with his spouse. The late Ross Jackson gave him some advice at the Golden Eagle bar.

"Go upstairs," he said, "like a man with a kick coming to him. Take a club and bang at the door. If she doesn't open it promptly kick in a panel and when you get into the room make a good stiff bluff as though you were looking for trouble and was going to be dangerously disappointed if you didn't get it. That's the way to soften the indurated heart of an Amazon."

Zeehandelaar received the advice favorably and started upstairs like a roaring bull. A few minutes later he walked into the saloon looking like a man that had been in a railroad wreck.

"What's the matter?" asked Jackson.

"I followed your advice," was the reply.

"Well?"

"Well—here I am."

I believe Mr. Zeehandelaar is now enjoying single blessedness.

The reconciliation of James W. Daniell and his wife occasioned no surprise among people who knew Mrs. Daniell as a most capricious and whimsical woman. Although she appeared, some months ago, to be intent upon separating from the Englishman forever, it seemed as though he exercised over her a sort of Svengali spell and that to make it effective it was only necessary for him to get her within the proper range. During his absence from the state she appeared to have recovered all her old time lightness of spirit, and to be as fond of gayety as ever. During her stay at the Hotel Rafael she was in a most buoyant mood, and just as Daniell appeared on the scene the gossips were beginning to talk of the great satisfaction she seemed to derive from the company of a certain frisky gas company official. Although it is said she contemplated divorce proceedings, I do not think she entertained any thought of an alliance with the gas man, for he is already married. But, judging from his predilection for tenderloin pastimes, the marriage contract subjects him to no irksome restraint. En passant, I have often thought that Mrs. Daniell has derived so much pleasure from her social successes since she was left a widow by Bob Hastings, that she has probably often congratulated herself upon the failure of the Deity to grant her fervent prayer delivered at the grave of the man whose money enabled her to take a trip to foreign parts in search of a husband. What a charming picture she presented that day as she raised both hands, and addressed the skies:

"Oh, God! Take me too," she pleaded.

But He didn't.

Mrs. John Pettee, president of the Vigilant society, is after the scalps of the officers of the Eureka society. Both of those organizations are popularly supposed to be engaged in the prosecution of humane work. They collect money from the charitably inclined, and for the purpose of relieving suffering humanity, protecting children and punishing cruel parents. That their energies do not always subserve good purposes, I have no doubt, for I have never known of a humane society that was not at times inhuman. The history of such organizations bears abundance of proof of the fact that the officers of humane societies frequently abuse the powers that are reposed in them They are frequently as hypocritical as the officers of the societies for the suppression of vice, of the stripe of Comstock of New York and the scoundrel Bennett of this city. But, concerning the Eureka society I have no information except of a hearsay character. I have read a letter written by Mrs. John Petee to a police judge, in which she states that Mr. E. L. Wadham of that society is not beyond reproach and charges that its funds have been misused; also, that children under its care are ill-treated and denied proper nourishment, and that it is conducted in connection with an attorney's office for the purpose of extorting money from the unwary. These are serious charges and I hope that they will be investigated.

A HINT TO STYLISH MEN

THE tailor-made overcoat is a luxury of the past. It has gradually dawned upon the well-dressed men about town that there is something lacking in the "made-to-order" garment. It has not that finish and style which are found in the coats from the high grade factories of the east, such as have been brought out by Charles Keilus of the "Hub." Mr. Keilus personally selects his own stock, and that his judgment is good is evident from the fact that he has the bulk of the patronage of stylish men. There are more of his garments worn at Blingum and San Rafael than of all the other houses and tailors combined.

AN INTERNATIONAL REPUTATION

IT IS A singular fact that higher prices are paid for the wines produced at the Livermore vineyard by Chauché & Bon, in London, than are paid for the French wines of the same grade. I refer to the price paid by the importers who in addition must pay the freight charges which of course are much higher on the California products. Chauché & Bon's wines have an international reputation.

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OLD RESERVE BOURBON
AND RYE WHISKY

12 years old
before being bottled

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Importers and Wholesale Liquor Dealers

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Sole Pacific Coast Agents.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky taken at bed-time. Your druggist has it.

World of Law

"I'm opposed to trusts," vehemently declared Judge Coffey the other day. "My stenographer has presented his thirty-second semi-annual resignation, simply because I won't guarantee him a larger salary than I'm getting for being judge. I can't stand it any longer. I've been successful hitherto in cajoling Sam into returning to harness, but this time I think I'll let him stay out. The court will get along without a reporter for the one year that is left."

It is quite true. Sam Sumner has resigned again. The clever stenographer who has served the probate judge for sixteen long years, has succeeded, after many trials, in severing his connection with Department 9. The man who "took down" Grove Johnson for three whole days at the close of the trial of the Martin will case is now secretary and treasurer of the Knockers' Annex of the San Francisco Press club. Day and night the genial Samuel may be seen lolling in a great armchair, hands in pocket and feet cocked up, listening to the chit-chat with a sardonic smile. Sam is no great talker, but he has an infallible memory for dates, and he spends hours listening for a chance to catch someone tripping in this most important branch of a story. Sam has a hitch-and-kick order of declamation which is not unlike that made use of by Oscar A. Tolle. This has caused his reading of his own notes to be not so rhythmical and clear as the sonorous utterances of his learned judge. Moreover, Sam has a mechanical habit of faithfully reporting everything he hears, whether it should form part of the record or not. Consequently, a scene like the following has occurred more than once in Judge Coffey's courtroom:

Judge Coffey: "Sam, read that last question."

Sam copies down before reading: "Sam, read, etc.," then reads question.

He is interrupted by the court saying:

"Sam, read more slowly and more distinctly."

Down this goes into Sam's notes with a "ha! ha!" or two from lawyers present. Then, after repeated backings and fillings Sam is requested to begin at the question again and read right on. He does, as follows:

"Mr. Heggerty—Did you ever at any time live with the deceased as his wife? Mr. Lloyd—I object to the question as being irrelevant and immaterial. The Court—Sam, read that last question. Question read. The Court—Now, Sam, read more slowly and more distinctly. Mr. Heggerty—Ha! ha! ha! The Court—That will do, Sam, now read that all over again, beginning at the question. Question read."

Despite his eccentricities, however, Sam is a good fellow and an excellent reporter. He has amassed some property, they say, which may or may not account for his independence of spirit. Certain it is, however, that Judge Coffey has often said that he had more trouble dodging Sam Sumner's resignations than he had evading newspaper reporters who wanted to learn his address. Fateful little billets-doux would be shoved under his chambers' door at all times of day and night, dropped into his letter box and pressed between the leaves of his note-book. The judge knew the contents before opening:

"Sam has resigned again," he would say.

And the next day would see the faithful Sam back at his post. This time, however, the situation looks more serious.

Judge Coffey, by the way, had a merry little inning the other day when the various attorneys employed by Mrs. Bell since the death of her millionaire husband six years ago were asked to present their demands against the estate. Previous to this performance an account had been filed by Mrs. Bell, setting forth that no income, revenue, profits, proceeds or anything else had been derived from the estate since the filing of the last account and a very bankrupt state of affairs was revealed. Consequently it was very amusing to see all the attorneys virtuously waive any and all claims against the estate for past services rendered.

Mr. Fisher Ames said that nothing was further from his thoughts than to demand compensation for legal services. "Apart from any private arrangement I may have with Mrs. Bell herself," he said, "I have absolutely no claim to present." Mr. Porter Ashe gallantly declared that he would waive his claim. "The estate owes me nix—I mean nothing," said Mr Ashe. "I want no pay." As he said these words Ashe looked so bewitchingly at the judge that his honor was quite overcome and was heard to say something about Mrs. Bell knowing enough to employ good looking attorneys; whereat Mr Ashe sat down, blushing, confused, happy. Mr. Lucius L. Solomons had not the heart to come down to court and openly renounce a fee, so he sent a proxy, who did the business all right. Then someone did it for Mr. Soto. Then Mr. Blakeman, who having only just succeeded to the juiceless plum had earned no fee, enrolled himself on the list of martyrs by a similar act of renunciation. It was then Judge Coffey's turn. His Honor rose to the occasion. He measured all the smiling attorneys with a quizzical look and said in his blandest tones:

"I never heard of such self-denial in my life, gentlemen. Really your conduct reminds me of the abnegation of James II."

The attorneys smiled again, well pleased.

"Yes," mused His Honor. "Curious thing, that abnegation of James II. He did it because he couldn't help it."

I am sorry to say that my friend Judge George H. Bahrs is a very sick man. He is a chronic sufferer from stomach trouble, and no one looking at the tall, straight, figure, the pink and white complexion and the clear eye would dream that there is not a day when His Honor can sit in comfort on the bench. Hence his intermittent fits of irritability, caused by attorneys who will drag their cases out by refusing to keep to the points at issue. About six months ago someone advised the judge to depart from his usual habits of abstinence and try a high-ball or two before meals. He did this and improved wonderfully. I saw a letter, however, from the Georgetown hotel the other day in which the judge complained bitterly of his state of health He said he was trying all he knew to get well by the twenty-fifth, but that it was hard work. At present it would be a physical impossibility for His Honor to sit through a day's session.

If anything causes the Supreme court to reverse itself and grant a rehearing of the Hoff murder case it will be a perusal of the petition filed in the case by District Attorney Murphy. With all the honors of the inevitable reversal of the case against Mrs Botkin before his eyes, the ex-judge went to work with a will and the result is a masterpiece. It simply closes out every avenue of reply except the curt refusal contained in the words "rehearing denied." Judge Murphy points out with the utmost clarity that not only in the instruction upon the question of motive, but also in that upon circumstantial evidence which was the Supreme court's pretext for reversing the case, Judge Carroll Cook simply and obediently followed the law as it stood unchallenged for years and years. From the Cronin case to the Durrant case those identical words which the court with the last say now finds so objectionable were used in every criminal trial where the evidence was of a circumstantial character. Judge Henshaw approved of the charge as it stood in the case against Durrant, the opinion in which case he wrote; yet Judge Henshaw's name appears in the list of those justices concurring in the decision of Judge Temple reversing the judgment against Hoff. The petition will do little good, probably. The Supreme court likes not to stultify itself and having acted hastily will probably "stick to it." If that is so, it simply means that the murderess of Mrs. Dunning must enjoy the sweet air of liberty instead of being hanged for her dastardly crime.

Since the fiasco in the Keenan murder case Judge Frank Dunne has concluded to make a clean sweep of his jury panel. He has fired the whole bunch and has gathered unto himself a fresh fold. I wonder will it do any good? I hear of shadows hovering around the court room still, shadows that occasionally take substance and are known to the District Attorney. He, poor man, watches all he can, but his eyes are only in the front of his head, and he must eat and sleep occasionally. A bas the jury system of San Francisco!

—o—

John F. Turner, the real estate swindler, has been called for at last by the man he robbed and drove half crazy. Years ago George Knight said: "Look out for Frenna, Turner. He will kill you one day as sure as you're born." Turner knew that and was afraid; but he had to go about and kept a wary eye open. Not wary enough for Frenna, J. P., who went after him and got him. Strange thing! Robber, swindler though he was, he is dead now and is entitled to the grave respect awarded those that have passed away; yet, without that, there is not a man found in this community to say a single kindly word of him. What wonder, then, if Frenna's trial should turn out nothing but a hollow sham! For convicted he never will be.

—o—

Oscar A. Tolle, the genial clerk of Department 12, announces that he has the following articles for sale cheap. One full dress suit; one brick (not of gold); one stolen flag (stars and stripes); one bite of a dog. THE COURT REPORTER.

SAILS FROM AFAR.

SING me a song of the homeward bound!
I am weary of parting sighs.
Give me the joy of a greeting sound,
Hush forever these sad good-byes!

Tell me the winds and waves are on guard,—
Are faithfully bearing my way!
Tell me the stars keep sure watch and ward,—
That my own is coming today!

Only a few, fleetest years at best
Can I face love's heavenly eyes,
Longer to wait is cruel unrest,
Sails from afar arise—arise!

JULIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

Major and Minor

Musical criticism is an art which has so degenerated of late that both musicians and public seem to hail with delight a just and truthful account of the happenings in musical circles. In view of the fact that there are many wrong impressions afloat as to the true importance of musical criticism, it may not be amiss to give a rough outline of that which embodies the duties of a critic and the relation that exists between the critic and the public. Before going into any details let us ask what is musical criticism and what is necessary to pass intelligently upon current events in music. The critic, if he is to be conscientious and able, must cast all personal grievances aside, be never influenced by dislike or friendship for a certain person, and be careful to separate the man from the critic. When you are in private life you may give vent to your sentiments against certain people to your heart's content, but when you sit at your desk passing a serious opinion as to the artistic effort of a musician you must cast aside your petty grievances and do your duty as a critic only. This is the most difficult phase of criticism, but also the one which will give you a reputation for justice and fairness—a reputation which gives you a standing in the community. In order to retain this reputation you must stand firmly upon the plank which raises you to your distinguished position, and act so that the dignity and seriousness of your task is never marred. The dignity of a critic remains only then intact when he does not permit anyone—whom he at one time or another is obliged to criticise—to influence him in his work. He must reject all demands that tend to make him flexible to the desires of the performers, and this firmness he must retain even against his best friends. As soon as a critic shows that he may be moved by flattery or threats, his plank begins to bend, until it finally breaks beneath the weight.

¶ ¶

The wrong impression prevails that the critic's duty is to educate the public. This is essentially wrong. The critic is, as it were, the mouthpiece of the public. In order to correspond with this position he must possess sufficient discrimination to gauge his audience. He must know the class of people who assemble; he must be able to segregate those who know from those who do not know. He must separate the friends of the performers from those disinterested in the person of the artist. And then, when he has made his division, he must be capable of extracting the opinion of the intellectual portion of the audience and comparing it with his own. And now comes the most difficult portion of forming his opinion for the public. He must be able to discover which opinion is *the correct* one, his own or that of the audience. Of course in nine cases out of ten his own opinion will correspond with that of the audience – provided he is an able critic. But should he be convinced that his own opinion is incorrect, he must have the manliness to confess his error and publish the opinion of the audience. And just in this particular instance most of the critics fail in their duty by thinking that their opinion is superior to that of the audience at all times. Inasmuch as the public has not been raised in an insane asylum, this supposition is totally idiotic. Sometimes, however, the public picks out its favorites, and in their desire to exhibit their appreciation of the talent of these fortunate ones, they involuntarily neglect others who are also entitled to applause. In such a case it is a critic's duty to call attention to the fact that it is unfair to surround a few select ones with all the glory and leave others equally able in the shade. If a critic is capable he will never fail to obtain the necessary result, and the public will be but too glad to make amends. Be it understood that the public is preeminently *the* critic, that when the audience gives an ovation to a musician, this man or woman is an artist. There cannot be any denial of this statement Any critic who is so presumptuous as to dispute the intelligence of an audience is not fit to be a public factor.

¶ ¶

Nevertheless, if the critic is not destined to instruct the public, what is his duty? First of all his duty is to inform (not instruct) that portion of the public which had not an opportunity to go to the theatre or concert as to the nature of the performance. Then it is a critic's task to let the artists know what impression they made upon the public, wherein they pleased and wherein they should improve. In most cases the artists who are adversely criticised dub the critic an ignoramus behind his back and flatter him to his face. These are the hypocrites of the profession and should be thoroughly censured. Many artists, mostly musicians, think themselves the best in the world and if anyone dares to make a statement to the contrary he is cried down as one who does not know anything. The latter class are fools and should be ignored. Now you will see what a difficult task it is to be a critic. However when a critic barricades himself behind a bulwark of public opinion, forms his ideas according to that of the intellectual portion of an audience, he is invulnerable and the censure of a thousand artists saturated with their own conceit is of no avail. Then again a critic is subjected to luminously humorous articles flowing from the pen of writers either desirous of giving vent to petty jealousies or being anxious for free advertising. One of those latter cases happened to me last week, when a writer on a weekly paper made the amusing announcement that I did not know anything about music because I said Miss Lichter sings well and Mr. Schuster gave a creditable performance of a certain role. Here is a man who gauges the musical knowledge of a writer by the opinion he advances of the work of two people who perform their duties conscientiously, are earnest in their work and do not make any pretensions except as to the fact that they know their business. Artists who are as industrious and positive on the stage as William Schuster and Anna Lichter are entitled to a word of praise from time to time and I would not withdraw a word of that which I have said about them notwithstanding the entertaining remarks of the musico-dramatic critic of that weekly.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Our elegant new fall "dress hats" displayed this week.

LOUIS CRÉPAUX.
(MEMBER PARIS GRAND OPERA)

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Reception Hours
3:30 to 4:30

The other day I had the pleasure of listening to Harry Samuels, who, together with Miss Meta Asher, will give a grand concert at Sherman-Clay hall next Thursday evening. The essential point by which to judge the talent of an artist is temperament. Mr. Samuels possesses this characteristic in a large degree, and thanks to this temperament he is able to execute his various selections with a vigor and taste that is as instructive as it is delightful. His technic is fluent and he plays harmonies with a clarity and ease that is nothing short of astonishing. All technical difficulties, no matter how intricate, are overcome with gracefulness. This facility to make difficult passages appear easy is one of the earmarks of the genius. Nevertheless, it is not Mr. Samuels' talent alone that should attract our music lovers, but the fact that he is a San Franciscan, who, after years of study abroad, has achieved gratifying success and is now coming back to his native city justly demanding a hearing from all those who bade him God-speed at the time of his departure. Home talent is beginning to be appreciated nowadays and justly so. While I have as yet had no opportunity to hear Miss Asher I dare say that the reports of those competent to judge regarding her efficiency are based upon substantial facts. This young woman, too, returns after tedious study and is also entitled to a hearing to which every diligent and talented student and artist is entitled from his or her fellow citizens.

¶ ¶

Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt, assisted by John Marquardt and Louis von der Mehden Jr., will give a piano recital at Sherman-Clay hall on Friday evening, September fifteenth. The program is very interesting, inasmuch as it contains several compositions which have never been heard here before. It includes these numbers: Trio, C minor, op. 10, piano, violin and cello (Chovan); (a) Nocturne, C minor, op. 48, No. 1 and (b) Ballade, C minor, op. 23 (Chopin); (a) Third Mazurka, B minor, op. 66 (Saint-Saens), (a) Ballade, B minor (Liszt); (a) Barcarolle, F minor, op. 30 (Rubinstein); (b) Polonaise, A flat, op. 53 (Chopin).

¶ ¶

I am in receipt of a valuable violin solo composed by Giulio Minetti and dedicated to Mr. Meredith Sawyer. The piece is difficult and requires considerable technical dexterity, but any good violin player who has had conscientious instruction should be able to play it after some practice. It is an expressive composition and must be executed with considerable taste in order to obtain the sentiment which the composer has introduced. It is the work of a thorough musician and will no doubt be successful. It was so well received when Mr. Minetti played it at Mills seminary last year that he was induced to publish it. The beauty of the piece will certainly be recognized without delay.

¶ ¶

The Von Meyerinck School of Music, inspired by that enterprise and energy which characterizes all its movements, is preparing for a recital which is to include the works of local composers. This is the right spirit and it is to be hoped that it will spread. Our local composers should be more to us than others and in order to gain a reputation as a musical city we must first prove that we can show local composers of merit. It is not by any means the attendance at concerts that stamps a community as being musical, but it is the quality of the work accomplished in our midst by which to gauge our musical value.

¶ ¶

The friends of Frank Coffin are diligently preparing for a farewell concert to be given this popular and gifted tenor ere his departure for Europe, where he intends to complete his studies. No doubt this concert will prove a great success for Mr. Coffin's friends are numerous here. Robert Bien will also leave for Europe and being the possessor of a fine baritone and a host of admirers he will take along the good wishes of many friends He will take part in the concert to be given in honor of Mr. Coffin.

¶ ¶

Oscar Weil, whose activity as a composer and teacher was and is productive of much good, has returned to this city after an absence of several months necessitated by ill health. Much to the satisfaction of his friends his health is now perfectly restored and he is able to resume his work which is of much value to the music world.

¶ ¶

It will be of interest to the musicians hereabouts to hear that S. H. Friedlander has gone east to arrange for a series of musical attractions for next season. If we may depend upon preliminary appearances the next season will be a very prosperous one.

"Opening" first grand display of real French Pattern hats, Monday, September fourth, Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

On Tuesday evening, September twelfth, Denis O'Sullivan will bid farewell to his many admirers in this city by means of a song recital. He has selected a ballad concert for this occasion and the program will include German and Italian compositions from the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, more recent classics like Löwe, Berlioz, Schumann and Brahms, some of the modern composers, and a number of old English, Scotch and Irish airs.

¶ ¶

Miss Slinkey, who possesses a good reputation as a vocal teacher and whose efficiency was admired in San Francisco before she went to Milan to continue her studies, is preparing a concert to take place within a few weeks. From all appearances it will prove a very artistic and refined affair.

¶ ¶

One of Oakland's clubs which combines refinement with educational tendencies is the Ebell society. The erroneous impression is usually abroad that society clubs are instituted for pleasure only. This does not apply to the Ebell society which gives occasional musical and literary recitals that are instructive in the highest degree. One of the latest features of that club was an afternoon devoted to local composers. This is decidedly a praiseworthy idea and should be imitated without delay by all clubs in this city. We have some very able local composers here whose works are worthy of attention and

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these compositions should not be restricted to the club room only, but the critics should discuss them in their various departments. Thus only can we advance our musical interests hereabouts. At the last recital of the Ebell society Miss Florence Sharon sang compositions by P. C. Allen and W. J. McCoy, W. E. Lienunt played a violin solo by McCoy and Robert C. Newell rendered piano solos by Adolph Cheek.

¶ ¶

The next musical season will without a doubt be the best ever known in America. From Chicago Mrs. Florence French writes: "Unless the present plans for next season vanish like castles in the air, the months between September, 1899, and june, 1900, will see such a season of music of all descriptions as Chicago never yet knew." Wolfsohn has the following artists under his direction: Marie Engle, Marie Brema, Sara Anderson, Charlotte Maconda, Clementine de Vere, Mrs. Katherine Fisk, Madame Schumann-Heink, Signor Campanari, Watkin-Mills, Evan Williams, Gerilym Miles, Julian Walker. Among the instrumentalists will be: Edward A. McDowell, David Mannes, Adele Aus der Ohe, Ethelbert Nevin, Franz Wilczek and Leo Schulz. Among Charles L. Young's prominent artists is Signor Alberti, who, together with Helene Noldi, has begun a grand opera season in Mexico I wonder if Alberti will decide to come to California? It appears that all operatic companies that visit Mexico call on California also.

¶ ¶

An editorial paragraph in the Musical Courier of last week reads as follows: "So the San Francisco operatic tour has been definitely abandoned by Mr. Grau! The reason is simply that no guarantee fund was forthcoming. Hence the change of plans. *Was ist los* with the Golden State?" The trouble is that Mr. Grau does not enjoy the confidence of the Californians, that we are about getting tired of being promised gilt-edged operatic combinations only to receive second rate artists, that the people here will no more consent to give guarantee funds unless they can get guarantee contracts in return. Promises will not satisfy us any more. We expected De Reskze and we could not have him, despite the fact that five and ten dollar rates were asked. Not satisfied with wanting extravagant prices Mr. Grau was unwilling to pay a reasonable rental sum to the proprietor of our one opera house. Oh, no, we may not have "Olle" Lehman and De Reszke twins out here, but our fleecing days are over. ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

The program at the organ recital by Dr. H. J. Stewart at Trinity church tomorrow afternoon, will be: Toccata and Fugue in C (with pedal solo), Bach; Minuet, B minor, Calkin; Verset de Procession, Dubois; Military March, Schubert.

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Major and Minor

WILLIAM PIUTTI gave a pianoforte recital before the California club last Saturday afternoon which was well attended considering the excitement attending the arrival of the California boys, the audience being a refined and most appreciative one. Much enthusiasm was shown with each number, the program including Sonata, G major (Schumann); Polonaise, A flat major, Etudes, Nos. 5, 12, 1, 3, Preludes, Nos. 17, 15, Funeral March, Nocturne, B major (Chopin); Love Dream and Faust Valse (Liszt). Mr. Piutti ranks as one of our leading artists and in Europe was endorsed by the highest authorities in the world of music. He is particularly happy in his rendition of Chopin's works possessing deep poetical feeling, and there is character in every note he plays. In his brilliant work the low ceiling and carpeted floor detracted somewhat from his power, but he never played before an audience which was more attentive to his artistic work, several musicians being present. Mr. and Mrs. Piutti have opened a music school at 2332 Dwight Way, Berkeley, which will doubtless become a pride to the state, for the faculty will be first-class in every respect, representing Gertrude Piutti, piano, harmony; William Piutti, piano, composition; Madame Jenny Twichell Kempton, voice culture; S. Fachutar, mandolin; Wallace A. Sabin, organ, choral work; Pietro Marino, violin. The departments of elocution and flute have not yet been decided upon.

Miss Marie Weldon has returned after a trip of several weeks visiting friends in numerous places. Mr. Rhys Thomas has been to Mount Shasta among other points of interest and has returned to his class. Mr. Thomas expresses himself as delighted with the progress of his choir at St. Dominic's church.

A very delightful evening was enjoyed last week in the studio of Samuel Adelstein, the guests, about thirty in number, receiving a hearty welcome, plenty of good music and dainty refreshments, Mr. Adelstein's sister making a charming hostess. The program included mandolin solos by Mr. Adelstein, piano numbers by Miss Theresa Ehrman, songs by Mrs. Eva Tenney and Mr. Georges. Miss Jennie Wilshire played a mandolin solo with Mr. Adelstein, Miss Fannie Danforth being the accompanist.

MAY FRANCES FRANCIS.

Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington will receive pupils for piano instruction at her residence, 1150 O'Farrell Street between Franklin and Gough, after September first. Present address, Mill Valley. 3t

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CHANT OF THE PARCAE

From Iphigenia in Tauris

THE CHIDREN of men
Should fear the immortals;
They hold their dominion
In hands never dying,
Nor do they refrain
From using their might.

Whom the gods favor
They doubly should fear them!
On cliffs and on clouds
Their seats are prepared
At the gods' golden tables.

But should there arise
The voice of contention
The guests are cast out
Into nethermost darkness
Reviled and disgraced.
In gloom and in fetters
Forgotten they wait
For a judgment impartial.

But in vain, for the gods
Still sit at their feasting
Their tables of gold.
Or perchance they are striding
From mountain to mountain,
While from the abyss
Steams the breath of the Titans,
Arising like smoke
When the victims are offered
And the smell of the sacrifice
Pleases the gods.

Their eyes which bring blessings
They turn from the kindred
Of those they once favored,
Their glances avoid them
Lest they should encounter
Looks full of entreaty
And eloquent anguish.

So sang the grim Fates,
While children and kindred
Their heads nodded sadly
And thought, "They are listening,
Our forefathers, banished
To nethermost darkness."—GOETHE.

Translated by Irene Connell.

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "The New Dominion" — repeating last season's success.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Paul Jones"—the naval hero has caught on.

TIVOLI. "La Giaconda" and "Rigoletto"—both well sung and acted.

ALCAZAR. "Ingomar"—Miss Roberts is a charming Parthenia.

ORPHEUM. Bouquets for Felix Morris and the child dancers.

After listening to GRAND OPERA and drama it is quite a relaxation to revel in the merry melodies of a light comic opera, especially when they contain that merry ring which Planquette understands so well how to make effective. It is therefore not surprising that the Grand opera house is well patronized by music lovers, inasmuch as merry melody coupled with humorous dialogue has a beneficial influence over the risibles. Planquette's Paul Jones reminds one much of The Chimes of Normandy in music as well as libretto. Not because of a similarity of plot but owing to the excessively romantic character of both these plays. An inspiring rhythm runs throughout the work which keeps the audience constantly in a good humor, and melodious solos, captivating duets and impressive choruses—which at times approach even grand opera dimensions—contribute toward the success of this clever piece of composition. Not less effective are the occasional fancy dances executed with that unrivaled dexterity for which the Grand's chorus is so well known. Stage manager Jones has ample opportunity to display his ingenuity in the elaborate and realistic stage settings. In Bessie Fairbairn the company has gained an acquisition whose value can only be fully appreciated when it is known that she is one of the finest mimics and most vivacious comediennes ever seen in San Francisco. But seldom do we appreciate the comedy element in feminine roles, as it is but seldom invoked with the refinement necessary to make it agreeable to the average auditor; but Miss Fairbairn is so polished in her line of work that it becomes a sincere delight to follow her on the stage. Wolff, besides being able to indulge his horse play frequently—wherein really lies the strength of his comedy talent—is given an opportunity to render some topical songs which please the audience so much that the encores often exceed the half dozen mark. Persse pleases in the title role and an opportunity is given him to support his good tenor voice with dramatic action. Persse is certainly an acting tenor with a finesse which is rarely found on the comic opera stage. Of course Miss Mason is still a favorite. Her captivating manners are ever eliciting great applause and her clear soprano is particularly adapted to the rippling notes of a merry couplet. Goff, whose resonant baritone will some day be heard in one of our leading grand opera companies, contributes considerably toward the artistic success of the performance and Wooley does not lose any opportunity to give full sway to the healthy humor which characterizes all his work. Next week the management will revive El Capitan, which has already had two successful runs. In order to add to the many charms of the opera special attractiveness in new dances have been arranged. Mr. Jones is particularly clever in the creation of picturesque terpsichorean figures and some pleasant novelties may surely be expected. Of course neat songs will be interpolated and the ever popular team, Woolf and Wooley, will be given an opportunity to open their coffers of fun and let merriment rule supreme. The inspiring Sousa marches will be accentuated with the vigorous singing of the chorus.

Orpheum THERE IS this difference in the dancing of Hazel Callahan and Arnold Grazer; the former is self-confident and even forward, while the latter is modest and unaffected. It is always thus, the writer has noticed, among stage children when boys and girls are opposed to each other. Boys go at their work with a determination to get through with it, and to do their best while they are at it, while girls are always looking out for applause and very frequently forget to go through their parts properly while musing on what the audience is thinking of them. Hazel Callahan is a clever child and she capers about in an agile manner with a grace that all juveniles possess. But Arnold Grazer throws himself into the spirit of his work. He is a poet and his poem is his dance. The new mirror effect, a mirror that at times is a window and reveals the figures on the other side, again becoming a non-transparent medium for reflecting objects, is original and striking. The children have been overwhelmed with flowers and plaudits every night, and will remain for another week. There will be other children on next week's bill, no other than the dear little Hungarian Boys Military Band.

"Opening" of Elegant Parisian Hats, Monday, September fourth and following days. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

After two years' absence, the people of San Francisco will be ready to welcome back the clever little musicians whose martial music packed the Orpheum nightly during their last engagement. The band has been augmented in numbers and band master Selilzonyi has missed no opportunity to add to the already large repertory of the organization. Two years' constant study and practice has improved even the wonderful skill of these tiny warrior musicians. Nearly every one of the attractions, both the new ones and those retained from last week, would on ordinary occasions be entitled to the position of honor at the head of the bill. Charley Case, "the man who talks about his father," has filled the Orpheum before and even if the boys' band and Felix Morris were not here, he would do so again. Stinson and Merton, two of the cleverest comedy sketch artists in the country, will present an original comedietta and Montrell the juggler will perform some of the tricks with which he has been puzzling the world. Felix Morris begins his second week and will play "Behind the Scenes" a dainty comedietta, full of human interest. The talented comedian will, in the new presentations, assume the part of a Frenchman.

Tivoli THE fifth successful week of grand opera at the Tivoli brought out La Gioconda and Rigoletto. Perhaps few non-musicians are aware of the fact that A. Ponchielli, the composer of Gioconda, is the teacher of Puccini, Leoncavallo and Mascagni and that in this work is contained the essence of the creator of the modern Italian class of composition. In Gioconda we have the work of the master, while in La Boheme, Pagliacci and Cavalleria we hear the work of the pupils. There cannot be any question as to the brilliant character of the music in this opera. The plot, however, is deficient - unrealistic and too fanciful. The action drags and were it not for the passionate vein that runs through the score, the libretto would serve as a good remedy for insomnia. Next to Nedda Miss Lichter showed to her best advantage as Gioconda, in which part she succeeds in grasping the spirit of the poor ballad singer and meets all the vocal requirements of her role. The writer has always contended that Miss Lichter is a conscientious singer who attends to her work with the care and accuracy of a capable vocalist. She, unlike many other artists, does not make any great pretensions but attends to her work quietly and surely. Vocalists upon whom managers may depend are rare, and never during Miss Lichter's engagement has the management been put to any inconvenience on her account. When one begins to pick flaws and seek material for adverse criticism it may be found in the greatest artists and Miss Lichter, too, has her faults. But it is not within the province of a critic to abuse an artist who is conscientious and faithfully attends to the work assigned to her. It is faithfulness and modesty in an artist, with good taste and a fine musical education, which make her preferable to a famous singer upon whom no one may depend. Miss Lichter's Gioconda is by all means an excellent portrayal. Another role which was essayed creditably was La Cicca by Miss Linck. Here is another artist whose conscientious work is delightful to witness. There are few operatic singers today whose dramatic temperament equals that of Miss Linck. What is the good of having a dramatic voice if you cannot back it up with dramatic action? No one can imagine what a relief it is for a critic to meet a singer who is willing to concede ability and good quality to her co-workers. Both Miss Lichter and Miss Linck are of that type of artists, and they should be respected for it, for thereby they show their genuine artistic instinct. The Tivoli management seems to be particularly fortunate this year with its artists for Mertens, too, is not of the usual type of singers—he is generous. Twice has he stepped in to help out the management when Salassa became conveniently indisposed. Twice was he obliged to study the English score of operas at a few hours' notice and although not obliged to accede to the wishes of the manager, he gladly and generously volunteered to pull the Tivoli from a predicament into which Salassa's overbearing conduct had brought it. An artist who does this is a gentleman and his value to manager and public is equally great. Mr. Mertens had never sung Barnaba in English before and Salassa's spasmodic illness necessitated the substitution of Mertens, who studied the English score within two hours Monday afternoon. In the evening he went through the part with an ease and readiness that gave the impression that he had really been selected to sing the role instead of Salassa. Avedano made good use of his tenor as Enzo. In Rigoletto Berthald carried away the honors. He is always heart and soul in his role and the waltz song was rendered with a color and execution that made it very dainty—the mimicry that accompanied its recital was a study in itself. No wonder he received an ovation Miss Prossnitz was not in her element in the role of Gilda. She is a dramatic soprano and should never attempt colorature roles. She would have been far better as La Gioconda. The quartet in the last act was delightful. Mertens did some excellent work in the title role, more in the vocal than dramatic part. This afternoon and tomorrow evening Rigoletto will be given and this evening the last performance of Gioconda will take place. Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday evenings Carmen will be presented with Miss Linck in the leading role and Tuesday, Thursday and Sunday evenings and Saturday matinee Romeo and Juliet will be heard with Berthald as Romeo.

There are lots of 'A. A.' brands of whisky, but only one Jesse Moore "A A."

Columbia THE WHOLE ACTION of The New Dominion clusters around Baron von Hohenstaufen. As a rule plays made to order for certain stars are odious but the character of Baron von Hohenstaufen is painted so realistically and such nobility of soul permeates his various actions that the baron endears himself to the auditor and creates a keen interest which does not abate until the curtain drops upon the last act. In fact the baron becomes the whole play—a play strong in purpose and moral in its intentions—a play that will always entertain and elate the general public because it is surrounded with an atmosphere of refinement and aristocratic dignity which exercises an influence over the mind of man. To embellish a character like that of the German baron with the necessary execution an artist is required who can not only adapt himself to the part, but who must have studied the original in order to make an impression. There are but few actors who could obtain the results from this role that Mr. Clement is able to extract therefrom; he evidently has devoted much study to this role for besides making use of a correct dialect he handles his German with the readiness of a native. Anyone delighting in a real study should not miss seeing Mr. Clement's Baron von Hohenstaufen as it is about the most accurate exposition of a character that the writer has heard for some time. Next week Mr. Clement will present The Bells, one of Henry Irving's masterpieces. Having gained distinction in the role of Mathias wherever he has interpreted it and being a character impersonator of great merit, a valuable performance may be expected.

Alcazar Ingomar was given in this city not so very long ago with Nance O'Neil as Parthenia, and perhaps the memory of the former interpreter detracts somewhat from the interest the audience takes in Florence Roberts' impersonation Still, the latter makes the usual beautiful picture of herself and says her lines in a manner that brings out well the charming innocence of the character. The support is excellent. The new stock company comes in next week and will present every evening, with matinees on Saturday and Sunday, that clever comedy by Madeline Lucette Ryley, Chrisiopher Jr. This play was first given in San Francisco by John Drew and Maude Adams and was later presented by the Frawleys. It is brightly written and replete with interesting situations. Miss Gertrude Foster will return to the company next week and will receive a hearty welcome, for she gained many friends here during her long engagement as leading woman at this theatre some seasons ago. Miss Helen Henry, formerly soubrette of the Morosco stock company, will also be of the new Alcazar organization. Eugene Ormonde from the Empire stock company, New York, will be the new leading man. The Wages of Sin will succeed Christopher Jr.

The management of the Grand made a wise move in selecting Harry H. Campbell as its treasurer. Although but a comparatively short time in San Francisco Mr. Campbell has demonstrated that he is thoroughly versed in professional work regarding the management of various attractions, be the same of a musical or dramatic character. He is a conscientious worker, polite and accommodating in his transactions with the public and may be depended upon by those who have any business relations with him. The ticket office of a theatre requires a man who has a great deal of patience, has the ability to make friends and always finds time to have a pleasant word of explanation for those who file complaints. Mr. Campbell has repeatedly proved that he is just the man for such a position and Mr. Morosco will soon realize the wisdom of his action in securing Mr. Campbell for the Grand

JUDGE GRACE WILL PRESIDE

Judge John Grace, admitted to be the greatest coursing judge in America, will be seen in the saddle at the Union coursing park this week and will act as judge until further notice. He will be ably assisted by his son, Jim Grace, who will preside at the slips. The program at the park this week will be a ninety-six dog stake. $1,040 will be disbursed in prize money. Handy and Smith's Ida has a soft place on the card and looks like a winner at first sight.

HE PASSED HIS EXAMINATION

The dean of the law college was a veteran practitioner who believed that next in importance to a knowledge of the code and of common law practice, was the ability to promote litigation.

"If a woman came to you with a breach of promise suit what is the first question you would ask?," queried the Dean.

"How much money has the defendant got?," was young Blackstone's reply.

"But supposing there was no defendant," said the Dean. "Supposing she just wanted to be a plaintiff for speculative purposes."

"Well, then I d ask her who was the richest single man among her acquaintance and I d tell her just what sort of evidence was needed"

The dean congratulated young Blackstone and told him that there was a bright future before him

—The Law Clerk.

One of the most unique and entertaining programs ever given by the California Camera club was the "Evening in Childhood's Realm," on Tuesday last at Metropolitan hall. Pictures were shown dealing with child life and were of all classes of subjects from sacred scenes to those taken from modern every day happenings with children as the actors. During the intermission Romberg's toy symphony was given, directed by Miss Marie Louise Heppner with Miss Edith Ladd at the piano. Those at the instruments fulfilled their parts to everybody's satisfaction and Miss Heppner came in for no end of praise for the manner in which she wielded the baton. Little Hazel Callahan was to have appeared during the second intermission but she failed to arrive, much to the audience's disappointment. The Camera club's evenings are always well attended, the hall never failing to be packed to the doors whenever an invitational entertainment is under way, and there is usually a good attendance—if not so crowded an auditorium—upon evenings when an admission fee is charged.

Rose Hartwick Thorpe, author of many books and poems but best known as the writer of Curfew Must Not Ring Tonight, will be the guest of honor at a reception to be given by the Pacific Coast Women's Press association next Tuesday evening at Golden Gate hall. Mayor Phelan will deliver an address of welcome and there will be music, recitations and refreshments. On Tuesday and Wednesday at Golden Gate hall the association will hold its ninth annual convention, with the president, Mrs Abbie E. Krebs, in the chair. Papers will be read by Miss Skidmore, Mrs. Hart, Mrs. North, Mrs. Bretherick, Mrs. Sexton, Mrs. Marshall, Mrs. Smith of San Jose and others and there will be songs and instrumental selections.

FALL MILLINERY

Mrs. S. R. Hall, of the Baldwin millinery, has sent out cards announcing her fall opening of French pattern hats and the latest styles in European and eastern millinery. Mrs. Hall's opening will be the first in this city and her styles are of the very newest. The opening day will be next Monday, and will continue through succeeding days, 10 Kearny street.

The first rehearsal of the second season of the Ladies Musical club of San Francisco will take place on Monday afternoon at three o'clock, Druid's hall, 413 Sutter street. There are still several vacancies in the membership list to be filled and all interested in choral work are invited to be present. Mrs. Frank J. Thayer is president of the club; Mrs. F. B. Carpenter, the secretary. D. P. Hughes is the director. The first rehearsal promises to be very interesting.

And in that hush profound and still
A woman's voice, loud-pitched and shrill
Was plainly heard to utter
In tones adapted to the roar
Of music that had gone before:
"Why, we fry ours in butter."

That was in Boston, many years ago. Last week, at the Grand opera house, a woman's voice was plainly heard to utter: "Oh, dear, I'd give anything for a nice plate of oysters."

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Jimmy Hamilton has another bum mot. Here it is:

Judge Conlan: Slattery, you've been before me thirty times.

Michael Slattery (a veteran bon vivant): Well, judge, I can't help it if they won't promote you.

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Love Endureth After Death

Perhaps you will LAUGH AT HER: perhaps you will say that Henrietta was too good. No doubt the world will shrug its shoulders and say that virtue is out of date. Again, the world may not believe. But the story is a true one.

I do not know how they became acquainted. Possibly Henrietta went to the artist to take lessons in drawing. She had artistic talent and I believe Lefranc did take pupils once upon a time.

Lefranc always wore a sad look on his face. He was a noble looking man, tall and broad-shouldered, and when he smiled—upon very rare occasions—every woman was his slave. But Lefranc did not care for women. He painted their portraits because that was his profession, but all the adoration was on their side.

Lefranc was evidently tormented by some secret sorrow that made his handsome face always wear that sad expression. But is there one person in the world who can honestly say he or she is happy? After the thoughtless years of childhood have passed, are any of us happy?

Some say that the only true happiness is to be found in love, that love which consists of sinking one's identity into that of the loved one and living for the beloved object alone.

Love means nothing to a man. To a woman—I speak of a woman, not the modern product that has rightly been termed a vampire—love is the greater part of her life. Woman's love is self-sacrificing. When a man loves, he craves possession; it is sufficient for a woman to know that she is loved.

Like Viola, she can let concealment prey upon her damask cheek, and never tell her love. But in her heart, when something tells her she is beloved, there is a light, glad feeling that cannot be expressed in words.

And so Henrietta fell in love with Lefranc. First, his sad face drew her sympathy—and sympathy in this instance gave birth to love.

Lefranc was many years older than Henrietta. However, love laughs at birthdays How it came about only God can tell, but Henrietta soon came to know that the artist loved her.

The knowledge was hers for some months before mutual confession came. It was drawn forth in a commonplace way but for Henrietta the avowal was enough. Lefranc had said he loved her. She was ready at once to fall into his arms, but——

"Wait," said Lefranc, "I am not free."

When he had finished his story, Henrietta understood why his face was always so sad.

Lefranc was married and his wife was in an insane asylum.

Divorce was impossible. Marriage with Henrietta was impossible. Happiness must remain a relative term for them both.

Unless ——

Well, as I said before, perhaps Henrietta was too good. Besides, Lefranc did not ask the sacrifice. He was, perhaps, also too good.

They might have been happy but, as virtue was to both of them not merely a definition in the dictionary, they could not overstep the boundary.

For fifteen years they lived and loved, loved without realization, and ate their hearts out in hopeless silence.

At least the silence was hopeless to Lefranc. Henrietta, with a woman's elasticity of vision, sometimes said to herself:

"Perhaps she will die."

But Lefranc's wife did not die. She is living yet, healthy as far as physical condition goes, but a mental nonentity.

I read of Lefranc's death the other day and I went to the funeral. Henrietta was among the mourners. Once I caught a glimpse of her face; its expression was that of deathless grief.

I went to see her a few days later. I had known Lefranc, and Henrietta had been my friend before the artist's advent into San Francisco.

She wept when she mentioned his name.

"It killed him," she said. "Our love killed him. To know that I loved him and he loved me, yet I could never be his. My God! why do I live!"

"You should not have let a scruple part you," I said, for my knowledge and experience of life have broadened my moral perception "You should have made him happy."

She turned from me with a look of horror.

But was I not right? THE MORALIST.

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THE MORNING AFTER

IN VAIN I trusted that the flowing bowl
Would banish sorrow and enlarge the soul.
To the late revel, and protracted feast,
Wild dreams succeeded, and disorder'd rest;
And as, at dawn of morn, fair Reason's light
Broke through the fumes and phantoms of the night,
What had been said, I ask'd my soul, what done?
How flow'd our mirth, and whence the source begun?
Perhaps the jest that charm'd the sprightly crowd,
And made the jovial table laugh so loud,
To some false notion ow'd its poor pretense,
To an ambiguous word's perverted sense,
To a wild sonnet, or a wanton air,
Offence and torture to the sober ear.
Perhaps, alas! the pleasing stream was brought
From this man's error, from another's fault;
From topics, which good-nature would forget,
And prudence mention with the last regret.
Add yet unnumber'd ills, that lie unseen
In the pernicious draught; the word obscene,
Or harsh, which, once elanc'd, must ever fly
Irrevocable; the too prompt reply,
Seed of severe distrust and fierce debate;
What we should shun, and what we ought to hate.
Add too the blood impoverish'd, and the course
Of health suppress'd, by wine's continual force.
Unhappy man! whom sorrow thus and rage
To different ills alternately engage;
Who drinks, alas! but to forget; nor sees
That melancholy sloth, severe disease,
Memory confus'd, and interrupted thought,
Death's harbingers, lie latent in the draught;
And in the flowers that wreath the sparkling bowl,
Fell adders hiss, and poisonous serpents roll.—PRIOR.

A Trick of Fortune

IT WAS THE AFTERNOON OF THE symphony concert and Miss Randolph was standing on the corner of the avenue waiting for the cable car. It had rained during the forenoon and shining little pools lay in the hollows of the asphalt, and the shady concrete walks on the opposite side had not dried.

Miss Randolph was a trifle late so she buttoned one of her white gloves while she waited. She was one of those women it is the fashion to call well groomed, and she certainly was neat from the tip of her neat walking boot to the shining coil beneath her plumed hat. Under her tailor suit of dark blue there was a rustle of silk, her little umbrella was tightly strapped and she wore a bouquet of violets. Virginia Randolph took herself very seriously and her toilet was as much a matter of conscience with her as her music and her religion. She believed in herself and all belonging to her.

The corner of the granite curbstone was already occupied by an Object. It was too limp and powerless to hold itself together and be what God intended it for, namely, a man. He sat on the curb, his head in his hands and his feet in the gutter. A policeman crossed over, shook him and pulled him to his feet, while Miss Randolph pulled her skirts aside and passed on to take the approaching car. She had recognized him.

"That wretch of a Jack Haywood," murmured she. "I wonder if papa knows he is hanging around."

Miss Randolph judged according to her light, but that light was exceeding great darkness.

Samuel Randolph and John Haywood had been school-mates in the south and had each come to California to retrieve a ruined fortune. Haywood was a widower with one child. Stricken with a sudden and fatal illness he called Samuel Randolph to his bedside and confided to his care the boy, at the same time giving him a deed to all he possessed. He had confidence in his friend and his time on earth was too short for complicated arrangements. He died, satisfied that he had done the best he could. For many years Jack Haywood lived in Randolph's family, the companion of Virginia, his junior by seven years. Later he was sent away to school.

In some unaccountable manner his patrimony dwindled as the Randolph fortune grew. It was Pharaoh's lean kine feeding on the fat ones. Randolph had deeds to the property, and could dispose of it as he willed. Young John had no relatives within thousands of miles, and there was no guardianship account to settle. It was a matter entirely of conscience and honor and Randolph was not equal to it. But the world did not know and in fact never inquires too closely into the doings of a successful man.

As time wore on he grew to hate the lad he had wronged, and could not bear to have him in his sight. He was sent away to school and not even allowed to pass his vacations in the Randolph home. It was said and truly, that he was growing up to be a wild, ungovernable youth. Randolph, who sought some justification for his dishonesty, secretly rejoiced at these rumors and took care that the boy was not reclaimed.

When he was twenty-one he was called before his guardian, given a few hundred dollars, all that remained of his patrimony, and dismissed with some stereotyped words of advice, a misfit education, and a fine equipment of bad habits. With this preparation for life, he went to the dogs as fast as possible and soon disappeared from sight. So ended Samuel Randolph's stewardship. And all this was unknown to Virginia as she drew her skirts away from John Haywood at the corner of the avenue.

At dusk that afternoon Miss Randolph was returning from the concert. A few blocks from her home a noise in the street attracted her attention. She turned involuntarily and through the car window she saw the police patrol wagon with a man huddled down in one corner of it, and an officer holding on to him so that he should not fall out.

It was Jack Haywood.

When Miss Randolph sat down to dinner that evening she told the tale to her father with an intonation of disgust. The banker listened and blessed his good fortune that the fellow had not come into the house and made a scene. The same evening he went to the station, paid the attendants to have the matter kept out of the papers, and gave them enough to pay the fine and have the case dismissed. He then had arrangements completed to ship the young man away on a sailing vessel around the Horn, hoping that he would be sure to fall overboard or break his neck. These various doings were considered as very charitable on the part of the banker to his former ward, and were quoted afterward as actions greatly to the credit of his good heart and generous disposition.

He had some twinges of conscience, it is true, but they were unknown to the public, and to quiet them he gave a generous donation to his church the following Easter.

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World of Letters

I AM IN RECEIPT of a little pamphlet from W. C. Morrow announcing that he is about to open a school for practical instruction in the art of writing. Mr. Morrow is himself a master of English, as all Californians know, nor is his reputation as a writer confined to his own state. Of course no school can create genius and no teaching can transmute the lead of stupidity into the gold of cleverness, but an instructor like Mr. Morrow can do much for those who fall short from lack of early training or judicious criticism. Pope said very truly, "True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, and art—in other words, technic—is a quality which may be improved by study and practice." Lucidity and ease of expression are not always what Dogberry supposed reading and writing to be, gifts of nature; the masters of style are those who round and polish their periods Chaucer is said to have expended infinite care upon his rhymes; we know Tennyson did the same. Flaubert and his pupil, Maupassant, attained excellence by the most painstaking methods and Theophile Gautier tells us that Balzac, who is supposed to have dashed off his novels in a fine frenzy, wrote and rewrote, and often completely altered passages that had cost him the work of a whole night. By reason of numerous corrections and alterations his manuscript was the despair of compositors. When such masters of style did not disdain to labor at the oar, why should ordinary writers refuse to take pains and listen to criticism? There is a commercial side to the matter, also. Lack of opportunity is as fatal as lack of capacity. The inexperienced writer does not know where his work is wanted and is often discouraged while finding a market. Mr. Morrow's long experience as a journalist and his practical knowledge of the field of writing may be of service to many a young litterateur, and save him from discouragement and delay. These considerations impel me to think favorably of Mr. Morrow's projected school, which, though a new idea here, is no novelty in the east where schools of journalism are common.

However, while it must be of benefit to anybody to know how to write, the fact remains that real writers are born, not made. You connot pry the news sense into a mind that is born without it; the heaviest crow-bar would be powerless to effect such a result. And while I have seen quite mediocre men and women succeed financially in the worlds of journalism and letters, to the one who knows their work lacks the soul. The man who has it in him, and who is born with the writing sense, will write good stuff whether he gets good pay for it or not. He can easily pick up such knowledge as how to make crosses for periods, and rings around dates and abbreviations that are to be printed in full, but the knowledge of what to write can not be acquired. Still it is as well to have these schools of journalism, so that the technic at least of writing may be learned. It will save readers of manuscript in publishing houses, and copy-readers in newspaper offices, much time and patience.

In order to be in the literary fashion of the times one must shy a stone at Kipling. The Putnams inaugurated the ball and everyone else must dance to their piping. Elbert Hubbart of the Roycroft Shop is the latest to have his fling, which might have come with a better grace from him, as well as from the rest, if only they had discovered or at least let us know they had discovered, how little worth while any work of Kipling's is before he began suit against them, one and all, for piracy and infringement. The whole business forcibly reminds one of the quarrel between two frontier neighbors, one of whom had borrowed a cooking utensil from the other and returned it in a damaged condition. After much wordy warfare the gist of the defense was practically: "It was cracked when I borrowed it; it was whole when I returned it. Well, I never had your old pot, anyhow." Kipling, it is now asserted, is utterly incompetent to write about life in the Orient. Since that From Sea to Sea has been republished every section of our country has its little advocate to declare itself libeled. Bailey Millard, years ago, took up the cudgel for San Francisco. In Captains Courageous Kipling proved that he knew nothing about the sea or about fishing on the Grand Banks. Elsewhere he displayed ignorance of locomotive engineering. And poetry! who now dares say he ever wrote a poem? "A poet must think he is the voice of humanity. He sings and sings, and it turns out afterwards that he was the true spirit of Pike county. A man who schedules himself as the poet of Anglo-Saxondom is a litterateur. He is a class poet." Now, really, has Kipling done any of the scheduling, or have the "literary authorities" simply tumbled over themselves and each other in their hurry to be first to greet the king? "There is harsh substratum in the man that genius cannot atone for. It ruins his poetry." As to the thumbs being turned down, the old nursery game used to allow another variation. Thus far we have only got as far as thumbs wiggle-waggle. Predictions and prophecies are kittle-cattle. How many books have been hailed within the past decade as the "greatest" etc., the names of which are now forgotten? The simple explanation of this matter of Kipling worship lies in reaction from over-estimation. People who swallow without rumination the opinions of the self-appointed literary dictators have praised indiscriminately everything that Kipling did and his work has been by no means all first class. These people will now condemn in the same wholesale style, because "Simon says 'thumbs down.' "—THE BOOKWORM.

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE OF SALE OF REAL ESTATE AT PRIVATE SALE.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE STATE OF CALIFORNIA, IN AND FOR THE COUNTY OF LOS ANGELES.

In the Matter of the Estate of MABEL RUTH LOCKWOOD CRAMER, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the Superior Court of the State of California, in and for the County of Los Angeles duly given and made on the 8th day of August A. D. 1899, in the above entitled proceeding, the undersigned, the administrator of the said estate, will sell at private sale to the highest bidder for cash, Gold Coin of the United States and subject to confirmation by said Superior Court, 10 per cent of the purchase price to be made at time of sale, balance on confirmation of sale by said Superior Court on or after the 6th day of September A. D. 1899, all the right, title and interest and estate of the above name decedent at the time of her death and all the right, title and interest that the estate has by operation of law or otherwise acquired other than or in addition to that of the said Mabel Ruth Lockwood Cramer, deceased, at the time of her death, and commonly described as an undivided one-fifth (1-5) interest in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point on the northerly line of Elliott Park One Hundred and thirty-two (132) feet westerly from Steiner Street and running thence westerly along said line of Elliot Park twenty-two (22) feet, thence at right angles northerly seventy (70) feet: thence at right angles easterly twenty-two (22) feet: thence at right angles southerly seventy (70) feet to the point of commencement, with improvements thereon consisting of a cottage of six rooms: Together with all and singular the tenements, hereditaments and appurtenances thereunto belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Bids or offers must be in writing and will be received at the offices of Lent and Humphrey, Attorneys at law, Rooms 54 and 55 Crocker Building, at the junction of Market and Post Streets, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California or may be delivered to the administrator personally or may be filed in the office of the Clerk of said court at any time after the first publication of this notice and before the making of said sale.

RICHARD LOUIS CRAMER,
Administrator of the estate of
Mabel Ruth Lockwood Cramer.

RICHARD J. DILLON
Attorney for the Administrator,
54-55 Crocker Building, San Francisco, Cal.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of MARY LEONARD, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, Executrix and Executor respectively of the last will and testament of MARY LEONARD, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four months after the first publication of this notice, to the said executrix and executor or either thereof at the law offices of LENT AND HUMPHREY at rooms 54 and 55 in the Crocker Building in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being their place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

MARY LEONARD and LEON ROOS,
Executrix and Executor respectively of
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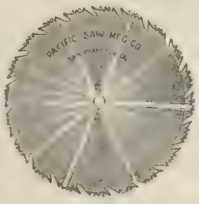

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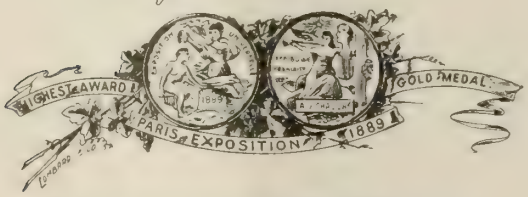

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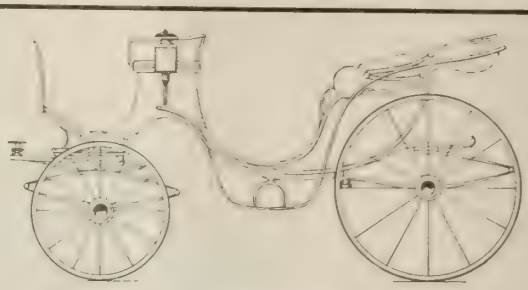

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TOWN TALK

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor

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OUR OPINION

THAT THE CHIEF of San Francisco's police department is either a fool or a knave there can be no doubt. To being one or the other he would have to plead guilty were he called upon by the commissoners for an explanation of his conduct. Two of the commissioners—the two that control the department—are executive officers of large financial institutions. They must be presumed to be men of intelligence, and it is incredible that they are not cognizant of the existing state of affairs. The recent arrest and escape of a dangerous criminal who hobnobbed with detectives for months, and secured their co-operation in various enterprises, are only minor instances of the incompetency or worse that characterizes the conduct of police affairs. They have seen Chief Lees suddenly assume an aggressive and menacing attitude toward certain law-breakers and as suddenly withdraw all attention from them. Do they not suppose there was some inducement for his quiescence in criminal transactions? Or, have they given him carte blanche to exercise discrimination in the matter of enforcing the law? It would surely be unjust to harbor the suspicion that men of integrity, such as Mr. Tobin of the Hibernia bank and Mr. Alvord of the Bank of California undoubtedly are, have agreed that Chief Lees should protect the rich lottery companies that do more business in San Francisco that they do in half a dozen of the largest cities in the union combined. Yet such a suspicion is warranted. Chief Lees does protect them, for the purveyor of bogus lottery tickets is prohibited from promoting the traffic in the fictitious article while the vendors of genuine tickets are permitted to invade every home and office in the city. Moreover the agents of lottery companies boldly engage apartments for the transaction of their business and advertise their location, in flagrant violation of the law. We have the authority of a public official for the statement that thousands of dollars are spent in this city every month by the lottery companies for protection, and only a few weeks ago it was common rumor on the street that the agent of an eastern company that lately invaded this city was "shaken down" before he was permitted to compete with his old established rivals. Is it possible that the police commissioners have never given this subject a thought or that Chief Lees has never concerned himself about the matter?

THE EAST appears to have come to the conclusion that the day of women in newspaperdom has come to an end. The fad has run its course and hereafter instead of exploiting themselves on front pages, they will either drop out entirely or work on the same footing as men, taking their assignments as a matter of course and letting their work go in unsigned. Now that the fashion is dying out it is difficult to see wherein its supposed attraction lay. Sensible women did not need the Nellie Blys of the Sunday editions to tell them that no woman can dress conspicuously and parade the streets at unseemly hours without attracting the sort of attention she seeks. Nor can she invade the private offices of business men with whom she has no business to transact and prolong her call, oblivious to hints that she is unwelcome, without subjecting herself to insult. This is a give-and-take world and men are hardly expected to show greater respect for a woman than she shows for herself. At first there seemed to be some novelty in getting a woman's opinion of a prize fight, or a boat race, or some other occurrence in which women are not generally interested, and then there was the adventurous stage when "lady" reporters were sent aloft on telegraph poles to rescue lost cats or down into the hold of sunken vessels in diving costume. They rode to fires on the engine and were kidnaped by bandits or shanghaied by shipping masters. They crawled through sewers and made balloon ascensions, and wrote it all out with much expenditure of adjectives and exclamation points, and it was all so "bright", "breezy," "novel" and "taking": but after all are a woman's sensations any different, or better worth being recorded than a boy's or a man's, in unwonted surroundings? Why would not a bookkeeper or a clerk or a school-

master have answered every purpose? And when it comes to seeking situations in canneries and shirt factories in order to "expose" the manner in which they are conducted, the only result accomplished has been to make conditions harder for those whose applications are honestly made. If the idea were to cater to the supposed curiosity of women readers they would have found more amusement in a recital of the experiences of a "mere male man" who had tried his hand at the purely feminine occupations of millinery, dressmaking or child-nursing. As to men, they probably had very little, if any, of the stuff. They are not as a rule given to encouraging the other sex in making excursions along the coast of Bohemia, and when they are bent on "feeding the animal" they much prefer to be unhampered by petticoats. The women who were willing to let themselves down to the level that some of these writers did, lost much in dignity and character. Their work was but for the day, slangy, flippant and lacking in both matter and manner—even the best of it is long since forgotten. For the business woman who can do her work as a matter of course and do it well there is always a place, but she who has heretofore had the band called out to celebrate her mediocre performances is now a back number.

LONDON SOCIETY is aghast at the marriage of Miss Florence Jewell to a Matabele chief. The numerous examples of unhappy and unholy alliances of this kind did not deter Miss Jewell from throwing herself away. It is incomprehensible that a well-reared and supposedly refined young woman could unite herself to a greasy South African savage. Even when European women marry men of more civilized nations such as Turks, Persians and Hindoos, the wide differences in manners and religion and the meaning and philosophy of life form insuperable barriers to happiness, and the wife almost invariably realizes the fatal mistake she has made. In our own country white women of the lower class frequently marry Chinamen, but it is probable that they have very little to sacrifice in so doing. Romantic girls have occasionally wedded Indians and in nearly all cases have repented of their bargains. But none of these instances awaken the disgust which the marriage of Miss Jewell does. Her husband will probably treat her as a beast of burden, for such is the only ideal of womankind possessed by the gentle savage, and Florence Jewell will find that she is no Parthenia, nor is her negro conquest an Ingomar. Ethnologists usually concede that the progeny of mixed races possess the virtues of neither and the vices of both. It is a fact that in countries where such mixtures are found their representatives are a despised class spurned by the higher and reproached by the lower of the races to which they owe their origin. The Eurasian of India occupies a place in society analogous to that of the mulatto in our southern states; he is refused and repudiated by his paler relatives and forced into assimilation with his darker, whether he will or not.

A SERVANT GIRL STRIKE is on in Chicago and the daily press informs us that men are rapidly filling the places left vacant in the ranks of household service. There is no reason why the idea should give one cold shivers. In the orient men perform all branches of domestic labor, including washing, sweeping and cooking. Most of the occupations require endurance and physical strength and are by no means unfitted to men. In fact, men servants are in most instances superior to women in nearly every capacity. When well trained and experienced they are neater, handier, better tempered and more obliging, and added to these good qualities they possess greater physical strength. If we leave out of the argument the care of children and personal service on the ladies of a household they should be able to perform well all kinds of domestic work. And the man servant is seldom the cause of those little jealousies that so often produce domestic ruptures. When there is no maid servant in the house the suspicious mistress will have less cause for anxiety, but when she finds a stray hair on her husband's coat she will have to exercise greater ingenuity than formerly in accounting for its presence. The Chicago strike may have a tendency to revolutionize domestic affairs, for in the family broils of the future the husband instead of the wife may be the one that does the grumbling over the personal attractions of the servant.

THE FRIENDS of the new charter are getting anxious over the outcome of the litigation involving the legality of that instrument. Their anxiety is largely due to the apparent confidence of the enemies of the charter who pretend to regard a decree wiping out the will of the people as a foregone conclusion. There are certain wiseacres in town who try to create the impression that they always know what the Supreme court is going to do, but their prognostications have so often gone awry that they are no longer taken seriously. The justices of the Supreme court do not wander into clubs and other places and tell how they are going to decide cases. As there has not yet been an argument on the validity of the charter it seems a little premature to predict that the decision will be adverse to its defenders. The charter is the will of the people expressed at an election and it is not likely that the Supreme court is going to set it aside on account of some minor irregularity in the mode by which it was adopted. The election of freeholders and the election of the charter were conducted in strict conformity with the law as it was interpreted by intelligent lawyers. There was no irregularity such as to prevent the people from fairly and honestly expressing their wishes. It would be most unfortunate if the people of San Francisco, who have for so many years been trying to get rid of the crazy-quilt Consolidation Act with its contradictory and impracticable provisions and its loop-holes for fraud and official chicanery, should be told to try

again after having secured a charter which has been pronounced by men learned in the science of municipal government to be one of the most perfect systems that could be devised.

THE GENTLEMEN of the cloth are divided on the question of the fitness of Kipling for Sunday school purposes. There is nothing extraordinary in the circumstance of their division. It is only when the reverend gentlemen of the thousand and one sects shall agree not to disagree that we will gasp with amazement. If they cannot agree upon questions pertaining to God, how less likely are they to be found unanimous upon Kipling. But why should there be so much talk over the action of the First Methodist church of Crawfordsville, Indiana, in throwing out one of Kipling's stories from its Sunday school library? Nobody but a fool would go to a Sunday school library to find such a work as "The Drums of the Fore and Aft." The throwing out of a work possessing as much merit as that has, is not half so surprising as the circumstance of its having strayed into the library. The shelves of Methodist Sunday school libraries were never freighted with books of that character, and no Sunday school teacher should be criticised for hesitating at Kipling. The fact is that Rudyard is altogether too optimistic for Sunday school purposes. He makes his characters do things that are supposed, in every well regulated Sunday school, to lead to eternal damnation, but yet the Kipling creatures have a jolly old time and enjoy life to the fullest extent. It would be wrong to permit the Crawfordsville children to be led astray by the false notions which they would derive from Kipling's yarns.

GEORGE D. COLLINS, a capable young attorney, has rushed into print and to the defense of our Supreme court. When the Supreme court is abused Mr. Collins suffers severe pain. He is a sympathetic young man, is Mr. Collins, and as he has a case in the Supreme court occasionally it does him no harm to be in touch with the learned justices of that lofty tribunal. It is, of course, wrong to abuse the court, and there is no doubt that the brilliant Blackstones of the press frequently criticise it unjustly and senselessly. The law is not sufficiently flexible to suit them, and they therefore interpose demurrers and promptly sustain them in their own court of last resort. But sometimes the justices of the Supreme court are wrong, and they admit their error by overruling themselves and reversing their own orders. That shows that they realize they are not infallible. Mr. Collins contends that it is their duty to see that the forms of law are complied with, and they must not permit a man to go to jail who has not been regularly convicted. Mr. Collins' exposition of the law is very clear and convincing, but to agree in every particular with him one must concede that the science of law is in a measure farcical. He would have us believe that if a man has been convicted of crime upon uncontroverted evidence, and it should subsequently be discovered that owing to a clerical error the indictment failed to charge him with intent to commit the crime, he would be entitled to a new trial. It was upon some such theory that a lawyer once moved that a prisoner be set at liberty because the extradition papers by virtue of which he was escorted back to this country were not in strict conformity with law. He contended that the court should assume that the defendant was still in the country from whence he had been unlawfully extradited. The judge being a man of commonplace capacity found that the assumption was beyond him, and as it was easier for him to take judicial cognizance of the presence of the defendant he ordered the trial to proceed, and the lawyer had the satisfaction of taking an exception. After all it must be admitted that an indictment merely serves to get a man into court where he shall be tried, and to acquaint him with the nature of the charge against him so that he shall be able to make an adequate defense. Failure to charge intent imposes no hardship and in no way curtails his rights, and the Supreme court is straining at a gnat when it reverses a verdict for such a defect. If intent is proved, that should be sufficient.

PRESIDENT McKINLEY in his Pittsburg speech showed how keenly alive he is to the necessity of winning the favor of the volunteer soldier and at the same time vindicating his policy in the Philippines. The President is adept, to use an up to date expression, in "spreading the salve." In his Pittsburg speech he expatiated on the patriotism of our volunteers in Manila, when on the ratification of the treaty of peace it lay within their power to remain in the Philippines or return to their homes. It was at this trying and critical moment that the true spirit of the American volunteer displayed itself in glowing colors. According to the President the American Volunteer might have returned to the pursuits of peace, but he chose to remain on the battlefields, facing danger and confronting death as long as his services were needed in defense of his flag. He declares that such patriotism should be perpetuated in the nation's annals, and the name of each volunteer be inscribed on the nation's roll of honor. How inspiring it all sounds! It is lacking in nothing except the cold truth. The gallant American volunteer was not willing to remain far from the pursuits of peace after the ratification of the treaty of peace with Spain. He wanted to come home; he demanded that he be sent home, and he was finally sent home. But nevertheless he was not short on patriotism. He was merely weighted down with disgust at the policy pursued by General Otis under orders from the President. He was willing to fight for the flag, but he objected to being compelled to post peace proclamations while the flag was being spat upon.

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moore "A. A." Whisky.

CHANSON DE MUSETTE

I SAW a swallow yesterday,
And as I watched it on the wing
It brought back memories of you
Who loved me once when it was spring.
Pensive before the almanac
Of that bright year with many a sigh
I stood and lived those hours again
When we loved fondly, you and I.

No no, my youth, it is not dead,
Your image ever bright has been,
And if you knocked upon my door,
My heart, Musette, would let you in.
It quivers when I hear your name,
O Muse of Infidelity!
Come back and let us eat again
The blessed bread of gayety.

Those old companions of our love
That stand around our little room.
In hope of your return, dear one
Begin to lay aside their gloom.
Forlorn and desolate no more
They now put on a festive air—
The little bed and the big glass
Wherein you often drank my share.

You'll wear again that dress of white
Which so became you long ago,
And then on Sunday as of yore
A wandering in the woods we'll go.
At evening to the arbor old
With our light wine we shall repair
To dip the pinions of your song
Before it soars upon the air.

Musette, you did me an ill turn—
God will forgive the trick you've played,
And he will not withhold his moon
To light our kisses in the shade.
All Nature you will find as gay
As charming as when first we met
As kindly to our love as then,
As gracious and as smiling yet.

* * * *

And so, one sunny morn, Musette,
The carnival all past and gone,
Winged her way back, the truant bird,
To the old nest whence she had flown.
But when I kissed her, faithless one,
My heart no more beat loud and high,
And she who was no more herself,
Declared I was no longer I.

Adieu, we part, dear one, adieu,
Dead is our love and all is done,
For with that old-time calendar
The moments of our youth have run,
Of those bright days which it contained
Often I rake the ashes o'er,
For only thus can memory find
The key of paradise once more.

[Henri Murger—translated by Irene Connell.]

The Saunterer

Nothing has shown a greater diversity of styles since the beginning of the last half decade than the change in women's figures. Of the once modish hour-glass shape one can of a verity say: Nous avons changé tout cela. And this change in the female form divine is, without a doubt, due to the short corset, though I am told that Charles Dana Gibson considers his celebrated Girl responsible for the revolution in figures. Women's corsets have steadily been growing shorter, until now the minimum seems to have been reached. It has not, however, yet arrived in San Francisco, at least I have seen no indications of its advent in the figures of the feminine promenaders in Kearny street after the matinee. But a friend of mine who has just returned from Paris tells me it is all the rage there.

This new corset is only adapted to be worn by very slender figures. When properly adjusted the wearer appears to be minus an abdomen, but the bust is greatly in evidence. There is no padding worn with this newest arrangement of stay. The corset itself is so built as to force the bust into prominence and whether nature has been liberal to a woman in this respect or the reverse the result is the same. She reveals to the eye a charming figure, with a small and yielding waist with adorable curves above its roundness. The whole effect is due to the new corset and my friend tells me that the Parisian women have gone wild over it and will wear nothing else.

The corset has evidently reached St. Louis, judging by some observations lately made by the Mirror of the Missouri metropolis. Mr. Reedy of that journal was lately moved to some burning remarks anent the shirt waist worn with the low corset. He must have read and reread his dictionary to find words sufficiently lurid to express his sentiments. Among other things he said:

"When a man's wife is away his moral stamina liquifies upon slight provocation. There is no telling what desperate results may not flow from the insistent sensuality of the low corset, as it reveals itself under the shirt waist, naturally seducive as that garment is per se. * * * The new corset scheme is a most uproarious appeal to the desire of the eye. * * * This new fashion figure is decidedly coarse and animalistic, and there is no other expression for it. The luxuriant fleshliness of the style is something that

A delightful hot drink may be made with the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky and the usual hot water, sugar and a little lemon skin.

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CLOTHIERS
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appertains to women in the jungle. It has a certain savagery about its assertion of the divine intent, in women in maternity. * * * The low cut corset is infinitely worse than the old pull-back skirt designed to show the hips, for the precocity of its excessive matronliness is suggestive only of the sensual orient with its child-wives weaving arabesques of sin in the movements of the danse du ventre. The fashion of the low cut corset should be attacked from every pulpit and every editorial chair."

Well, the stout woman has one satisfaction. She can never come under the category scored by Mr. Reedy, for she cannot wear the new corset. It is built for slender women only.

"I have noticed a great improvement in my bookkeeper since his marriage," said the merchant.

"Why, is he steadier?"

"Oh, that was not it, but he used to watch the clock. Now he is not in such a hurry to get home."

The fashionable watering places of the east were given food for gossip some weeks ago by the appearance at each of an old gentleman of distinguished mien accompanied by a young woman who called him "papa" and whom he addressed as "baby." They represented that they were father and daughter, but they were looked upon with suspicion, for there was something in their conduct which suggested a relationship somewhat different from that of parent and child. At one of the smart resorts a famous globe-trotter recognized in the illy yoked couple a pair that he had met on the continent a few years before, and even then "baby" was quite a buxom infant, whose appearance was not well in harmony with the juvenile style of the raiment she affected. I am wondering whether "papa" and "baby" are not at present visiting this city. A pair fitting the description of the couple that provoked gossip in the east recently sought apartments in a Nob hill lodging-house. After arranging all the preliminaries with the landlady, "papa" said that it would be necessary to put a couch for him in his daughter's room.

"You see," he said, "I am devoted to my daughter. She is my pride, my baby, and we cannot bear to be separated even for a night."

The hostess froze.

"I am very sorry," she said, "but I think you can find better accommodations in the flat next door."

"Papa" and "baby" withdrew and almost succeeded in getting a room in the flat, but the landlady there was also wise, and the couple wandered away filled with indignation.

Although I am not in accord with the sentiments of Rev. Father McKinnon in relation to the conduct of the war in the Philippines, my admiration for the chaplain of the First California regiment is not diminished by that circumstance. Every day I hear of some new story of his bravery and gallantry and as his praises are generally sung by the people not of his religious faith they are all the more impressive. I am told that he was always doing hazardous duty, and that his recklessness on the field excited the admiration of all. There was no man in the army that enjoyed the confidence of Admiral Dewey to such an extent as did Father McKinnon, and the Admiral s fondness for him could not have been better demonstrated than it was on a certain occasion when the priest requested the use of a vessel for the purpose of making a trip in an official capacity.

"You can have the Olympia if you want her," said Admiral Dewey.

When the smallpox epidemic was at its worse in Manila there was only one chaplain that visited the sick and that one was Father McKinnon. Twice a day he approached the guard-line around the hospital, divested himself entirely of his clothes and after putting on a large robe passed on and visited each patient. He had kind words for each, and was ever ready to write letters for them or render any little courtesy that was desired. As Douglas White expressed it to me:

"He would do anything but talk religion, and it didn't matter whether a fellow was Protestant, Jew or Catholic.

"When he starts," White added, "have a pool on him."

The magnetism of the man was shown the other night at the military social of San Francisco Lodge of Elks, when he said but a few words and brought everybody to his feet with three rousing cheers and a tiger.

When Mr. James L. Flood returned from his honeymoon trip he was deeply engrossed in his business affairs, and so little in evidence among his friends that some of his acquaintances concluded that the flame of camaraderie had been quenched. It was rumored that he contemplated erecting a palatial residence in New York and entering the sacred portals of the aristocratic set in the far east. I was surprised at the rumor, because I knew there was nothing in the diversions afforded by pink teas and swell balls to appeal to his fancy. It was difficult to believe that he could be induced to devote his time to the empty frivolities and refined dissipations to which the butterflies of fashion in the effete metropolis of the east are addicted. He could find nothing congenial in the company of people whose conversation is limited to topics affecting social functions, domestic scandals and the latest fashions. Although Jim Flood is a business man who attends faithfully to his commercial interests, he knows how to enjoy life, and he can do so without capering nimbly o'er a polished floor, or engaging in the effeminate pastimes of the so-called fashionable set. He is of a bohemian temperament and finds pleasure in association with kindred spirits and, above all, he is a steadfast friend. Jim Flood is a Californian who inherited that rugged nature characteristic of the pioneers, and he has no intention of deserting his birthplace. It is his intention to build a residence in this city. The allurements of giddy Gotham have no more fascination for Mrs. Flood than they have for her husband. She is a charming woman with a disposition in perfect harmony with that of the popular millionaire.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

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JOHN CAFFREY, Pacific Coast Representative.

San Diego society changed to the Fisher opera house last Monday night, writes my correspondent, when Modjeska and her excellent company presented for the first time on any stage the drama "Marie Antoinette." The piece is based on the life of Marie Antoinette. The actress has lost none of her charm and her reception on Monday night was flattering. Everybody in San Diego loves Modjeska and on the opening night everybody showed it. Miss Formosa Henderson, daughter of Judge Henderson of San Diego, left this week for New York to join the De Wolf Hopper company. As Miss Henderson is attractive and possesses a fine soprano voice her friends are hoping all kinds of success for her. Alice Reynolds, the gifted young pianist, has gone to Ann Arbor to continue her musical studies. Miss Reynolds is the protegé of Mrs. E. H. Fay of Pasadena, widow of the late Reverend Dr. Fay. There has been little in the way of social functions so far this season in San Diego but the winter promises to be unusually gay. Miss Amie Strong and Miss Clara Ingle of San Diego will leave shortly for Europe where they will spend some months. Miss May Landis went east last week to enter Wellesley college. Miss Marie Witte of St. Louis is the guest of the Rudolph Wuestes.

First club man: How is your little affair coming on?
Second club man: It is all off. I waited too long for somesomething to turn up that would change her feelings towards me and—
F. C. M.: Well?
S. C. M.: I was turned down.

In the interest of those who when they attend the theatre desire to enjoy the whole play, it is a pity that some means has not been devised whereby the latecomers may pay the penalty of their tardiness. At every performance there are stragglers who come rustling down the aisles to their reserved seats, swishing their silken skirts and nodding their beplumed and beflowered heads, obstructing the view and distracting the attention of those who are so unfashionable as not to be behind time. By the time seats are adjusted, hats and wraps disposed of and the necessary or unnecessary amount of fidgeting, nestling and chattering gone through with before they are settled, the whole act is spoiled. Long ago, in school days, the opening exercise of each session was a class song, and it was a rule that all who were not seated before the song was announced were to stand quietly at the side of the room just within the doorway and remain there until they could pass to their places without disturbing the class. Some such regulation as this would be an undisguised blessing in places of amusement. A light chain fastened across the entrance to each aisle when the curtain rises would effectually put an end to the procession of tardy arrivals who, even if they care nothing themselves for the performance, should not be permitted to destroy the peace and comfort of others. The opinion appears to be that such a regulation could not be enforced—the "ladies would refuse to patronize houses where they were subjected to indignity," etc.—but the same was said of the high-hat ordinance. It was predicted that "ladies" would refuse to comply and the management would be helpless. As a matter of fact the rule works with unexpected smoothness. Women have discovered that they profit quite as much as men by an unobstructed view of the stage. Moreover, it pays to be courteous.

THE ENGRAVING OF COOPER & CO., the Art Stationers, is not only superior to that of other houses, but is less in cost. Compare their figures—as for the rest, no charge if not satisfactory. Other houses also charge fifty per cent more for stamping note-papers and with inferior workmanship.

The habit of taking a drink whenever occasion makes opportunity was recently the means of saving at least sixty lives. It was a very cold day and the passengers of a railroad train at Rakaia, New Zealand, left their seats to patronize a saloon. While they were absent a collision took place and the cars were splintered to match wood. Of course temperance reformers and prohibitionists will pass over this item just as religious people read no warning when children locked in while parents are away at missionary and prayer meetings are burned to death; while they never fail to see the hand of judgment if misfortune befalls a household whose members are given over to the satanic occupation of "dayncin'."

You can generally recognize the railroad man by his well-groomed appearance, his well-fitting clothes, his invariably courteous manners and his generally wideawake air. The American railroad man is a product peculiar to the country and he has no peers outside the United States. Still the railroad man is not always popular, probably because the American people as a class consider it their duty to express dislike for anything or anybody connected with corporations. When occasionally one meets a railroad man who enjoys popularity you may be sure he is an all-round good fellow. Such a one is E. O. McCormick, formerly of Cincinnati but now of this city. He is so uniformly affable in his conduct toward people that although he has been but a short time in this city, he enjoys the reputation of being the most popular man ever connected with the Southern Pacific company. The railroad reporters of the dailies are all admirers of Mr. McCormick, and when he was passenger traffic manager of the Cleveland, Cincinnati, Chicago and St. Louis railway—commonly known as "The Big Four"—he was known as the newspaper man's friend.

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Mr. McCormick's ability as a railroad man is recognized all over the east, and it was this high reputation that induced the Southern Pacific company to engage him at an advanced salary to fill the position of passenger traffic manager for the Southern Pacific company in San Francisco. Mr. McCormick's wife, who came from the east with him, is a charming woman possessing the cordial manner that has made her husband so well liked everywhere. She has great personal magnetism and makes everybody feel at home at once.

"Young Author says the only thing his wife lacks to make her an ideal companion is that she has no creative faculty."

"And yet I thought you told me the Authors have seven children?"

Some of Gavin McNab's friends have been joshing him about the effect of his political leadership upon the sons of Caledondia. They say there never were so many Scotch Democrats in town before, and they predict that all the members of our next board of supervisors will wear kilts. It has been suggested that such well known Highlanders as Angus McLeod, John McLaren, D. R. McNeil, George D. Maxwell and Jasper McDonald be prevailed upon to become members of the city's next legislative body.

I wonder how many of the patriotic enthusiasts who did their best for the returned volunteers last week can carry their minds back to the Centennial celebration of the Fourth of July at the Presidio? We were a smaller community then and knew less of military matters. There were no street cars to land us at the gates of the reservation, but when the program announced a grand sham battle and the bombardment and burning of raft combustibles, we went one and all. The day was unusually warm, but San Francisco, such of it as did not own or could not hire conveyances, tramped the long unpaved road or took short cuts over the hills and through the brush that covered the outside blocks, and sat on the the sand-hills and sweltered. We watched the artillery blazing away and missing its target, until, as one bright youngster remarked:

"It's a good thing the British don't know what bad shots they are or they would come over and capture us all."

We saw troops marching and countermarching, galloping to and fro in obedience to orders we could not hear and would not have been able to comprehend if we did. The one point that was understood and appreciated by the unmilitary spectators was the rapid firing of the gatling gun, and as we trooped homeward, tired, sunburned and disappointed, the general opinion was voiced by a stout and comfortable Hibernian lady:

"Sure an' phwat did we want to coom so far for—just to hear that owld whurligig of a gun?"

Whether it was simply sunburn or wind from the ocean or something in the atmosphere, San Francisco had swelled and blistered lips for weeks afterward.

On August nineteenth J. J. O'Brien & Co. placed on sale one hundred dozen Ladies' Kid Gloves at fifty cents per pair. These gloves which represented "A Manufacturers Job" were marked at fifty per cent below usual cost and were entirely sold out during the ensuing week. The firm now announces to their friends and the public that commencing with this date, September eighth, they will place on sale a similar "Manufacturing Job" numbering two hundred and five dozens of Ladies' Kid Gloves, all sizes, in brown, gray, tan and black colors at fifty cents per pair.

There is probably nothing more embarrassing to a hostess than to have as her guests at a dinner people who do not speak to one another. Such was the recent experience of Mrs. "Tony" Drexel who spends most of her time in London. Among her guests at a dinner, a short time ago, were Mrs. John W. Mackay and Col. and Mrs. Bonynge. Of course if Mrs. Drexel were familiar with social affairs in California such a contretemps would not have happened. She would not have brought together people who are so wide apart socially. But it is so long ago since the Mackays and the Bonynges had their fuss that people in London should not be expected to remember the affair. That memorable encounter in the Nevada bank between Bonynge and the bonanza king is not so easily forgotten in the neighborhood of the scene of the disturbance. I believe that Mr. Mackay went for the ex-Virginia city broker hammer-and-tongs fashion and succeeded in removing considerable cuticle and shedding some of the Englishman's blood. It was in that way that Mr. Mackay resented certain slanders concerning the social condition of his wife prior to his marriage. As Mrs. Mackay's immediate ancestors were people of high station, even though they may have fallen upon financial rocks, and as she was well reared and liberally educated, it was not pleasant for her husband to read even in an obscure paper malicious stories about her alleged struggles for existence. I believe that he satisfied himself as to the authenticity of the stories before trouncing Bonynge. The supposition is that Col. Bonynge was envious of Mrs. Mackay's prominence in the social world.

Gossip Jones—I see that some of the swell men of Blingum are wearing anklets on their ankles now

Cynic Brown—That's not so surprising as it would be if they wore them somewhere else.

Sausalito is not betraying any signs of jealousy or envy over the prestige Belvedere is to enjoy through the latter village's Venetian carnival. Sausalito is too high caste to betray any emotion, whatever happens in or around the bay. Sausalito is never dull; even in the heat of summer it has its functions. I understand that the Hutch was the scene of a very jolly stag dinner on Monday evening with Claude Terry Hamilton as host of the occasion. Tonight Mrs. Avery's home will be given up to private theatricals with Miss Thomas, Miss Reed and Miss Sperry as the managers and principal participants. Miss Edith Findley is back from an extended eastern trip; I hear she will go to Europe soon to remain away some months.

Deutz & Geldermann

Ay, France

GOLD LACK CHAMPAGNE

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The excitement of the Press club election is all over and James P. Booth is now formulating a program for a most energetic administration. Mr. Booth has four ex-presidents on the board of directors and he says that with so much wisdom and experience a successful administration should be insured. I have heard it said that the friends of Paul Cowles were hard losers and that they disputed the regularity of the election, but I think that the report must have started in the knockers' annex to which all sensational Press club rumors may be traced. Mr. Cowles was out of town on election day but his interests were not neglected by his friends, as a consequence the contest was very close.

This was said the other day of a prominent Post street piano manufacturer:

"In his business dealings he is just like his pianos—square and upright."

There appears to be a screw loose somewhere in that Potter family of Chicago. Miss Margaret Potter, the author of "The Social Lion," which is nothing more than a farrago of filth, is a relative of Clara Ward who is better known as the Princesse de Chimay and she is the youngest sister of Mrs. "Bert" Daniels, who as Gertrude Potter achieved notoriety by falling in love with a newsboy. Gertrude was a handsome creature when she was still in her teens, and was noted in the smart set of Chicago for her skill as a musician. Her only weakness was her susceptibility to the charms of good looking youths. She contemplated an elopement with the newsboy but her papa put a stop to that affair by causing the arrest of the lad who had the temerity to win the affections of an heiress. Subsequently Miss Gertrude fell in love with another youngster and there was an engagement which was broken off after which she married "Bert" Daniels.

I am told that Dave O'Leary, the gentleman who now occupies the position of Mr. Alice Rix No. 3, gained his first experience in the newspaper world not on his father's paper the Journal of Commerce, but in connection with the Mechanics' Fair Daily. O'Leary used to write the personals for that paper and they used to be far more spicy reading than they are nowadays. Dave himself used to be a notable personage in the eyes of the visitors at the fair, for he used to be seen there every day strolling about, a tall, handsome fellow whom one only had to look at once to admire—if the looker on were of the feminine gender. It is only since his marriage, I believe, that O'Leary has changed his name from Dave to Dion; the latter certainly has a more aristocratic sound when joined to his surname The O'Learys are Irish and all the family are well educated and clever. One of the brothers, who used to be called Pat, now uses the latter part only of his Christian name and is Mr. Rick O'Leary. There are several brothers in the family and one sister.

A recent dispatch posted at Lloyd's Agency announced that "The Twelve Apostles" had gone ashore at Hell's Mouth and was a total wreck—a rather out of the way location for The Twelve Apostles to bring up at!

A writer for a certain periodical devoted to the interests of the gentler sex gives directions for entertaining company in a manner which combines most admirably style and thrift. Listen to her: "If you have roasted chicken on Tuesday night for dinner have company on Wednesday at noon; then you may have chicken croquettes, chicken boudins, or chicken patties as the main luncheon dish. In this way persons of limited means may entertain frequently without adding to the cost of living." And a little further on, after suggesting a menu whose pièce de resistance is a shoulder of mutton, she adds: "The day after you have had this menu you may invite two people to luncheon," going on to explain that they are invited in order to utilize the left overs. Now all this sounds very funny and reminds me of Hamlet's reason for his mother's rather hasty wedding: "Thrift, thrift, Horatio, the funeral baked meats did coldly furnish forth the marriage feast."

Such people would be capable of having a wedding on the day after a funeral to use up the scraps. They would not hesitate to follow the example of those Paris would-bes described by Daudet in one of his clever sketches, who dried their tea leaves so they could make several drawings out of them. It is to be hoped that these thrifty suggestions will not find favor with San Francisco hostesses, for somehow they cause frightful suspicions. How shall I know when my dearest friend asks me to her house for lunch that she does not want me solely to eat up the leavings of her chicken dinner? And must Fido and the cat be put on short rations that I may be entertained on left overs? Really, I believe that I shall be compelled to decline lunch invitations for the future.

If as Dr. Johnson says: "No man is absolutely happy save when he is drunk," a saloon should be apostrophized as the paradise on earth.

The Baron Von Hiller no longer confines his efforts on the golf links to Santa Cruz. He has obtained the entrée to the Burlingame set, and made his appearance there last week. He also spent some time in this city and attracted a great deal of attention in the street, for the Baron, be it known, is no ordinary looking mortal. I saw him rushing along Market street with the speed of a duke on the trail of an heiress, and he presented as picturesque a spectacle as General Shafter on horseback. Such a group of coloring has seldom been seen on the promenade. He wore golf stockings of the most detonating plaid, a red vest and a mauve suit surmounted by a little pale green box-coat. His tiny straw hat was a gem and it was beribboned most gaudily. The ensemble, including the Baron's florid face, was as fetching a bit of scenic display as ever dazzled the audience at an extravaganza. If the Baron does not soon attract the attention of some heiress it will not be due to the tameness of his dress. But I understand that he deprecates the suggestion of his being a flirt, or having a longing for an heiress.

Another new line of beautiful French hats, Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

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Charley Dryden, the Examiner's quaint humorist whose funny sketches have been a feature of the Sunday supplement for several months, is going to take a much needed rest. He will journey as far as Chicago where some of his relatives reside, and he expects to spend about six months with them before resuming newspaper work. Such is his present intention but I doubt whether his restless nature will permit him to emulate the gentleman of leisure for such a length of time. Dryden is one of those newspaper men that never content themselves in one town for a long period. When he got tired of newspaper work some years ago, he hired out as a sailor and made a study of life before the mast. Ever since he has taken a deep interest in the old tar and that is why his sketches are so frequently interspersed with references to Bill Barnacle and his co-workers. He first attracted attention as a writer when he was working on a small paper in Tacoma. He wrote up an account of a ball game one day, in biblical style, and the article found its way into the hands of Fremont Older who was employed on the Call. It was so bright that Older made inquiries concerning the author and when Dryden learned that his work had attracted attention in this city, he came hither and soon became famous as a baseball reporter. Last season he was the baseball reporter of the New York Journal and he made the life of Manager Freedman of the New York team burdensome. Freedman barred Dryden from the New York grounds and Dryden now has the satisfaction of knowing that Freedman is the most cordially despised man that was ever connected with baseball affairs in the National League. Jack Corey will probably succeed Dryden as the Examiner's baseball reporter. Corey is one of the star baseball critics of the country.

"I had to get a divorce," said Mrs. Nob Hill, "I could stand Tom's idiosyncrasies no longer."

"Really," said Mrs. Pacific Avenue, as she accepted the cup of tea tendered by the negro page, "yet I always heard Tom Nob Hill was a model of domestic virtue."

"That was just the reason," replied Mrs Nob Hill, "Tom's tastes were too domestic to suit me."

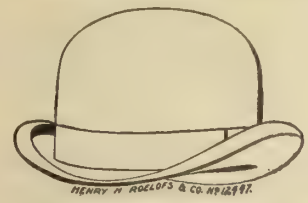
She paused a moment before answering the interrogatory expressed in Mrs. Pacific Avenue's raised eyebrows. Then she said:

"It was impossible to break him of the habit of kissing the maid servants."

I have been assured by Mr. Arthur Barendt, attorney for Colonel Sutherland, that the latter did not compromise the breach-of-promise suit recently instituted against him for blackmailing purposes. The colonel conducted himself in a manner that should meet with the approval of everybody. Instead of being intimidated by the woman he went before the grand jury and produced evidence that caused her indictment on a charge of perjury. That is why she hastily departed from town leaving her attorney, Mr. Tim Crowley, to take care of the case. As the charge of perjury was based on a marriage certificate which showed that when Mrs. Webber swore to the complaint against Colonel Sutherland alleging that she was a single woman, she was married, Mr. Tim Crowley discerned the futility of prosecuting the case. It was called up at the instigation of the defendant and Crowley then pleaded that if Colonel Sutherland had responded to his invitation to visit his office the suit would never have been filed. As Colonel Sutherland referred him at that time to his attorney, I cannot see how Mr. Crowley's plea is in extenuation of his offense in giving assistance to the blackmailer.

It was very amusing to some people in this city who make frequent trips to Paris and who are familiar with the gossip of the cafés to read in the dispatches of Madame Réjane's visit to Rennes, and the explanation thereof. The explanation was that the great actress was studying, with an artistic devotion to realism, new phases of expression and feeling from the exciting scenes that are being enacted at the court-martial. Parisians would regard such an explanation as an exquisite bit of humor, for they know that Madame Réjane was attracted to Rennes by something of greater interest to her than her art. There is a very warm friendship existing between the actress and the eminent and handsome attorney for Dreyfus. As soon as she heard of his illness she rushed to his side. The attorney is a married man, but that circumstance, to use an apt though inelegant expression, "cuts no ice" in France.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky taken at bed-time. Your druggist has it.



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I wonder how many people who saw "Paul Jones" at the Grand last week remembered the time it was produced at this same house of amusement with Agnes Huntington in the title role? Miss Huntington was practically the leader of the van among ladies of the stage who resigned from public life to marry wealthy private citizens. There may have been others who did this sort of thing but Agnes Huntington's beauty and stellar prestige made her retirement of more prominence to the reading world. She was one of the first of the Bostonians' prima donnas and was a great favorite as long as she remained with that organization. Less dashing than Jessie Bartlett Davis, she possessed a dignity and charm of manner that were her inheritance from a reputable line of ancestors. When Agnes Huntington started out as a star on her own account, appearing in "Paul Jones" and "Captain Thérèse," she did not make a fortune but she won plenty of good press notices and, incidentally, a husband in the person of a rich stockbroker of New York. She was always noted for her beauty of face and figure, her style being on the Helenic order, tall and fair and queenly.

"How strange," said the chic maiden, "when a man is in evening dress he makes conspicuous revelation of his shirt bosom, but when a woman is in evening dress——"

"Fortunately," said Cholly Freshleigh, "the shirt-waist don't go with a woman's evening dress."

Santa Monica, writes my correspondent, has had one of the gayest seasons ever known here, with golf tournaments, tennis, balls, dances and the always attractive surf bathing. Mrs. Addison Smith, Mrs. Abbot Kinney and Mrs. Horace Dudley were the hostesses at a charming fancy dress ball given on Wednesday of last week at the Doria. Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones, representing Johnnie Jones and Sister Sue, captured the prizes. Mrs. Kinney is better known to San Franciscans as Margaret Judge Thornton. She is a most attractive young matron and brings up her children after the peculiar views advanced by their father, the advocate of arboriculture, in his once much talked of book.

On Friday evening Mrs. Ed Tufts of Los Angeles and Miss Bertha Crouch gave a dance at the Casino. Miss Crouch, who used to live in Oakland, is one of the most typically up-to-date girls in society. She has contracted a new engagement since the one announced two seasons back, with young Van Camp as the prospective bridegroom, but as she is notoriously fickle I doubt if her second betrothed will ever lead her to the altar. The usual Saturday night hop at the Hotel Arcadia was largely attended. For Friday evening of this week a "hunt ball" is on the tapis and it is rumored the men will all appear in pink jackets. The polo races are dated for September eighth and ninth. G. L. Waring, the secretary, has done everything to make the affair a success. Next Saturday the great golf tournament given by the Santa Monica golf club will come off.

William Mitchell Bunker, late of the San Francisco Report, is enjoying a most interesting trip around the world, I should judge from the occasional bits of news regarding his progress that are wafted my way. In a late issue of the St. Louis Globe-Democrat appears about two columns of "special correspondence" signed by Mr. Bunkers name and dated from Vladivostock, Siberia.

When Denis O'Sullivan gave his Irish song recital last May, there was something of an outcry that he should have confined himself to the songs of one country. Next Tuesday evening our music lovers will have an opportunity of hearing "Neally" in German, Italian, Scotch and English music together with two or three of those early flowers of music that bloomed at the coming of the troubadours and minnesingers as long ago as the twelfth century. But the Irish is not to be excluded and the inimitable "Widow Machree" and her compatriots will again delight the audience.

The Audobon society fad, which has been steadily growing in strength in the east, has at last reached the coast and it is to be hoped it will gain a foothold here. The Ebell society of Oakland has taken it up and will next week hold a novel exhibition with view to discouraging the destruction of songbirds for the purpose of using their plumage for millinery decoration purposes. The Ebell society is a social power. It has been established twenty-four years, numbers nearly five hundred members, owns its clubhouse and contains on its roll every woman of prominence on the Alameda side of the bay. Mrs. Gleason is the president. The exhibition next week will be of millinery and will naturally interest the fair sex The ladies intend to make the exhibition of historical significance and will show the head covering worn in olden times, bringing the styles up to date. All of the hats and bonnets shown will be minus the feathers objectionable to the Audobon authorities and I am told that in spite of this fact the exhibit will contain some beautful effects in millinery.

This kind of an exhibit, I understand, is not a novelty in New York where the Audobon idea is very popular and where a millinery exhibition in which birdless and featherless hats were shown was recently given. Poems in which the man with a rifle was contrasted with the women with a bird-trimmed hat have been going the rounds for a year or more, without much effect however, I must confess. It is said one woman in New York who had distinguished herself as a leader among the Audobonites appeared one night at a smart reception wearing a gown trimmed from the waist to the hem in tiny green feathers which had been torn from the backs of thousands of rare birds. She caused a sensation by her magnificence, but as a consequence weakened her power as an Audobon leader.

St. Luke's has another new rector, the Reverend D. C. Garrett, and of course he had a large congregation present last Sunday to listen to his initial sermon. He evidently scored a hit with his discourse judging by the comments I have heard since from those who were present. However, the Reverend D. C. Garrett need not flatter himself that he has made a lasting impression upon his parishioners by the success of his first sermon. St. Luke's is a proverbially capricious parish and novelty seems to be the only thing that goes with the regular attendants at this swell sanctuary. When the new rector of St. Luke's remarked in his sermon, "How much there is to do in a parish like this! How diversified the work! Not only in the preparation of sermons and in the holding of services must the minister work, but in what is equally important, yes, often a hundredfold more important, the pastoral and practical ministrations of the rector's life," he spoke truly—and probably better than he knew.

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The mammoth cave of Kentucky and the cave where Tom Sawyer and Becky Thatcher got lost, even that more famous cave still which could not be entered save by repeating the words "Open Sesame," have a powerful rival in a cave at Capitola. Althogh the Californian cave is a small affair I understand that its lack of circumference will not prevent it from figuring in more than one divorce in San Jose. Capitola is now almost deserted but there are still a few of the summer visitors left to talk over the salacious events of the season. It was the liveliest season in the history of that cosy little watering place, and as nearly all the visitors were from San Jose, the majority of the stories of occurrences there were about residents of the garden city. The people of San Jose have always enjoyed the reputation of being very circumspect but I have concluded that if so it is because they exercise great caution except when they are away for the summer. The bracing atmosphere of Capitola has a tendency to impart a spirit of recklessness, and then there always is something romantic about a cave.

Now that Father McKinnon has explained that Colonel Duboce was justified in applying the torch to a church near Manila, I suppose there is no thing to prevent the colonel from accepting the nomination for mayor. Father McKinnon says that the natives used the sacred edifice as a citadel and for self protection it became necessary for the California regiment to consign it to the flames. In order to keep up his reputation for gallantry Colonel Duboce, having risked his life for his country, should now be willing to sacrifice himself on the altar of his party. Of course there is not so much glory in being slaughtered at the polls as there is in braving the dangers of the battlefield, but then the Republican party is badly in need of a man just now and why should the victim not be Colonel Duboce?

Maude Andrews, writing to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat, remarks how French and English boys tell their mothers everything, even about their amours. The French mothers, particularly, take it for granted that all boys have wild oats to sow and so they let their sons pour their confidences into jolie maman's ear about this or that soubrette or cafe chantant artist and listen with tender sympathy to tales of Henri or Raoul's expenditures towin a fair one's favor. The French mother even helps out her son when he finds his income insufficient to meet his inamorata's desires.

Such confidences as these would scarcely go in this part of the world. I know more than one good mother in the San Francisco swim who has less idea of how and where their sons spend their time and money than has the man in the moon. If these mothers should take a spin along the tenderloin some time after midnight, or take a look into one of the high-priced restaurants where petits soupers in private rooms are not the exception but the rule, I can fancy what horror they would feel. Les jeunes gens of the local swim are not confiding in their mothers these days. Neither do they give their confidence to their fathers, but the reason of the latter is not because of a fear of paternal censure but because papa may cut them out with the object of their adoration.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

It was a sad blow to some of our stalwart democrats that I could name when one of the "Ole Bills" captured William J. Bryan and went off with the free silver prophet to commune with the splendors of Yosemite. "Ole Bill" Foote stole a march on his envious democratic contemporaries when he captured the presidential candidate and piloted him far from the madding crowd. Every politician longs to be on terms of easy familiarity with a presidential possibility, because if the possibility becomes a fact, his ear will be in great demand by the job chasers. Foote struck up a close friendship with Bryan at the last national democratic convention to which the man from Oakland was a delegate and there is probably no man in the state, unless it be Judge William P. Lawlor, for whom Bryan has a higher regard than W. W. Foote. When Bryan visited the state a few years ago, Judge Lawlor was his confidential man and some of the politicians of the inner circles of the democracy were parrot-hued with envy of Wm. P.

Everyday one hears a new story of some amusing incident of Volunteer week. One of the latest to come my way has the irrepressible Adjutant General Seamans for the central figure. Although that resplendent peacock of the Guard has been in the city only a short while, he has managed to establish a reputation as a stickler for military proprieties. He insists that the deference due should never be neglected especially to so eminent a personage as the representative of his Excellency the Governor. On the occasion of the naval parade Seamans intepreted every gun fired as a salute to the gubernatorial party of which he was a conspicuous member on the Markham. As almost every yacht had a gun, and as the commodore of the fleet was saluted according to marine ethics, the gunner aboard the Markham, under orders from Seamans, was kept busy responding. But there was great commotion aboard the Markham when the tug was passing the boat containing Senator Perkins and the legislative committee. Seamans did not know the proper salute to be given, and not one of the governor's staff could enlighten him. They were all very much flurried until finally it was suggested that perhaps the gunner knew. He did and when Adjutant-General Seamans heaved a sigh of relief the other members of the party thought that there was a steam siren aboard.

"The people of San Jose say that they go to Capitola every summer to cool off."

"That's strange."

"Why do you think so?"

"Capitola is the hottest summer resort in the state."

The nomination for sheriff is in great demand in democratic circles this year. I notice in the list of aspirants the names of John J. McDade and Richard I. Whelan, but I am told that the former has no intention of entering. I am surprised at his modesty. I cannot believe that he would decline a nomination. He had the sheriff's plum for only two years, and I don't suppose he made over one hundred thousand dollars during his term although the perquisites were unusually large. Johnnie being a thorough business man didn't overlook a thing, but there is no reason why he should not be permitted to serve the "dear peep" once more, for Mr. Whelan, better known as "glad-hand Dick," had four years of it and why should he have more of the pickings than smiling Johnnie? "Glad-hand" Dick insisted upon being sheriff even when he could not get the nomination and after running independent a few years he was finally put on the ticket, and he won a two years' term, which the Supreme court was good enough to stretch into four. At the end of his term Mr. Whelan felt like a natural-born sheriff, and out of respect to his feelings he ought to be given the job for life. But there are other aspirants such as William Biggy, Ed Rock and Supervisor Deasy. They have many friends and any one of them would make it interesting for a republican opponent.

The word "honor" has obtained a new significance since the generals of the French army began their fight against Dreyfus

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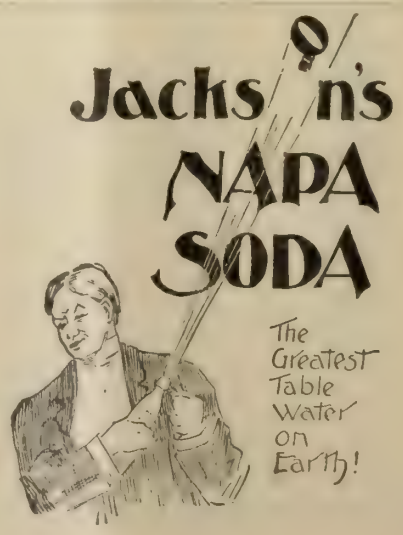
The marriage of Miss Goad and Andrew Martin will be a quiet affair and will take place on the twenty-sixth of the month. Though the family has not lived for a long time at the spacious Goad residence in California street, corner of Gough, announcement has been made that the wedding will be celebrated there, which is but right and fitting. During Miss Goad's visits to San Francisco from her sister's home in Sausalito she has usually stayed with her brother, W. Frank Goad, at the Palace hotel. She is a young woman of independent views and she is sure to create a sensation in the southern Californian swim, in which section of the state will probably be her future home. The state of Andrew Martin's health precludes his living in any but a mild climate and he has a beautiful country place, bought for him by his indulgent mother, near Santa Barbara, where he entertains with the magnificent munificence of a Monte Cristo.

It is currently reported that Goad pere did not leave so large a fortune to his daughters and son as was first accredited to them by the daily papers. Whether this is true or not, none of the girls will ever have to worry about the wolf's appearance at the door of her domicile for Ella and Aileen both found wealthy mates in Osgood Hooker and C. K. McIntosh, while Genevieve will secure in Andrew Martin a richer husband than is possessed by either of her sisters. It should be no hardship to live in southern California, with occasional trips to the Hawaiian islands, Florida and Italy, and it is likely that more than one society girl is envying the future of Andrew Martin's bride elect.



SAME OLD CHAPPIE.

WHAT is a modern man of fashion?
A man of taste and dissipation;
A busy man without employment;
A happy man, without enjoyment;
Who squanders all his time and treasures
On empty joys and tasteless pleasures;
Visits, attendance and attention,
And courtly arts too low to mention.

In sleep and dress and sport and play
He throws his worthless life away;
Has no opinion of his own,
But takes from leading beaux the tone;
With a disdainful smile or frown
He on the riff-raff crowd looks down;
The world polite his friends and he,
And all the rest are—nobody.

Taught by the great his smiles to sell;
And how to write and how to spell,
The great his oracles he makes,
Copies their vices and mistakes,
Custom pursues, his only rule,
And lives an ape and dies a fool,

CHARLES WESLEY, 1784.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "The Bells"—Clay Clement's last week.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "El Capitan"—the delight of the California Volunteers.

TIVOLI. "Carmen" and "Romeo and Juliet"—drawing crowded houses.

ALCAZAR. "Christopher Jr."—the new stock company is a success.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—a rousing welcome to the Hungarian boys' military band.

The present visit OF THE Hungarian Boys' military band to San Francisco brings back memories of a very fine bit of press work that was accomplished during their last stay here. It appeared in the Call and was from the pen of A. J. Moore, the present Sunday editor of that journal but who at that time had just resumed, after a trip to the Hawaiian islands, the position of press agent for the late Gustav Walter's amusement enterprises. The Hungarian boys' band was the pride of Mr Walter's heart and he regarded the bringing of the little fellows to San Francisco as his greatest achievement in the amusement field. The Call article described the daily life of the members of the band during their stay in this city and was most interesting in every particular. The return of the tiny Hungarians, after two years' travels, was received by the Orpheum audiences with enormous enthusiasm. They have grown somewhat but otherwise are practically unchanged. With Arnold Grazer and Hazel Callahan in their dance, Felix Morris in a new comedy, and the biograph, the Hungarians share stellar honors this week. For next week the new attractions will be the Bachelor Club quartet in a musical sketch which in twenty minutes tells the story of three hours in a bohemian club; the Crawford sisters, two pretty little girls, who sing, dance and do some clever character work, and White and Harris, comedians.

Grand Opera House THE CALIFORNIA BOYS have shown their appreciation of El Capitan this week by large patronage of the Grand and Hattie Bell Ladd has been an especial favorite with the audiences, sharing plaudits with Wolff. Next week Fatinitza will be put on and the military flavor of that opera will be quite in harmony with the martial spirit now abroad in the city.

Tivoli BOTH Carmen and Romeo and Juliet have been reviewed here so often that a writer is really at a loss to add anything new to the old stock of criticism. One might perhaps dwell on Miss Linck's version of Carmen and in such a case it is rather disagreeable to aver that this energetic artist has not succeeded in giving us a Carmen that could go down into the operatic history of San Francisco. While Miss Linck made a brave attempt in rendering the part to the best of her ability, it is a misfortune that her voice has not sufficient range to execute the passionate undertones which the role demands. In fact, Miss Linck's voice can only be heard to a certain depth; below this it is almost impossible to discern it. It is far wiser for Miss Linck to sing roles which are composed in the middle register and do not extend too far down. Her dramatic execution was somewhat better, but in order to be truthful the writer most confess that Miss Linck's Carmen was not a success. Next week this capable vocalist will sing Ortrud. It is a most ambitious part, but a singer who can sing Amneris in Aida with the skill that Miss Linck displayed in the role is certainly able to give a good rendition of Ortrud. Salassa gave about the best portrayal of Escamillo witnessep in this city. The Torreador song was rendered with an esprit and intensity of feeling that was simply enchanting. The more one hears Salassa the more one is obliged to admire him. Avedano succeeded in giving us an excellent Don Jose in temperament as well as vocal ability. Miss Prossnitz sang the Michaela aria neatly. She introduced in it all the modesty and innocence of the character. Barron Berthald continued his artistic success as Romeo. Somehow his exceedingly well developed artistic instinct aids him in making much out of a comparatively meagre combination. Inasmuch as Romeo and Juliet is musically a shadow of Faust and a repetition of one theme in every act it is difficult for an artist to make an impression on his audience in this role, and yet Mr. Berthald was

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overwhelmed with applause throughout the week and the finest part of it all is that he is honestly entitled to these ovations. Miss Lichter was a surprise as Juliet. One would not have thought her possessed of that histrionic ability which she displayed in Gounod's opera. Whether Mr. Berthald's dramatic temperament is contagious or whether Miss Lichter is only now beginning to show us what she can accomplish is not so easy to tell, but it is true that her Juliet is so far the best dramatic work she has done in this season. The duet was admirably well sung and supports the assertion that Miss Lichter is an industrious and gifted operatic singer. And now look at next week's bill—Lohengrin and Othello! Here is something to think over. This is assuredly the greatest operatic bill ever given at any stock opera house in the United States. The Tivoli management in presenting these two operas in one week has accomplished an artistic feat which no impresario of a stock company will imitate, especially when one considers the labor, time and worry connected with the preparation of such work. Mr. Berthald will be at the height of his ability in Lohengrin, while Salassa will make the coup d'état of his engagement as Iago, and Avedano will no doubt make a sublime Othello. Ella Prossnitz will sing Elsa in Lohengrin.

Richard Harlow, whose old Harvard chums call him "Dickie," and who will be remembered in San Francisco for his impersonation of Queen Isabella in 1492, is said to be cutting a wide swath in theatricals in Atlantic city this season, changing his roles week by week. His latest impersonation was the Princess de Grampeneaux in Erminie, the first instance on record when this part has been taken by other than a woman. Harlow is with the Aborn comic opera company in which are such other stars as William T. Carleton, John Hoey, T. K. Murray and Clara Lane. The bright particular constellation of the organization is, however, Eleanor Kent (Mabel Love), who since she left San Francisco has been steadily gaining in favor with eastern audiences. Miss Kent's latest creation, the title role of Erminie, has brought her with one bound to the top of the ladder. And it was a side stroke of fate that gave her the opportunity of making the spring. She had been the prima donna of the Aborn company but the manager had the opportunity offered him of engaging Pauline Hall to sing in the Jakobowski opera and his business acumen decided him to grasp it. Miss Hall had been engaged to open a vaudeville pier at Atlantic city but it was not ready in time so she received her salary without working for it, promising to open the pier when it should be ready. In the meantime Mr. Aborn persuaded her to sing the leading role in Erminie. The day came and so did Pauline Hall but the pier people claimed her and threatened to prevent her appearance. To make a long story short the management came to Miss Kent at five o'clock and at eight-thirty she went on and sang the part, receiving encore after encore and at the end a perfect ovation and curtain calls. The house was crowded to the doors and when the announcement was made of the change not a soul left—in itself a triumph for the San Francisco girl. Miss Kent, one learns, has added three operas to her repertory and last week appeared as Arline in The Bohemian Girl and Michaela in Carmen.

Columbia CLAY CLEMENT in The Bells has been kindly treated by the critical audiences who remember Henry Irving's Mathias in the weird play. Whoever takes the principal role in the play is always sure of being well received. Beginning with Monday the Columbia is to be dark for two weeks and it is decidedly pleasant to learn that Gottlob, Marx & Co. have arranged for the appearance of Madame Modjeska as the opening attraction of the fall-winter season, on the twenty-fifth instant. She will be supported by an unusually fine company, headed by John E. Kellerd and will present among other plays the new work of Marie Antionette.

The new treasurer at the California, when that theatre reopens, will be Robert White, who for so many years occupied this position, successively, with the Columbia and Alcazar theatres. Mr. White is well liked by everybody for his courtesy and sincerity, and it will add greatly to the pleasure of the California's patrons to see Mr. White in the box-office. The new California is said to be "a beauty," all blue and gold in decorations, and with various changes in the seating facilities. Mr. Friedlander is now in the east engaging attractions for the renovated playhouse.

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Alcazar MERRIMENT rules supreme at the Alcazar where Christopher Jr. is presented by the stock company strengthened and enlarged by some excellent artists. The piece is given with all the vim and attention to details which characterizes all Alcazar performances and both Mr. Bryant and Carlyle Moore are entitled to much credit. The latter particularly must be complimented for two of the finest stage settings ever seen on a local stage. A bamboo cottage, especially, is admired nightly. The play contains one of those plots which become more intricate the further the play progresses and finally close to the satisfaction of everyone concerned. Mr. Ormonde, the new leading man, has established himself finely in the good graces of the public and will no doubt become a matinee idol. He is a fine looking man and goes through his part with a natural ease that makes his playing very enjoyable. He is just cut out for the leading roles in society plays. His enunciation is clear and his deportment graceful. In Miss Henry the Alcazar has engaged a useful soubrette. She possesses sufficient vivacity to bring life into the play and is not weakened by the whining enunciation which many soubrettes seem to consider part of their dramatic duties. She possesses a pleasant stage presence and grasps the situations intelligently. Gertrude Foster is as stately as ever and possesses all the qualifications of a leading lady. Inasmuch as she was always a favorite with the Alcazar patrons her promotion to the front ranks is hailed with delight. Christopher Jr. will be followed by The Wages of Sin, a sketch from life. Taking the excellence of the new company into consideration the performance will naturally be a complete success. Too Much Johnson will follow The Wages of Sin at the Alcazar.

Florence Roberts and White Whittlesey have departed for the East. May Keane has been especially engaged to play Barbara Dale in The Wages of Sin. Juliet Crosby will make her re-appearance at the Alcazar in The Wages of Sin. Charley's Aunt will be revived at an early date.

MUSICAL NOTES

At the reception given to the Methodist California Volunteers by the Epworth League Alliance at Grace M. E. church on Tuesday evening, the auditorium was filled by a most enthusiastic audience. C. B. Perkins of the Simpson Memorial M. E. church made a most efficient presiding officer, Robert Husband was the chorister and Miss Mabel Jones, the organist. The program opened with America, sung by the audience amid the waving of flags, while the invited guests marched in to the seats reserved for them. Everybody was full of enthusiasm and the California boys must truly have felt that they were being welcomed home. Reverend John Hannon of Alameda's M. E. church South, a veteran of the Civil war who fought under General Wheeler, delivered the address of welcome and there were solos and quartets, beside another welcoming speech from Charles Jacob, fourth vice-president of the Epworth League Alliance. Responses on behalf of the soldiers were made by Messrs. Matthieson, McCreery and McCoy. One of the most warmly received numbers on the program was a patriotic recitation by Miss Lydia D. Jacob, which received a rousing encore to which the speaker was obliged to reply with another selection.

¶ ¶

Emil Steinegger left for Vienna on August twentieth, and after visiting relatives and friends in Chicago and New York, left the latter city last Saturday for Vienna direct via Hamburg. Mr. Steinegger will study under Leschitizky, the instructor of Paderewski.

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Charles P. von Oer, Solo Violinist, Oroville, Cal.
Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith, Dramatist, 32 O'Farrell St.
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TO THEA

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When with insistent throb my pulses race,
And mock the rebel blushes that would brave
And balk me of the bliss for which I crave;
If with bold lips I ravish thee at first,
Perchance thou wilt forgive me for the thirst
That brings thee bliss and binds me as thy slave.

But now, alas! thou hangest like a star,
Most chaste and beautiful, beyond my reach;
I look on thee and long for thee afar;
Bend down, dear love! Ah no! my lips might teach
Thy blood to burn as mine is burning now,
And write the Lesbian legend on thy brow.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

World of Law

My co-worker, the Saunterer, MADE pertinent reference last week to the blackmailing breach-of-promise suit instituted against Colonel Sutherland and took occasion to deprecate the fact that attorneys can be found who are ever ready to aid designing women. I have often wondered why the Bar association has not taken steps to purge the profession of such practitioners. The moral weight of that association should be of some consequence in disbarment proceedings. At present it seems as though the leaders of the bar wink at the questionable practices of their avaricious brethern. Perhaps theirs is a case of residing in a glass house. The indifference of the courts to the reprehensible practices of attorneys reminds me of a story which illustrates the way in which the honor of the profession was protected in England in the days of yore. Two notorious highwaymen who had been associated together in business on a productive heath, and who had amassed considerable wealth, had a falling out one day over a division of the spoils. As a consequence one of the bold Robin Hoods brought suit against his former associate for a dissolution of partnership and the appointment of a receiver to take charge of the assets pending a settlement. The worthy judge disbarred both the attorneys in the case and succeeded in having the litigants hanged. That is the sort of summary justice which is unknown in this country.

That there is an unwritten law in this community which absolves from punishment a person who, appearing to have some cause for revenge, seeks to wreak the same, has again been made manifest by the failure of a jury to convict Miss Evelyn Holt. She was charged with having committed an assault with a deadly weapon on Conrad Fecker, a cold-blooded scoundrel who had treated her in a most cruel and shameless manner. And Fecker, by the way, was the husband of the woman who sued Colonel Sutherland for breach-of-promise of marriage. The district attorney thought that it would be waste of time to prosecute Miss Holt and favored her discharge before trial. But Judge Lawlor very properly insisted upon a trial, for he does not believe in encouraging people who are inclined to ignore the law of the land. Since he has been on the bench it has been his practice to ignore motions to discharge prisoners until after trial, and by so doing he has often prevented the miscarriage of justice. He considers it to be his duty to administer the law and if after a trial there are extenuating circumstances he does not disregard them in passing sentence. I have no doubt but that if Miss Holt had been convicted he would have inflicted very light punishment, for the testimony showed that Fecker's conduct toward the young woman was of a most revolting character. That the jury had confidence in Judge Lawlor's sense of justice was evident from the fact that ten voted for conviction. Those ten evidently desired that the moral effect should be produced knowing that the court would not deal harshly with the defendant.

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An attorney told me a good story the other day about a Police court shyster who was hired by a physician to defend a suit for damages brought by a young married woman who had been his patient. She charged the doctor with having, through lack of skill, subjected her to a most distressing experience. The shyster never had a case of that kind before, and he did not know what law to invoke by way of defense. But he went to work with a will and scrutinized every law book that he could find in the hope of discovering something that could be applied to the case. Finally he ran across the following sentence in a book that dealt with the subject of frauds: "No man shall be held to answer for the debt, default or miscarriage of another unless the same be contained in writing or a memorandum made at the time of the transaction." That, in his judgment fitted the case like a glove, and he could not understand why the judge and everybody in the court-room smiled when he read it at the trial.

There is a startling rumor in circulation to the effect that if a certain police judge attempts to get re-nominated a most sensational affidavit will be read in the convention by a delegate, charging him with having extorted two thousand dollars from a man who was interested in keeping open a certain small street filled with the haunts of disreputable women. The judge, so the story goes, prompted the arrest of the women, and then negotiated for the dismissal of the cases against them, it being understood that if they were convicted, and the prosecution kept up, the inmates of the houses in the street would be compelled to vacate the premises. Although scandal has always been rife in the police courts, one scarcely expects to hear of a judge being so bold as to promote bribery for his own benefit.

As the Supreme court has granted a rehearing in the matter of the new trial recently ordered in the Hoff case, I am curious to know whether the justices are weakening, or whether they purpose reiterating their ruling regarding instructions that partake of the nature of an argument for the prosecution. District Attorney Murphy is of course desirous of having the court retract what was said about Judge Cook's instructions, for those instructions originated in the Murphy brain, and were recited by him from the bench for many years. I hope the Supreme court will settle the matter in language so plain that there will be no room for doubt in the future. It is undoubtedly wrong for the trial judge to discuss the facts of the case for the purpose of influencing the jury and he should not be permitted to do so by a juggling of words designed to enable him to argue the case without being caught by the court of last resort.

THE COURT REPORTER.

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San Francisco Water Supply

NO OTHER CITY in the world has a better water supply than San Francisco. It is abundant and pure, and at the same time the pressure for fire purposes is of the best and is constantly being improved. In years past it was believed that at some time San Francisco would be compelled, in order to secure an adequate water supply, to bring it from the Sierras. Lake Tahoe was often mentioned in this connection. Any one who has seen Lake Tahoe or the mountain lakes and streams, would naturally be taken with the idea of bringing our water supply from that source—but the purity of our present supply could not be improved, even if we utilized Lake Tahoe as the source. The present supply, derived mainly from cachement reservoirs, the water sheds of which are are owned by the Spring Valley Water Works and therefore kept clear of all pollution, is as pure as can be obtained from any source. Mayor Sutro, an old enemy of the water company, made charges against the purity of this water supply, which were fully investigated by the Board of Health and found untrue. The report of the Board of Health made after a thorough investigation, including analyses of samples of water to be entirely free from any deleterious substance.

On account of the situation of San Francisco—almost surrounded by salt water, and not having in proximity any fresh water lake or stream sufficient for a continuous water supply—the water company has provided reservoirs of great size in the mountains of the peninsula, which store the winter's floods. The capacity of these reservoirs is greater than is possessed by any other water system in the world. The Crystal Springs lake alone forms the largest reservoir in the world, being about eight miles in length. The capacity of these reservoirs is sufficient to hold a four years' supply for San Francisco, so that the city might go through one or two successive dry seasons, which sometimes occur, without running any risk of scarcity or impurity of water.

San Francisco is an exception to the general rule in that its water supply is provided by a private corporation. Other cities owning their own water supply, having paid for the same, have only to provide for the current expenses of the works, and this accounts for lower comparative rates than in most other cities. In San Francisco the rates must not only provide current expenses and taxes, but must besides make to the corporation a return upon its investment. The relations, however, between the company and its consumers are most amicable, there being no controversy or friction, and it may be said that the present rates are equitably adjusted, providing a very small rate for the small householder, and also providing meter rates for manufacturing and other purposes which are in no sense prohibitive.

AUTUMN STYLES.

Elegant simplicity is the marked feature of the imported millinery for the fall-winter season. There is no wonderful riotousness in the matter of color as was the case last year. A hat is in one color, of several shades, but everything from lining to feathers is harmonious. Mrs. S. R. Hall's opening at 10 Kearny street this week revealed some beautiful hats, the latest Parisian models. One in shades of magenta is unlike anything ever seen in this city before. It is a peculiar shape, and is made of velvet, while the only decoration is a long, shaded ostrich plume. A hat of bluet velvet, lined daintily in cream, would be most becoming to a blonde, while a woman in whose hair and eyes bronze tints predominate would find herself best suited with a turban of castor velvet trimmed with the fashionable pheasant feathers. Gray is going to be very popular this winter and black and white combinations also retain the prestige they enjoyed last season.

The Bohemian number of the San Francisco TOWN TALK is a gem.—Dallas (Tex.) Beau Monde.

THE PRODUCE STAKE

The great event of the year in coursing will take place today and tomorrow at the Union Coursing park. The interstate coursing club will hang up the big purse for the "Produce stake." Last year that grand hound For Freedom won the stake and Thornhill was runner-up; this year the pick of the local kennels will again compete for the rich purse and as the owners of the hounds have been rounding their dogs into shape for several weeks the stake has a very open look. Rock Island King's owners think they have a good chance and the dog will no doubt give a good account of himself.

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Music World

Certainly the most impressive PART of the holiday service at the Temple Emanu-El last Tuesday was the musical service. Take away the music from the Hebrew festival service and you will have but a skeleton which is necessary and indispensable, but which remains a skeleton after all. There cannot be conceived a more effective manner of worship than that which is embodied in the quaint strains of oriental music which the Hebrews of today have inherited from their forefathers. It is a sacred inheritance, this typical melody which has passed all musical revolutions undefiled by the hand of man. It is therefore not so much the Rabbi, who expounds the law and explains the importance of the day, who is the central figure on these days, but the Cantor upon whose shoulders rests the great responsibility of furnishing music equal to the solemnity of the occasion and chosen in order to enhance the spirit of prayer. To take a piece of music and arrange it for an orchestra may be accomplished by any good musician without much effort. But to select the traditional melodies of the Jewish church and clothe them in the luxurious habiliments of modern arrangement without destroying their oriental character is a task which can only be accomplished by a master mind. It is not my habit to be lavish in distributing unstinted praise where it is not deserved. A critic who resorts to such means will very soon lose his prestige. On the other hand, it is contemptible of any man to wreak his spite on the profession by censuring everything. Therefore when I claim that Cantor Stark has accomplished a great task and that Temple Emanu-El is indebted to him for the finest and grandest music that is heard today in any house of worship, I am willing to prove and back up every word stated in this column. The sermon can be prepared easily by anyone who possesses a literary brain, but the musical service requires tedious study as well as physical work to bring it to a successful conclusion. The musical service at Temple Emanu-El was in every respect an impressive and artistic one. Cantor Stark seems to have summoned up all his energy and musical knowledge in framing this service, for he did not only arrange all the traditional music for modern rendition, but he added some original pieces which exhibited the genius of their composer in a large degree. The composition of Sen Sheorim shows that Mr. Stark possesses both theoretical and harmonic knowledge. The fugue which runs through this work is a most happy conceit. This fugue together with the adherence to established musical rules—especially in harmony—makes this composition a genuine classic. The main feature of this work is its grandeur and striking ensemble effects. Another original composition of merit is an orchestral piece entitled Song of Devotion. The devotion is clearly noticeable throughout this work in the solemn strains produced by the strings. Mr. Stark paid particular attention to the 'cello, wherein he showed excellent discrimination, for there is no instrument so well adapted to describe devotion than the 'cello, which resembles the human voice more than does any other instrument. But the most impressive portion of the music was the shofar service. Herein Mr. Stark retained the imposing spirit of the occasion. The shofar (ramshorn) is sounded for the purpose of ushering in the New Year and reminding the people of their duties toward themselves and their Creator. The significance of this symbol is introduced in the sounds of the shofar, which are quaint and fascinating and which have not been changed since they were sounded in Palestine. Although Mr. Stark was obliged to represent the ramshorn by the trombone he retained the thrilling quality by creating an echo effect tended to carry the call to a far distance where it was taken up by a chorus of much force and striking harmony. There is hardly any voice better adapted to this class of music than that of Cantor Stark, and when he at times lets his voice out and gives it full sway it exercises an indescribable influence over his attentive listeners. Mr. Stark possesses a voice in a thousand and knows how to use it. The cantor was assisted by W. A. Sabin, the organist, who was always at his place, kept the choir and orchestra neatly together and proved positively that he is the right man in the right place. Mr. Sabin's services as an organist are invaluable and the vigor and esprit which he puts into his solos and accompaniments are a great tribute to his capability as a thorough musician. The choir did some splendid work and sustained its reputation as one of the leading choir organizations on this coast. It consisted of sixteen members of which the following were the soloists: Miss Daisy Cohn, Mrs. J. Kelly, Rhys Thomas and Homer S. Henley. The orchestra consisted of twelve pieces, three violins, viola, 'cello, bass, trombone, cornet, flute, clarinet, oboe and harp.

TOWN TALK gives best reports of Concerts and Musicales.

The concert given by Putnam Griswold at the Unitarian church, Oakland, was worthy of forming the introduction to the coming season. If the concerts which are to follow this are equally meritorious, Oakland will have no reason to complain of a lack of artistic events Inasmuch as Mrs. Neustadt was the star, as it were, of the performance it is but fair to give her the most prominence. The most striking feature of Miss Neustadt's recital are diction and expression. I have always been somewhat prejudiced in favor of good diction and during my experience with vocalists I have found that good diction is an indisputable sign of efficiency in a singer. When this diction is enhanced by tasteful execution we have the essential qualities of a good vocalist, always supposing a good voice is there to transmit pure melodies. Mrs. Neustadt has not a large voice; it is a pure lyric soprano of exceeding clearness. She understands full well how to adapt her voice to the various modulations of romantic songs and has a delivery which embodies fine taste and artistic temperament. Her attack is clean, positive and agreeable. Of the songs on the program I preferred those of Schubert and Schumann. Somehow Mrs. Neustadt has the knack of solving the problem of defining the purpose of the composer. She dissects a song and gets all the attractive points out of it. That this capable vocalist is a pupil of Francis Stuart reflects much credit upon this instructor, for it proves that he knows how to treat lyric voices. Our vocal teachers of today are too anxious to give their pupils elaborate works to study and it seems to be the idea of particularly giving them dramatic composition. If a pupil does not sing dramatic selections a good many people claim that the teacher does not know how to instruct and the expression: "Why, she can't sing dramatically at all," is often heard. This is wrong. Only a dramatic soprano should render dramatic selections; a lyric soprano—never. Mr. Stuart is a pupil of the famous Lamperti from whom he imbibed much knowledge. The fact that pupils of Marchesi, Baer, Shakespeare, Henschel, Tosti, Vannucini, Miss Monges and Oscar Saenger come to him is sufficient proof of his good reputation. Furthermore Mr Stuart has now in his class pupils from Salt Lake city, Denver, Tacoma, Spokane, Portland, San Diego, Los Angeles, San Jose and Sacramento. This is surely a good showing. It is therefore not surprising to find pupils of Mr. Stuart's occupying ten of the best paid church positions on this coast, especially when we consider that Mrs. Neustadt was one of his students.

¶ ¶

Before this I have had an opportunity to dwell upon the excellent baritone or rather basso cantante of Putnam Griswold. It is one of those resonant voices whose carrying quality enhances the impression and which should not be lost to the musical world through lack of sufficient training and study. Mr Griswold is industrious, energetic and ambitious and consequently he will not fail to make his mark. The best he did in Oakland was the prologue to Pagliacci which he imbued with the necessary force and color. He deserved the hearty applause accorded him. Miss Elizabeth Westgate (pianist) and Alex Stewart (violinist) played Mozart's sonata, No. 7 for piano and violin. Had I the space at my disposal to go into details regarding Miss Westgate's fluency of technic and neatness of execution as well as Mr. Stewart's capable expression, I would gladly comment at length on their fine interpretation of the work. The Stewart string quartet exhibited skill in ensemble playing,

LOUIS CRÉPAUX.
(MEMBER PARIS GRAND OPERA)

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rendering some selections by Haydn, Bohm and Tschaikowsky The latter's Andante Cantabile needs just a little more practice, especially in the more vigorous passages of the composition. Miss Westgate and Miss Constance Jordan rccompanied splendidly. ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

Minor Notes

ROSE HARTWICK THORPE, author of Curfew Must not Ring Tonight, was tendered a reception by the Pacific Coast Women's Press association in Golden Gate hall on Thursday evening, the hours passing enjoyably as the large audience, before meeting their distinguished guest, listened to the following program that was an intellectual treat. An address of welcome was gracefully given by Mrs. M. E. Hart in the absence of the president, Mrs. Krebs, followed by an address of welcome by Mayor Phelan. The history of Curfew Must not Ring Tonight was touchingly read by Mrs. Hart, when the author was introduced and recited the poem, receiving quite an ovation. Other gems from her pen were given by Mrs Florence Percy Matheson, Mrs. Emma Seckle Marshall and Master Earl Weller. My Dream and Il Bacio were rendered by Madame Guido Spitzy, accompanied by Professor Ziliani, other charming vocal numbers being Mendelssohn's Spring Song and Budusdorf's Maying, by Mrs. Ormond Bretherick, accompanied by H. Bretherick. A poem was read by Ina D. Coobrith and Klondike Dreams by Mrs. Alice Rollins Crane, all receiving most enthusiastic applause. Mrs. Noah Brandt had charge of the musical program throughout the convention and Noah Brandt's orchestra played several times during the program. Virgil Alonzo Pinkley made a decided hit with his clever readings, appearing in the place of Joaquin Miller and E. Carson Thorpe. His numbers were Comrades of the Klondike (Miller) and some of his own beautiful poems, The After Awhiles and The Grumbler from Grumble Valley, his renderings being thoroughly artistic and his manner most magnetic. So beautiful was his power of description that one felt the breath of the sunny air sweet with clover and heard the music of nature everywhere, the pathos and buoyancy of spirit holding every heart.

¶ ¶

The Corona club held its semi-annual open meeting on Thursday afternoon of last week, the president, Mrs. Frank Dalton, making a happy introductory address, when the following program was rendered: Piano, The Butterfly, Miss Belle Ensign; recitation, Telephone Conversation, Miss Esther

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Macomber; Ethics of Women's Clubs, Mrs. H. Stevens. An account of the recent congress in London in which one hundred and thirty thousand women were represented proclaiming the influence of women's work was given by a prominent member to much applause, after which came: Reading, The Freckled Faced Girl and Satire upon Women's Clubs, Miss Mary Peltret; vocal, Miss Alma Berglund, accompanied by Miss Sadie Tobey Inman; Little Boy Blue and With Dewey at Manila Bay, Miss Hettie Corlett. The club has now two hundred members.

¶ ¶

Mrs. Louise Humphrey Smith has been seriously ill but will return to her teaching next week. Her pupil, Miss Helen Wilson, is in Peekskill, New York, rehearsing with the Lewis Morrison company for the winter season, her admirable work being another feather in the cap of Mrs. Humphrey Smith who has taken great pains with her training.

¶ ¶

Joseph Greven directed the San Francisco choral society that gave a pleasant evening on Sunday last, appreciated by a large audience, Mr. Greven receiving many compliments for the way in which he has built up the society. His pupil, Miss Lilly R. Roeder, soprano, made an excellent impression at the recent Goethe celebration.

¶ ¶

At a welcoming reception given to the new pastor of Park Presbyterian church the other evening the following took part in a pretty program arranged by William Hooke, the organist: Miss Alma Berglund, soprano, Miss Isabelle Van Pelt, contralto, Miss Neamata Van Pelt, pianist, C. Van Orden, basso, Samuel Adelstein, mandolin and lute. Miss Daisy Griswold, soprano, and Mr. Adelstein in his mandolin and lute solo, accompanied by Miss Elizabeth Westgate, took part in the first open meeting of the season of the Adelphian, Alameda's smart woman's club.

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The Vengeance of Jealousy

"YOU ARE NOT listening," said Paul.

Pierre did not answer.

The two men were standing on a cliff at Baker's beach, overlooking the water. They had their sketch books with them but their pencils were idle.

"You are not listening," said Paul again.

Just then a stiff breeze blew along the shore and away flew Pierre's sketch book. Pierre did not move, but Paul ran swiftly after the flying object and soon captured it. Some of the loose leaves had fallen out and Paul stooped to replace them. A smothered exclamation caused the hitherto indifferent Pierre to turn around.

"What is the matter?" he said, coming to the spot where Paul was kneeling, staring at a sketch which he had just about been placing under cover.

It was a woman's face.

"Oh, that!" exclaimed Pierre, but a blush mantled his dark skin and he hastily took the book and the sketch from his friend's hands.

"Come," he said, "It is too windy here. Let us walk along the beach for a mile or so until we can come to a more sheltered place."

But Paul paid no attention. He was still thinking of the sketch.

"It is the same," he said, "I could swear to those features. Yet you promised me, Pierre, you would never look upon that face again—so long as I am living."

Pierre shrugged his shoulders.

"There are promises and promises," he answered, "and bad ones are better broken than kept."

He did not think it necessary to lie to Paul. It is only a man's wife who must be deceived at every time and at all times. A man's friend should be willing to take him as he is

Paul and Pierre had been friends for five years. They had met in Paris, where Paul had gone from his San Francisco home to study art at the Vitti academy, and the Chicago man and the San Franciscan had at once become friends For three years they had shared a studio and apartment in Paris and then they had come to San Francisco together. Pierre had desired to settle in Chicago where all his friends and relatives lived but Paul could not live in the erratic climate of Pierre's city. He was a delicate fellow with a slender physique, while Pierre was powerfully and athletically built.

Rather than expose his friend to the rigors of an Illinois winter, Pierre had agreed to make his home in San Francisco. The two friends took a studio down in Montgomery avenue, a roomy apartment in a ramshackle building. Here, up two flights of worn, rickety stairs, they lived and worked.

Paul took pupils but Pierre scorned such a method of keeping the pot boiling. He expressed a contempt for the work of the young students whom Paul took such pains to guide up the ladder of art and he openly confessed that he had no use for women. Nearly all of Paul's pupils were girls, some of whom had been his fellow students in the life class at the Hopkins.

They all loved Paul, his beautiful face and his gentle manners. Pierre they admired—from a distance.

Only one of Paul's pupils, according to his own idea, possessed in her the making of an artist. The others plodded and studied but they did not make progress sufficiently satisfactory to suit Paul. Norine Lane was an exception.

"Look here, Pierre," said Paul one night, as he examined the work his pupils had accomplished during the afternoon

"What do you think of this?"

It was a figure study, a man of large build, and was well drawn, with not a little power in the crayon strokes.

"I know the model," said Pierre, "he sells peanuts down at the corner when he is not posing."

"Don't joke," pleaded Paul, placing his hand over Pierre's lips, "tell me honestly. Is there not strength in this study?"

"Pretty good," said Pierre. "Who did it? That Lane girl?"

"Why, do you know her?," asked Paul in surprise.

Pierre took his pipe from his pocket and proceeded to fill it.

"Yes, I know her," he said, with deliberation. "I told her if she had not been born a railroad magnate's daughter she might have made something of herself."

Paul pursued his inquisition.

"Where did you meet Norine Lane? Tell me, Pierre."

"Oh, bother!," cried Pierre, "why do you want to know? It is of no interest where we became acquainted. I have known her for a month or more."

Paul said no more at the time. But when Norine Lane came on Monday with the class, he remarked to her in a casual manner, as if the thought had just occurred to him:

"By the way, I did not know you knew my chum, Pierre."

Norine was not expecting such an observation and her hand shook slightly as she raised her crayon to put a bit of shading on the forearm of her study She quickly recovered her equanimity.

"Yes, indeed," she said, "He was so very good as to criticise my work one day when you were not here—you were detained somewhere, don't you remember?"

Paul remembered. He also remembered that Pierre had said nothing of having met any of the pupils that day.

Nothing further was said. However, a few days after this Paul was walking along Kearny street when he came directly upon Norine Lane and Pierre. They were taking earnestly and did not see him.

Pierre did not notice that his comrade no longer seemed happy. They ate their light breakfasts together, cooked over a chafing dish, and they went out to their dinner together as usual. Pierre observed nothing different in their relations but Paul had certainly changed.

"I shall teach Norine Lane no longer," he said one day.

"Why?" asked Pierre. "I thought she was your pet pupil, your pride and joy."

"Don't ask me why," returned Paul, turning away. And Pierre wasted no further thought upon this latest whim of his friend.

Then Paul fell ill, and it was to coax the roses back to his friend's pale cheeks that Pierre made the bad promise that was better broken than kept.

After the conversation at the beach, Paul grew moodier than before his illness. Pierre's spirits were so high he barely paid any attention to the other. One day he came in and told Paul bluntly that he was going away.

"I haven't seen the governor for two years," he said, "and I feel that I ought to go back, you know, before the old man steps off. He's been mighty good to me. Besides—"

Paul was not in a sympathetic mood and rejected the confidence intimated by that "besides." He went on sketching in a maroon background for a pale-haired dancing girl and Pierre, seeing his friend was busy and evidently in no humor for chat, desisted. Two days afterward he was on his way to Chicago.

Paul met Norine one day in the street and asked her when she was coming to take a lesson. She was only too glad to return to the studio for she had not worked so well by herself, and had refused another teacher in place of Paul. While she worked in the class she often spoke of Pierre and one day she

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showed Paul a letter Pierre had written her from Chicago. Paul was Pierre's friend; of course Pierre would have had no secrets from him.

Thus Paul learned what he had suspected. A woman had stepped between them. He would soon lose the society of his friend. When Pierre returned from Chicago he was to claim Norine Lane as his bride.

"I shall give my friend a royal gift," said Pierre. "You must sit for me, Miss Lane, and we will surprise Pierre with a wonderful portrait of her he loves."

"Ah, but I have promised Pierre that no one shall paint my portrait but himself."

"A bad promise is better broken than kept," said Paul—and he remembered when Pierre had quoted the axiom to him. "I am Pierre's other self. In sitting to me you will not break your word."

Norine was so full of the idea of what a delightful surprise it would be for her husband to receive on their wedding day her portrait that she persuaded herself to yield to Paul's wish, Every day she came and posed for Paul. He gave his classes a vacation that he might devote all his time to the portrait. And he would never let Norine take even a peep at the work as it progressed.

Norine came alone to the sittings. She had been Paul's pupil for so long that she never thought of any impropriety in the visits. Every day she came and often posed for two hours at a time.

"Let me see it," she often pleaded.

"On the wedding day," was Paul's invariable answer.

Pierre's return two months later was immediately followed by the marriage of Norine Lane and the artist. When Pierre began to pack up such of the furnishings of the Montgomery avenue studio that belonged to him he felt some regret at parting with his comrade of so many years. Nevertheless the regret was short lived for it is not the one who is going away who grieves. It is the one who is left behind.

Paul was never more sweet-tempered and the charm of his manner was such that Pierre could not forbear from saying:

"Come on, Paul, old boy, don't be so —— well, hang it! I don't know what to call it. I'll be sorry my bohemian days are over and that I'm going to be married if you look that way."

Paul became vivacious, almost hilarious, directly and it was in a gale of laughter that Pierre finally bade his last good-bye to the apartment where he had lived for nearly three years.

"You will find my wedding gift in your room when you return from your honeymoon trip," said Paul. "I could not get it ready sooner."

Pierre wondered what it was but presumed, of course, that it was a new canvas. He told Norine what Paul had said and she knew better what to expect upon their return. The thought made her quake inwardly for now that she knew better the depths of Pierre's character she had misgivings as to how he would take that broken promise of hers.

They were to live with Norine's parents and it was on the wall of Norine's room that Paul had hung his gift. He had hung it there on the afternoon of the day the bride and bridegroom were expected, and it was tightly covered with a purple cloth.

"Let Pierre see it first," he said to Mr. Lane, and the servants were given orders not to touch the purple cloth.

Pierre and Norine came late in the evening and retired almost directly to their apartment.

"And now for Paul's gift," said Pierre, to whom Mr. Lane had given the artist's message.

Pierre and Norine stood before the frame while he, for a moment, looked somewhat curiously at her. She was shaking in nervousness and her face had grown ghastly white.

"Why, he has given me his great opus, the ambition of his life," he said, as he slowly unpeeled the cloth from the framed canvas. "In Paris dear old Paul always talked of this—'The Rape of Lucrece.' "

Norine expected only the conventional portrait of a beautiful woman. Here were two figures. And the woman——

She could not take her eyes from it. It was a nude figure, a slender, lissome shape, of delicate flesh tints. It might have been any woman's form. But the face! It was Norine's own, the golden hair hanging about the features in graceful abandon.

Pierre's eyes had not yet fallen upon the woman's figure. He gazed at the man, and he laughed.

"Why, old Paul has put himself into Tarquin," he said. "Fancy my sweet, delicate Paul a Tarquin! I wonder what model he had for Lucrece—and how he got the requisite expression into his own face?"

The dim light in the room just then flickered and went out. The servant had forgotten to fill the lamp. Norine breathed a sigh of relief—it was a respite.

However Pierre was not long in lighting the gas and then he turned again to the picture.

"What an odd idea for a wedding gift," he said—and then he started and went closer to the canvas. He looked again at Norine. She was still pale and her hands trembled.

Pierre went close to the canvas and pointed to a tiny mole, a brown dot that scarcely disfigured the breast of the sleeping Lucrece. He pointed to the mole and then, fiercely, he tore the waist from Norine's shoulders. His rude hand bruised her delicate flesh, but he did not pause. Yes, the mole was there.

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World of Letters

The Sunken Bell, A fairy play in five acts by Gerhart Hauptmann, freely rendered into English verse by Charles Henry Meltzler. In this volume I have an advance copy of a work which is also announced for stage production by E. H. Sothern. The work however is dedicated to the reading public only and no performances of it may be given except by special arrangement with the owner of the acting rights. This play of The Sunken Bell calls for more than passing notice, being one of the pieces of literature that are caviar to the few, for beneath the fairy-tale lies a philosophy for the super-cultured, those who possess the envisagement of the things between the lines. The author himself is described in a way to interest. The translator says of him: "Five years ago when Gerhart Hauptmann was on a visit to this country, it was my privilege to be associated with him in the memorable production of his Hannele. I met him for the first time at a little country inn (at Meriden, Conn). Instead of the aggressive, self-confident man I had fancied him, I saw a student, almost an ascetic. His boyish air and shrinking gravity were curiously at variance with the great will power betokened by his set though tortured lips and the experience in his pale and weary eyes. He had a smooth face, a high forehead, crowned with short and careless hair, a well-shaped, sensitive nose. If I had passed him in the street I might have set him down as a perfervid young curate or a seminarist. A painful, introspective, haunted earnestness was stamped upon his face, the face of a thinker, a dreamer, a genius." The production of Hannele stirred up a storm among bigots who called the play blasphemous. There was trouble for the lessees of the Fifth avenue theatre, and Mr. Meltzler, who was active in its production, was threatened with imprisonment. The storm blew over and the press began to praise where they had condemned, still the audience was not ready for such a "dream-poem" as Hannele, yet curiosity had been aroused. The Sunken Bell is the ninth of ten plays by Mr. Hauptmann. In it, Heinrich, the bell-founder, "breaks his heart in the vain effort to reach the sun and to create a wondrous chime. Rautendelein is an elf who spirits Heinrich away to her wild, mountain home. Magda is the deserted wife. There are the vicar, the barber, the schoolmaster who goes in search of the lost master, the Nickelmann, the Wood-Sprite, Old Wittiken. It can hardly be doubted that there is more, yea, infinitely more in the words and characters and the plot of The Sunken Bell than a mere fairy story however beautiful. Each eye will see in them what it is capable of seeing. Each mind will read into them the meaning that best fits its own experience. Some may interpret the symbolism of the play from an esthetic standpoint. Some may enrich it with a world-wise sense—moral, or religious, or social, or all three. The drama has, aptly enough, been likened to a symphony. Who would dare say that he has fathomed the whole meaning of the grand Choral? Or even of less master works? Look at the story of The Sunken Bell with the eye of an artist and you may take it as a parable showing the eternal effort of all artists (typified in Heinrich) to attain the esthetic ideals. View the play from the standpoint of a reformer, and you may interpret it as the tale of a dreamer, who, hampered by inevitable conditions strives to remodel human society." However, here the translator says he is inclined to look upon Heinrich as a symbol of humanity struggling painfully toward the realization of its dream of the ideal truth and joy and light and justice. Rantenlendein here stands for nature, or rather for freedom and sincerity of nature, missing a re-union with which humanity can never hope to reach in the supreme truth and the supreme bliss of which the sun is the emblem. In Magda the poor, patient wife, whose dead hand, in the tragical fourth act, tolls the bell that arouses Heinrich from his dream, we have a symbol of the domestic loves, the early ties, from which no man, however noble and far-reaching be his aims, can be released. Old Wittiken embodies the eternal, passionless philosophy of life. The vicar, the barber and the schoolmaster stand for the conventions—the half-dead, half-living creeds, theories and superstitions of society which stand in the way of the idealist. Heinrich makes an attempt to break with them. Filled with despair at the failure of his old ideals (symbolized by the lost Bell) and enlightened by communion with Rautendelein, he turns his back on all the shams and, alas, on some of the realistics which bind him to the earth. The kiss of the fair elf who heals him when he lies upon his sick bed broadens his vision, steels his hand, puts youth into his soul. Only by a mystical union with the nature which society as it is now constituted has disowned, can he "work wonders with the power on high" and fashion the grand peal of bells which is to ring out a new, glad and merciful gospel through the world." Mr. Meltzler goes on to say that this gospel which Heinrich teaches "would weld the forgotten truths of a pure, primitive Christianity with the sweet teachings of a serene paganism." I quote this as it is given in the foreword—as a safe guide to any bewildered reader—for we must agree with the lines in Festas, that a book is to the reader what the trend of his mind makes it, else it is "bodiless—spiritless." The Sunken Bell will be brought out by the publishing house of R. H. Russell, New York.

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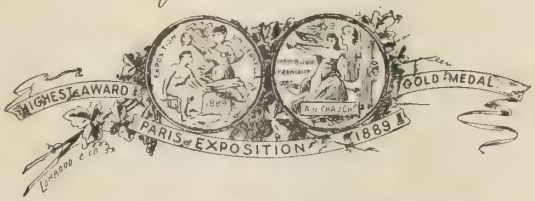

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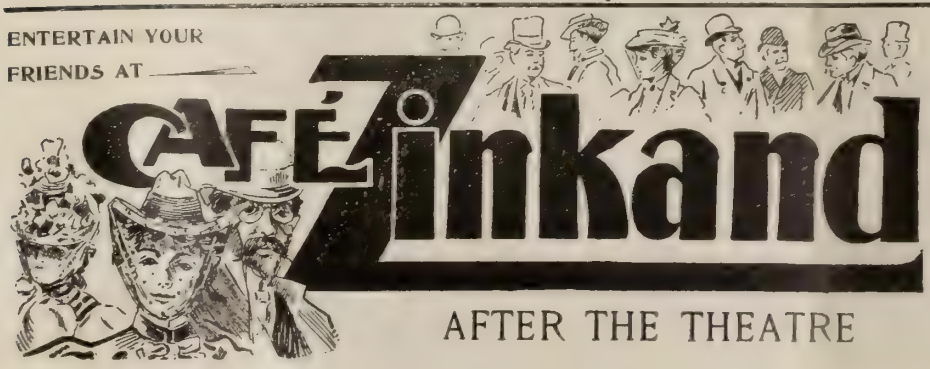

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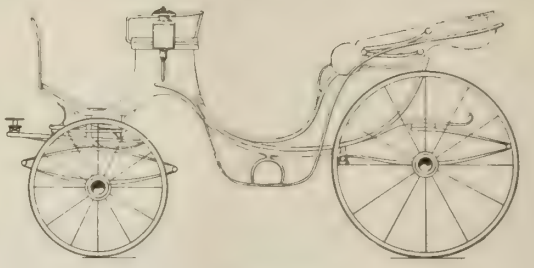

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OUR OPINION

THOUGH we have troubles of our own in the Philippines and elsewhere, there are people in this country who seem to think that we should go hunting for more. Forgetting all about our own habitual maladministration of justice, they point the finger of scorn at France for convicting Dreyfus, and insist that we as a nation should protest against the horrible travesty upon justice enacted at Rennes. Senator Stewart of Nevada is one of the most indignant of our prominent citizens and he has been talking in a way that might subject him to the suspicion of being an aspirant for the presidency with his weather eye on the Jewish vote. He wants Congress convened in extra session to enable him to introduce a resolution smashing the Paris exposition. The senator's blood boils with indignation at the way they do things over in Europe, and he is such an impetuous and generous-hearted old gentleman that he may insist, after awhile, upon interceding between the Pope and the ruler of Italy and criticising Joe Chamberlain for imposing upon the Boers. Of course we have no right to take official cognizance of the Dreyfus case and could not do so without being guilty of gross impertinence. The French have their own peculiar system of justice founded upon principles totally dissimilar from those upon which ours is based. They proceed upon the theory that it is better for one innocent man to be hanged than for ninety-nine guilty men to go scot free and they ridicule our crude methods by which many dangerous criminals escape punishment. We gave a glittering international object lesson in the failure of our system when we were unable to punish the citizens of New Orleans that slaughtered a number of Italians. But the French government took no notice of the affair because the fate of the Italians did not concern France. Why should the United States take notice of the Dreyfus case? We do not believe that Dreyfus was proved guilty but such proof is not essential to conviction in France and we have no right to demand that the French people adopt a new system for the guidance of their domestic affairs. If Dreyfus failed to prove his innocence it was because he was not permitted to do so, all of which goes to show that it was his misfortune to be born a Frenchman. While it is beyond the province of the government at Washington to give a black eye to the Paris exposition, indignant private citizens may solace themselves with the thought that they at least can protest against the conviction of Dreyfus by staying away from the big show. And those who never intended to go may now explain that they remained at home because their sympathy was with the victim of blind prejudice. There is nothing to prevent popular protest against the conviction of Dreyfus and it now appears that something will be accomplished by that means.

IT HAS BEEN suggested that the reform republicans who have obtained control of the party convention should endorse James D. Phelan for mayor. By doing so they would remove all doubt as to the sincerity of their purpose, and at the same time ingratiate themselves into the confidence of the people. They declare that they are reformers and that they nominated delegates to the municipal convention for the purpose of rescuing the local organization from the control of corrupt bosses and to provide honest government for the city. They disclaim being practical politicians or having selfish purposes to subserve. They can compel belief in no better way than by encouraging the efforts of the man who is recognized as the Father of the Charter and who has proved in various ways that he is opposed to partisanship in municipal politics. The people of San Francisco have indicated that they are opposed to partisanship in municipal affairs. If they were not they would not have voted for the charter which provides for the appointment by the mayor of non-partisan commissions, and also for the establishment of a civil service system, and they would not have testified to their approval of the action of the last democratic convention in endorsing a republican candidate for supervisor. The taxpayers of San Francisco are disgusted with the professional politicians who are actuated only by their greed for spoils and patronage. It makes no difference to them whether the mayor is a democrat or an impe-

rialist, a Jew or a Gentile, a free silverite or a gold bug. All they want is a man of ability who is not afraid to point out the knavery of a crooked supervisor or to call down the pompous president of a gas company. So, if the Grand hotel reformers want us to believe that they are in politics pro bono publico let them accede to the wishes of the people by announcing that James D. Phelan is their choice for mayor.

IN IOWA the Union veterans are still waving the bloody flag. They are very indignant at Governor Shaw for having appointed J. Rush Lincoln, instructor in military tactics at the Iowa Agricultural College, a brigadier-general. Lincoln was a soldier in the confederate army, and although he is a republican he was not suitable to the Union veterans, many of whom considered themselves more entitled to the honor. But Governor Shaw was not awed by their indignation, and the other day he calmly told them that he selected Lincoln because he was the best military man in the state. That is his way of heaping coals on the fire. The Union veterans revenged themselves by resolution. That is a way they have of striking terror to the political breast. They resolved that the declaration of Governor Shaw as to his reason for appointing a confederate soldier to the position of brigadier-general from Iowa was an insult to every member of the Veterans' Union, "and," they continued, "we emphatically declare that it was wrong; wrong because in Iowa there were over forty thousand brave, loyal and true Union soldiers among whom were hundreds qualified to fill the position." And the Union finished by calling on the Iowa veterans to vote against Governor Shaw. To be consistent they should turn their attention to President McKinley who has insulted the veterans the same way by making a major-general out of that gallant old confederate war-horse, Joe Wheeler, and also out of that other erstwhile rebel, Fitzhugh Lee. The Iowa veterans have probably not been keeping abreast of the times. Probably those forty thousand vets have been so busy drawing pensions that they have not kept track of Joe Wheeler since he joined the Union army.

RUTH HALL is lamenting the hardships of new writers in securing recognition, basing her wail upon the percentage of comparatively new writers whose work is given place in the magazines of any month. If Miss Hall had modified her text and made her statement apply to the percentage of new writers who were receiving fair compensation for their work she would have come much nearer the truth. It is a simple matter for anyone with a fair knowledge of English composition to find some publication willing to accept contributions. Judging by some of the articles which find their way into print, one is often tempted to believe it is only necessary to buy a ready-charged fountain pen and have wit enough to apply the point to paper. There are many publications in the United States which have no difficulty in keeping themselves in copy, without the expenditure of a dime. For how many years did the Waverly keep up an existence—and for aught I know to the contrary, it may still flourish. It printed quite fair specimens of short story literature as such things go year after year and never paid out one cent. A goodly number of bright articles are never paid for in any other coin than copies of the paper. At least two very good monthly magazines published in this city, the names of which if mentioned in these columns would cause some surprise among their readers, pay practically nothing for articles. One editor frankly states to his would-be contributors that they need expect no compensation; the other, if he offers anything at all, makes a proposition which little more than covers the cost of paper and postage, but makes good by flattering the fly who has walked into his parlor, prating the advantage of the advertisement in having his work appear in a "first-class" magazine. There somehow prevails an idea that the compensation for literary work is out of all proportion to the amount of labor expended. This conclusion is, of course, based upon the returns to a few favored writers, or calculated upon the reports of the sale by thousands of first books which have passed into unlimited editions. As a matter of fact "first books" are by no means first writings and the form in which a "first book" is seen in print is very apt to be the final result of repeated revision. Moreover, for one book which makes unprecedented sales, there are hundreds—aye, thousands—of which not copies enough are disposed of to pay one per cent of the cost of getting them out. When a woman of fair education is thrown upon her own resources almost the first thing that suggests itself is that she "can write something" and thereby hangs the tale of woe of the editor and copy reader. Perhaps no one who has not filled that office can fully appreciate the sarcasm of Bartley Hubbard's question to Marcia: "Did you use to take the prize for compositions at boarding school?" It was out of a full heart that Howells wrote his description of poor Evans' effort to lick Helen Harkness' work into shape, out of sheer helpless pity for the girl. And there is so much of that sort of thing nowadays, so much false encouragement given to vainly ambitious women with literary aspirations, as to prompt the wish for not only a Bureau of Retirement for Amateurs but also a Department of Decapitation for those who persistently encourage the woman who ought to be handling a broom in the idea that she should be wielding a pen.

THE NEW LAWS which have lately been promulgated in Japan, regulating religion and restricting church-building, have, of course, set the various ministerial bodies off on a canter, with the cry of "despotism!" and howls against attempts to spread the gospel! Comparisons are instituted between the Japanese officials and our own good Constitutional forefathers, who are as usual credited with omniscience.

But the truth is, those good men were no more clairvoyant than are the statesmen of our own generation. They did the best they could according to their lights and they "builded better than they knew." Could they have forseen the Mormon problem, the Oneida Community, and the half hundred other so-called religions with fakirs like "Koresh" Teed, Dowie and Schweinfurth at their heads there is no doubt whatever but that the immediate descendents of the godly witch-burners of Salem and the enactors of the famous Blue Laws of Connecticut would have incorporated a clause in the constitution which would have effectually prevented the "spread of the gospel" as interpreted by these various "inspired ones." Japan is wise in her generation. She desires quiet at home as well as peace abroad and she knows there is no other question so certain as rèligion to lead to strife and commotion. The law which requires a statement of the estimated cost and the time allowed for completion of religious structures, as well as where and how the funds are to be accumulated, is an inspiration—an idea that could most profitably engage the attention of the governing body of every denomination. "The Lord will provide" appears to be the only rule and congregations plunge into debt as light-heartedly as the small boy dives into the swimming hole. Expensive buildings are planned and work begun before five per cent of the necessary fund is provided. A mortgage is placed and another and still another, as long as a dollar can be raised on the property. Necessary repairs to building and furniture add to the debt until even a cyclone would be powerless to lift it. There are fairs and raffles and collections. Little children are sent about from house to house with subscription books and their mothers and big sisters invade private and public offices, factories and workrooms. City hall employees are regularly mulcted of a percentage of their salaries which is used to appease the demands of church collectors. The tenderloin is not exempt and it would astonish some of the saintly to know what large sums in the aggregate are contributed by a class which is currently believed to have no use for church, chapel or synagogue. Rarely does it happen that a structure is anywhere out of debt before a moving is discussed. Sometimes the reason is frankly stated; because a finer church in a more fashionable neighborhood will attract a better, i. e., richer congregation. Again, it is because some other denomination has already abandoned its old field and "we," whoever "we" may chance to be, must not let "them" whoever "they" are, get ahead of us, and the weary round is begun again. Let a small up-country community get permission to use the schoolhouse on Sunday afternoon for a Union Sunday school and before the third session is held someone makes an attempt to have his favorite denominational title adopted. Faction and friction are almost synonymous and before long the neighborhood is in practically the same condition as the tribe of the Can-doodle-dummers, whose conversion was so whimsically described by Reverend Edward Everett Hale. Each faction must have its independent meeting and soon there are three or four church buildings, each of which would do credit to a large town, all heavily mortgaged and a drain and drag not only upon their own immediate community but upon the Home Mission and Church Extension societies as well. And yet, with all this multiplication of churches and chapels, there is continual complaint that the people are no longer religious. Ministers preach to empty benches but it never occurs to them that perhaps if they talked less of church debt, and appealed less frequently to the pocket books of their parishioners they would have larger congregations. The Japanese statesmen are all right.

SCHOOL DIRECTOR GEDGE having been charged by the Call with having accepted and acknowledged the acceptance of a bribe, several of his associates promptly confessed that they suspected Gedge of being crooked almost from the beginning of his term. They had a moral certainty of his guilt but being conscious of their own irreproachable character, they swelled with pride and secretly reprobated the corrupt functionary for his greed and official delinquencies. They of course did not consider it their duty to expose the crookedness of Gedge. They were so well satisfied with their own rectitude that they did not bother about the matter of the defrauding of the taxpayers of the city. They probably felt that it was none of their business. As they were making a record for honesty and probity nothing more should be expected of them, according to their notion. It is that sort of apathy on the part of public officials that is indirectly responsible for much of the crookedness that has been rampant at the city hall for many years. If the men who enjoyed the reputation of being honest officials were less indifferent to the welfare of the city, there would be more thieving supervisors and school directors wearing stripes in the penitentiaries. Nobody has greater opportunity for exposing the nefarious practices of a crooked school director than the men who are associated with him in the board of education. They may not always be able to obtain positive proof of his guilt but they can watch him so closely as to force him to shorten his reach, and by aggressive tactics they can convince him that it is extremely hazardous to engage in felonious enterprises. Our honest officials are altogether too diffident. They are afraid to wound the feelings of an associate even when they know him to be a blackguard and a thief. Very often their diffidence is due to a false sense of the courtesy which one official should show to another.

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COME TRY SOME ON

ACHILLES BIDS FAREWELL

'TIS not my fault that I am forc'd away,
But when my honour calls, I must obey.
Durst I not death and every danger brave,
I were not worthy of the bliss I have;
More hazards than another would I meet,
Only to lay more laurels at your feet.
Oh! do not fear that I should faithless prove,
For you, my only life, have all my love;
The thought of you shall help me to subdue,
I'll conquer faster, to return to you.
But if my honours should be laid in dust
And I must fall, as heaven has said I must,
E'en in my death my only grief will be
That I forever shall be snatch'd from thee;
That, that alone occasions all my fears,
Shakes my resolve, and melts me into tears.
My beating heart pants to thee as I speak,
And wishes, rather than depart, to break.
Feel how it trembles with a panic fright
Sure it will never fail me thus in fight.
I cannot longer hold this fond discourse,
For now the trumpets sound our sad divorce;
Sound ev'ry trumpet there, beat ev'ry drum,
Use all your charms to make Achilles come.
Farewell!—Alas! I have not time to tell
How wondrous loath I part!—Once more, farewell!
Remember me as I'll remember you;
Like me be constant, and like me be true:
Gods! I shall ne'er be gone; adieu, adieu, adieu!

From Ovid's History of Love.

The Saunterer

A WELL GROOMED MAN with white hair and an aristocratic paunch attracted my attention in the street the other day. He was accompanied by an exceedingly pretty and stylish young woman. A quarter of a century ago that man was the central figure in one of the most sensational dramas that ever stirred the people of this state. He was a well-groomed man in those days and handsome, and he had a passionate fondness for pretty women. I wonder how many there are among us who remember the gay and dashing George M. Pinney, and who can recall the exciting incidents that followed his return to this city after his flight to foreign parts? Pinney was always an interesting character. He was a speculator in the stock market in the early seventies, and like the gamblers that infested Pine, Montgomery and California streets in that exciting period, he was ever on the alert for a tip from the mines. One day after he had sustained some severe losses, he thought that he had a "good thing" upon which he could recoup. He went to a bank president for a loan and the financier demanded security. Pinney had no security but he was an inventive genius. He occupied the position of navy pay clerk, and navy pay certificates were good security. He supplied them and obtained two hundred and fifty thousand dollars which was quickly swallowed up in the stock market. Pinney was broke and sensational revelations would follow. He did not care to face the music so he boarded a ship after dark and sailed for a South American port. He was a fugitive from justice. The affair created a big sensation, for Pinney had been a prominent citizen and he had been one of the leaders of a big republican ring. United States Senator Sargent, Congressman Page and William B. Carr had been his associates. When Pinney was gone he was made the scapegoat of every political scandal. If there were an overcoat stolen, the theft was laid at the door of Pinney. "Pinney did it" was the common expression of the day.

Meanwhile Pinney was over in London reading about all his alleged delinquencies in the American papers. One day the bank commissioners examined the institution that held the worthless security, and in order to hush the matter up, the president cancelled them and substituted his own real estate thereby obtaining a clean bill of health. I belive it was afterwards shown that the president was in the speculation with Pinney and knew that the security was worthless but accepted it so that he could account for the loan to the directors, feeling certain that the money would be returned. Notwithstanding the cancellation Pinney was afraid to return because he thought that he was a deserter from the navy. One day he sent a complete statement of his affairs to the secretary of the navy and in the course of time he ascertained that he was not a deserter, having occupied a civic position. He promptly came back to face his accusers, and he was indicted on about fifteen charges. His statement to the secretary of the navy was published by the Chronicle and it created a tremendous sensation. Out of it grew the celebrated libel suit of Page against the Chronicle which was tried in Placerville. It was the most sensational libel suit ever tried in the state. At first Pinney was with the De Youngs but later on he became a witness for the prosecution. When Pinney

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JOHN CAFFREY, Pacific Coast Representative

finally got out of his trouble he went to Europe on mining business and in a short time he was a rich man. He now has the appearance of a man who never has occasion to worry over his financial affairs.

Pantomime is often more eloquent than words. One night recently two young men about town were seated in a box at the Orpheum when they saw a well known and somewhat gay member of the Pacific-Union club walk down the side aisle leading to the stage entrance. He vanished through the door and a few minutes later he was followed by a waiter bearing a bottle of wine on the ice and two glasses.

"He is ordering the juice of the grape," said one of the men about town.

"I wonder who the sweet thing is?" said the other.

They scrutinized their programs and proceeded to indulge in speculation. Both agreed upon the identity of the fair one and presently she made her appearance and did her little turn. She had scarcely finished her act when another bottle of wine was borne behind the scenes—and those young men thought they were correct in their surmise. They were.

"Well, if Tom Lipton takes th' cup back wid him," said Clancy, "it's small consilashin th' Queen'll have."

"Oh, I dinnaw," said Mr. Barry with an exasperating air of nonchalance.

"I know you dinnaw," was the sarcastic retort. "But I know an' the Queen knows, so she does, that if th' cup's taken away fr'm us it'll be taken be the Shamrog, as fine a shkiff as wuz ever owned be an Irishman, an' that'll be shmall satisfaction for th' ould lady, so it will."

A story is being told at the expense of a certain clipping bureau to the effect that having seen the announcement of a new edition of The Imitation of Christ, the enterprising firm lost no time in sending a letter directed to "Thomas A. Kempis, Esq." in care of the publishers wherein they congratulated the author on the success of his work and offered to send reviews and clippings for one year at the usual rate. Almost the equal of the tale is told of a certain art store in this city. An intending purchaser applied to a clerk for a copy of the Mater Dolorosa. The young man was as obliging as he was ignorant. He gracefully stepped up to a drawer filled with the photos of actresses, assuring the applicant that his firm kept a full line of "all the latest eastern celebrities."

"What was the name, please?"

"Mater Dolorosa," was repeated.

As he began a search through the same receptacle, it seemed hopeless to attempt further enlightenment. Naturally his efforts were unavailing and the lady was about to turn away when the really zealous salesman whipped out tablet and pencil and remarking that they would send east immediately, he made his note "Martha——" and looked up expectantly with a note of interrogation in each eye.

My eulogy of Mabel Craft did not, I am surprised to say, meet with the unanimous approval of her co-workers in the field of journalism. Is the spirit of gallantry on the wane in newspaperdom? I hope not. And yet one would think so judging from the fact that newspaper men would deny a woman well-earned praise. They admit that Miss Craft is an exceedingly clever reporter and bright writer but they dispute the statement that she has the ability to direct news-gatherers in their search for the elusive item, and they point with pride to the fact that she was scooped by the Call reporters who had themselves arrested aboard the Sherman so that they could obtain the first interviews with the soldiers. That circumstance in no way reflects upon Miss Craft's ability. There never was a reporter who was not scooped at some time in his life. The fact remains that Mabel Craft has proved herself a competent reporter as well as a most entertaining descriptive writer and I have it upon the authority of several of her fellow reporters on the Chronicle that she can "grind out copy" faster than any other writer on the staff.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

The Duke of Manchester recently appeared at a masquerade ball given by Mrs. Hughes-Hallett in a bathing suit, a peignoir and kid gloves. When requested to retire he offered to compromise by removing the peignoir.

Dr. William Payne Simpson and wife returned last week from a European voyage, writes my New York correspondent. The affable doctor, who is not changed in appearance or good nature since he was physician for the police board of San Francisco, has again opened his office at 49 West Thirty-ninth street. California State Senator Edward I. Wolfe is now in Boston, after a week in New York. Edward would not locate in New York even if proffered a position that would place him "next to God," as Clunie speaks of some positions in the metropolis. Then, again, Edward has Congressional aspirations, or should have them if he dwells thoughtfully on his work in the last legislature, and he cannot afford to leave California. Frank Jaynes, San Francisco superintendent of the Western Union Telegraph company, struck the metropolis of the world during the hot spell and has vanished. He claims that San Francisco is good and warm enough at all times. Jim Corbett's down town place passed into other hands lately, and while still conducting the up-town cafe, the proprietor is negotiating for another "passage-at-arms." With Sharkey on the shelf with a damaged foot, perhaps Champion Jeffries might take on Gentleman Jim in the sailor's place.

Not everybody knew that Ed W. Williams, the genial justices' court clerk, was a father until they learned that his son won the second prize in the Mechanics' Fair's baby show last week. The baby boy is only sixteen months old but he is a remarkably well developed child and is a bright little chap for his age. He is fair of complexion and blue-eyed, with blond hair, and answers to the name of Harold. To be the sire of a prize winner in a baby show is a distinction not often won and Mr. Williams may now justly point with pride to his offspring as substantial evidence of his thoroughbred qualities.

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Wedding Announcements and Invitations . . . ✱

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126 Post Street

The arrest of Sam Braunhart on a charge of perjury reminds me of an incident of the state legislature of the session—I think it was of 1879—when the statesman from south-of-the-slot made his début as an assemblyman. Prior to that Braunhart had devoted nearly all his time to selling cigars in the small towns of this state. True he tried to get elected a justice of the peace in Los Angeles, once upon a time, but he had never been very active in politics until just before his election to the legislature when he joined the sand-lot forces in this city. He was a natural born reformer, was Sammy, and whatever faults he may have it must be said to his credit that he was always ready to fight for honest government. In the assembly of '79 he encountered such well known characters as George Washington Tyler, the original champion of Sarah Althea Hill; C. N. Fox, the attorney who afterwards became a justice of the Supreme court, and J. F. Cowdery who was once a city and county attorney. Braunhart was arrayed against that powerful trio throughout the session and they were fighting incessantly. Sammy was declared out of order almost every day because the presiding officer was against him, and one day he was summoned before the bar of the house to be punished for some delinquency. He responded with the air of a hero prepared to defy his persecutors. As he faced the bar he folded his arms majestically and exclaimed in stentorian tones:

"Here stands the *wictim* of political hatred."

He now has a chance to repeat that historic remark.

The arrest of Sammy Braunhart on a charge of perjury suggests the probability of a plot to Dreyfuscute him.

When Braunhart went to Sacramento to attend that session he made the Golden Eagle hotel his headquarters. The host of the famous hostelry at that time was F. A. Hornblower, who in later years had the distinction of presiding over the Police court in this city. Hornblower knew Braunhart as a cigar drummer and had not heard of his election to the assembly; so when the young statesman wrote his name in the register Hornblower addressed him saying:

"Well I suppose you want a sample room?"

Braunhart glared. "No, sir," he said in his most icy tones. "I am a member of the legislature."

Speaking about Hornblower reminds me of the fact that I saw the old gentleman the other night acting as chief clerk in a small notion store in Eddy street near the Tivoli. I made inquiries and learned that the store belonged to Mrs. Hornblower and that the ex-judge attended to the business. I suppose he has found that the law business is no longer remunerative. Judge Hornblower was once a prominent attorney in one of the mining counties of the state and earned many a fat fee. He was a fairly good magistrate, but since leaving the bench has had very little practice.

I hear that Clarence Montaine of the Alcazar stock company was recently compelled to assume a difficult role at very short notice. But here is the story: Mr. and Mrs. Montaine for some months occupied rooms in an O'Farrell street lodging-house. One evening recently after the theatre—quite a long time after—they were suddenly seized with a desire to move and as nothing but two telescope grips and a few light housekeeping utensils stood between them and the gratifying of this desire they gratified it. Apparently they forgot that there was some room rent due. But the landlady did not forget it. She was sorely wroth and vowed vengeance. A few evenings after the event related she went across the way and in the grocery store she espied Mr. Montaine. He also espied her but lingered lovingly over his lemonade until she should be gone. But the landlady was a stayer. She hid behind a pile of hams and waited while the coffee machine screamed out a mad march. Then Clarence started for the door and the real dramatic action began. The landlady "flung" herself forward and demanded payment. When it was refused she became indignant and called Clarence a thief, a robber, a trickster and every harsh name that anger at being defrauded could dictate while the crowd which had gathered in the store applauded. Mr. Montaine quietly stood his ground until the landlady, thinking she had taken the worth of her money out of him departed. Then Clarence took shank's mare to tell Mrs. Montaine, probably, what deeds are done in O'Farrell street.

Lombard & Co.'s new weekly, the San Francisco Dramatic Review, came out last Friday, its debut awakening the liveliest interest in dramatic circles. The feature of the Review is the snap-shots, in which are caught the prominent features of local theatrical managers and impresarios. There are some admirable half-tones of beautiful actresses and a supplement showing Blanche Bates in nearly every role she has attempted. The editorial page contains the names of W. D. Wasson, editor; Chas. H. Farrell, business manager; C. H. Lombard, secretary and treasurer. Wasson was not so long ago city editor of the Daily Report. Farrell and Lombard know about all there is to be learned about artistic advertising and there is reason to believe, with the strong personal popularity of the Review's staff, that it will float on the highest wave to the haven of success, with a capital S.

Swell turbans, dainty little bonnets, elegant dress hats. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator of the Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, deceased, the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco September 16, 1899.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the Estate of Sebastiana O'de Sanchez, Deceased.

A. RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street.

IS YOUR HAIR FALLING OUT?

Or is your scalp in a bad condition. If so then you have use for Lederer's QUINTONICA. It makes the hair grow and keeps the head in healthy condition. 35 cents per bottle.

123 Stockton St.

Some day, it is to be hoped, all the facts of the Dreyfus case will be brought to light. The strongest indication of the prisoner's innocence lies in the circumstance of his willingness to have as much light as possible shed upon the transactions in which he was alleged to have been involved, and the reluctance of the prosecution to have the details ventilated. In this country the guilty man shields himself behind the impenetrable hedge of technicalities which the law kindly affords him for protection. At times he even declines to go upon the witness stand to testify, and the prosecution is precluded from referring to that circumstance as an indication of a dread born of a consciousness of guilt. At Rennes it was the prosecution that was alert to prevent the introduction of testimony. It was apparent that the court was intent upon suppressing evidence that might clear the prisoner. But while it is not difficult to believe that a clique or a faction might conspire to doom a man to cruel torture by wholesale lying, it is almost incredible that a nation should lend itself to such a malignant purpose. To a person who has never lived in France it all seems like a grotesque nightmare. If Zola himself had romanced so wildly we would laugh at the improbability of the yarn. A better understanding of the affair may be reached by the perusal of Lionel Decle's "Trooper 3809" which gives a true record of the author as a dragoon in the French army. The book is most realistic and shows that the whole tone of the army is one of overbearing insult among the high officers and petty tyranny among the low. The men are taught to lie at the command of their superiors, to conspire for high places by despicable devices and to regard their superiors with distrust. The author says: "The military training which might be made of real educational value to French youngsters is but a sordid and degrading experience to be remembered with loathing or forgotten if possible."

The Tuesday Night club will hold the first cotillon, second season, in Cotillon hall next Tuesday evening. Figures of the german will be led by W. S. Reed. The officers and members for the second season are A. L. Lissner, president, C. W. Iverson, secretary, G. Farrell, treasurer.

One of the items wafted across the continent in connection with the death of Cornelius Vanderbilt was to the effect that a few days before he passed away he was seen walking in the streets of Newport accompanied by his son Cornelius Jr. It was fancied from this circumstance that the father had forgiven the son for the latter's marriage. And such a reconciliation could easily cause talk, when you pause to remember the great commotion caused in Cornelius Vanderbilt's household when Cornelius Jr. married Miss Grace Wilson, daughter of a New York banker. While at the time it was given out that the father's opposition to his son's marriage arose from the fact that the bride was fully eight years her young husband's better in point of age, it was whispered that the real inner reason of the parental dislike to the match was of quite a different nature. In short, it was said that for years Cornelius Sr. had been an avowed admirer of Miss Wilson and that she had given him reason to believe that she appreciated his admiration. Of course such a matter as the young woman's marriage to another, and that other his own son, could not be lightly passed over by a man of Cornelius Sr's age, and the current opinion was that he never got over the blow. It was even said that the reason the Cornelius Vanderbilt Jrs. never achieved prominence in society was because Cornelius Sr. used every means in his power to prevent such social eminence. For my part, I believe all these tales to be without foundation, but they show to what an extent credence is given to the wordy ebullitions of scandal from smart tabbies over their teacups, in New York.

Assemblyman and Mrs. H. M. Le Baron of Valley Ford celebrated the twentieth anniversary of their marriage on Friday, September first. Their beautiful residence and grounds were handsomely decorated for the occasion and many friends came from far and near to join in the festivities and offer their congratulations. Refreshments were served at tete-a-tete tables on the porch and lawn and the whole affair was most enjoyable. Many beautiful and costly gifts were received.

A pretty wedding in Oakland on Tuesday was that of Miss Lillian A. Nash and G. Lindsay Campbell. The marriage was celebrated at St. Paul's church, Reverend Robert Ritchie performing the ceremony. The bride is a typical southern girl, a charming brunette, and her home is in Louisville, Kentucky, though for several years past she has resided with friends in Seattle. Mr. Campbell is the Orpheum's enterprising press agent, having assumed this position when A. J. Moore, the former writer of the press notices, became the Call's Sunday editor. Mr. Campbell has during the short time he has been in charge of the Orpheum's press work succeeded in making himself very popular and has demonstrated his ability as a writer of bright and newsy theatrical notices.

Appreciating that knitting and embroidering, whether for recreation or profit, is always a most interesting occupation for ladies J. J. O'Brien & Co. have opened in their great dry goods establishment, at Market and Jones streets, a new department for the sale of German and Spanish Yarns, Saxony Wool, Fairy Floss, Castor Wool, Shetland Wool, Germantown Zephyrs, and all articles and materials used in knitting and embroidering.

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If it were not for F. Bailey Millard the world would never have known that a band of Christian Endeavor young men had camped in Baltimore canyon, Marin county, during the summer months. Mr. Millard is an explorer of no ordinary attainments. It was he that unearthed the author of "The Man with the Hoe," an exploit for which he has given himself due credit, and now to him belongs the credit of discovering Occidental Camp with its wheezy piano, ribald vocalists and proponents of prurient pastimes. But he appears to have been guilty of a slight error in the matter of classification resulting from the use of a stained glass, which played such fantastic tricks with his vision that he saw the Occidental campers doing things that made him blush. He was shocked at the appearance of men and women in bathing because he thought he could distinguish one from the other, even from his eyrie home on the mountain top. Nothing short of a poetic imagination could focus his mental vision upon a spectacle of that sort, for it has since been learned that the good people of Occidental Camp were never so indifferent to the proprieties as to eschew bathing suits. But it was Mr. Millard's pink tinted excoriation of the campers that brought the revelation of the high moral character of those good people. It appears that they went to Baltimore canyon to commune with nature in a Christian like way. They barred the demon rum from the camp, and permitted no smoking except that of the camp fire. They gave sacred concerts for the benefit of the church, and deported themselves in a way that gave good example to the benighted heathen of Marin. Now if Mr. Millard had written about some other part of the county in the way that he wrote about Baltimore canyon there would probably have been no protest. If he had written of arks in general instead of a camp in particular, the members of quite a number of ark parties would have said "I guess he means us."

Denis Kearney, who was once a blatant sand-lotter engaged in denouncing bloated bondholders and other opulent scoundrels who had the impudence to acquire wealth by the sweat of other people's brows, and who now has money of his own to burn, was recently quoted in the Examiner as denying that the speeches which made him famous were written by Chester Hull. Denis has grown proud as well as rich and he objects to the dimming of the lustre of his sand-lot fame. He would like posterity to believe that he was a natural born spellbinder, and it probably pains him to feel that perhaps some Ignatius Donnelly of the next century will find a cipher in the oratorical effusions of a Kearney contemporary, with which he will demonstrate that the great agitator was nothing more than a human phonograph. The Chester Hull referred to in the Examiner was a Chronicle reporter in the seventies. He died nearly twenty years ago but his fame still lives, and although his works are buried in the files of the paper for which he worked, they are remembered by his veteran associates. Hull was a genius, a brilliant writer of fertile imagination, and a practical joker. He wrote fake stories that startled the scientific world, and he was always using his pen in a way that provoked discussions. Chester Hull found Denis Kearney and he was responsible for the latter's rise from the seat of a custom house dray to the pinnacle of sand-lot notoriety. Chester Hull wrote the original platform of the workingmen's party, and there are living to-day newspaper men who attended the first meeting of the organization and who recognized Hull's handwriting when they copied the platform for their papers. When Kearney went east Hull wrote four orations for him, and charged him fifty dollars for each. It was all very amusing to the reporter who regarded Kearney as a huge joke, and he purposely incorporated in those orations pyrotechnic paragraphs deliberately stolen from the spellbindery of the silver-tongued Tom Fitch. The first speech was delivered in Boston, and the next day one of the papers used the deadly parallel to expose the plagiarism.

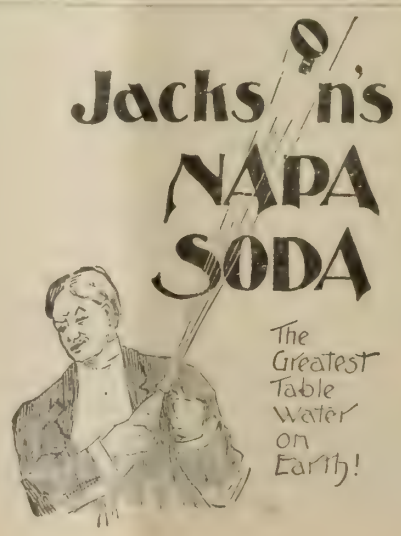
"Did you notice what Miss Shapely had on?" asked Mrs. Gossip at dinner.

The tables at the Sea Beach were crowded and everybody waited for the answer.

"Not much," said young Cynic, "except all the eyes of the men on the beach."

Mrs. Monroe Salisbury may well dispute the title with other San Francisco mothers of being the queen of matchmaking mammas. It is no discredit to any mother to land good matrimonial fish for her offspring, therefore the congratulations showered upon Mrs. Salisbury this week since the announcement of her elder daughter's engagement to Alexander Keyes must of necessity be sincere. Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury made her debut in society three winters back and she has always been a favorite, particularly with the women. It has been well said that the test of a girl's popularity is not how she takes with the men, but the impression she makes on the women. In spite of a somewhat haughty attitude and strongly marked individuality, Miss Salisbury counts her women friends as legion. She is a southern type and was born in Washington, D. C., though she has lived since childhood in San Francisco. Though scarcely above medium height the stateliness of her carriage makes her appear much taller. She is olive skinned, with heavy dark hair and dark brown eyes that appear black in certain lights.

Alexander Keyes is a young attorney and is the grandson of the late General Winfield Scott Keyes, after whom his brother was named. He lives with his sister and brother at the family residence in Franklin street, is a member of the University club and practices law in his spare moments. Though born in Baltimore, like his bride-elect Mr. Keyes has lived nearly all his life here and may properly be termed a



San Franciscan. No date has been announced for the wedding but it will likely be one of the new season's events.

The Salisburys are representatives of the pioneer southern social set of California. In the sixties and early seventies the exclusives of society were members of the colony composed of people from the southern states. The newly rich exclusives of today were then being fed with wooden spoons. Mrs Kate Salisbury, the mother-in-law elect of young Keyes, was then plain Kate Robinson of Sacramento where her father, Tod Robinson, was having a struggle for existence at the bar. He was a typical southern gentleman who looked like money but was never burdened with the care of more than was necessary for the support of his family. The Robinsons were never rich but they always associated with people of refinement and were received at the smart functions of the Haggins' and Tevises. For awhile Mrs. Robinson kept a boarding house in Taylor street and Kate Robinson drew fairly good wages from Uncle Sam, being an employee of the Mint. Her brother C. P. Robinson was a well known attorney who obtained distinction at the bar and her brother Crit. Robinson, who was also a lawyer, gained distinction as a trap-shot. Her marriage to Monroe Salisbury enabled her to give rein to her social aspirations, for he was a rich man. He was one of the star route contractors and he was also a breeder of fine horses. Unfortunate speculation caused a diminution of fortune and of late years his wife and daughters have not been able to cut such a wide swath as formerly. But Mrs. Salisbury has always managed to promote the interests of her daughters in a social way. She has divided the honors in a measure with Ned Greenway, as a social leader, and it was not so long ago that her activity as a self-constituted queen of a minor social realm resulted in a tilt that was in the nature of a scandal. That was the affair that involved four debutantes—Marie Wells, Marie Oge, Leontine Blakeman and Ethel Keeney. A newspaper discussion was provoked and it was intimated by the father of Miss Wells that if he had loaned Mrs. Salisbury three thousand dollars there would not have been any friction.

While this was a most unfortunate affair, reflecting as it did upon the motives of a society leader, in itself it contained no element of wrong. Rather, it shows how silurian San Francisco is in some things that daily papers should criticise the manner of a person of no prominence paving a way into the smart set. In London there is more than one lady of rank and title who makes a living by introducing wealthy provincials and Americans into the smart set, and after the omnipotent Brown had passed away the late Ward McAllister performed this service in New York. The person with social aspirations or marriageable daughters must get in through some portal: what could be a more respectable manner than by paying admission? At the risk of being thought malicious I would wager that Mr. Greenway has helped more than one outsider into the inner circle, therefore I cannot see that what is thought perfectly proper in Czar Edward should have been universally censured when the part of social sponsor—with a douceur—was played by Mrs. Salisbury.

Apropos of this engagement of Miss Salisbury and Mr. Keyes I am moved to remark that few cities can show as large a percentage of pure love matches in society as can San Francisco. Nearly all of our young men of wealth and position have chosen as their brides those who, as a rule, have been far their inferiors in point of fortune. There have been instances where money has married money but these have been exceptions. The rule has been that the rich youth has chosen where his heart led. I could point to any number of these alliances which have always proved happy. I might also refer to the reverse of the matter, where the heiress has given her hand where her heart pointed, her choice being a poor man. More than one case of this has occurred in our swim.

William Greer Harrison has already infused new life into the Olympic club. The organization has been in need of a shaking up for a long time. Years ago it was the most prosperous and the most exclusive athletic club in the world, but it has degenerated. It has been struggling along under a heavy bonded indebtedness, and under recent administrations money was so badly needed that very little discrimination was exercised in the canvass of applications for membership. The character of the personnel of the club soon ceased to be what it had been in the days when an Olympic club social function attracted the attention of the elite of the city. A feeling of apathy spread over the club, athletics were neglected, club pride no longer stimulated the wearers of the winged oval and the institution soon partook of the nature of a public bath-house, for its only attractions were its bathing features. But with the advent of William Greer Harrison into the presidential chair has come a revival of interest. Mrs. Stanford, the Crockers, Mayor Phelan and others have surrendered their bonds and Mr. Harrison has secured promises from Herman Oelrichs and others to surrender theirs, and there is a splendid prospect of the big debt being wiped out. Improvements have been promised and all that the members have been asked to do is to pay more dues. Those who have the interest of the club at heart will not hesitate to respond. Of course many will drop out but there are a few that the club can well afford to lose.

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—ALL GROCERS—

A new line of beautiful French hats opened this week. Mrs.S.R Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

From Alameda my correspondent writes me: The engagement has recently been announced of Miss Marie H. Brink and Dr. J. Fred Pearson of the U.S.S. Bennington and a unique feature of the affair was the engagement ring, a dainty affair purchased in Hong Kong and which no doubt has a story attached to it which we may hear later. Miss Helen Wiggin has returned from a three weeks' trip to Lake Tahoe. Mr. and Mrs. H. Thornton Lally have moved to San Francisco and their new home is on Broadway.

The Home of Truth is doing a surprising work in Alameda. It was with interest that I listened to Mr. William Farwell last Sunday evening. He gave the real meaning of the so-called Home of Truth, defining the Home and the Truth stating that it was not the house, the building, but the love of the truth in the heart of the individual; that one could be a home of truth out in the desert alone or in a wilderness. There is nothing to belong to as a denomination but the idea of the Home is to teach the gospel, carrying it into the healing of the sick etc. It has been wonderfully demonstrated and I am told that it receives the support of the best people in Alameda and Oakland. People flock here from elsewhere. Mrs. Westgate has been rendering choice selections Sunday mornings and assisted by different vocalists, Miss Grace Wastelle and Mr. Moore. This peaceful place, so beautifully situated, is like an oasis in the desert to those who are weary of creeds, doctrines and dogmas. Mr. Farwell is the leading spirit.

On Yom Kippur:

"I have not broken my fast all day," he said as he came from the Temple.

"You must be feeling very spiritual," said his friend.

He misunderstood the allusion.

"No," he replied, "I have not had a drink of whisky all day."

The Triton boating club gave a high jinks last week in honor of one of its popular members, Joseph Heilbron of the First California Volunteers. The club house with its strings of varicolored lights and wealth of tropical plants looked a veritable fairy palace while the interior decorations were a happy mingling of the patriotic and the nautical. Francis Pope, in an address of lofty eloquence, introduced the "hero of Manila" and then the hero gave a humorous picture of the laughing side of life in the Philippines. After a number of songs by members of the Occidental minstrels and selections by the Kehrlein mandolin club, a supper and dance followed. The twenty-seven jolly Tritons who compose the club—its membership is limited to thirty—made ideal hosts.

The announcement that William Lewers will be a member of Annie Russell's company this season comes as a surprise to his many friends in San Francisco. A year ago Mr. Lewers left the Frawley company and decided to abandon all his theatrical ambitions. He felt that he could never be great as an actor and rather than fall into the ranks of the countless mediocre mummers, he preferred to give it up entirely. He entered his father's office at Honolulu and began, as his friends thought, to hew a place for himself in the business world. And now he has come back to the footlights and bids business be hanged. Mr. Lewers comes of one of the best Honolulu families and one of the most hospitable. He is the son of Robert Lewers the shipowner, and is a nephew of Hon. H. A. P. Carter who for years was Hawaiian consul at Washington. The Lewers have a beautiful home at Wakiki where they entertain royally. Will is an only son and has had everything his own way from the first. He was educated in Europe and is a finished musician and linquist. He will be independently rich some day, so that counting the ties need never be included in his program. Mr. and Mrs. Robert Lewers are now in San Francisco en route to Europe.

Charles Meinecke & Co. yesterday celebrated the fortieth anniversary of the firm's establishment by a reception at their place of business, 314 Sacramento street. Very dainty invitations, on the new rose-hued paper, were issued for the occasion "to join us in a glass of Deutz & Geldermann's Gold Lack."

"How did they prove that Dreyfus wrote the bordereau?"

"By showing that the handwriting bore a marked resemblance to that of Esterhazy."

"Well, how did that establish the guilt of the defendant?"

"Well, they knew that Esterhazy didn't write it because he said he did, and the experts agree that he's a horrible liar, and as it looked less like the handwriting of Dreyfus than any other handwriting they had ever seen, and as General Mercier swore upon his honor that he didn't write it there was only one conclusion that they could come to, and that was that the prisoner was the author of the bordereau."

"Why couldn't they come to any other conclusion?"

"Because the rules of evidence in France permit of only one conclusion in case of doubt."

"Well, why—"

"Come around to-morrow and I'll explain it more fully.'

What Miss Emilia Kalisher modestly calls "talks" will be given their initial number on September nineteenth. Miss Emilia is a sister of Miss Clara Kalisher, who is to give a concert next week, and the former's talent lies in the realm of art instead of the world of song. She studied with famous teachers in Paris and also worked in Holland, and the results of her studies now adorn her studio in the Rose building. The "talks" will carry their listeners into past centuries and will be illustrated by photographs in which the progress of art is noted. One of Miss Kalisher's masters in Paris was MacMonnies, who designed the much discussed fountain in which a beautiful Bacchante was the principal feature. Miss Clara Kalisher had the honor of singing before Massenet, at the latter's studio, the composer of songs and operas playing the California girl's accompaniments and expressing himself delighted with her voice and manner of expression.

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The finest Pure Monongahela Rye Whiskey, distilled by the Gibsonton Mills on the Monongahela river, MOORE & SINNOTT, Props.

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Stockton society, writes my correspondent, is promised a rich harvest of October weddings. The gossips count up on their fingers every day and confidently name seven couples that will be married when the summer time is bidding California good-bye. Seven weddings and all among the best people—think of it! The air is full of mysterious whispers of the witchery of bridal trousseaux. Decorators are furbishing up parental mansions and it is certain that there will be considerable rivalry in the effort to have each successive wedding lovelier than the last. Nearly all the papas have plenty of money, so why not? There seems to be still a lingering doubt about the seventh wedding, though the others are all assured, and because of the doubt and other circumstances this seventh is giving the gossips the most trouble, therefore the greatest joy. The alleged bride-to-be in the case is the daughter of a wealthy widow and an heiress in her own right. The aspirant to her hand is said to be a certain local attorney who has not yet distinguished himself particularly, and there were whispers that the bride's mother contemplated a trip to Europe, with her daughter for company, to see if the bracing air might not induce forgetfulness. Now the local papers are denying the engagement but the gossips remember that the young lady did not deny it when congratulated. Hence the agony and the joy of uncertainty which rests on the local fates who tell off the destinies of our young people on their fingers.

The matrimonial woes of Railroad Commissioner Gould are not taken very seriously by his Stockton friends. They smile at the charge of cruelty—as people always smile when a man charges a woman with cruelty, as if women were not the most cruel creatures in the world on occasion!—but nobody thinks the genial attorney's heart was seriously affected by the rupture. Those who know Frank best say his is the kind of broken heart that can gather up its own pieces and patch them together again with the help of the next pretty woman he meets. But this susceptibility would not prevent him from being an excellent husband for the right woman. I happen to know that he was a tender, devoted husband to his first wife who was long an invalid.

In Post street near Leavenworth is being enacted a little comedy somewhat similar to the one that involved the Barnes and McDonald families many years ago when the president of the Pacific bank erected a big high fence to shut off the attorney's light and at the same time to hide from his (McDonald's) eyes the spectacle of an undraped fountain nymph that boldly exposed its chiseled charms on the Barnes' lawn. A resident of Post street is responsible for a fence similar to the McDonald obstruction and his indignant neighbor has resorted to a novel mode of retaliation. He has erected alongside the fence and close to the windows of the fence-owner's house a crude sort of belfry with five large cow-bells attached which he operates by means of a rope connected with his home. He starts the bells going discordantly at late hours of the night and in the wee sma' hours of the morning. The terrible clangor rouses up the whole neighborhood and incites to profanity worse than any ever provoked by feline chorus in any single district in the city. Why the people have tolerated the nuisance I cannot understand. The bell ringer undoubtedly is a nuisance and the law provides a means for his suppression.

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moore A. A." Whisky.

On Wednesday the children living in the neighborhood of California and Jones streets had an unexpected Christmas box, at least their find looked that way to them. After Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger had departed on their wedding tour the servants threw into the street the bamboo that had been used for decorating purposes, and this is the reason all the little children living in the vicinity have been displaying bamboo bows and arrows and whistles since Wednesday morning. The wedding of Mrs. Whittell's sister, Mrs. Clara Luning Cunningham, and Mr. Folger was a quiet affair, though perfect in the elegance of its appointments. Rev. Father Ramm performed the ceremony. This was a marriage for which one can easily foretell an uninterruptedly happy future for the bride, though fond of dispensing hospitality, is of a domestic turn of mind and the bridegroom has reached the age when a man likes to settle down and enjoy home life.

AT THE ORPHEUM:

Lady on the stage (singing): "I will give you one kiss, and perhaps I will give you two."

Man in audience: With that mouth she could easily give three at once.

Helen Dare's pathetic and melodramatic account of Lizzie Prue's attempt at suicide must have filled the eyes of many a kitchen artist with briny moisture. Helen has the knack of evoking sympathy with her pen for "one more unfortunate," and she always throws a great deal of feeling into her story. I suppose that Miss Prue is deserving of sympathy but there is a man in town who thinks that she should have kept her engagement with him before attempting to shuffle off her mortal part. He would be more willing to sympathize if she had not been so discourteous as to try to make the keeping of the engagement impossible. He is a well known pickle merchant who likes to entertain visitors to the city and a mutual friend had arranged for a meeting with Miss Prue, to take place last Wednesday night. But she swallowed a dose of poison Wednesday morning. The young merchant told of his disappointment to some of his friends, one of whom suggested that perhaps she preferred death to his company.

NEWEST AUTUMN FASHIONS

In Tailor Made Suits and Millinery. The Name of R. D. Davis & Co., corner Geary street and Grant avenue, is a passport of favorable consideration among all good dressers, and is to an American made garment what the name "Worth" is to a foreign creation; they have an exclusive, striking, handsome style, such that at once proclaims them to be highest artistic custom make, which always appeals to refined, fashionable dressers. Such busy scenes one witnessed in their handsome new Millinery department this week, first showing of their new autumn millinery. Such beauties and such quantities to choose from for their fall trade, and how surprisingly low one finds the prices of these Davis hats. It might be well to take a look in this attractive store for you will surely be thinking of buying soon.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Not everybody who has heard Frank Thompson sing, in that fine deep baritone of his, knows that the gentleman who is to personate the Doge of Venice in Belvedere's water carnival is a brother of Miss Charlotte Thompson, the able dramatic critic of the Call. Frank is as full of wit and humor as his sister is addicted to looking at the serious side of things. The members of the various yacht clubs assert that nobody, aside from Bob Mitchell, can tell a story so well as Frank Thompson. He can do all sorts of dialect and can take off an Italian or an Irishman with equal effect. I never heard that any of the dukes of Venice were addicted to telling tales of an alliaceous flavor, but if it is only an impressive appearance, inches and a stately carriage that are needed, Mr. Thompson is sure to fill the requirements of the engineer of the Venetian carnival.

"Was your husband a colonel when he died?" asked Mrs. Jones, as she looked at the picture of Mrs. Brown's late husband in uniform.

"No," volunteered Mrs Brown's youngest, "pa was an invalid."

The report that has reached me of a new woman's club to be founded in London in which no member can be admitted who is not six feet high, reminds one of the company of soldiers formed by the father of Frederick the Great, where every soldier was a giant in height. If such a club were formed in this city I fear there would be some difficulty in securing a membership roll of decent proportions. While among our society girls there are many who are surpassingly tall, there are many more who are not even of medium height. Miss Helen Hopkins is of the tallest and there are a few others I might name but none I fancy who, in low heeled shoes, would toe the six-foot mark. Yet the average of San Francisco young womanhood is far taller than it was a decade ago. The increase in height is probably due to the interest, continually gaining, taken in athletic pursuits. A tall girl, above her brothers in height, is no longer considered an anomaly in this city—and the saying also holds good with reference to New York and Chicago.

The woman who cannot make a man feel miserable with a sigh has reason to regret that her early education has been neglected.

Charley Shortridge is once more in harness. He has become editor and manager of the San Jose Herald. Before his entrance into metropolitan journalism, Shortridge made a reputation in San Jose as a successful newspaper man and he should never have left that city. There is a vast difference between editing a daily in San Jose and editing a metropolitan daily and Charley Shortridge was shrewd enough to distinguish the difference after a brief experience. He has enlarged the Herald and changed its politics from democratic to republican and he has announced that he is an expansionist, an annexationist and a supporter of Henry T. Gage and that he will support William McKinley until the "man of destiny" is re-elected president. It is therefore apparent that the indefatigable Charles has started out under disadvantages. It is a case of handicapping himself. He is carrying too much weight but he is an energetic fellow and I predict that the Herald under his management will become one of the brightest of the interior journals. Mr. Shortridge has the confidence of the people of San Jose and they will give him liberal support in his new enterprise.

One of our learned professors a short time ago delivered a lecture on "The Nature of the Mind" which was so beautifully worded as to hold the audience spellbound. After the lecture the students repaired to the Zinkand and there they met the professor who had just given vent to such fine phrases on the mind. One of the youths, with the spell of the discourse upon him, desired to learn more from the master mind.

"Come now," he said, "please tell us the nature of the mind."

"I'll be damned if *I* know," returned the wise man.

I hear that E. E. Schmitz and his brother are on their way home from the Klondike. The California theatre's former orchestral leader was lately seen in Dawson by a Californian at present visiting that section and Mr. Schmitz expressed a great desire to be back in San Francisco.

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LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

It is so refreshing to receive kindly words from those far away that I will quote in full the following, from Wilbur G. Zeigler, attorney for the Western Union Telegraph company in New York, and the author of that widely discussed novel, "It was Marlowe." Mr. Zeigler writes: "That Bohemian club number of TOWN TALK was the best literary production, in my opinion, that ever issued from San Francisco between magazine covers. No issue of Christopher North's 'Noctes Ambrosiana' ever glistened with more wit, or tasted of truer local flavor. It was high art. The copies are worthy of preservation. Your subscription list ought to be doubled by reason of it."

"Albert Edward is a queer compound" said the reflective man.

"Why do you think so?" asked the inquisitive individual.

"Because he's a prince among men and a devil among women," was the reply.

A certain noble mansion whose front is continually wreathed in the fogs that blow up from the Presidio, had on its sloping lawn a novel ornament the other morning. Its inmates rise early, especially the father, whose bucolic tastes were cultivated in the noble pursuit of market gardening. As the old gentleman opened the vault-like portals of his house, he espied on a favorite flower-bed an enormous pair of feet peeping from out a parterre of heartsease. The old gentleman rubbed his eyes, then carefully retreated within the house and issued forth protected by a big shillelah. There upon the gravel bed lay an officer's cape, cap and sword. But their owner was asleep among the pansies with his socks and boots clasped to his breast. The indignant father succeeded in rousing the officer but all he could learn from the inebriated hero was some murmuring word that sounded like "Oregon." Great is the wailing in that household for since that eventful morning of the crushed heartsease, the words soldier and hero are tabooed, and it will require greater bravery on a soldier's part to face that indignant papa than to rush a Filipino fortress.

"That tall blonde sitting in the corner has such a sad face," said Mr. Hill, who is studying psychology. "I believe she is one who has loved and lost."

Mr. Spill, whose turn of mind is purely practical, investigated and communicated the result: "No, she loved—and won him."

Too Good To Be True

[EXTRACTS FROM TWO DIARIES.]

HE.

She is a good girl and it shows a mean trait on my part that I cannot summon up a particle of warmth in my love for her. She loves me to distraction and though I know I treat her with brutal indifference she is always tender and loving to me. There was that other little wretch, now, the girl I met up in the mountains and who followed me down to the city. I kept her in clover for three years and it was only the fact that I discovered she was fickle and faithless that made me depose her from her queenship. What became of the little devil, I wonder? Fetching little witch! She is not of the order that one soon forgets. But my present queen—slave, rather—certainly begins to bore me. However, she is faithful and faithfulness is a quality one rarely finds in a woman—at least so I have found it in my experience. And she is a handsome girl, one who looks well to walk abroad with. I know I am envied by my friends who admire the tall beautiful brunette who always accompanies me to the theatre, the races and elsewhere. I have always liked to arouse envy. Only one thing could persuade me to separate from her—not her unfaithfulness because I know her love makes her steadfast, but if she should cease to inspire admiration in others it would be all off.

SHE.

My friends tell me I look sad and pale and they wonder why? I am the adored of a man who scorns women as a class It was his love for me that inspired me with an answering passion and moved me to give up my position where I was earning sufficient money to enable me to cut a good figure among the by no means common set in which I moved, and nobody thought that I would ever be tempted to tarnish my reputation through my love for a man. I was so foolish as to believe that some day he would marry me. Now I know he never will—but that does not bother me. Little does he think that I love another. If it were not the fact that he is able to keep me in fine style while the *other one* is as poor as a church mouse I should leave him this very day. He is such a fool—so full of admiration for himself that he would never dream that another man could induce me to forget him. If he knew all, the shock to his conceit would be so great that he would never survive.

THE MIND READER.

THE ENGRAVING OF COOPER & CO., the Art Stationers, is not only superior to that of other houses, but is less in cost. Compare their figures—as for the rest, no charge if not satisfactory. Other houses also charge fifty per cent more for stamping note-papers and with inferior workmanship.

Admission Day 1899

Gee Whiz!
What's broke loose?
Where are we at?
And what
The deuce
Hit the town
Of Santa Cruz?
Natives you say
Out for a gay
Time?
Well then hurray—
But say
Are they loaded
For bear?
I'll swear
They're the noisest band
Of sons
Of guns
That ever swarmed this land!
Natives of what?
Siam or Swat?
Don't tell me
An old Pioneer of
Californie
Who crossed the plains
In '49
That these here
Galoots
Who drink wine and smoke cig-
Aroots, are
Offshoots
Of us old Argonauts.
They are?
Well then rip'er up,
Turn the eagle loose,
Spill the brimming
Cup
Loaded with the juice
Of the grape,
Down your throat
Drink enough
To float
A ship!
Let the corklet pop!
Don't stop
But yell hooray
For the natives
Are
Out
Today.

THE PIONEER

Clancy Discourses on Politics

"It's gettin' warrum in pol'ticks," said Mr. Clancy, as he mopped his brow to emphasize the situation. As Mr. Barry had just dropped in for a friendly chat and a large steam Mr. Clancy felt that it was a good opportunity for a discussion of the political situation, and he plunged into it.

"I haven't noticed any rise in th' temprechure," said Barry, as he blew the foam into the sawdust preparatory to the libation.

"Iv coorse you haven't," was the contemptuous retort. "Yu'd niver know what's goin' on iv you didn't come into this depow iv news. I shpose you don't know that th' demmicrats are lookin' for superiorvizers an' can't get th' right shtuff. They won't take a man unless he gives a morgidge on his life to garrantee that he won't commit petty larceny, an' th' jobs are goin' beggin'. It's a turrible shtate iv affairs. Th' rayformers are shpilin pol'ticks. They want nuthin' but saints in public office. Afther awhile they'll be wantin' a superiorvisor to go to th' priest an' confess and rayceive th' holy sackrimint ivry Sunda. What chance 'd a poor man have then I dinnaw. Sure whin they get a good man they whishper him to death all 'long th' line. There's Charles Wesley Reed f'r instance. I don't like his name, Barry; it's too suggistive iv wan of those D. D.'s fr'm Scotland, but I undhershtand he's all right altho' he does be wearin' a white necktie like a north of Ireland minister. He'd make a good dishthrick attorney an' he'd be a turrer to crooked schkool dirreckters an' th' likes iv them, but whin it looks as iv he's goin' to get the job along comes Max Whopper or Nopper, or whativer they calls him, with his Irosquaw tommyhawk an' flaunts it to th' breeze. 'I won't,' he sez, 'shtand,' he sez, 'f'r a man that wuz out for goold,' he sez, 'in the lasht campane,' he sez.

'To hear him talk, Barry, yud think he had no use f'r muney iv any kind, him that wan time had th' shtreet shweepin' conthract."

"No goold bug thraytor," he sez, "should be nommynated be th' dimmycratic convinshun," he says.

"Wouldn't that adgytate yer whiskers, Barry."

"He wuz ferninse Bryan," he sez, "he was ferninse silver at steen to wan," he sez, "he was for Buckner and goold," he sez, "an' moreover," he sez—an' I think he sez this in a whisper, Barry—"he's ferninst our kind iv people," he sez.

"Well wid all those heenyus ivfences agin him, I don't shpose he can get the nommynation," remarked the awe struck Mr. Barry.

"Well, I dinnaw," said Clancy. "If Whopper or Noppor don't take the goold cure f'r that whisperin' habit they're liable to sick Billy Dunn on to him jist as they did wid Sammy."

"Have th' Raypublicans found a man f'r mayor yet?" asked Barry who was beginning to get interested in politics.

"Not yet. Chairman Dodge iv th' central kom-mittee sez he wants a young man f'r the job an' that he won't shtand f'r any iv th' Union-League club colonels. Be that edict he cut down th' supply iv talent. If he didn't bar th' colonels that didn't go to Manila he'd have a vast supply iv raw material on hand. But it's hard to find a man who is chump enough to take the nominashin agin Phelan. He must have egomanya to——"

"What's that?" interrupted Barry.

"It's what they had in Ireland when they thought they could free th' counthry. As I wuz sayin' the raypublican that runs f'r this job must be wan iv those fellows that flirt with themselves an' have confidence to burn. They're thryin' to get George Newhall an' I think he wants it. He made a grand shtand play a couple of weeks ago; he raysigned his job as president of the Union shtreet road because the directors wouldn't let the sojers ride free. Iv coorse he went back an' the sojers are shtill payin' their little nickels but George made a hit. The div'le ain't able f'r some people. When a man has pol'tical ambishin now'days, Barry, he's as cunnin' as a Mayo man at a county fair. They thought ole Seezer wuz fly whin he give th' Hightalyan crown the overlook in three shtraight heats on the Realto, but he was a Rube compared with some iv these Frisco shtatesmin."

Deafness Cannot be Cured

by local applications as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, Deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

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MUSICAL NOTES

Miss Frances H. Wertheimer, who left here about two years ago to study in Leipzig, is making very satisfactory progress under the well known teachers Herr Beving and Prof. Schreck She appeared lately in two soirees held at the Conservatory, at the first with the well known violinist, Herman, in a Beethoven sonata and at the second in a piano trio by Schumann with the same artist. Both performances were very well received.

Phil Hastings, the rustling and popular press agent, has received a letter from Henry Wolfsohn to take charge of the press-work for Vladimir de Pachman. This shows that in addition to Paderewski we will have an opportunity to enjoy De Pachman. The managers should now cease to send us any more pianists this season. If they want to make any money they should stop with Paderewski and De Pachman; these are all our pockets can stand.

The announcement is made that the San Francisco Philharmonic orchestra will give five concerts during this season to commence early in October. The artists during this season will be Pierre Douillet, Bernhard Mollenhauer, Arthur Fickenscher, Robert Lloyd, Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, Mme. Yda de Seminario, Miss Grace I. Davis, Mrs. Charlotte Gruenhagen-Gwynn and Charles P. von Oer.

Santiago Arrillaga has moved from Jackson street, this city, where he has so long resided, to 5734 Telegraph avenue, Alden, Alameda county. Senor Arrillaga retains a town studio, in Byron Mauzy's warerooms, 308-312 Post street, where he may be found on Tuesdays and Fridays.

A PLEASANT TRIP.

The most delightful time of the year to visit the country surrounding San Francisco is during the month of September. For few years in the past has the country been more delightful than the present month. The California Northwestern railway, recognizing this, is offering for the benefit of the public an excursion to Ukiah on Sunday, September twenty-fourth. Special trains will carry the passangers through Marin, Santa Rosa, Russian river and Ukiah valleys.

The comparatively cool summer which we have had has delayed the ripening of the grapes so that thousands of acres of vines laden with grapes can be seen from the car windows. The Russian river, always picturesque, will be skirted for nearly five miles. Every ticket sold will guarantee a seat. The best cars the company has, including the new ones lately purchased, will be used on this occasion.

The time of departure from Tiburon ferry, San Francisco, will be 8:30 A. M. Sunday, September twenty-fourth. The special train will run through from Tiburon without stops, and on the return, leaving Ukiah at 5:00 P. M. This will give the passengers nearly five hours in Ukiah to visit Vichy springs, Rancherie, Asylum, Fish Hatchery of the California Northwestern Railway company and numerous other points of interest. The fare for the round trip will be only $2.00.

The most fashionable pelt, says Toilettes for October, is likely to be sable or skunk, both real and imitation, in a rich dark brown color. Stone marten and electric seal retain their popularity, and especially the electric seal has reached the height of perfection as far as dressing and preparation go, and in some cases an expert is needed to tell the difference between the real and the imitated article.

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THE MERCENARY SOUBRETTE

GOOD-BYE, dear boy, good-bye
Our love is dead, you know.
And if you ask me why,
"Good-bye, dear boy, good-bye,"
Is all I can reply—
The governor's richer, so
Good-bye, dear boy, good-bye
Our love is dead, you know.

The Rattler.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Fatinitza"—The famous march still has lots of go.

TIVOLI. "Lohengrin" and "Othello"—fine productions.

ALCAZAR. "The Wages of Sin"—shows the new stock company to advantage.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—The paradise of the young man about town.

SHOCKING SITUATIONS of the indelicate type are what the New York appetite craves. To get as near the border line of indecency as the police will permit is the end to which the up-to-date playwright strives. New York theatre-goes are getting almost as blasé as those of Paris and they feel that they have not been properly entertained if there are not some risky and riggish episodes in the play. The latest success on the New York stage is The Girl from Maxim's, an adaptation from the French It was the broadest farce that Paris has ever known, but it was toned down in the adaptation with the view to preventing the damask blush from mantling the virgin cheek of any New Yorker over thirty-five years of age. But The Girl from Maxim's is one that would be described on the vaudeville stage as "a warm number." Her gait is a break-neck, helter-skelter pace, and she is of the tenderloin sirloiny. Her principal scene is in bed—the bed of a physician who made her acquaintance at Maxim's restaurant, and who brought her home under the delusion that he was taking her to a hotel. When his companions of the revel call, late in the morning, to see how the doctor feels they find him asleep under the sofa, while Praline, the can-can dancer, whom he picked up at Maxim's, peeps from under the coverlet of the connubial couch. By way of a concession to the nerves of the audience the girl jumps out of bed and shows that she has not removed her shoes and stockings. From that circumstance the audience is expected to conclude that the affair is not quite so naughty as might have been inferred at first.

I am glad to hear that New Yorkers have taken kindly to Why Smith Left Home. It is a clean farce and shows that there is still a large class of theatre-goers not pining for salacious situations and risqué dialogues. When George H. Broadhurst brought the product of his muse, Why Smith Left Home, to the California theatre, the papers did not say much about it. The critics rather ignored it, probably because they could neither praise it to the skies nor roast it to cinders. But the public found out that there was a good show at the California and flocked there in large numbers. White the company was on all-round good one, the hit of the piece was made by Jennie Yeamans as the cook-lady. It was this very cook-lady, with her American independence added to her native Hibernian wit, that has set New Yorkers a-laughing and who has caused the Madison Square theatre to be filled nightly with large and delighted audiences.

Franklyn Fyles, the New York Sun's dramatic editor, and the collaborator with David Belasco in that still popular drama, The Girl I Left Behind Me; is writing a series of seven articles for the Ladies' Home Journal upon The Theatre and Its People. Every phase of the theatricals will be treated; the play and the actor; how a theatre is managed; the actual money which plays have made; how an actor is trained and what the actors are actually paid; how a play is written and what the authors receive; how a play is rehearsed; the first night of a play; how the actresses make up and what they use; and what goes on behind the scenes on the stage during a performance. Mr. Fyles says that there are five thousand theatres in America and that one million and a half people attend them each week-day night, spending seven millions of dollars a year on theatre-gong.

Tivoli THE CURRENT WEEK of grand opera at the Tivoli testifies to the fact that San Francisco is afflicted with an operatic craze. This is a disease which cannot be deplored and the more it becomes contagious the better it speaks for our good taste. The many prophets that preach at the corners of theatre curbstones foretold a lack of attendance at the Othello performances, and considering the heavy class of music to which this work belongs and the strain it requires to follow the same, it appeared as if the prophets would prove right in their contention. But there was a pleasant surprise, for in the annals of the present grand opera season the Tivoli has not contained larger audiences than at the performances of Othello. This cannot be solely due to the popularity of Avedano and Salassa, for they have sung for six weeks without drawing these continuously crowded houses in one week. It is true the attendance was always large on Salassa nights, but the standing room rule was never enforced for every night in the week previous to the production of Othello. This strengthens the belief in a demand for grand opera. Lohengrin also enjoyed a much larger average attendance than any previous opera. And when it is further known that the demand for tickets for these two heavy operas is so large that the management is compelled to retain them for another week, there can hardly remain any doubt as to the position taken by our public in regard to good opera. While, however, the people who attend these operas give evidence of their affection for grand works by their faithful attendance and vigorous enthusiasm, I cannot admit that the majority is really musical. Musical taste in an audience manifests itself in correct and discriminating applause. It is, for instance, a sign of bad taste when the Ave Maria in the last act of Othello is interrupted before the singer has finished. It is a lack of musical instinct to create an unearthly noise after a grand aria in Lohengrin before the orchestra has played the final strains. It is incorrect to cut short a grand duet in either of the operas by cat-calls and stamping while the orchestra is playing harmonious and impressive interludes between the solos of the artists. The audiences pay altogether too little attention to the orchestra to be entitled to the term musical. They know what is good but in their greed for grand vocal display they forget the feature that completes the tout ensemble. None of the critics seems to have discovered the magnificent orchestration of Othello. I am told that George Koppitz is responsible for this masterful work When I hear that Mr. Koppitz shaped this orchestration from the rough clay of a common piano score which did not contain any indications as to the work of individual instruments, I am compelled to take off my hat to him, for he has not only adhered to correct harmony, but he has thrown himself into the dramatic spirit of the play and enhanced every climax. None of the writers paid attention to the beautiful bass solo of Mr. Bracamonte, who extracted from the awkward double bass as liquid and mellow tones as any artist can obtain from the violin or 'cello. No one seemed to have recognized the executive ability and genius of conducting that permeates the direction of Max Hirschfeld, whose untiring and gigantic work necessary for the rehearsing and production of two such operas is tremendous and that he does not succumb to the strain is beyond comprehension. All of these orchestral achievements are paramount requisites to a grand opera and yet they are obscured and neglected because of the adoration that is entertained for a few singers. From an artistic point of view the Lohengrin of Berthald was the supreme achievement. His entire comprehension of the role, his exquisite phrasing of the arias, his noble bearing and his accentuation of the god-like apparitions, as all of Wagner's heroes may be termed, contained the acme of artistic intelligence. A review of the work of the other artists I will defer until next week, as the two operas will be repeated.

Grand Opera House

THE MOROSCO company, with the exception of Hattie Belle Ladd, finds itself well fitted with the roles of Fatinitza. This opera has always been a success here and I remember many charming Fatinitzas at the Tivoli. Miss Ladd is perhaps the least effective exponent of the role of Vladimir Samoiloff, the masquerading Circassian cavalry lieutenant, that has ever appeared here. It is hard to say why this should be so, but it is a fact. Mr. Wooley as the sergeant, Steipann, is the distinct hit of the production, though Mr. Wolff is excellent as the old general and Miss Mason is a handsome and brilliant Princess Lydia. That fine old Offenbachian military opera, La Fille de Tambour Major, will be next week's bill and on Tuesday evening four hundred of the returned South Dakota regiment will attend. On Wednesday evening the Minnesota boys will be among the audience.

Orpheum

FRED HALLEN will be back at the Orpheum next week. Since Hallen and Joe Hart parted they have been chiefly displaying their ability in vaudeville, in short farces in which a rattling dialogue is joined to lively songs and opportunities for the constant twinkling of lively limbs. Hallen will have Miss Fuller as his partner and they will appear in the one-act comedy, His Wife's Hero. Terry and Lambert will give some of their famous singing specialties in which Mr. Terry's tenor and Miss Lambert's sweet soprano will be the main features. Stinson and Merton are comedy sketch artists and the Brothers Bright are acrobats, whose performance is said to be of a very sensational nature. The Hungarian boys and the Bachelor club will again delight the audience.

Alcazar

THERE is plenty of versatility in a company that can spring from the lightly farcical to the deeply dramatic in one bound, the way the Alcazar people have done during the past fortnight. On Monday evening Too Much Johnson will be put on and Eugene Ormonde will have an opportunity to show whether his ability as a sprinter is greater than the agility of Ernest Hastings and William Gillette. After Too Much Johnson will come The Idler, in which the Frawleys shone so brightly two seasons back.

The advance sale of seats for the first week of Modjeska's engagement will begin on Thursday. In all probability the first week of Modjeska's engagement at the Columbia, beginning with Monday evening, the twenty-fifth instant, will be devoted to the new play Marie Antoinette. During her engagement here Modjeska will present Macbeth, Mary Stuart, Much Ado About Nothing, and her new adaptation of the French comedy Le Bataille des Dames, which will be preceded by the one act play Gringoire, with John E. Kellerd in the title role. Kellerd will be remembered here as a member of the Marie Burroughs company, when that charming actress played her last engagement in this city. He appeared in The Profligate and other plays and was by some of the critics compared to Millard. But I thought him too full of mannerisms to be placed in the same category with the great E. S., and unless he has moderated some of those affectations that were then so apparent in his acting, I do not believe he will be effective support in Shakesperean and legitimate roles.

It is a good many years ago that little Mabel Bowman appeared with the Grismers in The Burglar and other plays. She has grown into a young girl of medium height, slender, pretty and refined, and will make her first bow in vaudeville in San Francisco at the Chutes next week. Remembering Miss Bowman's success at the Alcazar in In Mizzoura I am very sure that she will keep on winning laurels in her profession. She can sing and dance as well as act, and these accomplishments are most acceptable in a vaudeville star. Miss Bowman has appeared in vaudeville in San José and Sacramento and after her engagement in San Francisco terminates she will probably move on to a wider field. She has just returned from San José where she has been visiting her sister, Mrs. Charles P. Hall, who as Fannie Bowman was one of the favorite members of Frederick Warde's company. THE PLAYGOER.

Clorindy, the ragtime opera that was given at the Orpheum two seasons back, will be at the California when the latter theatre reopens.

The ladies of the General German Ladies Benevolent society will give a grand ball on the twenty-eighth of October in Odd Fellows' hall to replenish their funds. As it is the first ball of this society during four years the members hope to make it a grand success.

THE CONSOLATION STAKE TODAY.

Two big stakes will be run off at the Union coursing park today and tomorrow, the open stake with sixty-four dogs and the consolation of the California Produce stake with forty-three enteries. The consolation event promises to be as exciting a stake as any ever held in the park. In the first round of the latter stake Flying Fox and Bohe will meet, which should be a grand course. As Rock Island King was in hard luck last week it looks on form as if he should get the long end of the Consolation purse.

AMUSEMENTS

SHERMAN, CLAY & CO'S HALL
No. 223 Sutter Street
Thursday Evening, September 21st, 1899, at 8:15
Reception Recital
GIVEN BY
Miss Clara Kalisher, Contralto
ASSISTED BY
Frank Coffin, Tenor and
H. J. Stewart, Accompanist
The program will include many interesting numbers never rendered here before.
RESERVED SEATS, $1.00
On Sale at Sherman, Clay & Co's Music Store on and after Monday Morning, September 18th.

Grand Opera House
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Last two nights of Von Suppe's Beautiful Comic Opera
FATINITZA
Week of Monday, September 18th.—
Offenbach's Famous Comic Opera
"THE DRUM MAJOR'S DAUGHTER"
Our Prices—Orchestra floor, 35 and 50 cts; Dress Circle (Reserved), 25 cts; Family Circle (Reserved), 15 cts; Gallery, 10 cts.
Matinee Saturday. Best reserved seat in the theatre, 25 cents
Branch Ticket Office just inside main entrance of Emporium.

Alcazar
FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager
'Phone Main 254
Week of September 18th, William Gillette's Comedy Triumph
"TOO MUCH JOHNSON"
A Laugh in Every Line.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday at 2 p. m.
Alcazar prices—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.
Next - - - - "THE IDLER"

Tivoli Opera House
ERNESTINE KRELING, Prop. and Mgr.
Grand Opera Season
"LOHENGRIN" tonight. "OTHELLO" Sunday night.
.....Week of September 18th.....
"LA TRAVIATA"
Monday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday Evenings.
Owing to the enormous demand for
"OTHELLO"
It will be repeated on Tuesday, Thursday, Sunday Nights and Saturday Matinee
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents. Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

Orpheum
O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, September 17th.
Hallen and Fuller. Terry and Lambert. Stinson and Merton
Brothers Bright. Bachelor Club. Hungarian Boys
Military Band. Charley Case. Crawford Sisters.
Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Music World

MISS META ASHER and Harry Samuels opened the musical season with a grand concert under the direction of Sir Henry Heyman. Before going into details I cannot omit to lay stress upon the fact that while these two young musicians justly claim to possess more than average facility they do not make any pretensions of being on the same level with our modern virtuosi nor do they pretend to have had years of experience on the concert stage They come directly from their studies abroad where their masters provided them with documentary acknowledgment of their superior talent and last week they appeared for the first time in public. They chose San Francisco for their initiatory concert, because here their friends bade them farewell and wished them success ere they entrusted themselves into the care of European teachers, and here they wanted to show these friends that they have done honor to the confidence bestowed upon them by their admirers. We have then two very talented young musicians who have partaken of the best musical education which they possibly could have been provided with and who are now entering upon their professional career, trusting that with practical experience they will add more wealth to their stock of knowledge obtained abroad. These remarks are not intended to serve as an excuse to the following laudatory criticism, but they are made in order to show that no pretensions are made other than the truthful and matter of fact condition of affairs.

¶ ¶

I do not think that there was anyone in the audience last Thursday evening who would not gladly admit that Harry Samuels possesses natural talent, which manifests itself in emphatic temperament. He commands a fluent technic which permits a clear execution, unmarred by any misty tone productions, and his double stops are rendered with uniformity—a result of a firm and healthy attack. While his reading does not as yet contain the individuality which will be imfused after years of activity, Mr. Samuels shows already signs of vigorous originality which was especially manifest in his rendition of the Faust Fantasie. Of course coming just from the two greatest masters of the violin in Europe he retains much of their individuality and herein he shows the faithfulness of a true student. The ease and gracefulness with which he executed one of the most difficult pieces composed for the violin gave evidence of that wonderful memory with which only the born artist is blessed. I have no doubt that Mr. Samuels has a future before him and that Emil Paur will not repent of having selected him as one of the soloists for his concerts.

¶ ¶

When I hear some of my contemporaries assert positively that Meta Asher is not endowed with sufficient poetic temperament I hesitate very much in my contention that this very characteristic seems to be the prëeminent feature of her recital. Let us ask wherein can a pianist show best the existence of poetic temperament? In a grand display of technical acrobatics? No. In a big flourish of Liszt rhapsodic phantasmagoria? No. In a storm-like attack upon the key-board? Again no. Poetry in music is most prevalent in pieces which are generally called "simple" What composer has demonstrated this truth better than Schumann? Show me a pianist who can interpret Schumann, and I show you a poet on the piano. Now it was exactly in these simple compositions wherein Miss Asher was most brilliant. Her Schumann and Chopin numbers were by far her best work. Why? Because she interpreted them with taste, with delicacy and with intelligence. Any one who followed the Vogel als Prophet with care will not have omitted to notice the poetic temperament which enlivens Miss Asher's playing. I am so particular in setting forth these items because I want my readers to understand that this criticism is sincere; that remarks made in this column come from the heart and are not meaningless slush or the incarnation of pathetic or antipathetic prejudice. This department is published in the interest of music in general and not for the expression of individual like or dislike as it is the habit of a vindictive writer on a certain weekly.

¶ ¶

The large and cultured audience which attended the concert did not altogether consist of friends of the performers. There were many disinterested people who know something about music. All of them (except perhaps some professionally active musicians) were unanimous in their praise of the two young people. And now a word about the director of this concert, Sir Henry Heyman. Just as little as a magnificent architectural structure can be erected upon an insecure basis, just so little can a musical knowledge and executive ability be fully developed in a student whose fundamental instruction was insufficient. When it is therefore obvious that Harry Samuels returns from Europe fully equipped with all the essentials of an artist, it proves conclusively that his teacher was an able instructor who understood how to reveal and develop the best traits of his pupils. The successful study abroad of a pupil is the very best recommendation his teacher can have and it is not surprising that Sir Henry Heyman looks with pride upon the young man who owes his success largely to his first teacher.

¶ ¶

The Ladies' Singing club of San Francisco has entered upon its second season of useful activity and if one may judge from the work of the first two rehearsals the present series of recitals will surpass the last one considerably. D. P. Hughes is a director of vast ability and he has demonstrated his directorial capability to a large degree in Oakland where the Hughes club is enjoying an artistic prosperity. The first rehearsal of the Ladies' Singing club occurred on Monday afternoon, September fourth, with an attendance of one hundred and twenty. The feature of this initiatory rehearsal were a few well selected choruses which were intelligently conducted by Mr. Hughes, and a vocal solo artistically interpreted by Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter. The second rehearsal took place Monday evening when another large assemblage became convinced that the services of Mr. Hughes are invaluable to the club. The soloists at this last meeting were Miss Caroline Shindler and Miss Marion Cumming. The club invites all ladies who interest themselves in ensemble singing to apply for membership any Monday afternoon at Druids' hall. The soloists during the third rehearsal next Monday will consist of Miss F. A. Wasley (vocalist) and Miss M. Walker (pianist).

¶ ¶

Some of the best musicians and teachers have organized a College of Music which, if properly conducted, will prove of tremendous value to this city. The beauty of this new organization is that it is worked upon a cöoperative basis, that there is none of that detrimental "bossing" which manifests itself in a desire by each teacher to be at the head and it consists of ladies and gentlemen whose efficiency and reputation have earned the respect of all musicians and music lovers. The staff includes: Pierre Douillet and J. H. Howe for the piano; Frederick Palmer, who came recently from the east in order to resume the position of organist at St. Dominic's church and who will take charge of the organ department; Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, a most capable teacher and gifted vocalist, vocal department. Bernhard Mollenhauer, whose large class and excellent pupils testify to his efficiency, will devote his time not occupied by his individual teaching to the college. Arthur Weiss, whose reputation as a 'cellist and instructor extends throughout this coast, will teach the 'cello. Contrabass will be taught by Charles Goerlip, clarinet, by A Spatina, French horn by H. E. Huske, harmony, counterpoint and fugue by J. H. Howe. A teacher's training class embodying the study of music in public schools will be under the direction of Milton L. Lawrence. The headquarters of the San Francisco College of Music are at the Y. M. C. A. building.

¶ ¶

I have noticed an existing tendency to discourage movements of this kind in San Francisco and it is to be hoped that

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those who are leading factors in this new organization will not listen to any remarks tended to discourage them in their enterprise. Most of the teachers I know personally and it is not at all likely that a combination of such forces as will be contained in the staff of this new college will have unbeneficial results. There is but one conservatory in San Francisco that is conducted in a business-like and at the same time effective method and that institution is Prof. E. S. Bonelli's. It is too bad that this teacher's work does not meet with that appreciation by the profession with which it is entitled. Fortunately Mr. Bonelli depends upon the public at large for his recognition and that he does not make any mistake in this confidence is shown by the size of his class. Another institution which is well conducted and deserving of notice as a beneficial school is the Von Meyerinck School of Music where energy and enterprise rule supreme. Now there is ample room for another conservatory, especially when it contains teachers like Douillet, Weiss, Mrs. Birmingham, and Bernard Mollenhauer. The heads for the other departments have not been definitely appointed, but it is safe to state that they will consist of some of our very best musicians.

¶ ¶

The staff of the college is to give weekly recitals every Friday evening, when soloists will render classical programs. Last Friday evening occurred the first recitals with J. H. Howe as soloist The program included compositions by Bach, Beethoven, Rubinstein, Durand, Kullak, Mozkowski, Mendelssohn, Chopin, Merkel, Jensen-Niemann and Liszt. Inasmuch as the Philharmonic orchestra and San Francisco Oratorio society will assist in these recitals later on, much benefit may be obtained from them by the pupils.

¶ ¶

The Tivoli grand opera season has attracted the attention of the San Francisco public to G. S. Wanrell, who but a short time ago pitched his musical tent here, much to the benefit of those who are anxious to learn the vocal art from its foundation upward. Inasmuch as this department is not published for advertising purposes and I am not in the habit of putting my signature to puffs, I want it understood that when once there is something said about a teacher herein it is honest and truthful. What I have always admired in Mr. Wanrell's singing was the delicacy of his phrasing. There is always a certain satisfaction to listen to a vocalist who *knows* how to sing, who pays strict attention to modulation, who adheres to good diction and shows by every emission of a tone that he is intimately acquainted with all the intricacies of the vocal art. No one makes a mistake to assume that a man who really *knows* how to sing, also knows how to teach, for a true knowledge of singing can only be acquired by those who grasp fully all the rudiments of the art. While a man who knows how to play a violin does not necessarily know how to teach a violin a vocalist who proves that he is thoroughly versed in the art is usually able to transmit it. But there are so few who know how to sing so that but few vocalists are able to teach. Mr. Wanrell is one of the few exceptions and his work at the Tivoli was ample proof. It is only too bad that he did not have a better opportunity to display his talent. He is a vocalist of vast experience. Having graduated with first honors from the royal conservatory at Madrid under the great vocal teacher, Jose Inzenga, who taught all prominent Spanish artists, he appeared in the leading opera houses in Spain, Portugal, Russia, South America and Italy. His engagements comprised the cities of Madrid, Lisbon, Odessa, Buenos Ayres, Milan, Parma, Turin, Venice and Florence. He commands an extensive repertory which includes The Huguenots, Robert the Devil, L'Africaine, Aida, Ernani, Rigoletto, Lucrezia Borgia, La Somnambula, Norma, Faust, Romeo and Juliet, Mignon, Gioconda, La Boheme, Lohengrin, Tannhauser and others. Altogether he knows about thirty operas. This is one of the largest repertories that any singer may boast of. Mr. Wanrell has solved the secret of voice placing, an art that is known to but few teachers in this city. Considering the practical experience Mr. Wanrell has had and knowing the knowledge he exhibits in singing, I can safely assert that he is a teacher from whom any student may gain beneficial instruction.

¶ ¶

During Denis O'Sullivan's concert my attention was directed toward Miss Edith Ladd, who accompanied Mr. O'Sullivan on the piano. The young lady seems to grasp the fundamental principles of good accompaniment, that of going along with the soloist and not following him. She knows right well how to enhance a solo and has much taste in interpretation Good accompaniment is an art by itself and so far I have heard but three in this neighborhood who meet fully all requirements. These are Mrs. Margaret Cameron Smith of Oakland, who in my opinion is the best accompanist hereabouts, Miss Constance Jordan who is almost as good, and Arthur Fickenscher who displays wonderful tact and intelligence in his work. With more experience Miss Ladd will soon be counted in this list. She certainly has the artistic instinct and natural gift.

¶ ¶

The San Jose Oratorio society had its first rehearsal for the coming season last Monday and proved itself in better form than ever before in the history of the society. The first part of this season will be devoted to a performance of Mendelssohn's St. Paul to be given around Christmas. The same work will be produced at Pacific Grove next summer. Mr. J. H. Howe, the director of the San Jose Oratorio society is being continually approached for the purpose of reorganizing the San Francisco Oratorio society in connection with the Philharmonic. Inasmuch as Mr. Howe does not intend to conduct any society whose members do not attend rehearsals he makes a condition that an application must be accompanied by a promise to attend reheasals. If the vocalist accept this condition meetings will commence early next month and the oratorio St. Paul will be studied.

¶ ¶

Miss Clara Kalisher, a San Franciscan who has been studying abroad for four years, has just returned on a flying visit to meet parents and hundreds of friends. Miss Kalisher has a wonderful contralto voice. For three years she studied with the accepted Parisian vocal teacher Jules Giranier. She found when she arrived in Paris that Madame Marchesi was, as she considered, passé and that her pupils all left her with the same metallic colorature work. Madame Marchesi at her best only prescribes for sopranos and Miss Kalisher thought it more advisable to put herself under the care of Mr. Giranier who developed her voice excellently within three years and introduced her into the finest Paris salons. From Paris she went to London and studied with Henschel and Wood for one year. She will sing with the Paris Symphony orchestra this fall and winter at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. Her many friends have persuaded her to give a reception recital at Sherman-Clay hall next Thursday evening. Her progam will comprise numbers nexer heard before in San Francisco, including Aurore and L'Alouette by Giranier. She will be assisted by Frank Coffin, the well known tenor who will sing with her in a duo from Samson and Delilah. Dr. H. J. Stewart will be the accompanist.

¶ ¶

The farewell concert of Miss Grace Carroll will take place next Friday at the Unitarian church, Oakland. It promises to be an artistic affair. Besides Miss Carroll's vocal selections Miss Hilda Newman will render Brahm's scherzo opus 4 and the brilliant Rigoletto Fantasie by Liszt. Giulio Minetti will play his late composition "Le Regret" for the first time since its publication. Beethoven's C minor sonata executed by Miss Newman and Mr. Minetti will prove one of the features.

Miss Grace I. Davis will give up her position as second soprano at the Trinity church in order to resume the place of first soprano at the First Congregational church. Mrs. Eva Tenney will take Miss Davis' place at Trinity. This appointment is a great compliment to Miss Davis, inasmuch as it is one of the best church positions in the city.

A farewell reception was given at Dr. H. J. Stewart's studio this week in honor of Mrs. Etta B. Blanchard, who will go east for a year. Harry Samuels returned to New York last Tuesday. Before his departure he was entertained by Mr. and Mrs. Louis Sloss at San Rafael. A grand musicale had been prepared for the occasion.

Miss Jessie Foster, who arrived here from St. Louis about a month ago, has opened a vocal studio at 915 Hyde street. She concertized throughout the eastern part of America with gratifying success and was directing her own concert tour as well as an operatic organization of high merit.

Alma Stencel, a talented pupil of Hugo Mansfeldt, will give a piano recital at Sherman-Clay hall early next month. She is only eleven years old and has much command of technic and good ability. She will be assisted by Armand Solomon, the able violinist.

Miss Meta Asher has been invited to give a piano recital at Stanford university on September twenty-sixth. In a private letter Professor Jordan expressed his pleasure in being able to hear the young lady once more at this great institution.

The concert to be given by Frank Coffin and Robert Bien will be a most successful affair. Both gentlemen are clever musicians, and possess a host of admirers here. The concert will take place at Native Sons' hall on October eleventh.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

The first regular faculty recital of the Von Meyerinck school of music took place last Wednesday evening. I shall have more to say about this recital next week.

ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

The pupils of Hugo Mansfeldt are rejoicing in the recognition of his wonderful Technic by the world at large. Within the last two weeks Mr. Mansfeldt has received a most flattering letter from Theodore Presser of Philadelphia asking to be the sole publisher of the well known and invaluable work called Mansfeldt Technic. As this places the Technic in advance of Mason Technic of New York, California may reasonably be more than proud of its composer and musician. E. A McDowell, the composer, teaches it. Miss Danforth, Mrs. Albert Elkus, Mrs Julia Newman-Hochstadter, Mrs George H. Perry and other pupils of Mansfeldt are delighted with this showing.

¶ ¶

The audience at Denis O'Sullivan's farewell concert on Tuesday evening was very large and the fact of its musical culture was apparent in the manner in which the applause was distributed. Some of the numbers were called for again and in several instances Mr. O'Sullivan agreed to his auditor's desire. A circumstance that proves conclusively the magnetic charm of Mr. O'Sullivan's singing was the presence of so many of his friends in the audience, friends who have heard him sing again and again the majority of the songs given, yet who extracted the same, if not greater enjoyment from his rendering of these songs on Tuesday evening. The program included a variety of songs, in German, Irish, dialect, English and Italian and were chosen so as to display the wide range of Mr. O'Sullivan's voice, as well as his wonderful power of dramatic expression. He throws himself into the composer's mood and gives each word, each phrase, its proper meaning. Martini's The Pleasures of Love, Schumann's Mount and Go, Brahm's Mein Mädel hat einen Rosenmund and Loewe's The Bell-Ringer's Daughter were all delightfully sung, the gem of the second part—if one except the Irish airs, which no one can render better than Mr. O'Sullivan—was The Battle Hymn of the Republic. When the grand baritone chorus, Glory, Glory Hellelujah, rolled out, the singer not only seemed inspired but it also appeared as though not one but many voices were singing—the effect of the impressive piano and organ accompaniment. Miss Edith Ladd presided at the former instrument and F. Maurer Jr. at the latter.

¶ ¶

Minor Notes

ON WEDNESDAY AFTERNOON of last week the convention of the Pacific Coast Women's Press association closed with a most interesting program. Mrs. Hart presided and opened the meeting with an address, when a trio for violin, cello and piano was rendered by Professor Noah Brandt, Dr. Arthur Regensberger and Mrs. Brandt, the audience demanding an encore. The association has not a brighter member than Mrs. Mary Ormond Bretherick who read a particularly interesting paper upon Music in Literature, taking her points with intelligence and grace of language, with clear and expressive delivery. Later she favored the

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audience with some vocal selections, being in good voice and singing with taste. Madame Guido Spitzy rendered Denzas's If Thou Lov'st Me, also responding to an encore, H. Bretherick being the accompanist The Little Soldier, a poem by Mrs. Hilbert, was read by Miss Fredericks, and another bright paper was that of Mrs. Emma Seckle Marshall, A Brouse in Literary Pastures. Mrs. E. O. Smith chose Business for her topic, being frequently interrupted by applause as she portrayed humorously the seductive bargain counter, and urged her hearers to raise the standard of honesty in their tradespeople. Noah Brandt's violin solo, accompanied by his gifted wife, was one of the treats of the day and the applause was hearty and prolonged. Not often do we hear such a finished reader as Miss Jeune M. Long, who created little short of a sensation, her numbers being a Rudyard Kipling selection and, by special request, Nancy Hanks. Miss Long was a favorite pupil of Mr. Tichnor of Boston, and has had magnificent training, as well as being naturally gifted She is highly dramatic yet full of the purest poetical feeling, and her clear, beautiful voice and grace of action render her the more charming. It is to be hoped a full evening with Miss Long may be a feature of this season. The afternoon closed with installation of officers for the coming year, Mrs. Sara E. Reamer, the newly elected president, making a happy address to rousing applause.

Mrs Frank Elliott has gone to Sacramento to visit relatives, after which she contemplates going east for a special course of study, to return to her vocal classes later in the season. The McKenzie musical society will give its regular concert next Thursday evening at Odd Fellows hall, when an interesting program will be given and a new singer will make her debut, singing Our Gallant Volunteers, words by a friend of the society and music by Mr. McKenzie, in honor of the boys in blue who will be entertained on this occasion. Mrs. McKenzie has returned from Calistoga. The Knickerbocker Concert company gave a concert in Healdsburg on Thursday of last week which was a highly successful affair, the program including all the favorites in the company's repertory.

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Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington will receive pupils for piano instruction at her residence, 1150 O'Farrell Street between Franklin and Gough, after September first. Present address, Mill Valley. 3t

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A Modern Honeymoon

IT WOULD have been reprehensible at any time, but how much worse was such deceit on a man's wedding tour. I cannot for the life of me think how I was drawn into such a scrape—however, I plead guilty to being the prime mover in the affair.

Maude and I were married in Grace church with all the attendant pomp and paraphernalia of nuptial functions, and then we went the round of the summer resorts before going abroad. While our marriage was an "arranged" matter, our parents having fixed it up over our cradles, Maude and I were both willing to enter into the arrangement. We were fond of each other, our tastes were not dissimilar and we expected to be very happy.

I don't know which of us first confessed to being a trifle bored. It was at Santa Catalina. We were out in a boat fishing, and all at once Maude let her line drop and heaved an enormous sigh. As I was at that moment yawning like a Rip Van Winkle, the boat shook. I looked at Maude and she at me. We both burst out laughing.

"Oh, Tom," said Maude, "I am just dying for Paris. Can't we start at once?"

And that is how we came over, three months before our original intention. We had both been over more than once, Paris was no sealed book to us, and London was as easy for us to find our way about alone in as New York. Maude was not exacting and I was no jealous husband, so we found this portion of our honeymoon trip a continual pleasure.

That is for about two months—and then Maude's sighs began to be heard and my yawns were noticeable. If it had not been for a suggestion of Maude's, however, I should never have been guilty of getting into a scrape.

"I'm going to Trouville," said Maude, "and I don't wish you to come along, Tom. The Clarkes have invited me and I shall take Marie. Go and play by yourself, Tom, and be a good boy. I trust you not to get into any mischief."

I suppose I should have put my foot down and forbade Maude's independent trip. Did anyone ever hear of such a thing as a man's permitting his bride to desert him on his wedding tour? But, I must say, my heart sprang up with a bound. I immediately thought of all sorts of pleasures I might enjoy now that Maude had given me my liberty.

But I never thought of such a thing as posing as a bachelor. Not until the Browns picked me up in the Louvre one day, where I was staring aimlessly at the pictures, and asked me to go on a week's cruise in Joe Brown's yacht. The Browns were jolly English people whom I met a year before in London. I was just going to tell them that I had a week's leave while my wife was in Trouville with some friends, when some interruption occurred and my sentence was never spoken.

Of course I thought the Browns knew of my marriage. At least I thought so until we were on the yacht and they introduced me to an awfully stunning girl as:

"Mr. Tom Starr, an eligible from California."

I opened my mouth to utter a disclaimer but the girl, Sybil Craik, began chattering at once and my opportunity was lost.

After that I did not care, but just let the matter drift. Sybil was one of the sweetest girls I ever met in my life, not witty or self-confident in manner like Maude, but clinging and sweet and altogether satisfying. There is something mightily pleasing about a pretty English girl. She doesn't take your devotion for granted, the way our girls do, but she lets one have one's own way and she seems to be flattered by one's attentions. I tell you there is not a fellow in our set who could have resisted Sybil Craik.

I stayed on and on, and my one week lengthened to three. Maude was traveling about with her friends and wrote me that she hoped I did not miss her and that Antoine was taking good care of myself and my clothes.

Sybil became more and more dear to me and what had begun as a mild flirtation was getting beyond that depth, when a new factor came upon the scene.

It was Sybil's father.

We were back in Paris and the Browns had brought Sybil with them. She was a country-bred girl and neither herself nor her father had ever visited Paris before. So I took them all about, to Versailles, the tomb of Napoleon and to see all the stock "sights." Maude was in London and said I need not expect her for another month.

I would have been as happy as a king only for something Joe Brown said to me one day.

"You're all right," he remarked, "with the old man. Craik senior says he'd rather have you for a son-in-law than any suitor Sybil has yet had. They've got lots of dough, so you are in for a good thing."

"But, Joe—" I said, with a view to making my tardy confession.

"I don't care if I do," he returned, misunderstanding my demurrer.

We were at the club and other men came in, so again my opportunity was gone.

Finally Mr. Craik took his daughter home. He evidently expected something of me, for when Sybil's father bade me good-by he grasped my hand very cordially and said:

"We shall expect to see you at Windemere, Mr. Starr, very soon."

And Sybil smiled a sweet au revoir. I could not refrain from a tender squeeze of her gloved hand, as I almost—well, put yourself in the same place and see whether you could have resisted the temptation.

When Maude came back she was looking uncommonly jolly and was overflowing with health and spirits.

"Such a great time I've had, dear old Tom," she said. "Perhaps it was mean of me to enjoy myself away from you, but I couldn't help it."

She began unpacking her boxes, in which were stored no end of pretty things she had picked up in her journeys.

"Oh, by the way, Tom," she said, "we are invited to visit some friends of the Clarkes. I met the mother and son in London and they urged us to come. The son, Jack Craik, got rather épris on me—you know that English boys love to flirt with young American married women."

Noticing that I looked somewhat disturbed she hastily added, not knowing the different cause from which the agitation sprang:

"Oh, Tom, I wouldn't for the world. Perhaps I did encourage him a little—but he is an English boy. Besides, I could not love a soul but you, you dear old fellow."

She gave me a kiss full of affectionate warmth.

"These Craiks are very lovely people. There is a daughter, too, named Sybil, and they live at a magnificent country place, Windemere. We must leave Paris next week, so we can spend a week in London before going to the Craiks. I must get some new evening frocks, and—why, Tom, what is the matter? I do believe you have the toothache."

I eagerly seized upon the pretext.

"No, Maude," I said, "it is just that common old complaint, homesickness. Why shouldn't we take the next steamer to New York?"

I became eloquent:

"Think of being in San Francisco again, and showing the girls all your smart frocks and millinery. Think of how glad the folks will be to see us. Why, it is a year almost since we were married."

But Maude has the obstinacy of her sex.

"We can go home after we have paid our visit to the Craiks," she said, "for I have heard so much about Sybil I long to know her. Perhaps—who knows?—we will become chums and she will come and visit us at home."

I suppose I must confess all to Maude. She is a nice, sisterly sort of a wife, a good chum, and no doubt she will forgive me. But Sybil—well, as Antoine says when he has a fight in the café, it is much easier to get in than se tirer d'affaire.

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World of Letters

ANNE MAULEVERER is a long way above The Yellow Aster, the book that launched Mrs. Mannington Caffyn, under the pseudonym of Iota, into the literary arena a full-fledged lioness. With the literary style of Anne Mauleverer—the latest in Lippincott's library of select novels—I have no fault to find. The construction however is open to considerable criticism, chiefly through the insane British idea that all novels must be dragged out to three-volume length. All the last part of the book, where the Irish tenantry troubles occur, might better never have been written. It adds nothing to the interest of the tale but, rather, detracts from its strength. It is too evident that this part of the book is padding. Anne is a refreshing character, womanly, natural; the type of single woman maternity has produced. Perhaps one would wish Anne to be happy in the end. Still, if she had been crowned with happiness. the nobility of her self-sacrificing spirit might have been dimmed. From the many bits of philosophy scattered through the book I cull the following:

ANNE: "I suppose I don't look at men in the right light. The girls one meets don't seem to be able to look at a man without somehow mixing him up with matrimony. To me it's a curious point of view. Men always seem to me so much more agreeable when you consider them just as pick-me-ups. They're more reviving, I think, as a rule than women."

DUTTON: "The worst thing about women is that any lengthened discussion of 'em invariably comes between you and your pipe."

ANNE: "A flirt is a girl whose first impulse is to be nice to the people who are nice to her. Or even to be nice before they begin to be, in order to teach them the art of politeness and take their minds off undesirable subjects."

DUTTON: "Grip goes a long way with girls. It's generally yourself somehow that first relaxes the hold."

If irretrievably in love, a man is notoriously wanting in tact. He would bundle in his emotions in the teeth of an earthquake. A woman has, on the contrary, under all circumstances some regard for time and place, and more for herself. And yet it has been said that women have neither reverence nor humour.

ANNE: "It's only the men one talks to, and oneself, who can judge fairly as to the need of a chaperon. If the men recommend this addition to one's wardrobe—well, I suppose it's time it should be supplied—or no! for after all, the girl's then shown definitely, I should think, that she's not worth chaperoning."

A first fruit of the Harper-McClure combination is the cut in the price of Harper's magazine from thirty-five to twenty-five cents, and it is predicted that the Atlantic, the Century and Scribner's will be obliged to meet the cut. The Atlantic and Scribner's have announced that they have no such intention. The Century has thus far maintained silence but its announcements for the next year are eagerly looked forward to. It will be remembered, in this connection, that when Munsey's and the Cosmopolitan came down to ten cents it was predicted that all the other magazines would be compelled to follow suit, yet though a few of the less important publications did so and a host of new ones made their appearance on the market, the first-class magazines held their own in both price and popularity. It is well known that the price at which any magazine or even newspaper is sold is not an iota of the cost of its publication. It is the advertising patronage which is the valuable asset and that, naturally, is dependent upon the circulation. Illustrated magazines appear to appeal to the popular taste, and yet, for some reason, the Atlantic has never made a bid for popular favor by giving itself over to pictures. Process work has made it possible for many magazines to devote a large proportion of their space to half-tones—and if, as is generally suspected, the "types of beauty" and the stage stars are willing to pay well for having their lineaments and an accompanying write-up distributed broadcast over the land, not only is the cost wiped out but a neat sum placed to the credit of the enterprising manager. The illustrations in the Century and in some of the English and French magazines are really superior work and should not be classed in the same category as those of the Cosmopolitan, Munsey's and of late years Harper's. It is said that the last named will still maintain its excellence, despite the cut in price, but as a matter of fact Harper's has fallen from first rank and for several years back its reputation has been based rather on tradition than upon achievement. We are indulgent to old friends, and are apt to regard any criticism as treasonable. None the less, the world does move. Right in the face of these reductions in price. both actual and prospective, of the better class of printed matter, some of the small fry and tuppenny organs of demagoguery are notifying their readers and subscribers that, owing to the establishment of trusts in paper and type metal, they foresee the necessity of increasing their subscription rates in the near future. Why not adopt the other alternative and vacate the field, thus depriving the wicked monopolists of their profit?

The phenomenal popular success of David Harum, after the manuscript had been rejected by so many leading publishing houses, brings to mind a number of other books which were subjected to the same treatment, and which, likewise, were books of their day. Miss Muhlbach's novels were refused by every publisher in New York. The Wide Wide World was rejected over and over again, and was finally accepted against the better judgment of the publisher, to please his mother, who had heard the manuscript read and was taken with it. Julian Hawthorne says Archibald Malmaison was one of his best selling books, and yet it was refused by all the leading publishers of New York and Boston. McMasters' History of the People of the United States was sent begging from house to house, until finally Mr. Appleton himself read the manuscript, approved and published it. Marian Harland's successes, also Harriet Beecher Stowe's Uncle Tom's Cabin, underwent the same experience. It is hard to tell wherein lies the element of pleasing the public. Many of the books above enumerated are hardly worth a hasty reading. Many others which have enjoyed a vogue are literal trash. Can anyone of the last generation forget the deluge, beginning with Helen's Babies, That Husband of Mine, That Wife of Mine, etc., and the He, It, and so on that followed She? They were all in sufficient demand for the libraries to keep half a dozen copies of each, and yet there was neither plot nor literary merit sufficient for even "railway literature" to the whole output, after the first. Robert Elsmere was a very fair story, but it owed a large part of its vogue to the fact that it was rejected from the libraries of England and the British provinces, of course because Elsmere left the Episcopal church and became a Unitarian. The good people ran after it, as they did after the Kreutzer Sonata, for the anticipated joy of being shocked, though not one in a dozen comprehended the religious arguments. Lorna Doone owed its first popularity to an amusing error. It appeared just about the time of the marriage of the Princess Louise to the Marquis of Lorne, and by some odd twist of the imagination people took it for granted that the name Lorna had some connection with the Marquis. A mistake in understanding an order and the possession of what, in vulgar parlance, is known as unlimited gall gave Mr. Barnes of New York a tremendous send-off. Looking Backward was taken up by the Socialists and used as a tract, as well as given by way of premium to subscribers for their publications. Luck seems to have quite as much to do as merit with the popularity of any piece of writing, by no means all of which is literature. The late Henry C. Bunner, that gentle optimist, once wrote: "I am afraid it is a foible of the profession of letters to look upon the public as a child who is bright if he sees our joke and is stupid if he does not. And yet, it seems to me, a good deal of respect ought to be accorded to the public that has given to Shakespeare a recognition sole and single in the annals of literature. And if that public once in a while chooses to amuse itself by purchasing a few hundred thousand copies of Mr. Binks of Nevada I cannot see that any more serious importance attaches to such a freak of taste than we are accustomed to attribute to a fleeting popular fancy for a new beverage, or to a novelty in the way of personal adornment."

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Bailey Millard's first long story, Beth of Cloudburst, has just been issued by Appleton & Co. Mr. Millard can write good short stories—as witness those collected in his late book, She of the West, what Bunner called "stories with soul to them." A Notch in the Principality contained the concentrated loneliness and isolation of a small holding, the weary monotony of life to a woman on a farm without neighbors or divertisements. Millard also writes tales which, it is to be hoped, he will make no effort to preserve, mere pot-boilers of the Underwater House grade. He appears to much better advantage also as a writer than as a critic of other people's work. Judging by the appreciation which was bestowed upon She of the West the success of Beth of Cloudburst ought to be assured.

It is said that a certain pompous literary gentleman of London recently remarked to Charles G. D. Roberts: "I live upon manuscript. My house is a book. My evening suit is an essay I wrote for Blanks' Monthly, and my last poem is a ——" "A cigarette, I presume," from Roberts. The literary gentleman is a plagiarist He cribbed his idea from James M. Barrie, for it will be remembered that one of his characters in When a Man's Single was a journalist who had the whimsical habit of furnishing his rooms from the proceeds of his pen work and clipping out and pasting on the back of each piece of furniture the article which provided the means for its purchase.

"My husband," said Mrs. Giddy, "is an angel. He tells me everything that happens."

"Mine goes yours one better then," said the charming young wife of Old Soak, "when he comes home from the club he tells me lots of things that never happened."

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The Washington Post gives this recipe for "breaking in" a new pen: "Don't moisten your new pen between your lips before you begin to write. Don't say charms over it or squander your substance in gold pens. Take your cheap steel pen, dip it into the ink, then hold it in the flame of a match for a few seconds, wipe it carefully, dip it into the ink and you have a pen that will make glad the heart within you. It is a process I have never known to fail."

Horace Greeley told this story of himself: Soon after he began his apprenticeship at the printers' trade he went to call upon the daughter of a minister. The next time he attended meeting he was considerably astonished at hearing the minister announce as his text. "My daughter is being grievously tormented with a devil."

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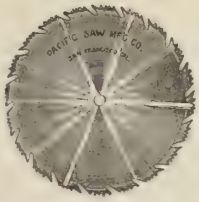

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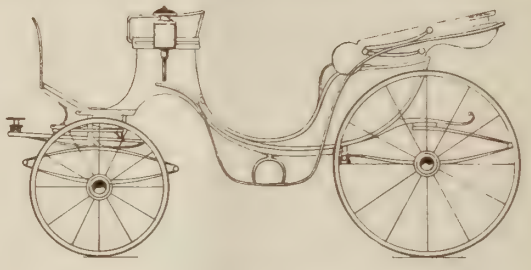

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San Francisco, September 23, 1899

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OUR OPINION

IF THE ABILITY of General Otis as a fighter were as pronounced as his strictness as a disciplinarian he would have long since compelled the elusive Filipino to sue for peace. Or, if his military judgment were as acute as his sense of dignity, his campaign in Luzon might have been brought to a successful close before it began to assume the aspect of a burlesque. But General Otis is not a man of varied attainments. He appreciated the value of discipline in an army as much as did Napoleon, but unfortunately he does not combine with that appreciation the Napoleonic dash and aggressiveness. He has all the dignity of Cæsar but he lacks that distinguished commander's capacity for administering crushing defeats. Some weeks ago it was reported in TOWN TALK, on the authority of a soldier in Manila, that a tired private was sent to prison by order of Otis for daring to sit down in the august presence of the commander-in-chief of the American forces. The unfortunate soldier thought that he had been invited to be seated, but he was mistaken. He did not appreciate the full measure of his offense against military ethics until he had languished in jail for several months. And now comes the story of the poor boy from Ohio who is a member of the Fourth United States infantry stationed in Manila. When he learned a short time ago that a member of each regiment was to get a commission on competitive examination, he decided to compete. Not being as familiar with the windings of military red tape as a West Pointer, he wrote a letter to General Otis asking for permission to take the examination. Imagine the feelings of the great American commander when he received that letter from a mere soldier. He must have had a narrow escape from an attack of apoplexy. Even Aguinaldo could scarcely conceive of a greater insult to offer although he might send his latest photograph with his compliments expressed in Taglas, the diplomatic tongue of Luzon. The boy from Ohio was given a lesson in military ethics by being committed to jail for one year. Governor Bushnell of Ohio, who probably is not up in military lore, has appealed to President McKinley to interfere in behalf of the boy. He pronounces the affair "one of the greatest outrages that could have been perpetrated." Yet the boy may be congratulating himself for having escaped capital punishment.

JUDGING from the torrent of hysterical utterances anent the Dreyfus case that has swept over this country, and the harrowing newspaper pictures that have been presented of surging French mobs, frenzied French anti-semites, riotous socialists, and roaring royalists, one should imagine that Paris was once more in the throes of a revolution. The European correspondents of the American newspapers have made it appear that the reign of terror had again seized the French metropolis. But American tourists that have been in Paris lately have searched in vain for the exciting scenes so graphically pictured in the home journal. Mr. Peter Dunne, the author of "Mr. Dooley" is one of the latest of the returning tourists to proclaim the fake character of the Parisian correspondence. "While in France" he said, "I saw copies of several American newspapers, filled with double-leaded columns about the Dreyfus case. Why, they were actually calculated to give the reader the impression that France and Frenchmen were interested to the point of being excited over the whole business. I used to like to read them as I sat in a cafe. They took the place of the pousse café. One New York policeman could walk from one end of Paris to the other, and with no other weapon than his night stick clear out all the malcontents whose names so often come to this country over the French transatlantic cable." Mr. Dunne's statements are corroborated by residents of this city who have recently returned from Paris. They declare that there is much more excitement in San Francisco at a primary election than there has been in Paris at any time since the return of Dreyfus from Devil's island. But the European space writers of the American papers must have topics wherewith to swell their bills, and the Dreyfus case was a veritable bonanza in the news line. The Rennes court-martial occurred in a dull season when there was little of interest to write about, and the high priced journalists on the other side made it the theme of columns of dry rot. The incompetency of the foreign correspondent was never more clearly demonstrated than by his reports of that trial. Instead of reporting the features of the trial in such a way as to give the newspaper readers a clear understanding of the proceedings, he devoted himself to an editorial discussion of the testimony with the view of establishing the innocence of the defendant. He appeared as counsel for the defendant, although his assistance before the court of public opinion was wholly unnecessary. It would have been much more satisfactory if he had given a lucid summary of the evidence on both sides, and then perhaps, people who believe that Dreyfus was persecuted, would have more substantial foundation for their conviction of his inno-

cence. At present their opinion is based principally upon the manifest unfairness of the court and prosecution.

AT A RECENT religious gathering one of our local clegymen took occasion to deplore the fact that though every denomination was actively engaged in establishing mission chapels for the conversion of the Chinese and Japanese there was not a single donation of so much as a nickel toward proselytizing the Jews. Now will this good man, or some other equally competent authority, tell us wherein lies the necessity for converting or rather perverting the Jews? Are they not law-abiding, peaceable, temperate, honest and industrious? Do they fill our alms-houses, jails, penitentiaries, insane asylums or charitable institutions? How often in the course of our history has a Jew been accused, much less convicted, of any crime of violence? Do they furnish any appreciable part of the business of divorce courts? On the contrary, are not theirs the model homes—their children respectful and obedient to their elders—their charities proverbial? Though ministers' children of both sexes are world famous for the wildness of their escapades, can similar charges be brought against the offspring of the Jewish Rabbis? The whole extent of the knowledge possessed by the average Christian, lay or clerical, with regard to the doctrines professed by the Jews may be summed up in three sentences: they keep the seventh day holy instead of the first, they eschew the use of pork, and they reject the theory of the divinity of Christ. But we have at least two considerable Christian denominations—the Seventh-Day Adventists and the Seventh-Day Baptists—who also regard Saturday as the Sabbath. There are a large number of individuals who regard pork as unfit for food, not to take account of vegetarians who reject all animal products, and the Unitarians, as well as the Jews, deny the divinity of Christ. Why not direct a crusade against these also? The Jews themselves have never made any movement toward adding to their numbers by means of missionary enterprises, and in fact do not look with favor upon converts, but if Christians would study the Jewish doctrines instead of reviling what they know nothing about, it is more than probable that many of them would pray to be accepted. Centuries before Christianity was dreamed of a certain wise old Hebrew, Nehemiah by name, gave his people some good counsel with reference to the building of the walls of Jerusalem. His advice was so practical and purposeful that it is repeated to this day, and it is applied in the homely shape of the admonition to "Sweep your own doorstep."

OUR CITY'S tax-eaters of the combine formed to knock out the charter were very likely shocked when they read the brief of City and County Attorney Lane which was filed in the Supreme court the other day. After reading that brief they must have felt that their side of the case was not as strong as they had supposed when they presented their attorney with a large fee. It is the business of an attorney to promote litigation, and no doubt the associated office-holders who want to retain their jobs for a period longer than that for which they were elected were easily prevailed upon to believe that a suit for a decree declaring the charter to be unconstitutional could be sustained. An attorney in quest of a fee advised them that it could, and the wish being father to the thought with them they paid him a fee to undertake the contest. That the suit is absolutely without merit is apparent from the logical argument presented by Mr. Lane in his masterly brief. He showed that the objections raised against the charter are of the flimsiest character. They are mainly directed against the validity of the elections by which freeholders were secured and the charter adopted, but Mr. Lane shows that no person was disfranchised and that the adoption of the charter was in the nature of a free expression of the sentiments of the people. If the elections were irregular the irregularities were not of a serious character and they could not have deprived any person of the right or privilege of voting. The contention of the city attorney that the time to challenge the regularity of the elections was when the election machinery was in motion is sound and reasonable. The plaintiff deferred his objections until it was too late to present them and as Mr. Lane very properly argues: "A court which is only active in support of vigilance and good conscience must frown upon a complainant who has watched and waited upon the framing and adoption of a municipal charter, all the time aware of irregularities in such proceedings, yet never once raising his voice in protest or complaint." After reading the brief one cannot help feeling that the office-holders were gold-bricked when they were induced to hire a lawyer to prosecute the suit.

THE HON. SAMUEL BRAUNHART though guiltless of perjury has shown a signal contempt for the feelings and sentiments of the doughty Iroquois braves. To that charge he may plead absence of intent, but that plea should not avail. The HON. SAMUEL BRAUNHART is familiar with the political history of his day and generation. He knows that the Iroquois braves were born with free silver spoons in their respective mouths, and that they are unalterably opposed to the employment of any person who was false to democratic principles in the last national campaign. Only the other day they adopted a resolution warning the local democracy against elevating to public office any democrat who allied himself with the opposition to silver at sixteen to one. That resolution was formulated because of the prospective nomination of one Charles Wesley Reed for the office of district attorney. Mr. Reed is a democrat and also a tabooed gold bug. Moreover, he is a reformer, and the advocates of honest government, most conspicuous among whom are the shining lights of the Iroquois camp, are anxious for the election of a reformer to the important but long neglected district attorney's office. But the Iroquois braves stoutly object to a prosecuting officer, reformer though he be, if he failed to swallow silver at sixteen to one in the last campaign. "No compromise" is the slogan of the braves, and yet the HON. SAMUEL BRAUNHART, a reformer, a representative of the silver tribe, and an enemy of the democratic gold bug, arrested for perjury, rushes into the capacious arms of Garret McEnerney for protection. And "Who is Garret McEnerney?" it may be asked by those who sometimes argue themselves unknown. He is a leading attorney, a democrat and a gold bug. He is the incarnation of the hated combine against which the Iroquois club has inveighed. And the HON. SAMUEL BRAUNHART, a "*victim* of political hatred," as he once described himself, permitted Mr. McEnerney to defend him in a courtroom crowded with the men that wield the tomahawk. Would it not have been better for the HON. SAMUEL BRAUNHART to have pleaded guilty to perjury in preference to standing a pow-wow court martial on a charge of aiding and abetting a gold bug in securing a fat fee?

THE HARVEST of its "black marriage" London has already begun to reap. The first sheaf was gathered when "Prince" Loben and some others of the Matabeles were taken into custody for accosting decent women on the street. The authorities have found it advisable to order these gentry to wear sufficient clothing to conform to the standard of civilized decency. Warning was given by those who knew the dusky savage in his native lair that the manner in which the "ladies of quality" were conducting themselves in their visits to the Kaffir Kraal would result in untold suffering for every white woman in South Africa as soon as the savages returned to their native country and had opportunity to relate their experience with the white women at home. "Ladies" who would be inexpressibly shocked at the bare arms of an English tradesman have gone amongst these dirty blacks, patting their greasy hides and feeling their limbs. They have made gifts and invited them to their homes and to ride in the park and permitted familiarities apparently with an idea that the savages were infants without understanding or capacity for drawing inferences, however incorrect. It needed the "black marriage" to open the eyes of the authorities and to put society "on to itself." The wisest thing that can be done now, especially with a war cloud looming over South Africa, is to invent some excuse to prevent the return of any of the blacks to their own country. Fortunately they have not yet received the rudiments of an education and their communications cannot be transmitted by means of the post.

Endearing Waltz!—to thy more melting tune
Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadoon.
Scotch reels, avaunt! and country dance forego
Your future claims to each fantastic toe!

In those lines did Byron, in the early part of the century, proclaim the latest fad of the muse of the many twinkling feet. The spirit-stirring waltz had captured London and Byron undertook by means of verse to warn people against it as a menace to the morals of the community.

Morals and minuets; virtue and her stays,
And tell-tale powder—all have had their days.

Thus did the sweet singer of Newstead proclaim the effect of the introduction of the waltz into England, but notwithstanding his fierce denunciation of the nimble nymph it continued to grow in popularity, and since then it has been nursed in polite society despite the protests of pamphleteers and clergymen. It being a fahionable dissipation it was subject to the whims of Dame Fashion alone. And the career of the waltz is now drawing to a close for Dame Fashion has decreed it so. It was the sense of the American Society of Professors of Dancing in recent convention assembled in New York that the waltz was on the decline and that it had been superseded in favor by the two-step. Why the waltz should lose its vogue it is difficult to explain. It has simply tripped its course and popular fancy demanded something new. But terpsichore has made no violent change in substituting the two-step for the waltz. The two-step is a mongrel affair—a sort of cross between the dance denounced by Byron and the old fashioned polka. For its proper execution grace and a sense of time and rhythm are required, and in response to the new demand a new style of music has grown up and it is of the most inspiring kind. But the two-step is open to all the objections urged by Byron against the waltz and consequently it, too, should live to a good ripe age.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

THE U. C. BOYS who commenced the demolition of the university buildings on Saturday last are just a little bit premature. It is safe to predict that a long time will elapse before even one of the new structures of the chosen plan is begun, not to say completed. The cost is enormous, and minor difficulties will appear as the plans are carried out. Such a gigantic undertaking will work out slowly, more especially if it is to possess durability and solidity, for we must remember that it is not to be an affair of lath and plaster like the World's Fair of Chicago. It would not be strange if 1999 should see the process of construction still going on, and it would be even less strange if after the erection of a building or two the whole enterprise were to be abandoned. Americans want things done while you wait, and they are very apt to lose interest in affairs which do not proceed in a hurry. And after all, perhaps the most interesting things in the world are those whose greatness is not planned ahead but which grows out of something within them or by their sympathy with the spirit and feeling of their time. Such were the antique temples and the cathedrals of the middle ages, and such perhaps will be some of our modern university buildings—but *perhaps*.

IT IS announced that some of the students at Stanford are contemplating the establishment of a new comic paper to take the place of the now defunct Josh. Comic papers are but dreary reading at best and whatever Josh may have been at its inception in its later days it was a pitiful commentary upon college education. There was very little original matter and that of the poorest description, both in regard to matter and manner, while the alleged jokes were culled, for the most part, from the Sunday supplements, and the whole contents were no more specially applicable to a college than to a cooperage. The paper was dead long before it finally ceased to appear. If Stanford cannot improve upon Josh at least in its latter days the college will do well to forego comic journalism.

SOMEBODY with a turn for statistics has counted up seventy-one princesses of marriageable age belonging to reigning royal houses of Europe, while there are but forty-seven princes of equal rank who may furnish them husbands, so that the royal highnesses will be obliged to either content themselves with husbands who are beneath them in rank or remain unmarried. Since there is no apparent hope for more than half of them, how would it answer for American young men of wealth and leisure to enter the field? It would be only evening matters up a bit.

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It used to take a century to spin
The bristles into silk, and teach the skin
To take the hue of the patrician shade,
And even then it was a doubtful grade;
But now the bogus article can win
Its way to social station unafraid,
Provided that it is well lined within.

Ere Papa Porker groans his final grunt,
His sty-fed progeny—with eager speed—
Fly the familiar wallow of the past;
In fresher fairer fields afar they hunt,
Forgetful of their lineage, but their breed
Still bristles on them to the very last.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

NEW YORK and Newport society have a distinguished visitor in the person of the Earl of Yarmouth but San Francisco will presently be treated to the presence of a much more noted individual—Prince Henry of Prussia. The expected arrival of the prince is naturally attracting the attention of our aristocratically inclined fellow citizens toward the illustrious family whence the ruling house of Hohenzollern sprang into existence. Of all the European princes whose position make them a target for the comments of the press Prince Henry is one of the few who are never subjected to the pencil of the caricaturist nor the sharp pen of the satirist. In Germany he is adored by the people as the image of his illustrious father whose early death was perhaps the worst calamity that has befallen Germany in these late years. Whenever the name of Prince Henry is mentioned hats are doffed and many a regret is secretly expressed that nature was so cruel as to delay the birth of Henry thereby making him second to William, the ruling monarch. This feeling is due to the exemplary behavior of the prince as soldier as well as man. From his father he inherited the generosity of heart, the sublime justice of purpose, the love of his people. I am told by those who know him that there is nothing of conceit noticeable in the make-up of Prince Henry. He is one of those whose nobility is written upon his forehead. In gratifying contrast to most of the scions of the noble families of Europe, Prince Henry shuns rather than seeks the company of the fair sex—in other words, he is not much of a lady's man. His sole attention is centred in his duties as commander of the Pacific Squadron, and nearly all his time is spent on the sea. Whether it is the lack of interest which the prince takes in political affairs in general or his faithful service as a soldier which earns him the affection of his brother, the Emperor, is not known but it is a fact that despite occasional quarrels with his relative, the Emperor often shows his love for Prince Henry by magnificent receptions given in honor of the "sea-dog" whenever duties permit his presence in Berlin.

And, by the way, here is the place to call attention to the fact that the German emperor is much misjudged by foreign nations. This idea of the eccentricity and so-called crankiness of the monarch is chiefly due to erroneous press reports. I know of several cases where orations of Emperor William have been grossly misquoted. He is an orator of marvelous talent. He understands how to enthuse his listeners and has a command of language that reveals the poet and savant. He is a diplomat of sharp wit and is able to deliver speeches in almost every living language. When riding out he responds to the salute of everybody by a kindly nod of the head for civilians, the military salute to every private, a graceful bow to the ladies, and even the boys coming from school are not ignored. In attending to the duties of his office he is severe and sometime arrogant, as he hates opposition. In military matters he abhors lack of discipline. He is the hardest working man in the empire, rising at four and five o'clock in the morning and working sometimes till late into the night. He takes an interest in everything, the army, government, schools, church, charitable institutions and, in fact, all possible matters. He never trusts anyone with affairs of importance but does everything himself. He is well supplied with self-conceit but in view of the fact that he became Emperor at the age of twenty-nine, this is not surprising. He makes an imposing appearance and is adored by the fair sex. That he does not repel this adoration cannot be put to his discredit, but he is very jealous of the honor of his family. This is a true picture of the Emperor given me by one who is intimately acquainted with the conditions in Germany. There is no danger of a collapse of the empire so long as William the Second rules.

Apropos of the Earl of Yarmouth, in spite of the fact that this light of British nobility some time since announced his intention to give up theatricals and all pertaining to them, he was the star, business manager

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JOHN CAFFREY, Pacific Coast Representative

and conductor of the amateur performance given at the Newport Casino theatre on the night of September fifth. The earl took the most important part in the program appearing as Henri de la Fère in "Our Bitterest Foe" and as Peter, a miller, in the musical comedy by Gilbert, "Creatures of Impulse," in the latter displaying his talent as a singer, whistler and dancer as well as his dramatic ability. Max Muller of the British legation also took part in the Gilbertian comedy and Mrs. Foxhall Keene made a hit as Clochette, a village girl. Mrs. Keene sang a solo and in the earl's dance he had as a partner Miss Hunter, a beautiful society girl who would be a queen in vaudeville if she cared to embrace such a career.

I believe such an entertainment would be a pronounced success in San Francisco if our society youths would but lend their natural gifts as actors, singers and dancers to such an affair. More than once I have made this suggestion and once or twice I have heard rumors that it was to be acted upon but the rumor has never been borne out by the occurrence. We have had a society circus, living pictures and comic operas produced by amateurs but the society vaudeville entertainment has never been given—at least for the public to look on and applaud. Several of these affairs have been the preliminary feature to balls in private houses, but I look to Mrs. de Young—usually the prime mover in any big entertainment given for charity in which originality is the striking characteristic—to see that a society vaudeville show, where the public can pay its money and applaud the society youth exploiting his talents before the footlights, shall be a number in the new season's program of social events.

Richard M. Hotaling seems quite to have given up his former ambition to be an actor. This decision of Dick Hotaling deprives the stage of one who, I am sure, would have in time been known as a rival of Willard and Mansfield. However, the young man seems to have decided that a quiet business life as manager of his father's extensive interests is good enough for him. He has lately given a contract to Tharp & Holmes, the architects, to build him a new house on his big ranch in Marin county. The new country place will be large, so as to admit of the entertaining in which Mr. Hotaling takes such delight, and will cost about fifteen thousand dollars.

E. W. Hopkins will shortly go abroad with his family, and will remain away until after the Paris exposition.

There is a feature of the Mechanics' Fair that never changes. I have been attending the Mechanics' Institute's annual exhibitions ever since I was four years of age and have noticed no change in this feature. The faces change, the figures are different, but that old affair we used to call "mashing" goes on in the same old style. The giddy schoolgirl and the high school boy meander up and down the promenade, smiling the same old smile when they meet, and blushing the same old blush. Apropos of the Fair, last Saturday night I saw there a well known young club man and his fiancée. They were looking—or rather she was looking—at the fur exhibit in the eastern end of the gallery. She expressed her admiration for one sealskin sacque, in particular, but I did not notice any answering enthusiasm upon his part.

A new line of beautiful French hats opened this week. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

From Chicago comes the news that Fay Templeton has not lost her fascinations; like Lillian Russell she possesses the perennial beauty and popularity of a Ninon d'Enclos. Miss Temple was playing at the Masonic Temple in the windy city this summer and the fact that she was as bewitching as ever was proved by the impression she made on the heart of Willie Carpenter Camp, a gilded young benedict. Mrs. Willie Carpenter Camp was enjoying an outing in New York and environs and, though her friends must have written her of the attentions paid by her husband to the fascinating Fay, no such untoward happening as a suit for divorce or even a mild protest came from the wife. Chicago is evidently as up to date on the marriage question as are London, New York and—San Francisco. My Chicago correspondent writes me that Willie Carpenter Camp is a mere episode in age compared with Fay Templeton, who was a stage star fifteen years or more ago, but age does not seem to cut much ice with the modern clubman who desires to spend his money on a woman.

"I am very innocent," said Miss Debutante, "indeed I know nothing about the world."

"That's all right," returned Mrs. Up to Date, "but I'm afraid you will be a social failure if the world doesn't know something about you."

On Saturday last the charming home of Miss Mary E. Donnelly in Oak street was the scene of a re-union of old time High school classmates. A company of sixteen sat down to an exquisitely served luncheon and others who were unable to be present in person were represented by letters. Miss Donnelly is a delightful entertainer and the pleasure of meeting old classmates and recounting school-day incidents lent wings to the hours. Those present were Miss Donnelly, Miss Clark, Miss Bunner, Mrs. Sleeper, Mrs. Smitten, Mrs. Meyers, Mrs. Hollis, Miss Hare, Miss Kelly, Mrs. Studley, Mrs. Regensburger, Mrs. Enkel, Mrs. McKenzie, Mrs. French, Mrs. Blood and Miss Connell. Letters were received from Mrs. Hall of Gold Run, Mrs. Tantair of Santa Clara, Mrs. McKenzie of Portland, Oregon, and Mrs. Merrill of Livermore. Later in the afternoon the arrival of a delegation of fair young daughters and stalwart sons added to the interest of the occasion. The yearly re-unions of this class are always delightful and have a stronghold on the affections of its members.

The guests of the Mount View hotel in Ross valley who indulged in a 'bus ride to Belvedere last Saturday to see the "Night in Venice" will no doubt remember, until they pass in their checks, their wild and terrible ride home. The wild ride was all owing to the driver of the 'bus, who accepted too much of the liquid hospitality of the residents of Belvedere. When the good people of Mount View decided that it was about time to go home Joe the driver was nowhere to be found, but after a diligent search he was found in a befuddled condition. The sharp reprimand only aroused the youth's ire. Springing on the seat of the 'bus he gently remarked that if they were in such a hurry to get home he would have them home before they knew it. He started off at a 2:12 pace and at the Corte Madera hill was still running easy at the same gait. About a mile from home a four-seated rig was met on the road and Joe, yelling like a Comanche Indian, suggested that he had the right of way on the road, emphasizing his remarks by taking off two of the wheels of the rig. The occupants of the smaller rig were dumped out on the road and two of the feminine occupants of the smaller conveyance were badly shaken up. Mr. Wainright, who was sitting on the end seat of the 'bus, then became the central figure of the tragedy. One of the men who had been dumped out ran after the 'bus and, scrambling up the steps, grabbed Papa Wainwright's hat. This explains why this prominent resident of Ross valley arrived home minus his headgear. The next morning a committee waited on the guests of the hotel and for awhile it looked as if they were going to play a game of Cinderella, to try and make the guests try on the hat and find the guilty party. The real facts were explained to the committee and a vigorous search was made for the 'bus driver, but he had got wind of the fun that was in store for him and levanted.

It is a singular fact that clergymen who are supposed to be men of intelligence, and who are charged according to their own theory with the duty of directing their fellow-men along the straight and narrow path by inculcating principles of high morality, so frequently betray evidence of their inability to distinguish between right and wrong. The ordinary layman is enabled to make the distinction with the aid of his conscience, but it appears as though clergymen depend on some other agency which is not quite so reliable. Hence you occasionally meet a damphool in the pulpit. I have in mind at the present writing one J. Cummings Smith who told a reporter in the east the other day that he was certain of the guilt of Theodore Durrant because he met the murderer one night coming out of the church where his victims were found, and Durrant had a wild look in his face. The incident took place at the hour afterwards fixed by the police as the time at which one of the girls was murdered. The reverend gentleman explains that he never said anything about the incident because he felt that the police had a strong enough case and besides he didn't want to get mixed up in it. Yet he was a witness on the trial and testified to the good character of the defendant. When he raised his right hand on the witness stand he solemnly swore in the name of God that he would tell the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth. I should now like to know what excuse he has for having committed perjury.

There was a time when the merchants of San Francisco were noted for the recklessness with which they conducted business. You could purchase enough stock on credit to start a retail store and it was not even necessary for you to have a rating in Bradstreets or to own real estate. But judging from a story I heard the other day our merchants are no longer so confiding. A clerk employed in the city hall ordered a few gallons of wet goods from Sherwood & Sherwood, to be sent to his home. An hour later the elder Sherwood made his appearance in the office in which the clerk is employed and inquired as to whether the young man was likely to hold his job throughout the term of the chief of the department. He wanted to know all about the young man, and could not have asked more questions if he were seeking information for a commercial agency. As he could not learn whether the clerk was to have permanent employment the wet goods were not forthcoming. You may smile at what you will probably consider the excessive cautiousness that prompted the wholesaler to make that trip to the city hall before risking the loss of about two dollars worth of merchandise, but I think that the incident shows that he is a most vigilant merchant. There is no chance of his ever failing on account of the looseness of his credit system. It will never be a case of putting a plug in the barrel after all the whisky has leaked out with Mr. Sherwood.

The Native Sons' committee that perpetrated "Pistolesi in the Saddle" on a complaisant community was, I am told, responsible for an even greater bêtise in the banquet with which they sought to regale the heroes of the First regiment. That "sumptuous feast" will long live in the memory, if not in the

The "Automobile Hat." Very pretty and stylish, onr own beantiful and exclusive designs, Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny St.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator of the Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, deceased, the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco September 16, 1899

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the Estate of Sebastiana O'de Sanchez, Deceased.

A. RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, CHARLES H. McGUGIN, Administrator of the Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN deceased, to the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 805, Claus Spreckels Building, S. W. corner Market and Third streets the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHARLES H. McGUGIN,
Administrator of the Estate of James Edward McGugin, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19th, 1899.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Administrator,
804-5-6 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal

DIVIDEND NOTICE

DIVIDEND No. 97 (50 cents per share) of the OCEANIC STEAMSHIP COMPANY will be payable at the office of the company, 327 Market St. on and after Monday, October 2, 1899. Transfer books will close on Tuesday, September 26, 1899, at 3 o'clock p. m. E. H. SHELDON, Secretary.

THE
Osteopathic Institute
Dr. A. C. Moore President
Alice T. Moore Secretary
Chronic Diseases and Deformities Successfully Treated
204 Sutter Street
SAN FRANCISCO

Dr. T. E. Shumate has returned from Europe and has moved his office to 794 Sutter street.

stomach's recollection, of those that inflicted the grub on their inner man. It appears that bids were invited for the contract to supply the banquet and that the lowest bidder was a local caterer of native production, who agreed to provide the spread at the small price of thirty-five cents per plate. Surely no three for two has house could treat its guests with greater generosity. The members of the committee, it is needless to say, appreciated the lowness of the bid and to show the caterer that they were just as generous as he they agreed agreed to allow him fifty cents per plate. Now a caterer that can serve a banquet at thirty-five cents per plate ought necessarily to be sufficiently skillful in the chef's art to work wonders in the cuisine under the stimulating influence of a fifteen cents' raise. If old Lucullus could have been bidden to that feast in the Ferry building nave, he would have stood aghast at the fifty-cent spread. And yet they say that when Mr. de Young of the executive committee, who has dined in Paris, sat down to the banquet he actually felt symptoms of dyspepsia, and even the soldiers of the regiment who had been accustomed to all sorts of native dishes in Manila, imbibed copious draughts of bicarbonate of soda before they returned to camp that night.

After the mustering out of the California regiment lips that are now sealed will be opened. One of the stories that will be told is likely to cause a sensation. A commission is said to have been issued by state authorities to a petty officer in one of the companies of the First, who, if report is true, should have been court-martialed for cowardice. The circumstances of his promotion, I am told, reflect discredit on a number of officials, including a military man who has been much glorified since his return from Manila. More than one daily paper is looking forward to a series of interesting revelations, and if there is not an abundance of military scandals after the regiment has been mustered out I shall be greatly surprised. If it can be shown that a man who should have been dismissed for cowardice was promoted upon his return home, there should be considerable speculation as to the standard by which merit is gauged in the volunteer service.

The allurements of the stage seem always too great to be resisted and whenever a young woman who has achieved any kind of a success behind the footlights marries and leaves professional life, it is a sure thing to wager on that she will return to the stage before many years have passed by. Reasoning after this fashion, it is not surprising to learn that Irene Everett is appearing with the Frawleys in Los Angeles. Irene was a pretty society girl of this city who, after making a hit in amateur theatricals here, decided to take her beauty and her talents to New York and become an actress. After achieving considerable success with Roland Reed, the Henley-Boucicault company and with Charles Frohman's Empire stock company, she married David L. Hayman and left the stage. But like Odette Tyler, Judith Berolde and the rest of them, Irene Everett's heart still yearned for the scene of her former triumphs and with her husband's permission she joined the Frawley aggregation. She will later on go to New York to appear in the title role of Hayman's production of Lorna Doone, a new dramatization of R. D. Blackmore's novel.

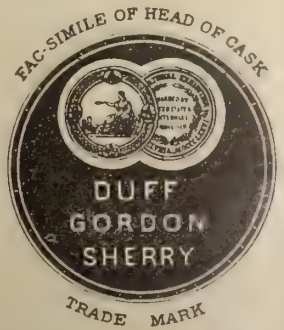
THE ENGRAVING OF COOPER & CO., the Art Stationers, is not only superior to that of other houses, but is less in cost. Compare their figures —as for the rest, no charge if not satisfactory. Other houses also charge fifty per cent more for stamping note-papers and with inferior workmanship.

Probably it did not surprise very many of Miss Ethel Pomroy's friends to learn that she had decided to take her fate in her own hands and run her wedding to suit herself. Miss Pomroy is a young woman who has always done very much as she pleased. After her mother's death, her father—the late E. B. Pomroy—practically gave her over to her maternal relatives and she resided with the Blakes in Oakland. From her mother she inherited a large fortune which was augmented at the death of her father, who never married again, and she has prospects of still further financial magnitude when other relatives pass away. Miss Pomroy had been staying in Belvedere with her aunt, and Beach Soule, the young bridegroom, has been visiting there. The secrecy surrounding the marriage, the license for which was issued in San Francisco, was evidently due to the desire of the bride.

It will be remembered that when Miss Pomroy and her chum, Janie Watt, went to Honolulu upon a trip that proved memorable to at least one of them, the two pretty girls came back engaged to two officers of the United States navy whom they met at the islands. Miss Pomroy's fiancé, whom she subsequently jilted—"'Twas a way she had," said her friends, remembering others of Ethel's engagement experiences—was Lieutenant Kellogg. Miss Watt, however, kept to her engagement and married her naval officer. Young Soule's devotion began to be remarked in Oakland, where Miss Pomroy was one of the most prominent girls in society, and not long ago it was announced in a local paper that they were engaged. Professor and Mrs. Frank Soule, the parents of Beach, denied the engagement and it was known they were opposed to the match. The only objection given, however, was their son's youth; he is only just twenty-one.

Romantic marriages are more frequent in Oakland than they are on this side of the bay. The nearness of Lake Merritt and the picturesque estuary may have something to do with this propensity to contract alliances in which romance figures. Still fresh in my memory is the runaway marriage of Madeleine McKisick, Judge McKisick's dark-eyed daughter, and the Paderewski-locked Pedar Bruguiere. This marriage, I have heard, was in the no sense a happy one and when the bridegroom went to New York to continue his medical studies the separation that ensued was not disagreeable to the young wife. And it was shortly followed by the announcement of a suit for divorce, the defendant putting in "desertion" as the plea.

THE
Medical Department of the U. S. Army



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Modjeska, at the Columbia next week

The most décolleté gown at the reception given to Governor Gage at the Occidental hotel last Friday evening was worn by Mrs. Gage. The governor's wife is a handsome woman and I do not believe the wife of any chief executive of California since Mrs. Low's time has understood so well the art to dress as Mrs. Gage comprehends it. The gown was white and was cut as low in the bodice as a regard for propriety would permit. Mrs. Gage is a society woman to the finger tips with a bearing at once imposing and gracious.

The reception was one of the most elaborate that has taken place in San Francisco since Civil war times and I heard many observations to this effect from veterans of our internecine difficulty, on Friday night. The hosts of the occasion were the officers of the First infantry regiment, United States Volunteers, and the heavy artillery of the Californias. No expense was spared in decorations, supper and appointments and the gathering was a representative one. Not for years have I seen such magnificent gowns, such an array of jewels worn as were displayed at this function. As it reminded the Loyal Legion officers present of Civil war times, it brought back to my memory the grand reception given by William Sharon at his Belmont country-place in honor of General and Mrs. U. S. Grant.

A feature of the affair was the dancing of little Miss Gage, a tiny tot of about six years who exhibited decided grace and agility in her pas seul. While the solo was charmingly done I consider it in questionable taste to have had the child dance before a mixed assemblage, or indeed to have had the little one present at all at a reception where the guests were supposed to be adults. It is such exhibitions of juvenile precocity as these that make American children the favorite theme for jokes and sarcasms in English and French newspapers.

A gown that attracted much attention at this military reception was worn by a young girl of such slender build that, if she had been less graceful, one would have called her thin. The gown was of pale pink and was fashioned in such a style as to accentuate the wearer's meagreness of outline. Her tiny throat was scarcely larger than a plump woman's wrist and the place where two bones would have shown below the throat was covered by a flashing gem that fastened an arrangement of pink ribbon passing from the shoulder crosswise to the waist below the armpit. The bodice was extremely décolleté but there was nothing repugnant about the thin neck revealed—on the contrary the effect was indescribably fetching.

From Santa Monica my correspondent writes me: The great event of last week was the golf tournament, which brought out some remarkably fine play. Miss Josephine Beatty won the first handicap prize but lost in the ladies' match play to Mrs. G. L. Waring, who is the champion of the Santa Monica club. The play was brilliant, taking nineteen holes to decide and Mrs. Waring winning by one up. At the end of the tournament the winners were: men's gross score, W. H. Young; second, Walter Crosby; men's handicap, H. Hays; second, R. H. H. Chapman and Lee Chambers; ladies' gross score, Mrs. Waring, second, Miss Bertha Crouch; ladies' match play, Miss Crouch; second, Mrs. Upham; ladies' handicap, Miss Beatty; second, Mrs. J. F. Sartori. At the close of the play tea was served in the clubhouse garden by Mrs. Roy Jones, Mrs. J. C. Beatty and others, and the social aspect of the tournament was as interesting as its scientific side.

Mabelle Bowman

The George Crockers and the Henry T. Scotts have had a tiff. What it was all about does not concern the world at large. It was purely and simply a social tiff, nevertheless it was a tiff—one of those frappéd affairs that promote frowns and ostentatious display of hauteur. But unlike the average little social rumpus, this particular tiff almost led to serious results. Down at Monterey when the golf tournament was on the George Crockers put up a championship trophy and it happened that among the contestants was Miss Scott, daughter of the Henry T. Scotts. Now Miss Scott, to use a phrase common in athletic circles, "is no dub" on the golf links. On the contrary, she is most dextrous in the use of all the various implements known to the exponents of the game. When Mrs. Crocker heard that a Scott was out for the trophy, her aristocratic blood tingled in her veins. In a moment of passion she exclaimed:

"If that Scott girl wins that trophy I won't eat for a week."

Now that was a serious threat. Think of Mrs. George Crocker going without food for a week! Such fasting even in the Lenten season would be dreadful. I do not know whether anybody informed Miss Scott of Mrs. Crocker's intention, in the hope of dissuading her from winning the trophy or whether the knowledge of the proposed fast impelled her to exert herself all the more, but at any rate she won. Fortunately Mrs. Crocker was prevailed upon to reconsider her resolution and I have it on excellent authority that her diet has been in no way disturbed.

If Dreyfus takes to the lecture platform in this country he should tell his troubles in French. Fewer people will understand him but they will pay high prices for their seats. We all know that Bernhardt in English would be a frost.

Fresno oil boom-fakers are becoming more numerous every day. Wild-cat corporations purporting to have been organized for the purpose of exploiting the oil fields, are advertising for a working capital, and of course there are fools eager to invest in the worthless stock. The corporations have fine offices in large buildings and they have maps to show the location of the lands in which they intend to bore for oil. Many of these tracts were purchased for fruit raising purposes in the old Fresno boom and are miles away from the territory which is known to be of an oil producing character. Of course many people who have been tempted by the enticing advertisements to purchase stock have been swindled. No person should invest in oil stock without a thorough investigation of the character of the men who are promoting the enterprise.

Berkeley has a new instructor in chemistry in the person of Edward Booth, who was for many years one of the editors of the Report. Mr. Booth is a man of varied talents but his hobby is chemistry and ever since he severed his newspaper connections he has been actively engaged in the practice of that science. He is a graduate of Berkeley university and has always been devoted to the interests of that institution. He ought to prove a valuable acquisition to the university's staff of instructors.

The New York papers seem just to have discovered the fact that Princess Hatzfeldt, Clara Huntington, is a beauty. The princess is at present visiting her adopted father, Collis P. Huntington, in New York and the regular type of her features and her distingué carriage are arousing much comment from the Gotham scribes. She has been the wife of Prince Francis of Hatzfeldt for ten years but has only recently risen into social prominence abroad. Last spring the prince and princess went to London with view to appearing in the swim of the English metropolis and this view was easily accomplished by the social sponsor system. The medium through which the Hatzfeldts attained eminence, I understand, was some New York people who had resided for a number of years in London, knew the social ropes, and had no difficulty in placing their proteges upon the first round of the ladder. Of course with the Huntington millions as backing ascent was easy.

The prince, who was an attaché of the German legation at Washington, D. C., before his marriage, met his present wife in Europe where she was traveling with a chaperon. He is nearly fifty years of age, a colorless blonde, well built and aristocratic in appearance but not at all handsome. He has never been addicted to the usual dissipations of foreign noblemen—wine and women, but is said to have a penchant for cards and dice. The report has gone the rounds that Prince Hatzfeldt at one time owed eight hundred thousand dollars but the fact of this huge debt of honor seems rather to have redounded to the prince's credit than otherwise.

San Francisco is now a garrison town and as a consequence its citizens should expect occasional trespassing on the part of men wearing the uniform of Uncle Sam's warriors. Such assaults as that perpetrated upon a woman in a public street early in the week are not uncommon in European cities where soldiers are garrisoned. The man that carries the gun in this country is no better and no worse from a moral standpoint than his counterpart in the armies of Europe. The discipline to which he is subjected is somewhat more flexible than that exercised in foreign parts, and his spirits are more likely to manifest ebullience than are those of Tommy Atkins, for instance, who enjoys much less freedom of action. As a rule our soldiers are well-behaved but they are rollicking chaps and inclined to be frolicsome and bold, and the fact that an occasional one runs amuck upon being confronted by the spectacle of a pretty woman should not excite antipathy for all men in uniform. While we may expect occasional rudeness on the part of a coarse-grained private, there can however be no excuse for the untoward lapse of an officer. The insignia of an army officer should indicate that the wearer is a gentleman from heel to occiput but I regret to assert that some of them have set a bad example for men of inferior rank by their conduct in the streets of this city.

Swell turbans, dainty little bonnets, elegant dress hats. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

Engraved . . .
Wedding Announcements and Invitations . . .

ROBERTSON'S
126 Post Street

When J. M. Mattoon's house was awarded the first prize in Belvedere's water carnival last Saturday night there was no surprise expressed. The house was certainly very artistically embellished with a dome similarly lighted as is that of the San Francisco city hall on state occasions. But Mr. Mattoon is regarded by every man in Belvedere as the luckiest of mortals, and for quite another reason than his wealth and fine house. It is his wife who is the cause of this envy. There is no woman in Belvedere who is so popular with the residents of the masculine gender as is Mrs. Mattoon. Nobody seems able to account to me for the secret of the lady's fascination. It is acknowledged that she is no longer young and that her beauty is only striking because of the contrast between her white hair and her bright dark eyes. She is a good talker, a sympathetic listener, but these qualities are also possessed by other Belvedere citoyennes who do not enjoy the favor bestowed upon Mrs. Mattoon. She was practically the queen of the Venetian carnival though many younger women disputed the title with her.

In the hope of getting the contest over the estate of Dr. C. A. James transferred from Judge Coffey's court to a more congenial department, ex-Attorney-General W. H. H. Hart has filed an affidavit charging that his honor is prejudiced against handwriting experts. If he had alleged a prejudice against people who try to get hold of estates in the manner in which the property of Dr. James is being sought I think he would be nearer the truth. The contestant in the case is one Laura Milan who poses as the contract wife of the deceased and Attorney Hart is her representative. I recall the circumstance of the finding of the document upon which she relies to recover a wife's portion. It was found in the doctor's desk after he had passed away. The desk was in the home of the girl's parents. It was carefully searched by the public administrator shortly after Dr. James' death and although the various papers were scrutinized the one that involved the interests of Laura Milan could not be found. Some days later Attorney Hart searched the desk. Now Attorney Hart has an eagle eye and a trained nose for testimony. It was his testimony that secured the Blythe millions for his protégé, Florence Hinckley, for whenever Tom Blythe was engaged in grinding out literature to be used in the fight for his estate, Hart was invariably Johnny-on-the-spot So when an experienced man like Hart brought his eagle eye and his trained nose to bear on that desk it was a case of presto! With the skill of a prestidigitateur he flipped it into view. But when Judge Coffey, who decided the Blythe case and who has been thinking mournfully of it ever since, saw that James document he would have none of it. He knocked out General Hart's client in one round, and hence the general's eagerness for a change to some other tribunal.

When Alice Nielsen was one of the Tivoli company in this city she was not noted for her wit. She was very pretty and her doll face was much admired, and she made such rapid strides from chorus girl to prima donna that her friends predicted a brilliant future on the operatic stage, but no one ever attributed to her a fine sense of humor. But Alice has mingled a great deal with bright people of late years, and her wits have become sharpened by contact with the stone of experience. A correspondent in New York has written to tell me a story of how Miss Nielsen made a Russian count look like thirty cents at a little supper party one night last week. The count is a supercilious chap who looks with disdain on almost everything he sees in this country barring heiresses. He criticised the customs of this country and sneered at everything American until everybody was disgusted. Presently some ears of fine green corn was served.

"Do you eat that stuff here?" asked the count with a frown. "In my country they feed it to the pigs."

"Have some, count," said Miss Nielsen with a smile and the count froze.

An elegant line of Mourning Bonnets, Hats and Veils, Mrs. S.R.Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

Department after department is being added to J. J. O'Brien & Co., Junction Market, Jones and McAllister Streets, for the convenience of their patrons. The latter are liberally showing their appreciation of the enterprise thus being displayed by the old established Dry Goods House, whose fine quality Black Dress Goods, Ladies' Silk Waists, Ladies' and Gentlemen's stylish Neckwear and Ladies' Tailor Made Suits during the present week are a special attraction.

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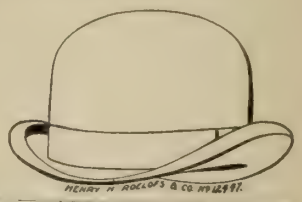

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L. B. NORDLUND

I can imagine what a revel our old-timers had last Sunday after reading the article in the Call's supplement and looking over the pictures of those belles of early days. Some interesting reminiscences must have been evolved, stories about the belles of the sixties and early seventies, and especially must have been mentioned some of those who were—likely for lack of space—left out of the list. There was Rosa Gore, for one, the most popular belle in early San Francisco society, and successively married to Mr. Bonner and Mr. Locan. And there was no mention made of Miss Scott, now Mrs. N. J. Kittle, and Miss Gwin who married Evan J. Coleman, also her cousin Ella who became the wife of John C. Maynard. Many would have liked to have seen a portrait of pretty Nellie Gordon, whose father planned South park, and who married her cousin Dr. Gordon. It was this Nellie Gordon, by the way, who was the heroine of Gertrude Atherton's novel first published in the Argonaut—"The Randolphs of Redwood." Then there was Maggie Middleton who married Thomas Morrison of the Bank of California.

A good many old-timers remember the marriage of Miss Lizzie C. Fry, whose portrait appeared in the article, and William C. Ralston, which was celebrated at the home of the Darlings in Lombard street. Mrs. Hall McAllister, also pictured in the article, was Louise Herman, daughter of Samuel Herman. Her sisters Alice and Estelle married respectively Mr. Palmer of New York and Bernard Peyton. Then there was the beautiful Miss Sanders, who married Alfred Wheeler. Mrs. Samuel Ward, a native of Louisiana, was noted for her wit. Miss Florence Greenough was a beauty of the early sixties. Mrs. Eastman and Mrs. Mowry both ranked among the handsomest of the matrons.

Much interest centered in the portrait of "The Three Graces," as were known to our fathers those charming girls Mollie McMullin, Jennie McNulty and Ella Maxwell. They were lively girls and the trio were usually seen everywhere together. They were independent in action and if they had been of the present generation of young girls we should have termed them up-to-date. Miss McMullin married Milton S. Latham and Miss McNulty became the bride of Thurlow McMullin, but Miss Maxwell died just at the threshold of life—she was only eighteen when she passed away. She was the daughter of Dr. Maxwell and had numbered, if I remember rightly, a president of the United States among her suitors.

Speaking of Dr. Maxwell recalls recollections of his partner who succeeded to the former's practice when his colleague died. The surviving partner was a southern gentleman of most polished manners and charming disposition. An unfortunate marriage in early life, contracted when he was a student at a medical college in Virginia, embittered his whole after existence. The woman was striking in appearance and easily attracted the boy's admiration. She was a governess in a southern family and it turned out that she had been the mistress of the head of the house, for at his death it was found he had left her all his property. When the young physician met her she posed as an innocent young girl and he, ignorant of his bride's past, was rapturously in love with her. However, she was addicted to morphine and finally dipsomania became pronounced and she had to be confined in an asylum. It was a sad end to the young doctor's romance. He died a few years ago of a virulent disease, having omitted to take the proper precautions against contagion.

Mrs. Faxon Atherton's death will plunge all the connections of the family into mourning and will preclude the Macondrays, Selbys and Athertons from mixing in this winter's social gayeties. Mrs. Atherton died in this city on Tuesday. She was the youngest daughter of the late Thomas H. Selby. The Athertons and Selbys have intermarried more than once and in the minds of old Californians the names are usually associated side by side.

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Every time one of our society girls who has grown weary waiting rounds up a husband in the person of a man who happened to have made his advent into the world some years subsequent to her arrival, the affair is discussed as though it were a breach of the proprieties. But as society is potently influenced by the actions of leaders of fashion in London, I presume that the engagement of Lady Randolph Churchill will tend to put the quietus on the sort of gossip promoted by the alliance of a mature maiden with a man of comparatively tender years. Lady Randolph Churchill is engaged to Mr. Cornwallis-West. Now Mrs. Cornwallis-West, mother of the prospective bridegroom, is two years younger than her future daughter-in-law. I hope that when a certain very handsome widow, whose husband was once a distinguished financier and a representative of California in the United States senate, learns of Lady Randolph Churchill's impending plunge she will no longer hesitate to satisfy the longings of the heart for the young man who has been her most devoted cavalier for several seasons. I do not know whether the circumstance of her having a grown son not many years the junior of the young man referred to has caused her to hesitate, but that has been my supposition. And yet for aught I know there may not be the slightest affinity between them—nothing more than mere friendship.

From Los Angeles comes the story that Mr. W. R. Hearst contemplates purchasing the Herald of that city and that he is already the proprietor of the Denver Post. The story may be true but there have been so many yarns afloat about the intended newspaper purchases of the young Napoleon of journalism that it is generally advisable to season each new one with the judicious grain of salt. However, if Mr. Hearst really intends invading new fields journalistic he should receive warm encouragement from working newspapermen. Mr. Hearst is a salary boomer. He hires good talent and pays for it. He has demonstrated to the world that the editorial room of a newspaper is not the proper department for the exercise of economy.

Those sketches from low life that are appearing on the Bulletin's first page every day have attracted considerable attention, particularly in newspaper circles. They are clever pen pictures that bespeak a keenness of observation and a philosophy leavened by homely sentiment. The author of those sketches is Eustace Cullinan, a young reporter who has had not much more than a year's experience in newspaper work. He is known to the public only as a poet, having invoked the muse to order on one or two anniversary occasions of recent date. Notwithstanding the forced inspiration his verse was superior to the average St. Patrick's day rhyme, for it was poetic. But his spirited sketches entitle him to forgiveness for his anniversary trespassing upon the burdened back of Pegasus. I have no doubt but that under genuine inspiration he could write verse superior to much of the penny-a-line poetry that the industrious Markham is now grinding out for the eastern press.

California's favorite son—the stout and swarthy smith of the south land—recently made his escape, according to the press dispatches, from one of those fervid can-can dancers of the Folies Bergere. It appears that the heavyweight pugilist aroused the intense affection of the young French woman, and that she is resolved to have him even though she has to chase him across the ocean to testify to her passion. But Mr. Jeffries is so intent upon his impending business engagement with Mr. Sharkey that he has no time for the primrose path of dalliance.

He beloved by Gallic fairy
Should be very, very wary;
And if he loves and runs away
May love and fight some other day.

But if he stays and woos his dear,
Be she a maid like Miss Fomgere
With passion rife and fires aglow,
He'll get old Cupid's plexus blow.

From San Jose comes the news of the suit of Miss Smalley against the estate of James Murphy, and from Santa Rosa comes the news of the dismissal of the suit of the Garcias against the wealthy Farmer O'Shea. The latter case was denounced as a blackmailing suit and it was shown that attorney John L. Boone of this city had written a letter threatening an expose of sensational details in the event of the refusal of the defendant to put up a considerable sum of money. In connection with the former case it was stated that the gallant Colonel Kowalsky who has espoused the cause of the plaintiff promises sensational developments in the event of the suit going to trial. Of course the inference is that if the Murphy heirs part with a good slice of the estate they will be spared much scandal. Now I should like to know what the Bar association is going to do about it. Are there no members of that association with sufficient pride in their profession to take up arms against the promoters of that sort of litigation? The facts in the Murphy estate suit are quite plain. The plaintiff was a companion of the deceased for several years prior to his death, and now she alleges that she nursed him. She sues for compensation for her services and estimates their value at eight thousand dollars a year. She is either a high-priced nurse or her services to have the value she appraises them at must have been of a peculiarly technical character.

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LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

The action of John L. Boone in threatening sensational revelations in the event of a refusal to compromise revives recollections of an attorney's somewhat recent troubles in the Federal court. I presume that the John L. Boone involved in the Santa Rosa case is the man who was disbarred by Judge Morrow for his ubiquity as shown by his appearance on both sides of the same case. Mr. Boone was reinstated in the good graces of the Federal court only a short time ago. His reinstatement implies that there were extenuating circumstances. The gallant Colonel Kowalsky is more fortunate than Mr. Boone, for he has never been disbarred. His methods have begun to be recognized in legal circles as perfectly legitimate, it probably being the theory that in the interest of public morals an attorney is justified whatever be the means by which he compromises a case that is likely to be prolific of salacious developments. But sometimes the colonel goes to remarkable extremes. I remember some years ago when he incorporated in a complaint innuendoes leading to the inference that a woman had been unduly intimate with her family physician and that one of her children was named after the doctor. It was subsequently shown that the doctor referred to was a woman.

If Mrs. Henry T. Gage has a press agent she should discharge him for sending out duplicate puffs to the papers The Capital of Los Angeles recently contained a paragraph glowing with complimentary references to the wife of the governor. Among other things it was stated that the governor and Mrs. Gage intend to entertain extensively throughout the winter season at Sacramento and that the gowns Mrs. Gage proposes wearing are dreams of beauty. After a description of some of the dainty creations the writer of the paragraph closed with the statement that Mrs. Gage is a handsome woman. Now that very same paragraph without the change of a single word subsequently appeared as original matter, in the local weekly founded in 1854 to which I recently had occasion to refer. I cannot believe that it was deliberately stolen from the Capital so I suspect that an incompetent press agent was responsible for the duplication. If his vocabulary is so limited that he cannot give variety to his descriptions of a pretty dress he is unworthy of his hire.

A Political Fable of the Day

A PEANUT POLITICIAN who had been a disciple of Æsculapius for many years without accumulating great wealth, resolved to marry a Public Office in the hope of changing his luck. One day he encountered a Public Office who was such a comely damsel that he proceeded to woo her passionately.

"If you marry me," said the P. P., "I'll be a good and true husband."

"Promise me that you will never flirt with a Sack," demanded the fair one.

"I promise," was the solemn response.

"And that you will always hold me sacred as a public trust," she continued.

"I promise," he repeated.

And they were married. For awhile the Peanut Politician was a model husband. A Corporation Siren tried in vain to alienate his affections but he was true to Public Office, until one day a Republican Boss enticed him to the top of a high mountain from the base of which extended a fair city. "That city shall be yours," said the Republican Boss, "if you obey my behests."

"What would you have me do?" asked the Peanut Politician.

"Hearken to the voice of the Siren. She has a grievance against the Mayor of the City. She will teach you how to embarrass him in the performance of his public duty. Accept her warm, lascivious embraces, and some day you will be Mayor."

The Peanut Politician was tempted and he fell. Public Office soon learned of his amorous dalliance with the bewitching Siren, for vigilant Public Opinion, a wise Guy that never sleeps, turned the Calcium Light on and exposed him in his Infamy. Thereupon Public Office gave him the Glassy Eye. Then was the Peanut Politician sorely distressed. Public Opinion gave him the Ha! Ha! and his Discomfiture was complete.

MORAL.

If you are politically ambitious be true to the Public Trust reposed in you, and don't try to fool the People. If you intend to be a Patronage Schemer and a Subservient Tool of a Boss you may as well take Stuff and be as crooked as possible.

TOWN TALK, the leading society journal of San Francisco, issued a special Bohemian club edition on August 26th. There are forty-two pages enclosed in a highly attractive cover, the design of which represents the Queen of Bohemia seated in a crescent moon driving a number of small red imps, while an owl caught in a spider's web looks wonderingly on. TOWN TALK is devoted to art, literature, music, drama, fiction poetry and other departments. The "Saunterer's" pages are especially interesting, spicy and witty. The number throughout is excellent.—Baltimore Telegram.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

A Man with a Record

THERE are candidates galore for the democratic nomination for the shrievalty this year. One of the most prominent among them is Hon William J. Biggy who has earned the gratitude of the people in more than one public office. Mr. Biggy is a business man who has given evidence of ability in commercial life. He first came into prominence in the state senate where he made an enviable record at a time when the legislature was composed of the usual assortment of crooks and corporation tools. He was a fearless opponent of vicious legislation and a sterling opponent of the rights of the people.

Hon. W. J. Biggy, Democratic Candidate for Sheriff

Mayor Phelan testified to his confidence in Mr. Biggy when he selected him for one of the chairs in the board of supervisors on the occasion of the attempted ousting of the boodlers of the last administration. Subsequently Governor Budd appointed him registrar of this city, and his administration of the affairs of that office won for him the praise of all lovers of honest government. Mr. Biggy has reason to expect the nomination for Sheriff because he has established confidence in himself, and enjoys popularity.

World of Law

A MAGNIFICENT INSTANCE of the way in which justice is occasionally meted out in this our golden city was furnished on Wednesday last by the case of soldier Crawford of the Eighteenth U. S. infantry. This young man had entered upon a jollification on the afternoon of August fourteenth, in company with a brother hero, Robert Smith. They looked upon the beer when it foamed and the whisky when it was red and they both got more or less hilarious. Crawford, however, had the better head of the two, and when the shades of night began to fall he began to feel anxious concerning Smith's condition. The regiment was to sail for Manila the next day and Crawford not only wanted to go himself but did not wish his pal to be left behind by any misadventure. With this friendly end in view he laid hands upon the person of Smith as they emerged from an East street saloon and took from inside his jacket two flasks of the very finest waterfront bourbon. Smith staggered off, but the so-called theft was seen by two women near by, who charged Crawford with theft and insisted upon his arrest.

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It was useless for the young soldier to protest his innocence. He was marched off to jail and locked up. In due course he was brought up before Police Judge Graham and on the testimony of the witnesses the magistrate held him to answer before the Superior court on no less a charge than grand larceny, the reason being that the theft was from the person. Meanwhile the transport Senator had sailed for Manila with the Eighteenth regiment on board, plus the sobered up Smith but minus the innocent young comrade who had only sought to save him from disgrace. The moment the case was put into the hands of the district attorney he saw that the charge was preposterous. There was absolutely no evidence on which he dare ask a jury to find Crawford guilty of any crime, let alone such a heinous offense as grand larceny. Mr. Black represented Judge Murphy when the case was called before Judge Carroll Cook and upon his motion the case was ordered dismissed.

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That is not the worst part of the case. By an utterly inexcusable and probably intentional oversight on the part of the Police department, the authorities at the Presidio were not notified of Crawford's arrest until a day or two before the trial was scheduled to take place in the Superior court. The adjutant came down from the Presidio and told Judge Carroll Cook that Crawford, having failed to sail with his regiment on the transport, and having to all intents and purposes disappeared, had been registered in the army books as a deserter! Think of that! They shoot deserters, you know. Fancy if the news of his supposed desertion had reached the ears of Crawford's mother, or his sister, or some one who was near and dear to him. What a blow to their pride, the interest they were taking in the lad's career! Judge Cook certainly rose to the occasion. He scathed the police force generally, the police magistrate and all who had had a hand in the affair.

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The matter should be taken up. Officious policemen are so anxious to secure convictions, to make out every one they arrest as an "ex-con," or something equally vile, that they are guilty of not only manufacturing evidence to support their cause but also of suppressing any facts that might be taken in mitigation of the offense. Crawford's arrest should have been reported at the Presidio at once; it would have made no difference had he been guilty and it would at least have spared him the awful suspicion of being a deserter. Strange the jealousy there appears to exist between the police department and the soldiery; that is to say, on the part of the former and of the latter.

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George D. Collins is the gentleman who has just declared his withdrawal from the prosecution of Frenna, the slayer of Collins' one-time client, J. F. Turner. Collins says he has withdrawn; District Attorney Murphy says he was never in it. Judge Murphy says that he got so weary of Collins' constantly flaunting the attorney-general to his face that he decided to make inquiries, with the result that the attorney-general informed him that never had he given the smallest authority to Collins to represent him or to act on his behalf. So Collins is out of the case; but he comes up smiling, He comes to the front with a bold charge of conspiracy against the disirict attorney and the judge who is to try the case, Carroll Cook. He says that Murphy and Cook have made up their minds that Frenna is to go unpunished for his crime.

Now that seems to be a very wild accusation. Even if it were true, it would not amount to anything so serious after all. In all this large community of San Francisco there is not to be found, Collins excepted, one single soul who does not in his heart sympathize with the slayer of the most cold-blooded swindler that ever walked. The idea of Frenna's being convicted of murder is preposterous; manslaughter is the gravest offense which any jury will ever lay at his door. I am not in favor of men taking the law into their own hands, as a rule, but here was a case where it appeared that Turner was never to be brought to justice. He was slippery as an eel and he had a most astute counsel in Collins. They beat the Supreme court twice and Turner prosecuted his old games at will. One day the worm turned and Frenna shot Turner, as he claims, in self-defense Surely he is entitled to the benefit of the doubt in such a case as this. And while the battle raged Turner's counsel, Collins, was behind a door a few yards away with a cocked revolver in his hand. O tempora! O mores!

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"What shall we do with the whisky flasks?" asked the district attorney upon the dismissal of soldier Crawford.

"You'd better give 'em to the police," replied Judge Carroll Cook, with a grin.

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Probate Judge Coffey once more vehemently declares that he'll be hanged, drawn and quartered before he runs for office again. "This knockdown and dragout business is too much for me," says His Honor, "luckily, it's only for another year." His Honor has unpleasant tasks sometimes, and the least important duties are sometimes the most onerous. The other day he superintended the giving away of nearly four million dollars worth of securities to Miss Mary Crocker, a pert little miss who has just attained her eighteenth birthday and is intrusted with handling more money than she can possibly know what to do with. The transaction was done in open court, without fuss or palaver and the probate judge looked at certificate after certificate representing untold wealth without heaving even a single sigh. Self-abnegation is one of the characteristics of this upright judge.

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It is, of course, in accordance with the irony of fate that Judge Coffey's impartiality and fairness should be attacked by ex-attorney-general W. H. H. Hart. Mr. Hart objects to Judge Coffey re-trying the James case because at the first trial he could not be made to believe in the genuineness of a marriage certificate which made its appearance in most Herrmann-like manner after the death of old Dr. James, intestate.

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Yet this same Hart ought to remember the Blythe case. He got up in court and swore that he stood behind old Thomas H. Blythe and looked over his shoulder and saw him write a letter, the letter in which he acknowledged Florence Blythe Hinckley as his own daughter. The testimony was uncorroborated, but Judge Coffey gave it full credence, and mainly upon it His Honor decided that the Blythe millions should go to Florence. Hart had staked his all on winning this case: how can he say now that Judge Coffey is a violently prejudiced man? Verily he is strangely unmindful of the past.

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Rev. J. Cummings Smith of Indianapolis has burst into print upon the subject of the Durrant case. The spirit has after many years moved him to declare his belief in Durrant's guilt. Rev. J. C. is possibly aware that Durrant is dead, having suffered the extreme penalty of the law for his crime, despite the efforts of his attorneys and the Supreme court to save him. If he does not know it, maybe these lines may catch his eye. Talk of "locking the stable door after the horse has been stolen," forsooth; that is not in it with the vision enjoyed by Rev. J. Cummings Smith, once of Frisco, now happily, of Indianapolis.

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Truly did Tom Hood write, "Sweet are the uses of Advertisement.

THE COURT REPORTER.

THE PONIES WILL RUN TODAY

Today the winter racing season will commence at the Oakland track under the auspices of the California Jockey Club. There will be six races today, the main event being the "Opening Handicap." No doubt there will be several thousand spectators to cheer the winners on to victory. The first race will be run off at 2:15 sharp. Take the Oakland ferry boats that leave this side at 12, 1, 1:30, 2, and 3 p m. Buy your tickets for Shell Mound.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

ALCAZAR. "Too Much Johnson"—but not enough of him to satisfy the delighted audiences.

TIVOLI. "Lohengrin" and "Othello"—repetitions of last week's successes

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "—The Drum Major's Daughter"—full of dash and vim.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—A No. 1.

Tivoli

WAS THERE EVER such a craze for an opera as there seems to be for Othello, which has now been presented for two weeks to packed houses? It is simply confounding. I cannot tell the reason of this unprecedented enthusiasm for an opera which was a financial failure even when presented by Tomagno and Maurel. It cannot be the admiration for Avedano and Salassa, for they have been at the Tivoli for two months and no previous opera has seen the crowds that attend Othello. Not only was the house packed for two weeks during the performance of Verdi's music drama, as it may be termed, but the demand for seats is so large that it was necessary to retain the opera for another week. I do not believe that this success has ever before been equaled in San Francisco. I cannot omit to call attention to a little beauty in the chorus who evidently does not cherish the idea of wearing tights for she was careful to hide her presumably well shaped legs behind a monstrous shield upon which Lohengrin's swan was represented. This was indeed cruel as the chappies who sat in the front row are wearing their necks in a sling this week as a result of their enthusiastic curiosity. It is evident that Miss Prossnitz is a novice in the role of Elsa and if my powers of observation do not totally deceive me she plays the part for the first time. I hate to offend an artist by referring to her physical disadvantages, but Wagner has laid so much stress upon the beauty of his heroes and heroines that one is forced to pay attention to this phase of criticism. It is difficult to understand how Lohengrin, a kind of semi-god, would leave his heavenly home in order to fall in love with Miss Prossnitz' Elsa. No, no, Miss Prossnitz should draw the line at Wagner—anything but Wagner. Her pronunciation and grammar are very defective and her conception of the music very poor indeed. Miss Lichter was far superior to her in every respect. William Schuster as the king and William Mertens as Telramund deserve much praise. The same may be said of Mary Linck. The Othello of Avedano, Iago of Salassa and Desdemona of Miss Lichter were ideal in every respect. Alternating with Othello will be Flotow's popular romantic opera Martha In this opera the new tenor Thomas Green, who arrived recently from New York, will make his first appearance.

Orpheum

THAT the public likes old things best is shown in the applause lavished upon the feminine member of the White-Harris team at the Orpheum when she recites that good old story in rhyme, Casey at the Bat. She recites it well, too, and the masculine member of the team illustrates it in poses. Miss White—or Harris, for I can never figure out which is which in these vaudeville teams—has a great big voice of the carrying qualities that always insure applause for the singer. At the Orpheum in a vocalist quantity is a winner above quality and a clear-cut enunciation goes further than style or culture. The Bachelor Club is not so much a comedy as a sketch written around the musical talents of four clever men, Robert Pollard, George Brengle, John Connolly and Bergh Morrison, who have an assistant in William B. Mortimer. There is a trifle too much horse-play but, leaving this out of the question, the plot very ably seizes upon the salient features of a scene from bachelor club life, showing the crusty old fellow who abhors fads and who resents the occupancy of his chair by another, and the young chappies who in spite of their affectations are all right at heart. The song, Because I Love You, touches a chord in the auditor's heart, as it does in that of the old admiral. This part of the number reminds one of the manner in which the José quintet and the quartet of soldier boys, which came later, introduced their melodies. The Hungarian boys play with as much vim as ever but—poor little chaps—with their increasing height they have lost in chubbiness and no longer possess the fresh blooming complexions that were theirs when they first came from over the water. Late hours and traveling about from one place to the other may not have been the best medicine for these growing lads. Fred Hallen, one of the fastest talkers on the vaudeville stage, and one of the cleverest singers and dancers, is doing a sketch with pretty Mollie Fuller this week. Mabel Lambert and John S. Terry are new vocalists who have scored a hit. Next week will come Jennie Yeamans, last seen here in Why Smith Left Home at the California, and who has no superior as an eccentric comedy artist. Frank Cushman, a new monologuist, will appear and Seymour and Dupree, a new team, in An Original Idea.

Grand Opera House

ALTHOUGH The Drum Major's Daughter is the least known of Offenbach's operas and one that has had but little success in America, it seems to me that it contains at least a plot that is far superior to most of Offenbach's other works. If there is anything to be detested it is a burlesque. Everything is so stupid, so devoid of all reason and so insufferably tedious that one feels like committing suicide for consenting to witness such a spectacular exhibition of assininity. There is nothing of the burlesque style in The Drum Major's Daughter. The story is much like the tales of Dumas, where we learn to love the hearty, brisk French soldier of fortune, the good old soul who buries all his cares in the adventures of his campaign; the brave fellow who does not care a rap when a bullet penetrates his great big heart and puts an end to the strapping chap. Even in his dying moments he has a lusty military oath upon his lips and enters the other world as careless and honest a fellow as he was when marching through this vale of tears. I hardly believe that William Woolf has a correct conception of this old drum major. I could picture such an old war horse well: one of those quick-witted soldiers brimful of humorous stories, somewhat rough in behavior but an honest soul and never at a loss for a genuine, life-sized French oath. There is no coarseness in a soldier's oath. It is his second nature. And a French soldier of fortune without a single oath at his command is an impossibility. It appears that Mr. Woolf does not believe the drum major to be a comedy part. He takes it much too seriously. No, no, my friend, Monthaber is not a man who would show his grief and parade it before the army. He is a healthy old chap, brimful of good humor and never tiring to fire the arrows of his wit and sarcasm wherever he thought it would strike the quickest. Mr. Woolf does not get sufficient fun out of the old war horse. Some may say that he just entered the army before the Italian campaign. But this does not matter; Napoleon's soldiers became war heroes much faster than is the case now. They had much more fighting to do. There is a splendid opportunity for the display of wit in the first act after the entrance of the soldiers. The letter scene, for instance, could be made irresistibly funny by an exchange of sarcastic comments on the vivandiere and her youthful lover, by remarks upon the idea of being lodged in a convent, by the relation of some comical incidents during the campaign and so forth. But Mr. Woolf evidently takes the drum major seriously. Once more the chorus carries away the honors of the evening. It is surely the most appetizing collection of femininity that has been seen here together at one time. That finale of the second act is a tremendous musical achievement. When a chorus receives three encores and four curtain calls there must be something captivating about it and I for one would not hold the credit and applause from these young people that belongs to them by right. And did you ever succumb to the fascination of a genuine Amazon march executed by a number of well shaped girls dressed in white and gold and going through their military drill with a dash and alacrity that causes the bold heads in the front row to smack their lips. Surely these girls at the Grand are wonders in the art of marching and the sight is so charming that one never tires looking at it. No wonder that the audiences shout themselves almost hoarse every night. That march alone is worth the trouble to see the play. The Drum Major's Daughter is the best opera put on at the Grand since the great success of The Gypsy Baron and The Beggar Student, not to forget El Capitan. All the members of the company are in their element and particularly Georgie Cooper is a very captivating vivandiere. Persse with his Napoleonic curl is making his weekly hit and Edith Mason simply cannot be anything but excellent. What is the use of repeating it every week? It is the same old story. Miss Mason is good in everything she undertakes to play. The success of the Drum Major was so great that the management is obliged to repeat it next week. Packed houses were the rule of the week.

Arnold Grazer and La Petite Hazel have gone to Los Angeles. Nothing in the juvenile line has ever made such a success at the Orpheum as that achieved by little Arnold and Hazel. The mirrowed window, in which a reflection is fol-

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 21)

Music World

THE RULING QUESTION which musicians ask at present is: What are we to expect of the coming musical season? We are standing now on the threshold of a new local musical epoch—the epoch of grand opera, symphony and chamber music. That there is at present a much more friendly feeling toward these branches of the art does not need extensive illustration. The unusually large audiences that visited the performances of Othello and Lohengrin at the Tivoli are ample proof for the existing demand for greater operatic works. To ascertain the existence of a better taste for music in a community we must examine the treasury of those organizations which present us with the higher phases of the art. It is strange that so many musicians do not seem to grasp this fact. When some time ago I pointed out to one of our musicians that San Francisco must be musical because it supported a symphony orchestra, I was told that these concerts were successful because a fad was made of them. Now if one would tell me this of the Melba season where you pay five dollars for your seat, where you are enabled to exhibit yourself in a private box, where you may admire society in its semi-nude state, where the wealth of the four hundred dazzles your eyes, I should say "correct." But when I am told that the symphony concerts are made a fad of I do not believe it, because there is absolutely nothing connected with them that could appeal to your vanity. A real fad can only be made of that affair whose character and surroundings make it spectacular. This not being the case with the symphony orchestra, no fad could be made of it. I claim that a musical community is one which supports great musical enterprises. No matter how it supports them so long as they are supported. These remarks lead me to the outlook of the coming season. Scheel having been retained in Philadelphia a change will be made in the symphonic field. I am glad to hear that Max Hirschfeld has decided to inaugurate a series of concerts at the Tivoli. With the sense of a keen observer he discovered that it would be wise to introduce the lighter symphonic works and intersperse them with operatic works in order to attract the general public. Mr. Hirschfeld knows very well that in order to attract large audiences it is first necessary to appeal to the popular demand, and then when you succeed in drawing the people to your concerts and give them an opportunity to discover that they hear good music, it is very easy to retain their patronage. For if the public does not patronize certain enterprises you may be sure that there is some good reason for it—either a lack of business sagacity or a lack of artistic quality.

¶ ¶

Of course the Minetti quartet will this year be a leading organization. Many complaints were made last season that this organization was not supported properly, and that this was a sign of non-appreciation of chamber music by the public. It is nothing of the kind. The fact of the matter is that the public in general was not made aware of the existence of these concerts. The public in general does not know nor pretend to know anything about chamber music, because no opportunity is offered them to hear it, or if so no efforts are made to acquaint the people of this fact In order to attract the public a mediator is required who makes the character and existence of chamber music concerts known, and the man upon whose shoulders this responsibility rests is the musician himself. He knows the utility of chamber music. He knows its character, its excellence, its construction. He knows the usefulness of a good chamber quartet, and he, above all, benefits most from its existence. The musicians, therefore, must be the first to encourage and support chamber music. They should buy their tickets and attend concerts. They should spread the existence and good quality of this class of music among their friends and pupils. They should explain to their acquaintances the utility of chamber music recitals and urge them to attend these affairs. These are the sacred duties of the true musician. He owes this to his art and so long as he is too selfish, too narrow-minded and too bigoted to act in the interests of art materially, he has no right to demand support and recognition from the public. I am told that there are about two thousand professional musicians in San Francisco. Of these at least three hundred are able to buy season tickets for the recitals of the Minetti quartet, and if they are desirous to hear good music they will do so. The Minetti quartet has worked for several years without making a cent on its concerts. The fact that Mr. Minetti has not been discouraged nor disgusted with the manner in which some of our "appreciative" musicians have given evidence of their taste for good music, is proof that he loves the art. I contend that a man who works against financial obstacles works for art's sake, and it is a downright shame that the very people who constantly cry out against the lack of appreciation of music are the very ones who do not encourage meritorious local musicians except complimentary admittance cards are sent to them. I have not an iota of respect for the musician who does not accede ability to his colleague.

¶ ¶

Hermann Genss, the distinguished German musician who has recently chosen San Francisco for his field of action, has decided to give two concerts within the next two weeks. In these concerts he will once more give evidence of his superior artistic facility as a pianist and will also appear in a new role, as it were, namely that of a baritone. Mr. Genss has already introduced himself to us as a pianist of much dexterity. A vigorous and healthy attack, a brilliant technic and a thorough comprehension of the master works are Mr. Genss' foremost artistic qualities. He has in his possession the most flattering testimonials from Germany's most prominent critics and musical savants and a man coming so well recommended and having been so highly regarded in the musical Mecca does really not require the approval of local writers. He may well stand on his own merits. But while we have had an opportunity to admire Mr. Genss as a pianist we have not yet witnessed his efficiency as a vocalist. The first concert, which will take place next Thursday, will be a song recital. According to the expressions of men who are intimately acquainted with the intricacies of the vocal art Mr. Genss commands a baritone of much firmness and resonance, and he understands well how to interpret all prominent composers among which he prefers Schumann, Schubert, Beethoven, Rubinstein and Loewe. It is remarkable how quickly Mr. Genss' efficiency was recognized here. His class is already very large and, strange to say, includes mainly teachers who desire to complete their studies. Having been one of the directors of the Scharwenka Conservatory of Music at Berlin he must be a teacher of more than ordinary qualification and the fact that these musicians who have entrusted themselves to his guidance are more enthusiastic over his work the longer they remain with him speaks for itself. Really I did not expect to find such unselfishness among our professional teachers—I say "professional teachers" beause we have also amateur teachers here. Mr. Genss will be assisted in his concert by Mrs. Strelitz-Davis, who studied under Mr. Genss in Berlin and was delighted to find him here after her arrival in this city, and Miss Margaret Bruntsch. Arthur Fickenscher will act as accompanist.

¶ ¶

Having commented elaborately on the New Year services at Temple Emanu-El I will add simply that the Yom Kippur (Day of Atonement) services even surpassed the former in eloquence, grandeur and impressiveness. It is not always originality of ideas that form the most telling features of an excellent musician, but it requires an equally developed talent to select the proper music for certain occasions. Thus Cantor Stark has not only shown that he is a composer of good merit but that he has admirable powers of discrimination which aid him in the selection of appropriate melodies for his various services. He showed his penetration in the selection of a theme from Chopin's funeral march for the memorial service. The manner in which this theme was handled for chorus and soloists was

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very ingenious and Mr. Stark cannot be complimented too much on his able work. Besides the cantor's magnificent baritone, Miss Daisy Cohn's firm and positive soprano was much admired. The young lady shows her natural musical instinct by a quick grasp of the most important and most effective passages in the composition which she is called upon to interpret. I always admire steady voices which are not marred by shaking or trembling. As a rule voices of such firmness are penetrating and this very penetrative quality makes them especially fit for sacred music. Rhys Thomas sang a few solos with much effect and tasteful coloring and Mrs. Kelly showed that she possessed a contralto of excellent quality—mellow and strong—and that she is a splendid musician. The ensemble work was simply brilliant. A 'cello solo admirably played by Louis von der Mehden Jr. was certainly one of the impressive features of the service. Mr. von der Mehden controls his bow with much taste, produces a large, mellow tone and is very clear in shading. But I cannot say that I admire the organ at the Temple. It does not possess sufficient volume nor power and the organist has no opportunity to show what he can do except in accompaniment and directing the choir and orchestra, wherein W. A. Sabin did nobly. Surely the musical services at Temple Emanu-El will go down in the history of music here as some of the most ambitious and profitable events.

¶ ¶

A local critic whose temperature is frequently above the hundred mark thinks himself the victim of a conspiracy and I am confidentially informed that since a recent occurrence of a savage nature at the business office of the Tivoli he has petitioned the chief of police for a permit to carry concealed weapons. But his imagination is pronounced when he believes that anyone would conspire against him. Inasmuch as a conspiracy is the result of carefully laid plans and tedious study, it is evident that somebody is laboring under a grave misapprehension, for I really do not think that any one would waste much time in figuring out how to "shake" the aforesaid critic. It is so easily done, you know. Furthermore, I believe "Billy" Schuster perfectly able to attend to his own enthusiastic antagonists without calling a council of war. So the idea of a conspiracy is perfectly preposterous.

¶ ¶

But some people are so awed by the majesty of their own sweet personality that they harbor an insane idea that one has nothing else to do but conspire against them. They are of the same calibre as those who are constantly shaking hands with themselves, because as they say they are the incarnation of fairness of criticism and honesty of policy. They think it for instance fair to abuse a man and attack his reputation by accusing him of ruining a performance in which he never appeared. They think it just to excuse an artist for singing a baritone part with a bass voice and censure another for doing exactly the same thing. They believe it the ideal of honest policy to send threatening letters to indefensible women in order to compel them to obey their demands. They consider it the acme of honest intentions to send written threats to vocalists accusing them of imaginary crimes and swinging over them the sword of the law, when there is absolutely no cause for such conduct except the unholy desire of revenge. They believe it a most laudatory behavior to unearth the private affairs of professionals in their odorous columns and use this as a cudgel wherewith to smite the unsuspecting. They are certain that it is the quintessence of good breeding to visit ladies of the profession without being invited to do so and without having been honored with an introduction, introduce themselves as critics and leave the impression that favorable criticism was obtained by financial deposits. Oh yes! Fairness of criticism! Honesty of policy! Those strutting purifiers are all honorable men!

¶ ¶

The piano recital of Mrs. Oscar Mansfeldt was largely attended by the musical cult of San Francisco, and those who are competent to judge pronounced it an artistic success. The most interest was concentrated in Chovan's trio in F minor for piano, violin and 'cello. It was an exceedingly good performance and John Marquardt and Louis von der Mehden Jr. shared the success of the presentation of this effective composition with Mrs. Mansfeldt. The lady commands a fluent technic and phrases tastefully. As it was impossible for me to attend the concert I have to depend upon the judgment of one in whose critical ability I place the utmost confidence. According to his opinion Mrs. Mansfeldt's concert was one of the most artistic he ever attended. And this means a great deal.

¶ ¶

The Minetti quartet has engaged some of San Francisco's most prominent pianists, among them S. G. Fleishman. It is a pity that Mr. Fleishman has held himself aloof from the musical field of late and I have heard so much about his talent that I am really anxious to hear him.

Miss Jessie Foster, one of the prominent vocal teachers of St. Louis, who was obliged to come to California because of her health, will give a concert at Sherman-Clay hall on October tenth. The eastern critics admire the unusual range of her voice which extends from D on the third line of the bass clef to B flat above high C. The critic of the St. Louis Globe Democrat is perhaps the most authoritative, hence the following quotation is of value: "Miss Foster sings without apparent effort and has the somewhat rare secret of producing and sustaining good, pure musical tones, and of employing every degree of shading in expression. Her voice, while full and sonorous, is flexible and combines the mezzo quality with the soprano range."

¶ ¶

Apropos of the Minetti quartet, I propose to find out how many musicians we have in San Francisco, Oakland and Alameda who are unselfish and enthusiastic enough to support a first-class chamber music quartet. In order to ascertain this fact I propose to examine the subscription list at Sherman, Clay & Co's store every week and publish the names in TOWN TALK and the Musical Courier. There is only one way for a musician to show whether he loves his art truly and honestly and that way is to encourage good music wherever it may be found. So let us watch the list of subscribers to the Minetti chamber music recitals and note how many musicians will assist a good cause without solicitation. Surely this list may be regarded as a role of honor inasmuch as it will exhibit the true spirit of an art lover.

¶ ¶

The other day I was shown a petition upon which appeared the names of many prominent musicians and promoters of music. The purpose of the petition is to ask the directors of the Symphony society to appoint Henry Holmes successor to Fritz Scheel. I am sure Mr. Holmes is a good musician and there being no one atpresent who aspires for the position, I doubt not that Mr. Holmes' course will be a successful one. Except that the society decides to discontinue the concerts which, it is to be hoped, will not be the case.

¶ ¶

Among the list of teachers of the recently organized college of music the name of Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley was unintentionally omitted. The lady will teach voice culture and that she is fit for the position may be gathered from the fact that she assisted Professor Kowalski of Chicago and was a member of the Chicago Ladies quartet. Since her arrival in California she has exhibited great facility as a vocalist and her classes in San Jose and Santa Cruz show her efficiency as a teacher. The college of music has a right to feel gratified in gaining such an acquisition to its faculty.

¶ ¶

The other day I heard Bertyn Weyl sing the prologue to Pagliacci and although it was at a very informal affair I cannot but pronounce his baritone as a firm, steady and magnetic organ which he uses with a great deal of intelligence. I understand that Mr. Weyl is a pupil of M. Crepaux and surely he shows signs of excellent training.

¶ ¶

Robert Tolmie has returned from a vacation trip to Trinity county and has resumed his class at 1234 Bush street. Mr. Tolmie is one of the most conscientious teachers and his large class of pupils will no doubt be glad to resume their work under him.

Prof. G. S. Wanrell

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The musical program for the first meeting of the Musicians' club which took place last Monday was in charge of Hother Wismer, violinist, assisted by H. B. Pasmore, Fred Maurer Jr. and Armand Solomon. The program included Brahms' sonata op. 78 in C major, several Schumann songs, a violin and viola duet in B flat major by Mozart and two violin solos.

I am told that Mr. Holmes is looking for a 'cellist for his quartet, and is at a loss to find any. What is the matter with Dr. Regensburger, Mr. Strehlitz, Theodore Mansfeldt or Louis von der Mehden Jr.? I am sure all of these are excellent musicians and would certainly not object to playing in a good quartet.

Owing to an error in the dramatic department last week the name of Mr. Bracamonte was given in connection with a bass solo in Othello. This should have been William Angermuende. The solo was so well performed that it would be a shame to omit to give credit where it is due. And by the way, I ought to add Charles Heinsen's viola work which is also very creditable. The Tivoli has certainly a clever viola player in Mr. Heinsen, and it is very difficult to find a better one in this neighborhood.

ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

Minor Notes

THE CALIFORNIA CLUB enjoys an attraction this season in the piano recitals of William Piutti, who is deservedly a favorite in this body of intellectual art-loving people. The second recital occurred on Saturday evening before the usual appreciative audience. The program rendered was: Sonate pathetique, (3 movements), Beethoven; Impromptu in F sharp major, Nocturne in F sharp major and Polonaise in E flat major, Chopin; Aria from first Sonata and Romanza in F sharp major, Schumann; Barcarolle in G minor, Rubinstein; Menuetto, Boccherini-Joseffy; Gondoliera and Polonaise in E major, Liszt.

The Corona club celebrated California day on Thursday when an interesting program was given including a piano solo by Mrs. Cornell, vocal selection by Miss Claire Cole—who is the pianist of the Corona club—song, Old Flag Forever, by members, and Rubinstein's Yearnings rendered artistically by Cecile von Seiberlich. Several interesting papers were read by H. H. Jackson, Miss E. Anderson, Mrs. Stevens, Mrs. Tobey, Mrs. Varney, Mrs. Foster—choosing as her subject What there is in Camp Life—and Mrs. Mayer, the last reading a biographical sketch of authors.

The California School of Elocution and Oratory has begun another busy term and Miss Curtis, the principal, tells me that the applicants for tuition are very numerous. Last week Miss Ida Murdock, a graduate of the department in physical culture, went to Sacramento in the interests of the school and may go to other points later. She is a charming young woman and well adapted for the work of a successful teacher.

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(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17)

lowed by transparency, pleased the artist eye as well as the love of novelty. Arnold Grazer in his interpretation of Kiss Me Honey Do, in which the little girl appears as the illustrative chorus, shows the possession of a pretty singing voice which adds materially to the interest taken in his dancing I can imagine the Los Angeles people going into raptures over that lovely blonde wig and the lovelier little boy who dances a skirt dance with all the archness of facial expression and the supple grace of motion of an Amelia Glover or an Irmler.

Alcazar FRANCIS POWERS has written a new play, Mother's Earth, which will be given its initial production at the Alcazar next week. The First Born won its name at the Alcazar, where the author's subsequent production, a Græco-Turkish drama, made a failure. Mother's Earth may possibly duplicate the success of Powers' first-born dramatic effort. The Musketeers, a reigning eastern successs, is also to appear at the Alcazar next month and The Idler will be given next week. This is the play in which the Frawleys made a hit during one of their local seasons. Too Much Johnson has turned away people every night and the S. R. O. sign is in constant use. Ormonde, however, is not especially good in the role which Gillette made famous. He is too deliberate in his speech and movements. To make a character of this sort interesting it must be played as rapidly as possibly. A lightning-like swiftness of speech must be the chief characterization of the hero, else he is not successful.

A new version of Marie Antoinette, the most interesting of the French queens with the exception of Anne of Austria, has been written by Clinton Stewart and will be produced at the COLUMBIA on Monday evening, the opening of the new season. Janausheck had an Italian play on this subject which is said to have been much in the same vein as Mr. Stewart's drama. The life of Marie Antoinette, which includes the elements of comedy and tragedy, is one that easily lends itself to dramatization. During Modjeska's engagement the most popular plays in her repertory will be given. She will be supported by John E. Kellerd and an excellent company.

The patrons of the CALIFORNIA theatre will be surprised at the appearance of this handsome place of amusement. It is a veritable temple of Thespis; gold and silver predominate in its decorations and the boxes are truly magnificent. It presents a brilliant appearance and the announcement of the management that it will be the handsomest theatre on the coast seems certainly not exaggerated. The electric light plan is as complete as one may imagine and the frescoes are very beautiful. Especially attractive is the proscenium, which simply sparkles from all the luxurious colors. The curtain is new and very pretty. The seating capacity has been enlarged and the prices will never exceed seventy-five, fifty, twenty-five cents, and the loge and box seats one dollar, no matter how fine the attraction may be. The California will open a week from to-morrow.

GAME OLD HADIWIST WILL RUN

The attraction at the Union park this week will be an open stake with the entry of eighty-eight dogs There are some cracker-jack hounds running, among them being Hadiwist that game old dog that recently won a stake at Ingleside, Metallic, that swift hound of the Pasha kennels, and Rollicking Airs. The park is splendidly located and lovers of the sport can enjoy a good day's recreation at the Union without encountering the dense fog banks that roll in from the ocean every afternoon spoiling both the view and the comfort of the spectators at the Ingleside park. Take the train at Third and Townsend streets or take the San Mateo electric cars and they will land you at the gates of the Union park.

IN AUTUMN.

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MUSICAL NOTES.

The first chamber concert will take place at Sherman-Clay hall on the afternoon of October twenty-seventh.

¶ ¶

Henry Girard, a capable baritone, has recently arrived from New York. He will ere long play a prominent part in one of our local opera houses. Mr. Girard is also a composer of much merit.

¶ ¶

Miss Cecilia M. Decker, assistant teacher at the Von Meyerinck School of Music and a pupil of Mr. von Meyerinck for over four years, has been appointed alto soloist at the First Presbyterian church.

¶ ¶

The Loring club will give its first concert of the twenty-third season at Odd Fellows' hall next Tuesday evening. Among the most delightful numbers on the program is a selection by the Minetti quartet, which will at this instant enter the new season with renewed efforts and increased facility.

LAST EXCURSION OF THE SEASON

TO SANTA CRUZ WILL BE RUN ON SUNDAY, OCTOBER 1ST.

As a fitting close to the season's successful excursion business the Southern Pacific company announces its intention to run one more of its popular excursions to Santa Cruz on the date above named.

The citizens of Santa Cruz have arranged for a grand concert to be given on the beach and also a program of swimming and boating races open to all, for which valuable prizes will be offered.

The rate for the round trip will be only $2 and reduced rates will also be in effect from intermediate points on the narrow-gauge line.

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Mrs. Alice Bacon Washington will receive pupils for piano instruction at her residence, 1150 O'Farrell Street between Franklin and Gough, after September first. Present address, Mill Valley. 3t

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Accident or Design?

IN THE MELLOW MOONLIGHT the old houses on the hill looked like a bit of Quebec. Lombard street in the vicinity of Dupont is in its way the most picturesque part of San Francisco and brings memories to the traveler of Quebec's hilly streets above the Basilica. The dwellings with their old-fashioned narrow-paned windows, the many stairs to climb before reaching the doorways, the tiny gardens in front with their high fences, all are purely foreign, and it is to be hoped the march of progress will never invade this section of our city.

In the window of a house high up, above countless stairs, sat a pretty girl sighing like the furnace of which the melancholy Jacques made such eloquent mention. It seemed a pity that such a pretty girl should be so unhappy. Following the gaze of her sad brown eyes, that should by rights have been twinkling with joyous rapture, one saw the reason of her sighs.

In the opposite window sat a youth. Impervious to the presence of the fair maid opposite, his eyes buried in the book that lay on the window sill, Georges paid no heed even to the beautiful moonlight in which the scene below him was bathed.

"How changed is Georges," said Clementine to herself, "since he returned from his studies abroad. He never looks at a girl nowadays."

Clementine could not take her eyes from the young man's face. He had not always been so impervious to her charms as now. There had been a time when Georges had been her most devoted lover. They had grown up together and, their homes being opposite and the families of the same race and religion, it had seemed but a natural consequence that little Clementine and little Georges should, when the time was ripe, become husband and wife.

When Clementine went away to the convent at San José, she carried Georges' photograph in her trunk and his image in her heart. She was fifteen and her woman nature was just awakening.

When Georges went to Paris to finish his medical studies, he also carried a photograph of his little friend across the way but her image in his heart was not so prominently placed. Georges was seventeen and had reached the age when the stirrings of ambition replaced the thoughts of lighter things.

Four years passed before Georges came back to San Francisco, four years in which the pretty Clementine had grown prettier and her love for Georges had grown warmer. She had made her début in society at the French ball and more than one youth had asked her father for Clementina's hand. But her parents would not force their only daughter's inclination. They saw she still retained an affection for their young neighbor across the way, and with Franco-American nonchalance—the what is to be will be of the fatalist—they shrugged their shoulders and trusted to le bon Dieu that all would come right in time.

Georges, home from Paris and having attained his majority, expressed a dislike for society. He refused to go about to parties and even remonstrated when his parents made him the guest of honor at a feast to celebrate his jour de naissance. However, he was compelled to submit to the birthday dinner, to which were bidden Clementine and other pretty girls of his own nativity.

He passed them all by with indifference and instead of talking to Clementine he talked to her father on the subject of hypnotism as applied to surgery.

That was months ago, years they seemed to Clementine. This was not the first time she had sat and sighed in the moonlight. A pretty girl with a doting father to supply her with a generous dot, a pretty girl not yet twenty years of age, and wasting her sweetness on a youth who preferred his books to woman's looks—it was not to be borne.

Georges raised his eyes from his volume. For a moment against his will he was forced to note the magnificent scene that lay about him—the old houses rendered fairylike by the moonlight, the twinkling lights of the city far below.

He raised his eyes for a moment—and he looked across the street.

The great yellow moon shone fully into the front room of the house opposite. The thin curtains swayed in the breeze, the shades were up and the windows open for it was a warm night. A full length mirror was placed directly in the line of the moonbeams.

Georges did not drop his eyes at once upon his book. In the mirror a charming vision was reflected. First within his range, as the curtain waved to one side, he noticed a woman kneeling beside a bed. Her devotions seemingly took a long time for it was certainly five minutes before she rose from her knees. She then sat down on the side of the bed and began to pull off her shoes and stockings. Such adorable little feet were those Georges saw reflected in the mirror. He had expressed his dislike for women more than once but his artistic nature, and possibly other depths of his being, were stirred by the sight of those white feet.

A well regulated student would have resumed his studies and have flown from such temptation. But Georges could not keep his eyes from the mirror. All at once, as he stared at the glass with the moon-glare upon it, the woman's image became more than an apparition. She rose from her sitting posture, walked toward the window and looked out. Georges shrank back into the shadow.

How lovely she looked in her white peignoir! Yet—was it the effect of the moonlight?—how pale was her complexion, how sad the expression of her eyes and the drooping corners of her pretty mouth.

Georges cared nothing for women, but this was not a woman—the hour, the silence about them, the moonlight transformed her into an angel.

She went to the mirror and standing before it combed and brushed her long, dark hair. Then, when the curtains parted again, Georges saw nothing but the mirror, a flat green surface. Another waft of the wind and there was the image again, this time clothed but in a single garment from which gleamed her round white arms and slender neck and white shoulders.

All at once she whisked a long white robe out from beneath the pillows, raised her hand to her neck to loosen the ribbon that fastened her chemise and—a cloud mercifully obscured the moon for an instant.

Georges, who was a modest youth, had already closed his eyes and shrunk back again into the shadow. He was in an agony of nervousness, of fear lest some one else had also been looking in the mirror across the way. He felt as much shame as if he had been the girl herself who had thus unconsciously been revealed to an invisible eye.

As he tortured his mind with fancies of this nature, imagining that others had been observers of the mirror and its fair reflection, the girl came to the window again. She sat down, and her head with its wealth of dark hair surrounding the pretty young face sank into her hands. Then she raised her head, clasped her hands and breathed forth a prayer to Our Lady of Sorrows. The Blessed Virgin surely heard that simple petition.

If la bonne Marie the Mother of Our Lord were not listening, Georges was. Clementine only breathed her prayer, but the sigh was more than a whisper and the night was quiet, not a sound beyond the gentle breeze stirring the silence.

Georges heard the prayer. He knew—for he caught his name more than once—that he was the object of the petition.

The next day Georges called at the house across the way. And the door was not closed upon him.

* * * * * * * *

Sometimes Georges looks at his pretty wife and he wonders whether it would be right to tell her of the moonlight night and the vision in the mirror that awoke the student from his brown study. Once he nearly made his confession.

Clementine was dressing to go to a ball and Georges could not refrain from pressing a kiss upon the whiteness of her shoulder.

"Your neck is divine," said Georges.

"Merci, monsieur," returned Clementine, flashing a smile at him.

"But your most entrancing feature—"

"Bien?" asked Clementine.

"Your foot—it was your adorable little foot that first made me fall in love with you."

"Ah yes,—you mean when we used to go wading together at North Beach?"

But Clementine blushed. THE DRAMATIST.

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World of Letters

ONE OF THE BEST FEATURES of Lippincott's magazine is the complete novel which it contains every month. The Duchess of Nona by Maurice Hewlett appears in the September number and deserves more than a passing notice. Maurice Hewlett brings to his task a distinctive quality of style and a knowledge of his theme rarely equaled. The scene is laid in Italy of the Renaissance, perhaps the most fascinating period in all history. Italy led all Europe in the new birth of learning, literature and art, but to counterbalance her achievements in the world of intellect she had the defects of her qualities. Some of these were incident to the time and others were part and parcel of the national character. Suffice it to say that she leads the world with an array of some of the greatest criminals of European history; the Sforzas, the Borgias, and the Cenci being types and exemplars. One of the most incomprehensible turns of the Latin mind, especially to people of English tradition and training, is its proneness to sinuosity and indirection, to trickery and falsehood. This is what has made Machiavelli and his political creed such a puzzle to commentators. It is this characteristic which Shakespeare so well illustrates in Iago, whose cynical suggestion is so well contrasted with the openness and candor of the Moor. From the very earliest days of our literature Italian story has contributed much to drama and poetry, nor is the field anything like exhausted, as we may judge from the harvest reaped by Marion Crawford, who, however, has usually chosen a point of view more modern than that of the period I have referred to. Maurice Hewlett goes back to the days when Alexander Borgia was Pope and his kinsfolk were carrying things with a high hand in Italy. At this time Amilcare Passavente, on a visit to England, woos and wins fair Molly Lovel a beautiful English girl whose honesty and directness form a perfect contrast to the guile and trickery of her husband, and from this contrast is the whole story and its climax worked out. Amilcare's true trade was politics and he reached home with his fair English bride at a propitious moment, namely when Cæsare, having murdered his brother, the Duke of Gandia, was in temporary disgrace and hiding, Amilcare conquers him with Molly's beauty and her innocence and invites him to Nona, of which he succeeds in having himself made duke by popular acclamation, depending for the perpetuation of his power on the influence of his fair duchess both for good and evil. Cæsare comes to Nona and Amilcare uses his authority as a husband to force her into acting the siren's part, that the Borgia, forgetting his usual caution, might be tempted to drink of the poisoned cup which has played such a part in Italian politics The day comes and so does Cæsare, the golden-haired Duke of Valentino. Molly is as beautiful and as bewitching as her husband dared to hope, but at the supreme moment of treachery her English honor asserts itself, and Cæsare is saved. But her virtue proves her undoing. Grifone the secretary of Amilcare has been carrying on an underplot. He too loves Molly and counts on her to assist him, and when Amilcare is about to stab his duchess for the failure of his treacherous scheme, "Grifone whipped out his dagger and stabbed his master under the stabbing arm. He fell horribly and Molly knew no more." He bore her to a place of safety; once there Molly urged him to go back, "lest her honor should be beathed upon," and in the colloquy which ensued the populace, led by Borgia, advanced upon their stronghold. Grifone strangled the woman he professed to love and himself met death at the hands of Cæsare who had bought up Amilcare's mercenaries, and proved himself, after all, to have been master of the intrigue. But Molly's adventures were not to end with her death. Tricked out in her jewels and finery she was carried back in a litter, placed in a window of the palace, and displayed to the populace who shouted below, "Evvira Madonna." The tale is told in a masterly way, and must interest not only those who like a fine story, but also those who make a study of historical periods. The local color is well bestowed, not by those long dissertations which mar George Eliot's Romola, but by skilful touches and by incisive phrases which suggest as much as they express.

Literary instruction in the English language is given in India, almost exclusively from the works of such classic authors as Shakespeare, Goldsmith and Johnson. As a result the speech of the natives is apt to be stilted and pompous. The educated classes make no effort to pick up the modern flippant, slangy style and are not without reason in their criticism when they claim that the English learn their language from servants. Almost the only modern author whose works have been made use of is the poet Tennyson, but one need not wander so far afield as Hindoostan to find a body of candidates for examination hopelessly stumped by trying to discover a meaning to the line:

"Was proxy wedded to a bootless calf."

It brings to mind a certain grammar school principal of this city, who in making up a set of questions was more than apt to go to the preface and foot-notes for the whole paper. In his case ends justified means. His classes never trusted to luck nor skipped over what they did not understand for they never knew where the lightning would strike. A school which graduated twenty-four out of a class of twenty-five and whose class leader averages over ninety-nine per cent on an examination admitted by the board of education to have been one third more difficult than the quarterly teacher's examination held during the same month had reason to be proud of its attainments. That was long ago before teachers had made way for "educators" and their fads. We had no royal road, no short cuts, but grubbed away at our spelling books and grammars, deeming it an everlasting disgrace to be left over, while second trials were yet undreamed of.

There is an awakening of interest in the works of Henry Timrod, the Carolina poet, whose short and somewhat tragical life came to an untimely end in 1867. The unsettled condition of the south after the war and what General Sherman called "the fury of the noncombatants" have heretofore stood in the light of the proper appreciation of this writer.

IRENE CONNELL.

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[EXTRACTS FROM A DIARY]

Monday: My barber told me today that I must permit my moustache to grow. He says that every cheap guy in town now follows the actor style and in New York the proper thing now is to part your hair on the side and to wear a moustache. I have permitted my barber to have his will.

Tuesday: Had to stand a good deal of joshing today in regard to my change of hirsute adornment. However, as I am looked up to as a criterion of what is good or bad form, I am pleased to be able to record that the boys are all following my example. A smooth shaven face at the club will soon be the exception.

Wednesday: I saw Nellie walking in the street today. She was with that old fellow Jones, and she barely nodded to me. I would not have minded her frigidity so much perhaps only that I had just dropped twenty dollars to old Jones at the club and to see him going off with both my money and my girl was too much. My moustache is coming on finely.

Thursday one week later: It is almost full grown. I look handsomer than ever and I predict that no more striking a moustache will be seen on the line next Saturday than mine. I am in a vile temper today—my tailor, hatter and shoe dealer all brought in their bills and I lost a tenner to Brown at the club.

Friday: It is all off. Nellie has gone to Europe with old Jones. He did not even stop to give me my revenge for the twenty dollars he won from me. My tailor became so pressing today that I flung him downstairs. I am invited out to dinner tonight, a stag, and expect to win enough at poker afterwards to throw a sop to some of the tradesmen that have been annoying me for the last month.

Saturday: I am just out of jail. That miserable tailor—he shall never see that bill of his paid now—had me up for assault and battery. The warrant was served upon me just as I was starting out for young Million's dinner, and of course I could not get bailed out and everything else in time to keep the appointment. And thus at one fell swoop went by my chance to settle my debts and start out anew. There is no chance for poor and honest men nowadays.

Sunday: I have shaved the deuced moustache off. It has brought me nothing but ill luck. THE IMPECUNE.

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The Heart of a Woman

THERE WAS a bit of dust on Leonard's coat sleeve but for the life of her Margaret could not fleck it off. If it had been Tom's sleeve, now, or Joe's, she would have brushed the dust off in an instant. But Leonard's—somehow, she could not touch Leonard's coat for the world.

She loved him. When he came near her, her pulses thrilled. If he spoke to her, in the carelessly kind way he usually adopted toward women, she would have died for him.

Yet to Leonard this quiet little woman was nothing. She was Daisy's cousin and a matter of course in the house where he had been a constant visitor for several months.

Daisy was his goddess. They were to be married in a week and all Leonard's thoughts were centred on his beautiful bride elect. Daisy herself thought more of her new gowns and silk petticoats, fleecy lingerie and silken hosiery than of her bridegroom.

"Isn't it grand to be adored the way Len adores me?" she said to Margaret, her quiet cousin, the most sympathetic of confidants.

"Anybody would love a man like Leonard," returned Margaret.

"And everybody would be the slave of a girl like me," added Daisy, walking over to the mirror and carefully scanning the beauteous vision reflected therein.

"We will look nice when we walk out together, won't we, ma chère cousine? He is so tall and fair, I so dark and petite. I believe I would not care a rap for Len if he were not so gloriously, grandly good-looking."

"He loves you, Daisy," said her cousin, "not your looks."

"Nonsense. If I had been a quiet little sobersides, with ordinary eyes and hair—say, like you, Margaret, for instance—Len would not have looked twice at me. But I am brilliant, bright and beautiful."

Daisy intended nothing unkind. She was simply wholly wrapped up in herself.

They were a happy couple, Len and Daisy. But perhaps it is as well that Leonard died before the discovery, that was inevitable, of the clay feet which disfigured his idol.

Daisy wept herself into ugliness, for a week after his death. Then she looked at her image in the glass, saw the ravages grief had made upon her beauty, and desisted from tears thereafter.

"It is selfish to grieve too much," said the young widow to Margaret. "I must go about a little and live for others."

Fourteen months later Daisy married again.

"Len would have been the first to have told me to do so," she said, "he always wanted me to be happy."

It was Margaret who visited Leonard's grave with regularity and kept it adorned with flowers. He had not cared for her; she was only an incident. But her love was of that rare quality that asks for nothing, that believes it is more blessed to give than to receive.—THE SENTIMENTALIST.

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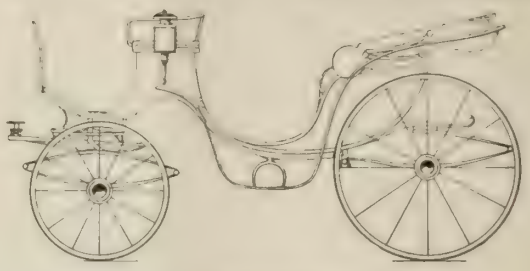

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OUR OPINION

The Braying Of Sockless Jerry

WHEN a man is bent on mak- a fool of himself opportunity is never lacking. In the course of his braying before a re-union of the G. A. R. at Kansas city last week, Jerry Simpson took occasion to say. "I glory in the spunk of Aguinaldo's men. They are simply fighting to regain the land the Catholics took from them." One would suppose that Catholics were some particularly bloodthirsty band of savages, akin to the Sioux and Apaches of our own frontier, and in need of the chastisement from such highly civilized and enlightened gentlemen as Sockless Jerry. Pray, has the man never heard that the Filipinos are themselves Catholics? Does he not yet know that one of the potent causes of this very insurrection was the idea which had gained ground amongst them that in coming under American rule they would be forced to change the form of their religious worship? Sockless Jerry is evidently laboring under the delusion which certain newspaper correspondents have sought to create that the Filipinos were suffering from priestly oppression. He is not aware of the fact that they are acknowledged to be the most enlightened representatives of the Malay race, and that they derived their education in schools conducted by the Catholic church. The long-eared prophet has probably not heard that General Otis was obliged to discharge busybody missionaries who have added to the military complications of the situation by their attempts to "plant a pure gospel" among the Filipino Catholics. He of course does not know that the Californian regiment was sent to the island of Negros because of the large percentage of Catholics in the ranks together with the presence of a Catholic chaplain and a Catholic commander. Neither does he know that in consequence of the wisdom of the move the natives of that island were quickly pacified. There is no doubt but that there were Catholic priests in the Philippines who availed themselves in a selfish way of their power and influence. There have been bad Catholic priests as well as bad Protestant ministers,and wherever you find a bad clergyman no matter what his denomination may be he is a dangerous citizen, but it is absurd to condemn a whole religious body because of the delinquencies of some of its ministers. Because certain Jesuit priests in France insisted upon the guilt of Dreyfus, it should not be concluded that all priests or that all Jesuits favored his conviction. One fool priest in this city asserted that he was guilty and that the Jews bribed the American newspapers to obtain their support for the condemned officer, but the majority of local Catholic clergymen, including those of the Jesuit order it is safe to assert, were indignant at the farcical conduct of his trial. Just here is a good place to remark that we have a number of Filipinos here in San Francisco in connection with the Mechanics' Fair, and though they belong to the ignorant, wild and savage tribe of Catholics, they have none the less made application for citizenship, every man Jack amongst them signing his name in exceptionally beautiful chirography. When hostilities first broke out with Spain some zealous inquirers addressed a communication to one of our papers asking what religion the United States government would introduce in the West Indies and Philippines, and Simpson is evidently a member in good standing of the same intelligent fraternity. It has apparently never penetrated the thickness of his skull that there are as many Jews and Catholics among the U. S. volunteers as there are Protestants, and that they march side by side and fight and fall together without a thought of religious differences.

Higher Education on the Grid

THIS IS the season of the year when the disciples of higher education begin preparations for the battles of the grid-iron much to the disgust of the barbers whose business suffer in consequence of the vogue of the football bang. Now comes the college graduate fitted through proficiency in the higher branches, classical and scientific, for employment in his chosen profession, that of football coach. Having gone through college he knows the game from A to Z and he is therefore qualified to become a member of the faculty; so he is admitted as the hired exponent of the most important of all of the higher branches. Incidentally he makes a little easy money by writing for the papers in a way that secures some good free advertising for the game. College football has developed into what is commonly known as "show-business," and it has become exceedingly profitable. But the entertainment that it affords is not in itself a sufficient inducement to draw large throngs of people. As a game it lacks all the interesting and attractive features that have made baseball the popular pastime. Its drawing capacity is dependent upon the rivalry existing between the opposing teams. It lacks diversity of action, and the superiority of a team is not made manifest by incidents that denote great skill or quickness of individual judgment. Brute strength is an important aid to success, and enthusiasm is stimulated largely by means of rough work. Professional football could never be

made profitable for it would never receive the support of refined people. As a college sport it is tolerated because it serves as a picturesque means of exemplifying the spirit of rivalry. If it were less violent it would probably be too tame to satisfy the fierce young students who wear their hair long upon the same principle that impels the Indian to put on war paint when he leaves the reservation. Nothing short of a wild scrimmage in which there is a general mix-up with an under dog clutching an inflated pigskin, enables them to vent their belligerent feelings. And there are people who approve of that sort of so-called sport, who are shocked at the thought of a bull-fight and who frown at the brutality of pugilism. A noted physician once said that there never was a college football game played under the rules that now obtain, in which there were not several men who received organic injuries. He contended that although there might be no immediate evidence of injury, the shock to the system was such that at some future time the effect would develop in some organic trouble. But football is a fad and it must run its course to the music of the plaudits of the fashionable throng.

Ballot-Box Stuffing in A Ladies' Club

IT HAS always been contended by woman's suffrage agitators that if the fair sex were permitted to vote politics would be purified. It is their theory that women would have such high regard for the sanctity of the ballot that they would offset the evil influences of the bold, bad men that seek by corrupt means to prevent an honest expression of the will of the people. That sort of a theory is highly complimentary to the fair sex but what assurance can be given of the absolute integrity of the sex? If the big row that occurred the other day in the Central Presbyterian church of Alleghany, Pa., were to be accepted as an indication of what might be expected of lovely woman in the event of her being equipped with the elective franchise, we would not be inclined to accept the theory of the agitators. The occasion of the row was the election of officers of a branch of the W. C. T. U. One should suppose that when a religious element enters into the constitution and aims of a woman's club, its affairs would be conducted with dignity, decency and decorum. But it appears that a woman's club is a woman's club under any and all circumstances. The fun began when one candidate arose and nominated herself, remarking that if the nominations were to be kept open until every delegate was placed before the convention, she believed in each member nominating herself to expedite matters. Wild confusion followed and was only checked by the reminder that the occasion was a solemn one. There were only sixty-nine votes to be cast for president, but when the ballots were counted the vote was found to be seventy-five. The chairman called upon those who had cast the illegal ballots to acknowledge their guilt. Not a woman budged. The chairman decided that the easiest way out of the difficulty was to declare one Mrs. Irwin, who received forty votes, elected. One of the defeated sisters with her friends bolted the convention, flinging back the scornful query, "Are we honest women or not?" Those that remained did not deign to answer. What an interesting political convention those religious ladies would make! A little experience in the ways that are dark of the practical politician would enable them to get hold of a political machine and run it in fine style.

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moor A. A." Whisky.

Should Science Call a Halt?

THE sentiments of Judge Simeon E. Baldwin of the American Association of Social Science and also of Yale Law school will probably receive no endorsement from the general public. Nevertheless they deserve consideration from the thoughtful, who do not necessarily believe in exposing weakly infants as the Spartans did, nor in killing off the aged and infirm after the fashion of the American aborigines. In the vegetable and animal kingdoms (including savage man) a law prevails which is tersely expressed as the survival of the fittest. Among civilized races the progress of medicine and surgery and the charity which Christianity inculcates have tended to produce what may be called the survival of the unfittest. Whether we agree or disagree with Judge Baldwin's conclusions we must admit the truth of his statements. It is perfectly true that by science incurables are kept alive in a state of misery which is really but prolonged death. It is true that the superannuated, the imbecile, and the incapable are preserved in life by modern care and medicine when a less merciful nature would speedily sweep them off the earth. Nature is careful of the race while disregarding the individual; progress reverses the order and labors to preserve the individual even when he is a detriment to his species. While hygiene, sanitation and the conquest of disease have prolonged human life they have not made man immortal, nor will they ever succeed in doing so. They have simply enabled him to die by one kind of disease rather than another. Where he formerly perished in the flower of his manhood from smallpox or fever he now lives a few years longer and succumbs at last to some malady of deterioration such as cancer or Bright's disease. For the human frame will wear out, its organs decay, and whether soon or late, death is the inevitable close. Mother Nature no doubt intends it to be a quiet sinking to sleep when she is done with us, and whether science really does much for us when she prolongs our life too greatly is at least a debatable question.

Bryan Roasted by the Journal

ALTHOUGH the national political battle is being fiercely waged in the east the dailies in this neck of the woods are devoting very little attention to it. Their personal interest in local politics is so keen that they give not the slightest thought to the national contest. The silence of the Examiner is more remarkable in view of the warmth of discussion over the democratic presidential candidate. The supposition is that Mr. Hearst is friendly to Bryan, but the attitude of the Journal renders the matter somewhat doubtful. In a recent issue of that paper there appeared a dispatch from St. Mary's, Kansas,

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alluding to the appearance of Bryan at a picnic there for a fee of one hundred and fifty dollars. It contained the following statements:

Bryan has distinctly lost ground in this part of the world. He does not draw as well. Intellectually he has retrograded. He has cheapened himself. He has that facility of speech which is an irresistible temptation to indolence. He is specious, but prosaic and commonplace and is degenerating into a second-hand dealer in political platitudes. It is his misfortune to talk too much and not think enough.

How is that for hot shot from a democratic paper? The Verdict, a weekly paper published by Oliver P. Belmont who is a warm supporter of Bryan, attacks the Journal for slandering him. The Verdict declares that the Journal pretends to be friendly to Bryan while it hates and loathes him and aims at his defeat. Surely Mr. Hearst is placing himself in a strange predicament, for Bryan is undoubtedly destined to be the leader of the democratic hosts in the next campaign. For awhile he was opposed by Croker and Tammany, but they have lately fallen into line. If the national democratic convention were held tomorrow Bryan would be nominated on the first ballot.

THE nice little rumpuses which have been raised in military and naval circles through the idiocy of relatives in giving publicity to private letters is enough to make every man in both services swear a solemn oath never to put pen to paper. Primarily, of course, the men are to blame for writing as they have done, criticising their superiors and complaining of their hardships. A private is supposed to be a stoic with neither feelings nor opinions, but a short military service does not eliminate human nature from a man. Letters are written hastily, when and where circumstances will permit, and dispatched without the opportunity for revision which delay and cooler judgment would dictate, and, moreover, these epistles are designed not for the public newspapers but for private reading in the home circle where it is presumed that an intimate knowledge of the writer's character will make due allowance for excitement and exaggeration. But an itch for authorship, so-called, appears to have attacked the community and desire to appear in print, even if only vicariously, as the mother or sister of a soldier laddie, has apparently blinded relatives to the necessity for vigorous editing and suppression of private communications, even though the descriptive and narrative portions may prove of general interest.

The Saunterer

SOCKS, my London correspondent informs me, are the latest thing in the feminine cyclist's costume. As there is a hiatus between the socks and the ends of the "knickers" the casual observer may judge of the complexion of the feminine cyclist without looking at her face. There is a suggestion of the "hoot mon!" about this new style of costume that is decidedly picturesque but I doubt whether it will grow into favor in this country. Our feminine cyclists are quite daring and many of them are not insensible to the attractiveness of a nicely curved calf, but while they may not be averse to revealing that shapely portion of their person when protected by a tight fitting stocking, they will hesitate before exposing it to cold and scrutiny after the style of the immodest Highlander. I have seen feminine bathers at the seaside who eschewed stockings and I did not blame them for I know that it is not pleasant to be burdened in the water, but prudes pronounced them bold and vulgar. Surely it will require courage to brave the comments that would be evoked by the appearance of a cyclist in socks in the park. Fashion shies not at anomalies; the low-cut bodice may be all right but the time is not yet ripe for the high-cut trousers.

Up at the Bohemian club they are still laughing over William Sproule's epigram, made by way of admonition to Donald Y. Campbell on the latter's wedding day.

"Be polite but firm," said William to Donald.

I have always supposed that small feet were regarded by the Chinese as an indication of aristocratic lineage, and that the compressing of the feet in infancy was merely a caprice of fashion M. Edward Plauchut, a French writer who spent considerable time in China, is authority for the statement that the girls are hobbled to present their straying from the path of virtue, and to give their future purchasers presumptive evidence of their chastity. "When in any family, whether rich or poor, a girl child is born," says Plauchut, "who is well formed and has good features, giving great promise of beauty, her feet are subjected to close compression a few months after birth. It is her liberty to walk or run and to get out of the house which is taken away from her. Later, when her parents, if wealthy, wish to find a good match for her, or if poor, are anxious to sell her for a high price, her small feet are always quoted as a proof of her value and this privation of liberty is a great point in her favor." It is not strange that a Frenchman should be the first to give this interesting explanation to the world.

Various are the schemes resorted to by the habitual "dead beat" to defraud the tradesmen who are so unfortunate as to receive his patronage. One of the most ingenius of these frauds is a stout lawyer with a military title acquired through political courtesy. I heard a good story the other day of how he obtained a suit of clothes from a tailor who, knowing his general reputation, firmly resolved to protect himself against loss. He told the lawyer, when the latter gave the order for the suit, that unless the cash were forthcoming the clothes would not be delivered.

"Oh, that'll be all right," said the lawyer, with the air of a man who doted on cash transactions, but

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when the clothes were ready for delivery the purchase price was not forthcoming. The tailor refused to surrender the suit. The lawyer made no display of indignation but went away saying that he would return in a few days with the money. He did return but instead of money he presented the tailor with an order on a multi-millionaire for the amount due.

"I guess he's good for that much money," said the lawyer in a sarcastic tone.

The tailor quickly accepted the order and delivered the suit. He felt like apologizing for having treated the man with the military title so cavalierly. A few days later he discovered that the millionaire was not the person referred to in the money order, and then he swore a blue streak. It appears that the attorney had in his employ a penniless clerk whose surname and Christian name were identical with those of the multi-millionaire. The tailor declared that he had been duped and he raised such a row over the affair that he succeeded in getting his money.

On Saturday evening no heart could be sadder
That that of ex-Commodore Pew;
What a shame to be beaten—and that by a Gadder,
A freak yacht manned by a raw crew!
San Franciscos, to make the Corinthians madder,
Say: "There's only one thing you can do—
Build a new yacht and start up the ladder,
And win just a race or two."

One of the bright writers of the Examiner has made the remarkable discovery that Mr. Thomas Magee, the millionaire real estate dealer, is a lavish-handed philanthropist. From the columns of the interesting Sunday supplement I glean the intelligence that Mr. Magee is not what he seems. He is not a hard-fisted, close-bargain driver, and he does not spend all his time in adding to his plethoric store of this world's goods. Like the benevolent Dr. McDonald of defunct Pacific Bank fame, and the genial, kind-hearted, generous Mr. Rockefeller, and that prince of philanthropists Mr. Carnegie, the Sunday school has a fascination for him, and he delights in instilling fear of God into the hearts of the rising generation. How refreshing it is to learn that a millionaire, one that made his wealth by dealing in real estate, and whom you always regarded as a thrifty, sordid chap, is, on the contrary, a sympathizer with the poor, a dispenser of alms, and a man filled with tender solicitude for those in distress. I have always looked upon Mr. Magee as a good citizen, who being a dealer in real estate on a large scale naturally had the interest of the city at heart, and I respected him for his fine character and other good qualities, but I was as much surprised to learn that he was a philanthropist as that it was his common practice to swim to Goat island and pull a boat to Oakland. There are several wealthy men in San Francisco who give to the poor without having their charitable deeds blazoned on the bulletin boards, but one occasionally hears of their somewhat surreptitious munificence. But I never suspected that Tom Magee could be placed in their category. Nevertheless I am glad to know that he is rendering the task before him a trifle easier than that which would be encountered by the camel who would undertake to get through the eye of a needle.

One of the pretty romances of the summer which ended in an engagement and promises an early fall wedding will take from the Stockton school department one of its youngest and most charming teachers. The little lady in question has a face like Ferruzzi's Madonna and the children vied with one another for the privilege of entering her room for, be it known, there are no truer worshipers of beauty than childish hearts. The happy bridegroom elect is a junior member of the well known lumber firm of Towle Bros., whose headquarters are in the mountains of Placer county and it was there amid the witchery of whispering pines and drooping firs in the sweet deep tangle of ferns and wild roses that the romance began. Miss Brice had gone thither with a party of Stockton teachers for a camping vacation. In the party, acting as chaperon, was a cousin of Mr. Towle who calmly asserts that she and God made the match. At any rate everybody concerned is well pleased. Mr. Towle is a splendid, handsome fellow, over six feet high—one of the very type to fall in love with a dainty little woman who reaches no higher than his heart. He is a widower and two dear little girls of five and two years respectively are awaiting the new mamma's care. Added to all the excellent personal qualities that make George Towle a desirable bridegroom for any woman, he is rich and will surround his worthy bride with every luxury in their pretty mountain home near Alta. What adds immeasurably to the interest of the story is a whisper that one of our society belles of several seasons would have been glad to wear the betrothal diamonds that now grace the little ex-teacher's left hand.

The Philomathean society of Stockton is a woman's club composed of all the most ultra of the town's best people. As its name implies, it takes itself quite seriously and goes in for studying ancient history, art and literature, going back to the time of Noah and the flood in order to have it all ancient enough. So seriously indeed does it take itself and so sacred are its deliberations and researches that no member is allowed to give any wicked newspaper even a program of the day's work. These ladies are exclusive and they believe in keeping the vulgar herd from squinting into the sanctum where they dig out wisdom in solid chunks. This is very commendable because it keeps the pangs of envy from springing up in the bosoms of the common people who cannot afford the necessary yearly fee or who fear black balls in feminine hands. It has been suggested that they should show a due appreciation of the virtue of consistency by keeping their names and the prizes they win from the daily papers when they play euchre three nights in the week. It is a little strange, come to think of it, that the sensitive women don't want the world to hear of it when they are doing really serious and commendable work, but that the record of insipid card parties with the names of participants should be permitted to appear in the society columns of the newspapers week after week ad infinitum, ad nauseam. However, the charming sex is a law unto itself. I asked one of the club women why the beginning of the winter's work is deferred until so late (the last Friday in September this year) and she responded: "Because the ladies have to go to the horse races with their husbands, during the Fair."

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Wedding Announcements
and Invitations . . . ✷

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The engagement was announced last week by Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Simons of their elder daughter, Miss Amalie Simons, and James C. H. Ferguson of the Union Iron Works. Miss Simons is one of the beauties of the Jewish swim and is highly accomplished and charming in manner. Miss Henriette Simons, her younger sister, is the possessor of a beautiful voice which was heard in concert for the first time at a recital two seasons back of Edward Xavier Rolker's pupils. The family lives in Van Ness avenue near Vallejo and Mrs. Simons gives frequent entertainments for the pleasure of her young daughters and their friends. The first betrothal reception of Miss Simons and Mr. Ferguson was held on Wednesday and their friends will again bestow their good wishes and congratulations at the second at home, tomorrow.

When Mary Barnard—the Marie Barna of the operatic world—got her divorce from "Jack" Smith of Boston, not many moons ago, it was announced that the beautiful singer wanted to live for art alone and that a husband was only a clog upon her ambition. I wonder how the ex-Californienne can reconcile this statement with her recent second marriage? Or is a New York banker less of an incumbrance than a New England publisher? Mary Barnard Smith's second matrimonial venture is Frank Russak and the wedding was celebrated at Newport, R. I., on Tuesday of last week. No other city, probably, outside of Boston takes such an interest in Mary Barnard as San Francisco does, for the reason that she began her career as a singer here. She was a Mills seminary girl and took a special course in vocal music, her voice being her chief talent though she was not deficient in cleverness in other branches. She was a pretty girl, tall and with a promise of grand outlines when her figure should gain in maturity.

While perhaps it is an old story now, it may be new to others to hear of Mary Barnard's progression up the ladder of fame. She first courted public favor as Cousin Hebe in a production of "Pinafore" at the Mechanics' pavilion. She sang well but her acting was amateurish and utterly lacking in dash. At the concert she gave prior to her departure for the east, a great improvement in her stage presence was noted and her voice had gained in power. She went to Boston, was engaged by the Mendelssohn quintet to tour with that organization in concert, married "Jack" Smith, went abroad and appeared in Wagnerian opera all within the space of a few brief years.

"Barna" began to be exploited in the European papers as the coming singer, the greatest of Wagnerian interpreters, and she came over with the Damrosch grand opera company that appeared for a season in the larger eastern cities. Correspondents who heard Marie Barna with this company wrote me conflicting reports of her success. One said she had lost the velvet quality of her voice and a metallic harshness was apparent. Another wrote that she had never heard the former Californienne sing better and that she had grown to be a magnificently beautiful woman. San Franciscans who stayed at home were not permitted to judge by personal criticism of the improvement in Mary Barnard's voice. She went abroad again and we heard through the cable dispatches that she had sung for Frau Wagner who was charmed with her, and she had also appeared before crowned heads in Germany with the same delightful success.

A good many people who heard that William, otherwise "Billy" Sells, was in town in advance of Main's circus immediately jumped to the conclusion that the Sells brothers had sold out to Main, but I am informed that this is not so. Sellsville, the vacation home of the Sells menagerie, is still a part of Ohio and the Sells show was not auctioned off when brother Ephraim died. The press agent who is in town just now is a relative of the Ohio millionaires and a difference of opinion with them, it is said, is the reason he is acting as advance for another show. Peter Sells, one of the Sells brothers whose circus is a rival to other caravans of this kind, belongs to the inner circle of Columbus, Ohio, in which city he owns a luxurious home. Mrs. Sells is a beautiful woman of the tall and willowy type, and I have heard it said that her voice is the sweetest and most musical in Columbus, the realization of the ideal tone described by Shakespeare as being an excellent thing in a woman. The Sells are very wealthy but are not at all of the nouveau riche type. While they belong to Columbus' smart set and entertain in a cordial, hospitable fashion, it is all accomplished without ostentation. Mrs. Sells goes in largely for charity and is never so happy as when relieving the wants of some poor family in distress. They have an only daughter who graduated a year or so ago and who is, I believe, at present traveling abroad. Colonel Sells is a prominent Mason and is especially interested in the Nobles of the Mystic Shrine, never failing to attend their yearly conclaves.

With the Crockers selling out their Southern Pacific stock and young Rutherford threatening to withdraw his patronage from the Palace hotel, there is naturally quite a flurry in the financial market. When the Rutherford threat was promulgated the other day it caused tremendous excitement. If the Palace lost the patronage of the young aristocrat the effect would be serious. Probably the hostelry could not survive the shock. And as great oaks from little acorns grow so it was that this threatened direful dénouement was presaged by a circumstance of inconsequential augury. It appears that the son of Mrs. Crocker had been in the habit of dining in the ladies' grill room, which is so closely identified with the hotel that guests of the latter are permitted to sign tags for a meal instead of handing out the cash after the style of the hoi polloi. The other day he took his lunch in the gentlemen's grill, which is so largely patronized by commoners and others whose cash is preferred to their credit by the management, that the tag system does not go. Young Rutherford insisted, however, that his tag should be accepted. The waiter explained that he (the waiter) had to pay cash for every dish he served. As he could not afford to lose the price of the Rutherford meal he demanded cash. Then there was a scene. The steward was summoned, and the hotel management was summoned, but the Rutherford tag was protested, and hence the threat of withdrawal.

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Jesse Moore Whisky

Billy Foote's burst of indignation in a Mariposa courtroom was no doubt a sincere expression of his feelings, for he probably believes that his client, Millionaire Hite, was never married to the squaw who is now suing him for a division of community property. Billy was incensed at Attorneys Paterson and Hanlon for prosecuting the suit on behalf of a pretender, and hence his somewhat fervid remarks. Of course Billy never stopped to think that in the not very remote past he occupied a position somewhat similar to that of the attorneys for the squaw. The circumstance of his having acted as the attorney for a certain woman who tried to get hold of a large estate by means of documents of a very suspicious character, has probably passed out of his memory. I believe that case was tried in a court presided over by the present law partner of one of the attorneys now representing the Mariposa squaw, and that the attorney appeared in the same case in behalf of an infant grandchild of the man whose estate was involved. Mrs. Nettie Craven had no more vigorous defender than W. W. Foote, but of course "Ole Bill" believed firmly in the justice of her cause. Still I do not blame him for permitting his connection with the case to grow dim in his memory.

It took a Russian rite and then a plain P. E.,
With doubled rings and a double wedding fee,
To make Miss Grant the Princess Cantacuzene.

Managing Editor Lawrence is again holding one of those periodical conferences with Mr. Hearst in New York. Why he was summoned for this particular conference nobody appears to know, but they have been doing a great deal of guessing in newspaper circles. It leaked out in some way that Mr. Hearst is anxious to get a little information about the political situation in this neck of the woods and that Lawrence went to New York to tell him all about it. Andy will probably return with another peacock feather and a raise of salary; or perhaps he may be induced to remain in New York to take charge of the Journal. The man with the hammer has never been able to disturb Mr. Hearst's confidence in his managing editor, and I understand that the confidence is mutual.

"No, Miss Amateur," said the manager with a discouraging smile, "it would be impossible to take you on. Why, you have no reputation."

She glared haughtily, as she returned:

"Probably I might have had better luck with you if I had no reputation to lose."

From an eastern paper which has been figuring out what certain rich women would do if forced to earn their own living I glean the fact that Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs is a practical cook and could run a school of that art if necessary. Her sister Birdie designs her own gowns, sending the dressmaker a rough sketch in aquarelle of the creation and, if need be, could make money by doing this for other women. Mrs. Clarence Mackay—Kittie Duer that was—is also an adept at designing costumes. However, it is as well that these lovely women will never be put to it to work for their bread and butter, for while it is very easy to make prophecies about what they could do, if they were forced to earn their living, it is likely they would find it a much more difficult matter in practice than it appears in theory. Now, Mrs. Clinch-Smith of the Gotham swim, who was a Miss Barnes of Chicago, would probably find it easier than any of the others to make money if she lost her fortune. She can croon coon ditties and dance an accompaniment as cleverly as any vaudeville star. The public may not always be willing to patronize a cook or a gown-designer with a fine pedigree and a reduced bank account, but it will always be willing to look on and applaud—or hiss—a seceder from society to the stage.

It is easy enough always to have a good word for everybody. The virtuous part comes when we know something ill about somebody and refrain from telling it.

Hubert Vos, a celebrated Dutch artist, is en route to this city from the orient, and is now temporarily sojourning in Honolulu. He is accompanied by his wife who was formerly Mrs "Jack" Graham of New York. At the time of her marriage to Jack Graham she was a belle of Honolulu society, being then Ellen Coney, a very dashing and remarkably beautiful girl. After her marriage she entered into the swim of New York and Washington, but some years later she obtained a divorce from "Jack" Graham and returned to her island home. Mr. Vos was sent by his government to paint forty-five pictures of as many different types for the Paris exposition, and he started his collection with a dusky Hawaiian, after which he traveled through China, Japan and Java. He is now putting the finishing touches on his types.

Maude—Have you read "David Harum?"

Gladys—No; I suppose it's a shocking story. Books about harems generally are.

Mr. Garret McEnerney starts on his maiden trip to the east tonight. He is going to Washington to attend to some matter connected with the Fair estate in the United States Supreme court. He will be joined at Chicago by Archbishop Riordan, in whose company he will spend several weeks. Mr. McEnerney is the legal adviser of the Archbishop, having succeeded George R. B. Hayes in that position.

"I had six proposals while at Castle Crags," said Miss Summer Girl, examining with interest a group of freckles on her pretty nose.

"How nice," returned her Dearest Friend, "but then I have always heard that Tommy Jones was one of those persistent fellows who will never take no for an answer."

Mrs. Lily Langtry De Bath is coming over to this country to present her new play, "The Degenerates." It is a comedy that is supposed to depict her life. One of the characters referring to her in the play exclaims:

"And this is what men like!"

"Yes, but they don't marry it," is the reply.

The play dealing as it does with the breezy incidents in the life of a woman whose career has been one long series of intrigues with rakes and roués is necessarily coarse, and the dialogue is as ripe with salacious suggestion as any that Oscar Wilde ever wrote. Here is a sample:

Mrs. Langtry—I remember that you, too, used to go the pace.

Duke of Orme—Only for a few furlongs; but you are such a stayer!

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The Press club's familiar motto—"Let the world slide," etc.—has been made the refrain of a song which has been dedicated to the club's quartet and S. Homer Henley. Mr. Henley is responsible for the song. He found two verses in Hichen's "Daughters of Babylon" which he felt would make a good rollicking song in harmony with the spirit of the motto. He submitted them to C. Harding Tebbs, the composer of the music rendered at the club's memorable Thirteen dinner, and Mr. Tebbs produced a fine musical setting. The following is the first stanza:

Bind the cup with roses,
While thy love discloses,
All the beauties she had veiled
From every eye but thine;
While the wine is flowing,
And desire is growing,
Drink to love and wine.

There is a bacchanalian swing to these lines that ought to make them decidedly popular in club circles. Anent the quartet it may be interesting to known that the vacancy caused by the departure of Rhys Thomas has been filled by the selection of Dan Lawrence for first tenor.

Reverend J. Cummings Smith is by no means the only member of the clergy who has elastic ideas on the subject of truthfulness. It will hardly be forgotten that J. George Gibson, also a witness in the Durrant trial, under oath to tell "the truth, the whole truth and nothing but the truth," openly boasted that none of the lawyers was smart enough to get out of him all that he knew. C. O. Brown, another reverend, was wise enough not to venture to tell under oath the fairy tales with which he beguiled his church committee. Many years ago there was an enormous and far-reaching scandal in our city concerning the sale of positions under the municipal government. At that time repeated experience had not yet proved that a successful politician was above the law, so there was general consternation in all quarters. One might confess and lose money, livelihood and perhaps liberty, and then, again, a good lie might prove "an ever present help in trouble" if one were not detected. Perjury meant state prison and the situation was an unenviable one for those involved. An investigation was held before a committee of the Board of Supervisors, who administered the usual oath to those called as witnesses and some of these being sore distraught as to the wisest course to pursue consulted a "a holy man of God," who gave it as his opinion that as the committee of supervisors was not a regular court of law it had no legal right to administer an oath, consequently a denial made to them would not be perjury, but a trivial offense—merely a lie. Whether or not that is sound law I leave for the Court Reporter to decide, but it certainly is free and easy morality.

The republican politicians, who, by the way, are the only republicans who think that Mayor Phelan should not be re-elected, seem to be blissfully ignorant of the fact that in showing that all the conspicuously good men of the party are supporters of the democratic mayor, they are only increasing his strength before the people.

What a lot of suspicious people there is in this world! And how quick they are to manufacture sensational romances! All they need is a frail foundation to work on and they soon rear a structure of fancy of mammoth proportions. For instance, a few weeks ago a woman died in this city and her death was ascribed to the eating of over-ripe fruit. She was a woman prominent in middle class social circles and the wife of a successful and wealthy business man. There had been some gossip in the neighborhood of their residence anent the husband's fondness for a woman whose society he is said to have favored while his wife was enjoying a trip to Europe some time ago. Promptly upon the death of his wife the gossips began to weave their romance. Their diagnosis of the case was quite different from that of the family physician. They agreed as to the poisoning but exculpated the fruit. That sort of a death was entirely too tame for romantic purposes. With the Botkin case fresh in their minds they traced the poison to the bold, bad woman. I do not know the process by which they traced it, but whatever it was it satisfied them. The story reached the office of one of the dailies and the unromantic city editor, who has heard that kind of stories before, detailed a reporter to investigate. I believe he found the family skeleton but failed to trace the poison and hence the big sensation has not appeared.

Upon the night previous to the lady's passing from this earth she was the hostess at a large reception given to the woman's club in which she was a prominent officer. She was in perfect health and dispensed the hospitality of her luxuriously appointed home in her usual gracious manner. It was naturally a shock to the guests at the function to learn of her sudden death upon the day following the affair. It was through the comments of members of the club that the story got around that the account in the papers of the lady's death from having eaten over-ripe fruit was not the true one. It was said that the family physician concocted this tale to cover a much more sensational one. In undertones the existence of the lady's rival in her husband's affections was made known and the further information elicited that this woman had been promised marriage in the event of her admirer's becoming a widower. Hence the conclusion that the deceased was ushered out of the world. Of course the whole story is highly improbable.

"What makes you look so thoughtful, dear," asked Mrs. Young Mother of her ten-year-old daughter, who was gazing earnestly at her little brother, two weeks of age, lying in his cradle.

"I was thinking, mamma," was the sober reply, "of brother and wondering if, when he grows up, he should not marry the right kind of a girl, who would bring up the children?"

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San Francisco

At one of the performances of "Othello" last week it was my fortune to be seated in front of a trio whose conversation I could not help overhearing. They were from Chicago and were disposed to find fault with San Francisco and all pertaining to it. They abused us right and left, calling us a small town and a one night stand. They were disgusted with the Tivoli and spared no words in condemnation of its dinginess, its hard seats, its level floor, and so on. They could hardly sit still until the curtain rose, and threatened a number of times to get up and leave. I do not know what they expected to see or hear, and it was evident that they had not consulted the play bill before coming. Even the drop curtain was a puzzle to them and from the tone of their remarks I could judge that they thought it depicted some sort of a "hold up," and no doubt supposed its subject to be a bit of local history. I was in hopes that when the reprehensible curtain ascended they would find something pleasing in the performance. But no. They did not seem to be aware that the libretto was by a fellow named Shakespeare and the music by a fellow named Verdi, and perhaps they thought Salassa and Avedano vaudeville artists doing a clever turn. By the close of the second act, however, something must have dawned upon them, for they sat still and carped no more, nor did I hear any further comparisons of the poor old Tivoli with numerous fine playhouses of the windy city.

We must admit that the Tivoli is smoky and dingy, that it has neither plush nor gilding to please "the sensual eye" (to paraphrase Keats), that there is a total absence of soft carpets, mirrors and gleaming marbles. In short, it is not a place where fashion would hie in low-neck or swallow-tail. But with all its deficiencies we love it still, somewhat as our elders loved the Old California, for it has given us twenty years of opera, good, bad or indifferent. In time we shall be a music-loving community and the Tivoli will have helped to make us so, and many a one of us looking back can even now say that in the Tivoli he first heard "Trovatore" or "Freischutz," or some other opera. To be musical a people must possess a certain amount of temperament which is a thing not common in America, and almost impossible to find in England, but quite frequent among other more artistic and plastic races. Our mild climate and a certain admixture of Latin, Oriental and Jewish elements in our community should make it almost a matter of course here. With such a people music will be a hardy growth like the plants of field and hill, not an exotic to be pampered in hothouses, and the many who can only afford fifty cents will enjoy it equally with a few who can pay seven dollars. So we shall not desert the Tivoli while once a year it gives us "Lohengrin" or "Fidelio," or "Othello," and we shall rest undisturbed by the thought that they do things otherwise in Chicago.

I am reminded, by the foregoing, of the visit of some Boston friends to this city some years ago. They were well supplied with "dough" and they let nothing of importance in San Francisco's sights escape them. They "did" Chinatown, the French quarter, Tar Flat and North Beach, the white slums and the rest, with the regulation Presidio, Cliff House and Park, the theatres and across the bay resorts. Then they said they wished to go to the Tivoli. They had their desire, for they said they could not possibly return home without having seen the opera house of which they had heard so much. But their disappointment was extreme after a night with "Mignon"—I think that was the opera. Their comment was:

"Why, it is a respectable place."

It was evidently too slow to suit their ideas. Having heard smoking and drinking were permitted they had taken it for granted that the Tivoli was a bit risqué.

Miss Pacific-Heights, who is addicted to the fragrant weed when enfolded in rice-papers, and who sometimes enjoys a quiet smoke with a young man friend, is surprised and a trifle confounded at overhearing a bit of drama enacted in her sister's back-yard, where her little nephew Freddy is playing a game with a tiny neighbor from across the way.

"Now," said Freddy, who has neatly rolled a cigarette from a bit of brown paper, and who passes it along to little Alice, "you play you are Aunt Nellie and I'll be 'Pet'."

Consternation of looker-on is comp'ete.

If one may base judgment upon the utterances of childhood church and stage will cease their lifelong warfare before another generation. A little girl of certainly less than five summers who was quite familiar with the matinee and its attendant incidents, was recently taken to church for the first time, where she mortified her mamma and amused, when she did not shock, her immediate neighbors by insistently asking:

"When will the curtain go up?"

Another, who however was entering on her teens, was taken for the first time to evening service at one of the Catholic churches, at the beginning of which she audibly and comprehendingly remarked:

"Oh, it's going to be just like the Tivoli."

Two Japanese Buddhist priests have established themselves in this city with the avowed intention of making converts among the Japanese and later among the Americans. And why not? The Americans have invaded their country, and even if we admit that the change in their religion is conversion, we cannot but feel that in other respects it has resulted in perversion. If the courtesy and good breeding so conspicuous in the better classes of oriental nations is even to be remotely traced to the influence of their religion, the sooner these priests make wholesale conversions of the American to the doctrines of Buddhism the better. It is likely that society will fall in with the idea and take

An elegant line of Mourning Bonnets, Hats and Veils, Mrs. S.R.Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

up Buddhism as a fad, the manner in which it was treated in London some years ago. Later Boston took it up and in the Hub, as well as in Chicago, it is nothing unusual to find Buddhists among the advanced thinkers. Theosophy was only an outgrowth of Buddhism, the natural result of the modern religionist's rebellion at the bigotry of the existing mode of professing Christianity.

"I suppose your wife loves you dearly?"

"Yes, I've noticed that whenever she gets effusively affectionate it costs me something."

I do not believe there is such a thing in existence nowadays as a simple wedding. An informal marriage, where the bride and bridegroom are made one before a justice of the peace or a clergyman in his private office, may contain the element of simplicity, but this is the only ceremony that can properly be termed simple. The home wedding, even in the presence of only relatives and intimate friends, has grown to be as elaborate a function in its appointments as if hundreds were bidden to the nuptial celebration. The wedding of Miss Goad and Andrew Martin, for instance, on Tuesday evening at the Goad residence, 2000 Washington street, was as ornate in its decorations and details as the widely written about marriage of Birdie Fair and Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. It was a "quiet" wedding inasmuch as, outside of the ushers, only relatives of the bride and bridegroom were present but it was by no means a simple affair. The decorations were superb, the hall, reception, drawing and dining rooms being converted into bowers of palms, ferns and blossoms.

The fashion set at the Fair-Vanderbilt wedding of having the breakfast served at small tables was followed and this will likely be the mode at all of the winter's weddings. Reverend Father Prendergast, who has officiated at so many of the unions of our swim, performed the ceremony. Miss Hattie Bell Goad, the bride's cousin, was her maid of honor and the bridegroom was attended by his brother, Walter Martin.

Mr. Greenway was one of the ushers. I wonder how many times the plump and genial Edward has acted in this capacity? He has certainly transcended the proverbial thrice mark and I can only think of one person who can outrank his record—that is a young woman who has been a bridesmaid so often that if she were not the owner of an independent fortune I should be led to the conclusion that she is a professional and receives good pay for her services.

The gossips of society are inveterate matchmakers and it often happens that they are inclined to make matches without consulting the parties most interested. Consequently their announcements of engagements are not always reliable. One of the latest matches made by the gossips of the smart set involves Mrs. Eleanor Martin and General Young, the distinguished and gallant officer of Cuban campaign fame. Nobody doubts but that Mrs. Martin and General Young would make an harmonious couple and that their marriage would be made the occasion of a very charming function. I have no doubt that Mrs. Martin admires the general as an officer and a man, and that General Young is not insensible of the many charming qualities of Mrs. Martin, but as a matter of fact they are not engaged. I do not believe either ever thought of the desirability of the other as a mate and I am therefore of the opinion that the gossips were decidedly premature in their announcement of the engagement.

Our handsome "dress hats" noted for style, elegance and quality. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

It is likely that some of this gossip may have arisen through the interest—a genuine interest—that Mrs. Martin always took in General Young's daughter, Helen Lillian Young. Miss Young was a very pretty girl and, finding that she possessed considerable elocutionary talent, she decided that the stage was her vocation. It was at an elaborate entertainment given for the benefit of the Red Cross fund at Mrs. Martin's residence that Miss Young was permitted to show her friends the amount of dramatic talent she possessed. She appeared in a scene from Ouida's "Moths" with Charles Charters and afterwards in an illustrated poem, "The Spirit of '98." It was this Mr. Charters, a young actor with regular features, a blond complexion, a small, slight figure and little individuality, who had made some minor successes with the Frawley company, that Miss Young married later on in her dramatic career. She had made a formal debut at the California theatre and a short time after went on the road with the Harry Corson Clarke company in "What Happened to Jones." In the company was Charters and it was during this tour that the general's daughter and the young actor decided to unite their lots.

Somebody has said that Major Esterhazy was in the soup, but it still remains for somebody to suggest that perhays *Paty de Clam* is in *foie gras*.

The press of the twin cities—St. Paul and Minneapolis—has been well represented here since the arrival of the Thirteenth Minnesota regiment. The leading newpapers have shown their enterprise, as well as their appreciation of the heroic services of the regiment, by sending members of their staffs to San Francisco to meet the Minnesota volunteers and to "write them up" during their stay in camp. Will H. Bull, genial, bald but whiskered, has been doing excellent work for the Pioneer Press of St. Paul; F. G. Hunt, handsome, urbane and Shakespearean, has given the Minneapolis Times some good interesting gossip; E. B. Smith, an affable hustler, and married, has kept the wires hot with good stuff for the Minneapolis Journal; J. R. Butterman, courteous, bespectacled and Napoleonic, has been giving the readers of the Minneapolis Tribune column stories, so that through these different channels, people of the northwest know almost as much about the affairs of the camp as though they were on the field. The Press club has been the headquarters of these visiting newspapermen, and they have made fast friends of all the members who have had the good fortune to meet them.

No Man or Woman Knows how to Enjoy

Healthy hair until they have used Lederer's great hair tonic, Quintonica.

For sale at 123 Stockton St, where that fine hair dressing is done for 25 cts.

How strange are the vicissitudes of politics! A few short months ago there was a bond of sympathy between Mr. John D. Spreckels and Mr. M. H. de Young. After a long estrangement the entente cordiale between the Chronicle and Call was restored. An astonishing alliance was formed to curb the political ambition of the man from Mexico. It seemed as if a mutual antipathy for a third party had stimulated the spirit of amity, but now it seems that the distinguished journalists were merely reposing in the shadow of an armed neutrality. The truce is off, the resurrected hatchet is again brandished from tower tops, for there is a mild suspicion abroad that now, Colonel Burns having agreed to waive his claims to the toga, Mr de Young is once more on the fighting line. The Call alleges that the railroad magnates are in favor of making De Young senator, and the Call denounces De Young as an unfit man for the job. Mr. Spreckels' fears are entirely groundless. The railroad people are not in favor of Mr. de Young for senator, and he is not going to be senator, and all because he had the misfortune to lose his temper. For many years it has been his ambition to wear the toga, but there never was a time when he could have achieved his purpose so easily as the present if it were not for his leap over the traces last year.

Mr. de Young was C. P. Huntington's first choice for senator and it was his intention to assist the Chronicle's proprietor with the railroad influence, but when Mrs. Stanford and the Crockers learned of what was contemplated they protested, and in order to preserve harmony Mr. Huntington was obliged to withdraw his support. De Young was not gold-bricked by Mr. Herrin or any other person. It was simply a case of his being impossible, but he declined to take that view of it. He believed that he had been deceived and over the traces he went with both feet, joining hands with Mr. Spreckels in the fight against the corporation. And now Mr. Burns is out of the fight and, the Crockers being out of the railroad company, if Mr. Huntington were not sore on De Young for his conduct he could secure his election to the senate without the slightest difficulty. It was an unfortunate error of judgment on Mr. de Young's part. I am sorry for him because I would like to see him in the senate. The state would be well represented by either Spreckels or De Young, for they are able men and have the interest of the state at heart.

"Cholly Jones did not make such a big catch I hear, in the matrimonial swim, after all," said Miss Gossip, taking off her gloves preparatory to indulging in light refreshments at the grill.

"No? Why, I heard that he married a girl with an independent fortune," returned Lily Moderne, giving her order in tones inaudible to all but the waiter.

"That's just it. Cholly told me he'd rather have the fortune without the independence. It's his wife who is independent—not her dough."

The other day I heard an amusing story referring to a young couple who are well known in Mission society and whose matrimonial differences have lately been the theme of much gossip throughout the "warm belt." While this story, which is vouched for by my informant, has no bearing on the couple's present separation, it serves to show the reason why their natures may not have been in harmony. The wife, who is of a naturally pale complexion, has been in the habit, for years, of enhancing the brilliancy of her skin by the application of rouge. Her husband has always expressed a perfect horror of powder, and as for paint, words could not express the feeling he has against such artificial aid to feminine beauty. The young wife had been very successful in keeping her rouge, the kind that looks like lip-salve, out of sight, but one day her husband chanced upon it. He had been remarking, by the way, just a short time before how well his wife was looking and what a fine bloom that new medicine he had bought had imparted to her cheeks.

"What is this?" he asked, taking up the rouge with a suspicious glance.

She was frightened to death but did not betray a tremor as she answered:

"Oh, nothing but some stuff I bought to try on a corn."

Some days afterward the wife found her husband sitting on the floor bedaubing his bare foot with a red substance. Inspection revealed the fact that it was her rouge.

"I thought I d give your new corn cure a try," he said.

She wanted to laugh and, again, she hated to see her rouge disappearing in that wholesale manner. A thought struck her:

"I wouldn't bother with it, dear," she said, "it is no good at all—makes the corn worse."

Rumors to the contrary notwithstanding there is not the slightest indication of a slump in the American heiress market.

Some of the old money-bags of the Pacific-Union club are getting very much alarmed over the recent influx of men under forty years of age into the organization. They seem to fear that there will be too many juveniles in the club in a short while. Of course that would be a terrible calamity. The traditions of the club must be preserved. One of the new members is a popular young man who has the reputation of being a gay blade and who associates with men of sporting proclivities. His introduction served to startle several of the old members, I am told, but I cannot understand why they should be agitated. Surely they are not afraid that he will scoop in too many pots in the poker game. It would be difficult to find better poker players than a few of those that haunt the card rooms of the Pacific Union.

It is a significant fact that the yellow journals cannot understand how Admiral Dewey has managed to escape an attack of "swelled-head."

Votaries of the smooth upper lip fad continue to increase in polite society notwithstanding the growth of its popularity for over a year in the common herd. All the race track touts, sure-thing gamblers, confidence operators and representatives of the riff-raff have dispensed with their facial ornament in imitation of the swells who shaved off their moustaches for classical effect. There is no doubt but that the moustache is an inartistic incumbrance and that the face that has it

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The old established, reliable firm of J. J. O'Brien & Co., at Market and Jones Streets, have received a large shipment of Ladies', Misses', and Children's Mackintoshes of the famous "Duck Brand," which they advertise at prices ranging from $4.00 to $18.00 for Ladies' sizes and from $2.00 to $5.00 for Misses' and Children's sizes. These goods are from the finest manufactory in America and are all guaranteed waterproof.

not and yet can bear critical scrutiny is not improved by hirsute garnishment. But in making all men in His image God did not provide them all with faces capable of standing the smooth upper lip test. He kindly supplied them however with a means of softening the inharmonious lines. I was forcibly reminded of the divine forethought the other day when I encountered Russell Wilson, the distinguished attorney, in the street. Mr. Wilson, be it known, is not beyond the vanities that superinduce fads. He has changed his face by restoring his upper lip to its primal purity and I take this opportunity of assuring him that his countenance has proved false; for it does not stand the test.

After all these weeks of dark horse hunting it now appears that there are "good men for mayor" galore in the republican party, but all the conspicuously available have been hypnotized into the belief that the job belongs to a young fellow named Phelan.

Mrs. Margaret Jean Wood, who has spent the past year in the eastern states, partly with her daughter, Anna Miller Wood in Boston, with her son Williard M. Wood in Chicago and with relatives in Meadville, Penn., returned to California last Thursday evening. The extremes of the eastern climate proved too severe for Mrs. Wood who has been a resident of San Francisco for thirty years and whose health is somewhat delicate. Mrs. Wood will reside at Treehaven, Ridge Road, the Berkeley home of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Pierce, during the winter. A. L. Smith is in town from Auburn and will visit his mother and sister at Pacific Grove before returning home. E. I. Wolfe was in Indianapolis at last eastern advices. Miss Phœbe Williamson is visiting her cousin, Mrs. John C. Beatty, at Santa Monica, but will go to Los Angeles for the winter. Mrs. F. R. Dray, who has been the guest of her daughter, Mrs. George Perry in Alameda, has returned to Sacramento.

Here's to our George who did the trick—
Swatted the Dons in double quick,
Banged them 'round old Luzon's bay
In an off-hand sort of a way;
Who fought until his appetite
Called a halt and stopped the fight,
And who when he resumed the scrap,
Wiped the Spaniards off the map.

A correspondent informs me, referring to what I said last week anent the society vaudeville show, that "San Francisco is not so far behind the rest of the world after all, for it must have been as long ago as 1894 that we had a society benefit for Mrs. Mary Wyman-Williams. It followed closely on the heels of the two society operatic performances, 'Girofle Girofla' and 'Bluff King Hal.' Society disported itself that once, but for some unknown reason has never seen fit to repeat itself."

For the benefit of the writer of that paragraph, as well as for others, I will state that I was present at the Wyman-Williams benefit, which was given at a local hall, and which was arranged by members of the Bohemian club. While widely advertised as a "vaudeville" show the affair turned out to be nothing of the kind. It was simply a well conducted entertainment, the talent of high class but no more of a vaudeville nature than are the monthly programs given by the Vermonters' and Western Addition clubs. Those who had heard of the Bohemian's club's monthly jinks and had expected the Williams benefit to partake of the character of these functions were disappointed.

The "spite fence" is said to have its origin in California, in that historical encounter which led to Charles Crocker Sr.'s boxing up Young's "notch in his principality." Like other good things it found its way eastward and one of its latest appearances has been chronicled in Wisconsin. The fence, which cuts off the view from several lawns, has been decorated on one side by an enormous inscription:

"He built the fence. I didn't do it."

The other side is equally bold in proclaiming:

"I had to do it."

Two bicyclists stopped at a road-house the other day to get some liquid refreshment. The feminine rider called for lemonade, while the masculine rider said he would take his with a stick in it.

When the drinks were brought, they were both *lemonades*, and mein host with an apologetic smile at the lack of straws, said: 'We ain't got no shtticks."

The Goad-Martin wedding was a good thing for our local tradespeople. It was a good thing for the florist, who was kept busy for weeks getting ready for the affair and the bill he handed in for cut flowers was, I understand, nearly a thousand dollars, which would turn the average parent's look of "Bless you, my children" to "What am I up against?" but in this case was but part of the felicity. The bride's wedding bouquet cost sixty dollars yet was a marvel of simplicity. This sort of expenditure is what makes times good in San Francisco and if we had a few more weddings like the one of this week everybody would be richer in pocket under the old theory of "casting your bread upon the waters."

The average wealthy resident of this city does not spend much money on flowers. In New York a man about town thinks nothing of spending five dollars for a few violets to send a young woman he may have enjoyed a pleasant conversation with at an afternoon tea. You do not find any men like that in San Francisco. If they spend money they prefer to lay it out on something more tangible—say, a luncheon or a drive. And when an elaborate function is given here, the florist's bill rarely exceeds a few hundred dollars. The late Mrs. Theresa Fair was the most liberal spender I can remember in this matter of floral decorations. At Tessie Fair's coming out ball and at her wedding, Mary Bates was given carte blanche in regard to the house's interior embellishment and the bill for flowers ran up into the thousands.

The standard fairy tale will have to be revised. The children are too up-to-date to appreciate the conclusion of "living happy ever after"—in modern juvenile eyes such an end is too "jay."

The value of presentiments was never more clearly shown than in the case of Charles Holzheiser, the Southern Pacific railroad conductor who was killed in the train wreck at Halvern en route to San Jose last week. When young Holzheiser left home on this trip, in bidding his wife good-bye he remarked that he felt considerable nervousness.

"I wish I were not going on this trip," he said.

He not only expressed this foreboding of evil to his wife but said the same thing to some men he met when starting off. He said he did not believe he would come back from that trip, and his prediction was realized.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this hot weather.

Charley Fair tells this story:

"I was sitting close to the ringside on the occasion of the fatal meeting between O'Connell and Franey at Woodward's pavilion, and when the representatives of both pugilists were wrangling over the question as to whether there should be hitting in the clinches, I spoke to Tim McGrath who was one of the seconds. I asked him why they didn't quit wrangling and start the boxing match. Tim leaned over the ropes with a grave expression on his face.

" 'Well, it's this way,' he said, 'this is a serious matter; the fellow that gets licked will have to go to work.' "

Youngbludde: When a man has a homely wife he can have perfect confidence in her.

Old Sport: Oh, I don't know; homeliness is only skin deep.

Walter Hobart has resorted to a singular plan for the commemoration of a tragic incident in his career. The incident I refer to was the ruthless extermination by means of a surgical blade of Mr. Hobart's vermiform appendix. It will be remembered that, when appendicitis became the fashionable affliction some years ago, Mr. Hobart's superfluous pocket asserted itself to his discomfort. So serious became his condition that the surgeon's knife was called into requisition, and the author of the aristocratic malady was ejected from its abiding place. To commemorate the incident Mr. Hobart has bestowed the name of Vermiform Appendix on one of his colts. Why the horse should be afflicted with such a cognomen it would be difficult to explain upon any other hypothesis than that of Mr. Hobart's earnest desire to perpetuate the anatomical demonstration of his claims to aristocratic leadership.

In a whirl of afternoon teas the Santa Monica season passed to its end, writes my southern correspondent. It was what the women call a constant round of gayety, one matinee reception after the other. Mrs. Roy Jones, Miss Henshaw and Mrs. Randolph Miner were successively the hostesses. Santa Monica will no doubt be dead from now on, almost everybody having returned to town; i. e., Los Angeles.

I had the pleasure of meeting one evening last week a returned traveler, in the person of F. E. Mannel, who is here direct from south and central Africa. Mr. Mannel is a man of about medium height and though strongly built one would never at first glance see in him the mighty hunter who has shot big game in the wilds of Africa. He is modest and does not talk about his achievements but he has friends who are not so backward in sounding his praises. Mr. Mannel is an American of German descent and has done a lot of traveling as well as hunting. A souvenir of one shooting trip hangs from his watch-chain—a tiger's claw set in gold.

"There is one thing I'm always afraid of," said Mrs. Young Widow, "I fear that I may be buried alive."

"You may always be safe," said young Giddy, "if you go at your present pace, and spend your summers anywhere except at the family ranch."

I understand that the success of the State Fair was not entirely due to the efforts of the citizens' committee, who certainly however did noble work in behalf of the exhibition, or to the daily programs engineered by Mr. Buckley who is now using his managerial gifts to pull the Mechanics' Fair on to prosperity. The real success of the Fair, I am told by one who watched the exposition from start to finish, was owing to the presence of Adolph Spreckels in Sacramento. Mr. Spreckels spent money liberally and he kept up everybody's enthusiasm. He not only looked after the interests of sugar but he gave his friends and their friends and the friends of those friends an all round good time. Sacramento wishes that San Francisco would more often send such visitors to the capital.

Clancy Talks of the Wedding

"IT'S UNFORTUNATE ye are, Barry, that ye can't read th' pa-apers," said Clancy, as he put down the evening paper preparatory to his daily exposition of the latest news.

"That's the great drawback in Ireland," he continued. "They say their beads inshtead iv their prayer-books beyant in th' ole counthry,an' that's why so many niver lurren to read. Now whin I was a lad I watched me fa-ather—rest his sowl—readin' his prayer book, f'r he wuz a great shtoodent an' he wuz that expert that he always read it upside down, an' I saw that it gave him so much consilashin that I resolved to lurren to read too. It wuz Father Kelly that lurrned me, an' I became jist as expert as me fa-ather."

"What's in th' paper tonight?" asked Mr. Barry.

"All about th' marridge of Miss Julia Grant, th' grant-daughter of ole Ginral Grant and Prince Cantaccusefeeney, th' only son of th' Rooshin Impror's second cousin. It wuz a grand affair fr'm beginning to end an' all th' Grants are tickled to death over th' infushin of rile blood into th' family."

"I shuppose th' Prince has money to burn?" suggested Barry.

"He'll have it now," was the reply. "That's what he left the ole counthry for. That's what we all left th' ole counthry for, to be sure. Th' Prince is no worse than yersilf. Ye came over f'r th' dough an' yer makin it with th' hod. The Prince don't like the hod; it don't agree wid him, so he shtayed in Roosha an' lived off his family until he could get hold iv an heiress. Along came th' Potter Pammers iv th' Pammer house Chicago, with their proteegy Miss Grant in tow. Some day Miss Grant is goin' to get some iv ole Potter Pammer's shtuff, so 'wow-wow' sez th' Prince. 'Here's me good fairy' he sez. 'I'll shtrike up a bargain with her' he sez. 'I've got a title to sell,' he sez, 'an' ole Pammer has th' money to buy it' he sez. So he borrowed some money fr'm a frind to get his title out iv soak an' he makes th' deal in a walk. Th' match is made an' over comes th' Prince to Castle Garden. Th' Pammers are at Newport tryin' to break into sassiety wid an ax, and along comes th' prince in time to lend them a hand 'Twas a great day for th' Pammers an' a gloryus day for th' Grants. An' my oh my but th' weddin' wuz a fine affair. They give th' gyurrel a shwell send-off an' th' Prince has no kick comin'. He made a speech at th' weddin'. Sez he; 'This is th' happiest day iv me life' he sez. 'It gives me great pleasure' he sez 'to bestow me hand an' title' he sez, ''pon th' offspring' he sez, 'iv a brave ginral' he sez 'an' iv a presidint iv th' United Shtates' he sez 'I appreshate' he sez 'th' genrosity' he sez, 'iv th' Pammers' he sez. 'May they live long' he sez an' build hotels' he sez 'in ivry town in th' counthry,' he sez, 'An' as for the Grants' he sez, 'iv they come to Roosha' he sez. 'I'll try to get ivry mother's son iv them a political job, he sez.

"Whin he finished Colonel Fred Grant shook him warrmly be th' hand an' shpoke a good word f'r his brother in California"

Several months ago the query column in the American paper published in the Manila contained a communication to the editor requesting him to state the different kind of soldiers on the island of Luzon. The reply was: Three—regulars, volunteers and first Californias.

A SLUMBERING STORM

THE SHADOWS lengthen as we walk
Up through the dusty lane,
And slowly fall the first warm drops
Of fragrant autumn rain.

Now all the harvest fields lie bare,
Of pride and beauty shorn,
The reapers to the wide-doored barns
Have gathered in the corn.

Strange mutterings fill the sultry air,
And with a tiny sound
The aspen leaves drop weakly down
And rustle to the ground.

Strange presages of storm and strife
Foreboding hints of ill
Frown from the overhanging sky
And from the darkened hill.

Dear heart, what evil brings the hour?
You sigh when you should speak,
You turn aside, and will not lift
The lashes from your cheek.

Ah me! whence this unspoken doubt,
This unsaid pain and grief,
That find their fittest echo in
The falling of the leaf?

IRENE CONNELL.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "Marie Antoinette"—magnificently mounted, with elegant costumes.

ALCAZAR. "The Idler"—a modern play, well acted.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "—The Drum Major's Daughter"—second week, continued success.

TIVOLI. "Othello" and "Martha"—the new tenor has scored a hit

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—it's all right.

CHINESE ACTORS are the hardest worked people on earth. Here in San Francisco where the Chinese theatre is one of the stock show places it is superfluous to attempt any description of a performance or to more than refer to the length of their plays. In China no town or village is complete without its theatre and no dinner—public or private—is without its theatrical accompaniment. The old dramas which were purely and distinctly religious consisted chiefly of dancing and posturing and were representative of the occupations of the people. According to Confucius, religious dances were the only dramas up to 500 B. C. The plays now given, though called modern, really belong to the eighth or ninth century of our era. The Chinese stage of the present day is almost an exact reproduction of the English stage of Shakespeare's time, being entirely without scenery or illusions. The female characters, too, are assumed by boys. We of the modern day have grown to regard scenery and stage setting quite as important as the actors, and resent and relentlessly criticise any shortcomings in these respects, and yet the bare boards are an advantage, as they give the actors an opportunity to display special aptitude and show how much of their success is due to themselves and their efforts Chinese drama is excellently constructed and the is so much a part of the natural life that is customary to admit poor people to the "pit" without charge. The sign or motto so often, if not always, displayed at the back of the stage is almost an exact quotation from Shakespeare: "The actors hold the mirror up to nature."

Those good women of Washington who proposed to incarcerate until their majority all boys of their city under sixteen who commit the crime of attending the theatre unaccompanied by parents or guardians have somewhat modified their program. They will now use their influence to have punishment meted out to managers who permit the lads to attend performances. This is nearer to the mark, for it is not to the best interest of young boys to be out at night. It might be well if the society would turn its attention to suppressing performances which are not fit for boys to witness. In every community there are laws prohibiting indecent performances and there is no reason, but indifference, why these laws should not be enforced. Dives and dance halls could be suppressed if the people really cared—if there were a steady, all-the-year-round disapproval, not a two-weeks' spasm—the result of some particularly heinous outrage. Society women might also to good purpose stop the practice of getting up parties among themselves to go heavily veiled and "properly escorted," and gratify their curiosity by peeps at underground life. And they could, most assuredly, discountenance such plays as The Turtle, Dr. Bill, or The Girl from Maxim's by simply staying away from the performance and withdrawing their patronage from theatres which produce them. There is no necessity for clubs, badges, meetings, or rushing into print. Simply stay away. Theatrical managers are obliged to please their patrons. They cannot afford to stage plays which will cost them the reputation of their houses. A play which is not fit for a sixteen-year-old boy to witness alone is hardly likely to be good for his mother.

Rose-Soley, one of them, or perhaps a combination of both, bobbed up in a local weekly with two columns of criticism on—or, being Rose-Soley, fault finding with—last week's performances at the Tivoli, nothing of which was bearable but the orchestra, and even that! The wonderful thing about the Rose-Soley peroration is that in the course of the whole two columns they (he? she?) did not drag in their King Charles' head, an allusion to Stevenson. However, now that I am on the subject it really would be well if the chorus could be induced to get up a little animation and show some interest in what is going on upon the stage. True, their work must be both tiresome and monotonous and they are not receiving prima donna prices; true, also, they are not worse than the choruses of many more pretentious organizations, but if they could be persuaded to be less indifferent and wooden, some at least might aspire to better things than the chorus.

"Some day, perhaps, when criticism perfected by universal progress will have at its disposition a means of stenographic notation to fix the shades of an actor's expression, one will not have to regret so much genius lost to the absent and to posterity. As we have compelled light to fix images on a polished plate, we shall finally succeed in receiving and guarding the undulations of sound, and of preserving thus the execution of an air of Mario, of a tirade of Mademoiselle Rachel, of a couplet of Frederick Lemaitre, we can then preserve suspended on the wall the serenade of Don Pasquale, the imprecations of Camille, the declaration of love of Ruy Blas, deguerreotyped some evening when the artist was at his best. What a pity for Talma and Malibran to have come too soon! As to Malibran, she will live; the heart of a poet has worked a miracle in her favor, the immortal verses of Alfred de Musset have retained and fixed the sublime songs of Rosina and of Desdemona." So wrote Théophile Gautier; a regret and yet, perhaps, a prophesy.

California THE THEATRE in its new dress will be thrown open to the public tomorrow night and a Swedish play will hold the boards—A Yenuine Yentleman. Ben Hendricks, the clever comedian, is the star of the aggregation of talent that will interpret the piece. Manager Friedlander has engaged some fine attractions for the new California and the matinees on Sunday, in addition to the Saturday matinees, will doubtless prove a drawing feature.

The "Automobile Hat." Very pretty and stylish, our own beautiful and exclusive designs, Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny St.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

Columbia

MODJESKA, like Patti, has made just one farewell tour too many. It is a pity that there are some actresses and singers who never know when the time has arrived for them to abandon the stage and pass the rest of their life in tender recollections of past triumphs. It is to be regretted that they are not strong enough to resist the fascination of the footlights and thereby often dim the brilliancy of earlier victories. Modjeska has now arrived at an age where she should have retired from her professional career, leaving her admirers with the memory of her former efficiency. As Antoinette of France she is a disappointment. Her voice lacks dramatic timbre and her deportment is sadly in need of vigor. There is one defect in the histrionic accomplishments of Modjeska which always hampered her—an awkward enunciation. The fundamental principle of dramatic declamation is a thorough command of the language in which you recite. Modjeska has not a complete control of the English tongue and herein she is lacking in the primary rules of the art of elocution. I cannot understand how the English-writing critics could ever accept her as a great tragedienne so long as she had to struggle against an awkward dialect and a foreign accent. An Eleanor Duse or a Sarah Bernhardt would become vulnerable as artists should they adopt English on the stage, just as a vocalist who does not pronounce distinctly cannot be regarded as a first-class artist. Throughout the play both Modjeska and Kellerd fail to adhere to their characters. There is nothing in Modjeska's deportment that would reveal the hauteur of the Austrian. There is nothing of the defiance with which Antoinette faced the mob. There is nothing in her portrayal that would describe the passion of the woman and the influence she exercised over her acquaintances and friends. Modjeska's Antoinette is without blood, a cold, marble-like creation; whose voice hardly ever changes, who is as calm and unmoved in danger as out of it. The actress does not seem to understand that Antoinette became indignant when the mob broke into her apartment, and that there was no suppliant or pleading accents in the voice with which she defied them. The author, too, did not understand the excellent material he had or else he would have put different words in the mouth of the queen. John E. Kellerd cannot portray Louis XVI, because he has not the appearance. The unfortunate monarch was short and stout, and not slim. Furthermore Mr. Kellerd does not grasp the situation nor the character of the king. In the scene of the sacking of the castle he runs out and says, "My wife and children subjected to such indignity!" or words to that effect, with as unconcerned and calm a voice as he would say, "Let's go to supper." Both the king and queen of France seem to be in a continuous trance as represented by Modjeska and Mr. Kellerd. There is no character nor realism in this portrayal. By far the best characters in the play are the Queen Audu of Mary Hall and the Santerre of Cassius Quinby. Both these artists grasp fully the fierce temperament of the lower classes and their speeches are delivered with a dramatic intensity that is impressive in the extreme. The play is magnificently mounted and costumed. Next Monday evening and Saturday matinee Shakespeare's Much Ado About Nothing will be presented. In this production Modjeska will appear for the first time as Beatrice. On Tuesday, Thursday and Friday evenings, Mary Stuart will be given and on Saturday evening Macbeth is on the program.

Grand Opera House

THE DRUM MAJOR'S DAUGHTER has achieved greater favor than has been the lot of a comic opera here in several years. It will be performed for the last time tomorrow evening and on Monday Planquette's Rip Van Winkle will be the attraction. This opera has never had anything like an adequate representation in this city and the forthcoming splendid revival is sure to be hailed with great satisfaction. The scenery painted by Frank King is exceedingly beautiful especially that portion of it which depicts the Catskills at midnight. The costumes have been specially manufactured in the east for the occasion and all that a liberal expenditure of money, energy and skill can accomplish will be in unmistakable evidence. William Wolff will appear as the happy go lucky Rip, a character in which he is quite celebrated in the east.

Orpheum

THE usual large houses have visited the Orpheum this week. At the request of a number of the theatre's patrons, Felix Morris has been re-engaged for one week and beginning with tomorrow's matinee will with his company present a number of his most famous little comedies. While here he will, among other plays, present The Vagabond and The Old Musician, both old favorites in San Francisco. In order to play here another week, Mr. Morris has canceled an eastern engagement. San Francisco was the scene of some of his hardest early struggles and of his rise to fame. He has many friends in the city of the Golden Gate and wants to remain among them as long as possible. Another big attraction on the new bill will be the Hawaiian Queens, three pretty Honolulu girls who will present a lyric novelty entitled King Moos' Wedding Day and a one-act operetta, The Queen's Fan. Forest and King will present a specialty on the Stinson and Merton order but with some original acrobatic work thrown in. The holdovers are: Frank Cushman, Jennie Yeamans, Terry and Lambert, Stinson and Merton and Seymour and Dupree, all of whom have proved very popular this week.

Alcazar

THE IDLER is a moral play pure and simple, but I doubt very much whether our modern audiences are much impressed with moral plays. In fact I do not believe that the spectator is influenced in the least by the characters on the stage, but will have his own views as to the laws of society just the same. So the play with a moral does not effect anything. And if it is without result why should it be written? It is a lamentable truth that the public likes to be amused. And so we find much larger audiences attending a comedy than a tragedy. So while The Idler is an excellently written play its presentation becomes useless because it effects nothing. There is one character I cannot understand, namely Simeon Strong. Here is a young man whose brother has been killed and he takes an oath to avenge his brother's death—which is quite natural. Every brother who has any self respect and manhood would do the same thing. But when the time has come to execute his plans he desists because of the desire of a friend, who saved his life, to spare his brother's murderer. His action is noble but it is not natural. Charles Bryant portrays the part well, his deportment is dignified and the scene with Kate Merryweather in the last act is finely done. Mr. Bryant also dresses well and the daily papers who hunt for poseurs would do well to take some pictures of Mr. Bryant, who has the latest styles at his finger ends. Mr. Bryant is also the stage director and the manner in which the plays are mounted does not only speak well for the young man's taste, but it proves that he has the natural gift of a circumspect and judicious supervisor of the stage. The first and third act mountings are especially striking. Gertrude Foster shows so far to her best advantage as Lady Harding. She is very dignified and says her lines with emphatic deliberation and good judgment. Helen Henry is charming. She is certainly the best soubrette the Alcazar has ever had. She is a girl with whom Simeon Strong might well fall in love. No matter where you put Mr. Montaine he is right in his element. As Mr. Merryweather he is irresistible and his scene with Mrs. Glynn-Stanmore in the second act is a bit of acting the refinement and artictic finish of which entitle Mr. Montaine to the highest praise as an experienced and clever actor. Eugene Ormonde's great characteristic is deliberation. Whatever he does is legitimate and thoughtful. He says his lines with the experience of the thorough artist and will always obtain the sympathy of his auditors even if he should play an unsympathetic part. Charles King makes the best of Sir John Harding, but it is evident that Mr. King has no particular affection for this line of work; his talent lies in a more responsible direction and he feels himself much more at home in a heavier and more classical role. On Monday Roland Reed's Innocent as a Lamb will be produced. Jim the Penman will follow Innocent as a Lamb at the Alcazar. Yon Yonson is en route here. The Masked Ball is in preparation and will soon be performed.

Tivoli

THOMAS GREEN, the new tenor, scored an instantaneous success as Lionel in Martha. The young man has an ideal lyric tenor. He has furthermore an agreeable stage presence and will not fail to become a favorite. Mr. Green is by far the best tenor appearing in comic opera at the Tivoli for the last few years. What I like about him is his quiet, unassuming manner. There is no bravado about his make-up nor does he convey the idea that he is now on the stage and that consequently there is no room for anybody else. Mr. Green attends strictly to his business, sings with taste and without unnecessary flourish. His delivery is clean and careful and his fresh, healthy voice will never fail to gain for him the applause of the public. Beginning next week the management will produce comic opera and grand opera alternately. This is a wise move, especially since the Tivoli has engaged a comedian who will remind us of the days of Ferris Hartman. Alf Wheelan is a clever chap and his irresistible comedy work as Hoot Mon in the Idol's Eye is yet green in the memory. Mr Wheelan will make his bow in The Mikado. Charming Julie Cotte will appear as a member of the Tivoli cast and Phil Branson will make his re-appearance. The grand operas which will alternate with the comic opera are: Tuesday, Aida; Wednesday, Cavalleria and Pagliacci and Friday and Saturday evenings Carmen. L'Africaine is in preparation. On the evening of October tenth, on Verdi's eighty-seventh birthday, the Tivoli will present acts from Verdi's greatest operas in honor of this occasion.

In all cases of physical and mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore Whisky will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

Leo B. Cooper has formed a ladies' class for the reading and study of Elizabethan and modern plays. The first reading was given at Saratoga hall on Wednesday of last week. The play chosen was The Merchant of Venice. A tenor solo was rendered by Frank Coffin, after which Mr. Cooper read a short biographical sketch of Shakespeare and then proceeded with the play, the reading being interspersed with explanatory and critical comments. Mr. Cooper brought to his task a natural talent as a dramatic reader, a knowledge derived from intelligent study and a familiarity with the characters as interpreted by great actors. The whole constituted a rendering well worthy of the appreciation it received. A quartet enlivened the reading by musical selections from the play, Sigh No More Ladies and How Sweet the Moonlight Sleeps upon The Bank being particularly appropriate. The second reading was Much Ado About Nothing, on Wednesday afternoon.

The Chicago Tribune is authority for the statement that Peter Dunne (Mr. Dooley) is to collaborate with Kipling in the production of a play. Kipling is to supply the scenario while Dunne is to be responsible for the dialogue and characterization.—THE PLAYGOER.

MUSICAL NOTES

Autumn has come again and with its coming, the feasts of music begin. Mrs. Clinton Day is always the first to further the interest of classical music in Berkeley and as the musical seasons come round she kindly gives her beautiful home and assistance to introduce or encourage true artists in their work. The piano recitals of Miss Hager, and Miss Maude Wellendorff, two former recitals of the Heine sisters, and an intensely interesting vocal recital by Miss Beresford Joy, at this hospitable house and under Mrs. Day's kind patronage will long be remembered. The first of a series of three recitals by the Misses Heine was given at Mrs. Day's home last Friday afternoon. Miss Heine is too well known as an artist to need any words of praise; still it may be said, that her style is each season becoming broader and warmer. In the Adagio Pathetique by Godard, last Friday this improvement was distinctly evidenced; Miss Heine played this noble composition like a Wilhelmj. The sonata given was the brilliant one, opus 5. No. 10 by Corelli, which was played with great verve by both ladies, calling forth hearty applause from their listeners. The Brahms Wiegenlied and the Benedictus by Mackenzie, called for tender, delicate accompaniments which were exquisitely given by Miss Marie, who indeed always follows the spirit of her sister's bow. Miss Heine gave two encores in response to prolonged applause. The next recital will be on Friday afternoon, October sixth at four o'clock.

Miss Anna Miller Wood will return next summer to San Francisco to spend her vacation, instead of going to London.

The interest that the public still takes in war matters was evidenced by the enthusiasm shown at the California Camera club's one hundred and twelfth illustrated lecture, last Friday night. P. Fremont Rockett was the speaker and On the Firing Line with a Camera was the subject of his discourse. The slides were of especial interest as they were taken by Mr. Rockett while he was acting as the Twentieth Kansas regiment's official photographer in the Philippines. Camp and battle scenes, on the firing line, the soldiers in action and typical island scenes were shown, the views being clear and well developed. The Camera club on Tuesday evening of the previous week, at its rooms, enjoyed a demonstration by Prof. O. V. Lange on Panorama Printing.

LAST EXCURSION TOMORROW

TOMORROW will be run the final excursion of the Southern Pacific company's successful season. The excursion will have for its destination Santa Cruz and the round trip rate from San Francisco will be only two dollars, with reduced rates in effect from intermediate points on the narrow gauge line.

Colonel William H. Menton, excursion passenger agent of the Southern Pacific company, will be in charge of the excursion, and this promises entire success for the trip, and the comfort of the excursionists.

Santa Cruz's citizens will entertain the visitors in royal style, with a grand concert on the beach and boat races open to all, for prizes.

A BLUE RIBBON FOR UTICA

NOT ONLY a first prize but a special diploma and a blue ribbon were awarded the Utica Cleansing Compounds and Compound Paste at the State Fair which came to an end in Sacramento last week. At the Mechanics' Fair one of the most attractive exhibits is that of Utica, courteous demonstrators being in attendance to show the uses of the Paste and Compounds. At the Sydney (Australia) agricultural exhibition last year Utica came in a winner over all other competitors.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Engagement of MODJESKA, assisted by Mr. John E Kellerd and company of players.
Second and last week, beginning Monday evening October 2nd.
Monday night and Saturday matinee
"MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING"
Tuesday Thursday and Friday Even'gs — Wednesday and Saturday Even'gs
"MARY STUART" — "MACBETH"
Artistic Scenic Productions.
October 9th. - - "HOTEL TOPSY TURVY"
Special rates for theatregoers.

California

S. H. FRIEDLANDER & Co. Lessees and Mgrs.
'Phone, Main 1731.

The Handsomest and Best Equipped Theatre West of New York,
Beginning Sunday Night, October 1st, One Week Only.
The ever popular Swedish Dialect Comedian, BEN HENDRICKS,
in the new Comedy Drama, entitled,
"A YENUINE YENTLEMAN"
Reserved Seats, 25, 50 and 75 cents.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday, 25 and 50 cents.

Grand Opera House

Morosco Amusement Co., Inc. Lessees.
Telephone, Main 532

Last Two Nights of Offenbach's Delightful Comic Opera.
"THE DRUM MAJOR'S DAUGHTER"
Week of Monday, October 2nd, picturesque and elaborate production of Planquette's charming legendary comic opera,
"RIP VAN WINKLE"
Superb Cast. Orchestra and Chorus. Beautiful Scenery and Effects.
Usual Popular Prices—10cts, 15cts, 25cts, 35cts. and 50cts. Best Reserved Seat at Saturday Matinee, 25cts.

Alcazar

FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager
'Phone Main 254

Week of October 2nd, Roland Reed's Comic Comedy,
"INNOCENT AS A LAMB"
Brimful of fun.
Matinees Saturday and Sunday — Next week, "JIM THE PENMAN"
Alcazar prices—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Tivoli Opera House

ERNESTINE KRELING, Prop. and Mgr.

"OTHELLO"
Tonight and Sunday night.
"THE MIKADO," Monday, Thursday, Sunday nights and Saturday matinee. First appearance here of Alf. C. Whelan.
Tuesday evening "AIDA." Wednesday evening, "CAVALLERIA" and "PAGLIACCI." Friday and Saturday nights, "CARMEN."
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents. — Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.
Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, October 1st.
Felix Morris and Co. in repertoire. Hawaiian Queens Forest and King. Jennie Yeamans. Frank Cushman. Terry and Lambert. Stinson and Merton. Seymour and Dupree.
Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

RACING! RACING! RACING!

California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900. Beginning SATURDAY, September 23, 1899.

Oakland Race Track

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday rain or shine

Five or more Races each day

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.
Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.
Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Music World

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

TOWN TALK S title page bears the portrait of a gentleman this week whose popularity is perhaps as great as may be attained by anybody. Herr Ferdinand Stark, who has just returned from a highly successful engagement at Colorado springs, will resume his position at the Zinkand this evening with renewed zeal and with the good wishes of a host of friends: Herr Stark returns laden with honors. The good people of Colorado springs recognizing his great talent and personal magnetism presented him with a loving cup bearing the following inscription:

To Ferdinand Stark, as a testimonial of appreciation from his friends. Colorado Springs, 1899.

This cup was presented to him during his last concert and when examined was found to contain one hundred dollars in gold. It is not so much the intrinsic value which makes this gift such a treasure but the attention and appreciation which it represents. While Herr Stark's San Francisco friends did not give vent to their esteem in so substantial a manner, they carry in their hearts a regard for him which is visibly expressed in the hearty grasp of the hand and the glad look in the eye with which they welcome his return. The opening of the new season at the Zinkand will form another epoch in the musical development on this coast, as it will introduce that class of music enjoyed and admired by the Germans at their Rathskeller. One not initiated into the mysteries of the German mode of living will be surprised to find the high class music and the efficiency of the orchestras demanded by the people. By introducing these concerts in San Francisco Mr. Zinkand aids musical progress. The music lovers of this city owe a debt of gratitude to Mr. Zinkand for giving them music of a quality not frequently heard here. This coming season will continue to create a musical atmosphere which will ere long permeate the masses as well as the classes. The best promoter of a musical atmosphere is the good concert at resorts which you visit en passant, where you linger after the toil of the day and pass a pleasant hour in refreshing the inner man as well as relaxing your mind; a place where you direct your footsteps frequently so that the good music may impress itself involuntarily upon your mind and thus enable you to know the various selections rendered at a concert without being obliged to consult your program. This is what Mr. Zinkand proposes to effect and he is deserving of credit for it. No man is better fitted to execute these ambitious plans than is Ferdinand Stark, whose musical temperament and personal magnetism make him particularly adapted for this phase of the art. He is a man who carries his audiences along. Here's luck to Herr Stark's reappearance! May he and his orchestra fulfill all the hopes entertained for them by their innumerable friends and admirers here!

¶ ¶

And now in conclusion may it be remembered that with the reinstatement of Herr Stark the reign of Eugene Carlmueller closes. That this clever musician did nobly at his desk none of those who listened to him will deny. He is a quiet, unassuming musician who knows his profession from the ground up and who is admired and esteemed by everybody as a man of sterling character. His retirement from the Zinkand will be somebody's gain, for it is safe to assert that a gentleman of Mr. Carlmueller's resources will never be idle.

¶ ¶

In my perambulations through the musical arena of San Francisco I find some queer individuals. These consist mainly of two classes. One class decries the musical paper constantly, denies its influential power and is continually emphasizing the fact that you cannot receive favorable mention in any paper except you pay for the privilege. The other class is the one who has discovered, after barking at the moon for ages without effecting anything, that the papers are not so bad after all, that they frequently do publish notices without charging a cent and that a notice in a widely read journal has some influence. Now one would think that this discovery ought to close their vindictive mouths. But not so. They continue to abuse the press and accept its favors. They do not stop their slander, but in addition send advance notices of their recitals to the office without patronizing the paper either as a subscriber or an advertiser. This is what we call in pure Anglo-Saxon unmitigated gall. It is so difficult to make some people understand that a paper is a business concern like any other; that a musician is earning his living by his profession; that the vocation of a publisher is to notify the public of the existence of certain people who desire its patronage. And that a musician is just as little entitled to ask for free space in a paper as a dry goods man is. A certain musician said to me the other day:

"Why, you are only too glad when you get matter to fill up your space. The people are interested in a concert and they want the news."

The deuce they do! What in heaven's name do the people care when Mr. Jones' concert takes place? What interest do they have in a pupil recital? And as to filling my space I could just as well devote it to a solid roast than a flattering notice and still I would have both the news and the matter to fill up my space. I do not mean to say that a musician should be obliged to pay for everything said about him. And there are many musicians in this city who can testify to the fact that the writer is more generous in the chronicling of events than many another. But I want to stand pat on one point, namely, that people who receive favors from papers should patronize them and if they do not wish to do so, they should at least be well bred enough to cease from abusing them.

¶ ¶

The musical service at Trinity church last Sunday was of a particularly interesting nature. The program was, in the morning: Te Deum in E flat, R. H. Warren; Benedictus in A flat, Buck; For My Soul Thirsteth for God; in the afternoon: Magnificat and Nunc Dimittis in D, Agulter; To God the Father, Rossini, sung by Miss Davis. In the evening the organ recital included the following numbers: Fantasia in D minor, Merkel; Air with variations, Spohr (from the Notturno for wind instruments); Priere, Lemaigre, Gran Coro Trionfale, Capocci.

¶ ¶

No doubt Miss Grace Carroll has many friends in Oakland who admire her talent, for the Unitarian church contained a large audience at her concerts on Friday of last week It would seem as if Miss Carroll arranged her program in such a manner that the best vocal numbers were kept to the last, and so the maxim of "All's well that ends well" was adhered to. The songs by Nevin were the best work of the vocalist. Miss Carroll possesses a remarkably large voice of a high range. She sings with much taste and gives evidence of future triumphs on the concert, or perhaps the operatic stage. I should think that Miss Carroll would select the latter, as her splendid appearance would aid her largely in the execution of her plans. It is always gratifying to find people who know exactly how far they have proceeded and what they require to further their aims. Miss Carroll, I believe, is a pupil of Francis Stuart. Miss Carroll was assisted by two of the best musicians that she could possibly have found hereabouts—Miss Hilda Newman, pianist, and Giulio Minetti, violinist. Of the two solos which Miss Newman played, I should prefer Brahms' Scherzo Op. 4, not so much because of the execution of the pieces as on account of their respective characters. Brahms' dainty scherzo is much more agreeable to the refined musical palate than Liszt's tempestuous Rigoletto Fantasie which requires all the spectacular features of a brilliant technic. Miss Newman shows her virtuosity in a keen discrimination as to the emphatic passages of a bright composition. She interprets not only with intelligence but with originality—the earmarks of genius.

Swell turbans, dainty little bonnets, elegant dress hats. Mrs.S.R.Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

LOUIS CRÉPAUX.
(MEMBER PARIS GRAND OPERA)

TEACHES: Tone Production
Tone Reflection

The technic of articulation in its relation to tone production

Lessons in Classes
First term begins Aug. 15 and closes Dec. 15
Second term begins Jan 15 and closes May 15
Terms $6.00 a month

Studio: Y. M C. A Bldg.

Reception Hours
3:30 to 4:30

Let us hope that Miss Newman will gain that recognition which by right belongs to her. Beethoven's sonata in C minor was executed by Miss Newman and Mr. Minetti with a dexterity and adherence to expression delightful to behold. If there are any compositions that require the keenest discrimination as to the appropriate shading they are those of Beethoven, and both Mr. Minetti and Miss Newman succeeded splendidly in bringing out the fine points. As to Minetti's composition, Le Regret, it is a gem of the brilliant order. Particularly effective is the adagio (third) movement where the melody is enhanced by a tremolo-like accompaniment. The composition is full of expression and it requires advanced technical knowledge to execute it properly. That the composer was successful in interpreting it with the necessary spirit goes without saying, for Minetti is one of those violinists who are intimate with the innermost advantages of the violin and hence get effects that can only be obtained by inspiration and cannot be acquired by study only.

¶ ¶

The Loring club opened its twenty-third season at Odd Fellows' hall last Tuesday evening before a large audience. While the members of the club sing in good harmony and tempo, they are hardly able to get the vigor and spirit from their compositions that one would expect from so large a number of male voices, nor are their selections up-to-date. It seems to me that our modern composers have succeeded in writing some splendid male choruses that bristle with fire and color. But instead of acquiring some of this good material the Loring club sticks to the older works which are very good but which become somewhat worn as the years pass on. On this occasion the Minetti quartet made its first appearance this season, and the gentlemen who compose this organization had a splendid opportunity to give us a foretaste of their chamber music recitals. Those who listened to the quartet became convinced that the concerts will prove an artistic success, for the ensemble as well as the individual work was delightful. The members exhibit an excellent acquaintance with each other's accomplishments and hence their playing is uniform, clear and effective. Now, more than ever did it become evident that the quartet is deserving of the enthusiastic support of the musicians as well as the public at large and those unwilling and too bigoted to support an organization of such excellence ought to be ashamed of themselves. Frank Coffin appeared with the club for the last time before his departure for Europe and no doubt the members became convinced that they will suffer a great loss with the withdrawal of such a useful soloist as Mr. Coffin.

¶ ¶

At the Unitarian church vesper services, which are held every Sunday afternoon in Alameda under the circumspect and discriminating supervision of Miss Elizabeth Westgate, the efficient organist of the church, Winfred Goff of the Grand opera house was the soloist last Sunday. It is especially in church music where Mr. Goff's dramatic baritone comes into display. His rendition of Gounod's The King of Love My Shepherd Is was a very artistic achievement. His phrasing was careful, his enunciation distinct and he kept himself within the spirit of the text. I am more than ever convinced that Mr. Goff is just cut out for the grand opera stage or the oratorio. Samuel Adelstein played on the Italian lute He demonstrated the fact that an instrument that is constantly belittled by a certain class of musicians contains after all musical character and may be used in a manner most agreeable and pleasing to the ear. I doubt, however, very much whether any one less able than Mr. Adelstein could play Faure's The Palms with the necessary vigor on the lute. It was therefore surprising to me to find a composition which requires so much force as The Palms interpreted in such an excellent manner. Mr. Adelstein comes nearer to obtaining a sustained tone on the lute than anyone that I have ever heard. He is certainly a born musician. Miss Westgate played the prelude to the third act of Lohengrin with much intelligence and accuracy, but I hardly think that the organ at the Unitarian church is strong enough for this class of music.

¶ ¶

The second piano recital of James Hamilton Howe took place at the rooms of the San Francisco College of Music on Friday evening of last week, when the program was: Chopin—Preludes in E minor, G and D flat; Lachmer—Preludium and Toccata; Rubinstein—Barcarolle in A; Hummel—Galante and Rondo in E flat; Chopin—Etude in C minor; Schubert—Liszt—Soiree de Vienne No. 6; Liszt—Consolations in D flat and C sharp minor; Chopin—Polonaise in E flat; Liszt—Love's Dream; Wagner—Funeral March from the Gotterdammerung; Chopin—Waltz in A flat

Dr. T. E. Shumate has returned from Europe and has moved his office to 794 Sutter street.

A few days ago I listened with delight to some of Theodore Vogt's compositions. I was particularly struck with a bass solo entitled Allah Gives Light in Darkness. There is another composition of the same title by Chadwick, but I do not hesitate to assert that Mr. Vogt's work is far superior. It contains the oriental color and that superlative fervor which is embodied in the Arabian religious fanaticism. Mr. Vogt succeeded in introducing the spirit of the text into his music and he has thereby created a work which will make a mark as soon as it is published. Homer Henley sang it with that magnificent voice of his with much effect. Another neat composition is one entitled Is it Love?—The Love I Seek?, the words of which are by Dr. G. A. Danziger. Both the words and music are on the ballad style.

¶ ¶

Irwin Eveleth Hassell, the talented young pianist, is making rapid progress in Berlin. He is now studying with Scharwenka who is quite enthusiastic about his work. From the Berlin "German Times," the organ of the American colony at the metropolis, I glean the following:

Mrs. J. J. Hassell of San Francisco, is a new addition to the colony, and she intends remaining here for several years, her two daughters and son being students of music. Young Mr. Hassell, in special, is said to be extremely talented and his teacher, Scharwenka, predicts a very successful career for him. Mrs. Hassell is staying at a pensionat in the Wichmann Strasse.

¶ ¶

Phil Hastings has received word to begin advertising Vladimir de Pachmann, the great pianist, as it is the intention of his managers to bring him here between Christmas and New Year's. Paderewski will appear at the California theatre on Monday evening, March twentieth, 1900.

¶ ¶

Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano of Temple Emanu-El, assisted in a special musical service at the First Unitarian church last Sunday. Her solos, which are always rendered with artistic finish, were of course greatly admired.

¶ ¶

Miss Mary Weaver McCauley gave a pupil recital in San Jose on Thursday evening of last week. Judging from the enthusiastic press reports it was a successful event and proved Mrs. McCauley an efficient teacher.

¶ ¶

Miss Lilian Slinkey's concert will occur on October sixteenth at Sherman-Clay hall and a very interesting program has been arranged for the event. Miss Slinkey's long absence has not caused her to be forgotten and there will no doubt be a crowded auditorium to greet her first appearance after her years of study in Milan. She has made a special study of operatic music and selections from the operas will mainly be her numbers at her concert, though she will also give some English songs.

¶ ¶

Henry Farjeon, eldest son of the novelist and grandson of Joe Jefferson, has written the music for a two-act operetta, Floretta, the book of which is the work of his sister Both are young, and this is their first essay. It is never worth while to build too much upon the literary or musical attainments of those whose forbears have distinguished themselves in similar lines. Children are apt to play at what their elders are seriously employed about. Youthful genius is, too often, merely precocious imitation, and the child who writes jingles at five will not, as a matter of course, be one of the world's

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great poets a score of years later nor will the infant with a good ear for music who makes out with one finger the melody of some coon song, be likely to become a tolerable pianist in later life. The young Farjeons, who at the time of this production were aged respectively twenty-one and sixteen, may have produced a masterpiece. Much more likely it would never have been heard of but for their distinguished descent.

¶ ¶

The reception recital given by Miss Clara Kalisher at Sherman-Clay hall a week ago Thursday was one of those events which one is able to sit through with delight The young lady's vocal faculties are pronounced and her method of singing convinces one that she grasped intelligently the ellucidations of her instructor. With a first appearance is generally connected a nervousness that manifests itself in various defects, but in justice to the performer a critic snould never mould his review according to the first number on the program, but wait until the singer has gained sufficient repose to do justice to herself. Miss Kalisher succeeded in regaining her composure at the arioso from Meyerbeer's The Prophet. However, from the first it was easy to discover that the young lady controlled an enunciation of an exceptionally distinct character. The syllables dripped from her lips like pearls and no matter in what tongue she sang the listeners were fully able to disguish the words. As a natural consequence her expression was effective. For if you pay strict attention to enunciation the meaning of the text comes into prominence and having been successful in getting the purpose of your text the color and modulation will almost come by itself. The quality of Miss Kalisher's contralto is a particularly pleasant one. It is not marred by that masculine timbre which surrounds the so-called famale baritone. But her voice is feminine and yet retains a certain firmness of attack and dramatic tinge which makes it excellently adapted for operatic purposes. It is flexible, too, and in no selection was more apparent than in that arioso from The Prophet. I understand that Miss Kalisher is about to enter upon a concert tour where she will certainly be successful. But if she desires to make a name for herself she should not miss the chance to join a first-class operatic organization. She is just fitted for that class of work. The accompaniments were played with much taste and accuracy by Dr. H. J. Stewart.

¶ ¶

Frank Coffin is a striking example of the fact that it is not necessary to go to Europe in order to become a good vocailst, but that even here in San Francisco the resources for vocal studies are great. Some may inquire why Mr. Coffin is about to leave for Europe. Well, there are two reasons for such a procedure. First the young man needs more body in his voice and this can only be acquired from a man in whom you have absolute confidence. Now it is one of the unfortunate shortcomings of mankind that you have not the confidence you ought to have in those with whom you come in daily contact and whom you call your friends. You like them and entitle them "good fellows," but when it comes to take lessons of them you hesitate somewhat. They may be fine teachers, but they cannot teach you anything. This is exactly the point where Mr. Coffin has arrived. He studied as much as he could here and now he has the common sense to complete himself in the vocal art by entrusting himself to the care of a European master. I know that the good wishes of a great many admirers will accompany him. ALFRED METZGER.

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THESE are busy times at the von Meyerinck School of Music in Fulton street. Mrs. von Meyerinck, the energetic and progressive director of the institution, reports that the season has commenced most auspiciously. Not only have a large number of new pupils enrolled themselves with the beginning of the new term, but the advanced pupils are receiving recognition for their meritorious work and general musical knowledge. Miss Cecilia Decker, Mrs. von Meyerinck's assistant teacher, has just been appointed alto soloist at the First Presbyterian church, one of the most highly coveted church positions in the city, while only a few weeks ago Miss Grace Davis was selected as soprano soloist at the First Congregational church. Miss Davis, who began taking lessons from Mrs. von Meyerinck while still attending the Girls' High school, was her first pupil in San Francisco, remaining under her tuition for over three years. Miss Lulu Feldheim, another promising pupil, has been selected to fill the position formerly held by Miss Decker at the Central M E. church, and Mrs. Roper von Benzon, Miss Fanny Denny and Miss Helen Heath are some of the other students who fill lucrative church positions most acceptably. Next Monday morning Mrs. Mary Fairweather will inaugurate her course of lectures entitled From Scale to Symphony at the school, under the auspices of a number of patronesses prominent in society. Her subject will cover a complete review of the history of music and should prove of exceptional interest to all students of music. Mrs. Fairweather's reputation as a lecturer guarantees a most scientific and elaborate discussion of her theme. Monthly pupils' concerts and Faculty recitals are now regularly established The latter especially are exceptionally interesting features, the faculty of the school combining to give the students an opportunity of becoming acquainted with the best music; this is all the more valuable in these days of "coon songs" and "rag time." Mrs. von Meyerinck is evidently a hard worker, full of enthusiasm for her life-work, and untiring in her efforts to create a musical atmosphere for her pupils such as is seldom offered except in the large musical centres of the east and Europe.

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I SPOKE TO HER as she tripped along Broadway. I had been introduced to her the night before, between acts, and presumed that if I remembered her face she might have a similar recollection of mine. She was a pretty girl and the innocent frankness of her manner had not yet been spoiled for she had not been long enough a chorus girl to become affected with stage mannerisms

I called her Lottie, which was the name her friends knew her by; she had a stage appellation but I cannot recall it after this lapse of time.

It was nearly six o'clock when I met her on Broadway and it was an easy thing to persuade her to dine with me We went to that little French restaurant in Thirty-fourth street near Koster & Bial's and, though it was not an expensive affair, I never enjoyed a menu better.

I did not have to talk much. Lottie was able to entertain me. She gave me the latest green room gossip, and sang snatches of the newest songs When we came to the coffee, she had grown affectionate, not too much so but sufficiently for me to see that beneath her frank, easy manner a warm heart was concealed.

It seemed a pity when a glance at my watch showed me it was time for her to report at the theatre. She would not for an instant listen to such a proposition as my paying a fine for her and letting her have a off night.

"But you may wait outside for me after the curtain," she said, "and then you can drive me home. We have a flat in Harlem, sister and I, and I'll give you a nice little supper. We have a chafing dish and——oh, the marvelous cocktail Lizzie has composed!"

I not only waited for Lottie, but I sat through the three acts of the burlesque, only to obtain occasional glimpses of her as she appeared in the ensembles. I believe I was in love, for perhaps the forty-fifth time in my life. The fact that I had a little wife at home, and a pretty baby girl, did not cut any figure with me at that period of my life. I was in New York on a business trip and it was natural to combine pleasure with my mercantile affairs.

I had never cared for Harlem, but that Harlem flat became synonymous in my mind with paradise.

* * * * *

I had quite forgotten Lottie. It must have been three years after that episode that I happened to be in Chicago. I was walking along State street when somebody tapped me on the shoulder:

"How are you, Sherry?" came in cordial accents in a feminine voice.

I looked around - and there was Lottie. She was as pretty as ever and some twenty pounds added to her avoirdupois had considerably improved her figure.

"Kinsey's," I said, "at seven."

She understood, smiled so as to reveal her white teeth in all their captivating brilliancy, nodded and answered:

"I'm with you. Vaudeville, now, Don't go on till ten. Lots of time to talk over old times."

I thanked my lucky stars that Eleanor, who had accompanied me on this trip, was spending a few days with her brother's family in St. Louis.

"I shall renew my youth," I thought, "and live again those glorious days in New York."

No, indeed, Lottie had not changed. She, perhaps, appreciated the liquid part of the dinner with more knowledge than she had displayed three years before, but she had not forgotten how to talk. Her gossip was still of the green room; some of the stories I had heard at the club but they sounded new coming from her lips. She sang her new songs; they were not all new to me, for we manage to keep up in music hall melodies on the coast, but as Lottie sang them they had new interest.

As the dinner progressed she moved her chair around next to mine. Her round white arm stole around my neck and she gave me not one kiss, but many. We talked about those happy days in New York and Sister Lizzie and her wonderful invention of a cocktail.

"Why don't you ask me where Lizzie is now?" said Lottie.

I immediately reproached myself for my negligence. Good Sister Lizzie, who had not neglected to mix me one of those famous cocktails at least three times a day!

"She is married," said Lottie. "married a butcher and they have a baby that weighed ten pounds when it was born—a perfect monster."

She went on prattling about Sister Lizzie, Sister Lizzie's good husband, Sister Lizzie's bouncing boy, Sister Lizzie's new house and Sister Lizzie's fine prospects. The details did not interest me. I felt that more of them would produce an attack of nausea. Though it was only nine o'clock, and Lottie was not due at the theatre until ten, I felt that I could endure no more of Sister Lizzie.

Therefore I proposed a drive. Lottie, pleased at the idea, immediately consented. We drove along the boulevard, neither destroying the charm by a word. I forgot Sister Lizzie, her butcher husband and her bouncing boy. I remembered only Lottie and the Harlem flat, the Broadway opera house and that week of rapture.

In the intensity of my feelings I squeezed that plump white hand that reposed so close to mine. The pressure was answered.

Eleanor was in St. Louis. It was only for a few days, but they promised to be very pleasant. The only discordant note was Sister Lizzie. Sometimes I wished I had never met Sister Lizzie, for if I had never known her I would not have been compelled to pretend an interest when Lottie spoke of her. I would even have foregone the delight of having tasted the celebrated cocktail, if with its loss I could have also lost Sister Lizzie.

It was our last dinner together. Tomorrow Eleanor was to meet me at the Dearborn street station and we would be speeding on our westward way.

Lottie was tearful, not because of Eleanor, for she had never heard of her, but because business compelled my return.

We were at our black coffee and for a pousse café she gave me-- Sister Lizzie.

I felt sure the name would bring in its train the usual butcher husband, bouncing boy, etc. I felt that if such an event happened I should scream. And—

"Damn Sister Lizzie!" I cried.

I had intended smothering with the same execration the

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butcher husband and the bouncing boy, but a soft, plump white hand closed my lips.

"You didn't mean it," said Lottie.

She was tender and sweet and lovely the rest of the time we spent together, and never a mention was made of Sister Lizzie.

There were tears from Lottie but they were not drawn forth by my brutality. She cried because I was going away.

* * * * *

It was in the lobby of the Baldwin, about three months before the fire. It was a warm day and I was just thinking of taking something cool, when a familiar voice said, close to my ear:

"You should have tasted one of my sister Lizzie's famous cocktails. She composed it herself, would let no other have the secret and—why, it is Sherry!"

For I had turned around.

"Five years and not a wrinkle, or a silver hair! Let me introduce you to my partner, Miss Tree."

Lottie explained that she was on the vaudeville circuit now and Miss Tree was "the other end of the team."

It did not take me long to consider what to say next.

"Shall we make it Tortoni's at seven-thirty? Earlier if you like. Will Miss Tree come? I'll get another fellow and we'll have a quartet."

Oh, no, Miss Tree would not think of coming that night. She had a wretched headache and would only be a blot on our pleasure. Only let me remember to bring Lottie to the theatre at nine fifty-five sharp.

I promised and then sent a message to Eleanor that I was at the club.

I ordered a delicious dinner. Lottie stood over me, criticised, and gave me a kiss between each stroke of my pencil. When I found an opportunity to take a good look at her, I saw that she had grown fat. Yes, there was no doubt about it, her bust was too expansive and her waist had certainly increased several inches. I began to wonder how Lottie would look in tights now.

She evidently read my thoughts.

"I don't wear fleshings any more," she said, "I'm a rival of May Irwin now. My forte is coon songs, and Tree and I do a cake walk."

She rattled on with her green room chat—Lord! how old most of it was to me. She warbled coon songs that my children at home knew by heart and that were at all times repulsive to me. She did not notice my distaste but went on and on. How could I terminate this?

Happy thought! Sister Lizzie!

"How is Sister Lizzie?" I asked, "the husband and the bouncing boy?"

"She has three now," answered Lottie, forgetting the coon songs and immersing herself in this new topic.

And then she told the history of each little tot.

* * * * *

The gray morning light was struggling into the room.

I opened my eyes, stretched my arms and looked about me.

There was the table. Where was Lottie? Had I dreamed that I had been dining with my pretty New York and Chicago girl?

I touched a button and the waiter appeared.

"The lady went away, sir," he said, "she seemed kind of rattled like, and said you had promised to take her to the theatre at nine fifty-five sharp. It was nine forty-five then and she said she could not waken you. So she went off in the cab alone—said for me to tell you to be at the theatre after the performance."

I looked at my watch. It was six o'clock—somewhat too late to meet Lottie after her act.

I smothered another yawn. The waiter helped me on with my overcoat. I concluded to go home to breakfast.

The Blase.

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator of the Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, deceased, the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, September 16, 1899.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the Estate of Sebastiana O'de Sanchez, Deceased.

A. RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, CHARLES H. McGUGIN, Administrator of the Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 805, Claus Spreckels Building, S. W. corner Market and Third streets the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHARLES H. McGUGIN,
Administrator of the Estate of James Edward McGugin, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19th, 1899.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Administrator,
804-5-6 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal

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World of Letters

THE MONTREAL TIMES abuses Minnie Maddern for "throwing her talents into the role of a degenerate" when she plays Becky Sharpe. The word "degenerate" sounds so learned and runs so glibly off the tongue that it is a great favorite at the present time and is in high fashion with those who like to talk without taking the trouble to think. It is difficult to see in what way the celebrated Becky falls into the category of the degenerate. She was, as Thackeray depicts her, cool-headed, quick-witted, scheming and selfish; as gifted with brain as she was destitute of conscience. In her whole character and career there is not one trait of degeneracy. She is simply a clever and pretty woman who understands her power and uses it and who takes her chances with the grit of a gambler or a general. She knows how to make the most of life, and fails only because she is found out. Luck goes back on her, and she drops from leading lady to soubrette with the best grace in the world. She is no more a degenerate than Napoleon was when he lost Waterloo and became an exile on St. Helena. The world was Becky's oyster and she opened it. It is not of such stuff that degenerates are made. The word as Nordau employs it has a strict scientific meaning and is useful in its proper place. But we protest against its misuse. There is a degeneracy of language. too, which is brought about by those flabby thinkers and writers who employ words out of their proper meaning, and who debase large terms by applying them to small uses.

———

Another new monthly magazine! Wanamaker is about to issue Everybody's Magazine, the first number of which is expected to appear this month, It is to belong to the ten-cent class and will in all probability pay the publisher, as Wanamaker can make it a useful advertising meduim for his other enterprises without additional expense. "Of the making of books there is no end." There seems to be a new periodical launched every time the sun rises and likewise one or more makes an exit. It would be difficult to tell what purpose many of them serve unless to make work for the printer.

———

Charlotte Perkins Stetson is showing evidences of a desire for reformation—though not in the matters of grammar, rhyme, or several other points of minor importance to one of her mental make-up—

"What an exceeding rest 'twill be
When I can leave of being Me!
To think of it!—at last be rid
Of all things I ever did!"

It is a heavy handicap and Charlotte appears to be only beginning to realize it. Repentance, remorse, reformation. "Go and sin no more."

———

The Potters of Chicago have taken means to suppress The Social Lion. The plates have been consigned to the melting pot, and neither printer nor publisher has a single copy of the salacious work of the precocious young writer. There was no necessity for buying up copies of the book to get it off the market, for within two days after its character was known the first edition was exhausted. Copies are now held at a big premium, and if Miss Potter neglected to secure a copyright we need not be surprised to find large editions pirated and placed on sale. The Potters have acted in the only sensible manner in doing their best to suppress the book. The next best thing would be to curtail Miss Margaret's pocket allowance until she has reached the age of discretion—which, alas! is not always a question of years.

———

In The Transit of Gloria Mundy (July Century) Chester Bailey Fernald has gone back to the "Lights of Sitka." O'Heavey, a sailor man spins the yarn in the first person and spins it well. Some of his descriptions are as graphic as Mulvaney's—a whole page condensed into a sentence. Here is the chaplain. "'Twas before the department sent um uz resignation for being such favorites with women." The Siwash squaw with a veneering of Christianity and civilization: "Her eyes were India ink, and her face the dimensions of a plum, with a skin like ten dollars in gold. We was all worrying at the fine lines of her, that was like the figure 8." No one outside of this community can appreciate the sarcasm of the expression. "Ye brass old Cogswell image!"

———

The current Overland is gorgeous in a cover of green lady with a handful of yellow blossoms, presumably poppies. About her head is a yellow circlet, in all probability designed as a halo, but as the small boy of the family suggests that she is leaning against a squash, and as the blossoms she holds in her hands are abnormally large, perhaps the real solution of the design is that she has been poaching in some one's vegetable patch.

———

Miss Mabel Craft occupied the first page of last Sunday's Chronicle with a description of behind the scenes in the Orpheum. As a piece of descriptive journalism it is a model. It is clear, picturesque and dignified, without a single trace of the flippancy, sensation and yellowness with which the woman reporter so often considers it necessary to flavor her articles.

THE BOOKWORM.

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A WAR INCIDENT

SINCE war reminiscences are the order of the day, let me recall an incident that made Lee's surrender a memorable event for at least one juvenile member of a community on this coast. The town of Vallejo was in 1865 a quiet little burg almost deserted in daylight hours by its adult male population who were employed at the navy yard at Mare island and the single constable was, to quote an Hibernianism, more for grandeur than for use. The small boys were as much at home in a skiff as are the Gloucester fisherman in a dory. They were as amphibious as South Sea islanders and as oblivious to the cut and fashion of their bathing costumes or the publicity of their performances.

News traveled slowly in those good old times and the first intimation of the happenings "home in the States where the war is" was in the shape of flags half-masted on the government buildings in case of defeat and disaster, or salutes and rejoicings when all was well. The day upon which news of the final surrender was received happened to be very warm, and the temptation to indulge in a dip was too great to be resisted by a little urchin of some eight or nine years who strolled along the street just at noon-time. Had he been less intent upon his bath he might have noticed the unusual commotion on the island but without looking across the narrow arm of the bay the little fellow stepped into a convenient row boat moored on the beach and in an instant had divested himself of the last stitch of his clothing and cas thimself into the water, just as the first gun of the big salute was fired.

My impression, at this late date is that the cannon were loaded with balls on that occasion, but at all events, the report was as loud as possible, and of course magnified to the hearing of the youngster whose head was under water. He popped up clutching the side of the boat with both hands just as the second cannon went off, and apparently became seized with the idea that he was the target aimed at, for "not a moment stopped or stayed he," but grasping his clothing in both arms, he literally flew inland, not daring to cast a glance over his shoulder. I never learned the identity of the child or how far he ran before he became aware of his edenic costume, but it is safe to believe that all he ever read or studied in after life concerning the close of the Rebellion failed to impress the event upon his mind with anything like the force of his own private experience.

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L'AMOUR

WHAT SOME WRITERS HAVE SAID ABOUT LOVE AND LOVERS

THERE IS a principle of vanity in the sex, which gives them pleasure at the acquisition of a new lover, though they have no intention to accept him.—from Goldsmith's *Memoirs of M. de Voltaire.*

What is it that now and again makes a woman in a single moment take such a powerful grip of a man's fancy that he can never shake himself free again, and never wants to?—*The Martian*, Du Maurier.

The treasure of a woman, all through her life, is the remembrance that the one man she has loved has loved her—yes, for a moment. She may not have what is thought to be happiness, she may not marry the man she loves; but that secret she carries with her, to her dying day—and it is her treasure and her pride.—*Briseis*, William Black.

I sometimes imagine that women who have had little experience of men can gauge them better than those who have had a wider experience. One can paint the sea from the shore much better than from a boat. The very fact that a man is in love with a woman throws a glamour over her judgment.—Anne in *Meriel*, Amelie Rives.

Though fate may frown, and death may sever,
Love for an hour is love forever.—Old Song.

I used to think I knew what love meant; I used to think love was a selfish thing that needed love in return, that it must be fed on love to live, that it needed vows and tender speeches and caresses, or it would die. I know now that when one truly cares, he does not ask whether the other cares or not. It is what one gives that counts, not what one receives.—Kalonay, in *The King's Jackal*—Richard Harding Davis.

To love is a rare happiness; were it commoner, it were better to be a man than a god.—Madame de Chapelet.

Solid love, whose root is virtue, can no more die than virtue itself.—Erasmus.

I do much wonder that one man, seeing how much another man is a fool when he dedicates his behaviours to love, will, after he hath laughed at such shallow follies in others, become the argument of his own scorn by falling in love.—Benedick, in Much Ado About Nothing, Shakespeare.

The men know how to deceive us on occasion, as well as we do to impose upon them: though to speak properly, this cannot be called deceiving so much as making a deserved return, for a woman ought to be virtuous and chaste, and to hold her honor as dear as her life; and though our frailty is such that we cannot always be upon our guard, yet I think that woman ought to be burned who makes a trade of love. But where the little god takes the field whose force you know is very great, some grains of allowance should be made.—Neifile in Boccaccio's Decamerone.

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THE LEADING WEEKLY OF SAN FRANCISCO

VOL. 8—NO. 371 SAN FRANCISCO, OCTOBER 7, 1899 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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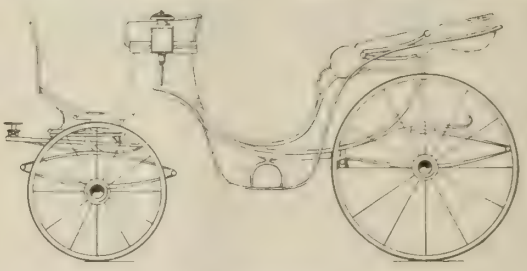

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 7, 1899

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OUR OPINION

The French Forger And His Little Gabarit

ALTHOUGH the Dreyfus case has passed into history and is slowly being forgotten there must still be a certain amount of interest in the testimony of M. Bertillon, the famous expert who was regarded as one of the most important witnesses for the prosecution. As the character of his testimony was but vaguely hinted at by the incompetent correspondents that reported the trial, readers of the newspaper accounts of the proceedings could get no clear idea of the forgery system upon which the scientific Frenchman discoursed. Whatever may be said of his testimony there can be no question that it was based upon more scientific data than the loose twaddle of the average so-called handwriting expert. According to Bertillon, forgers in France often imitate handwriting in the following way: They get hold of a word written by the person whose handwriting it is intended to forge; and they trace the word in consecutive lines on a sheet of paper divided into small squares by faint blue lines, as is frequently the case with French letter paper. Over this sheet, which is called the gabarit, they put another, thin enough to see what is below. The forged document is written word by word exactly over the lines of the letters below, the blue squares serving to keep the tracing in close conformity with the writing on the under sheet. The slant of the strokes is the same; the height of the letters—allowing for slight inaccuracies in tracing—is the same; each word begins exactly with some letter of the key-word of the gabarit, and each is spaced exactly as the letters below. Where the letter in the forgery is identical with that below it, as must frequently occur, the forged letter follows the exact tracing; where it is different, the strokes of the letter below are followed as near as possible, allowing for the difference of the letter. After the forged document is written in this manner, it is touched up, especially in the tails of such letters as have tails. When Dreyfus was arrested, his rooms were searched and on a blotting pad was found the word "interest" in a handwriting not that of the prisoner. Bertillon traced it upon a sheet exactly the same size as the *bordereau*, superposed the *bordereau* on this sheet, and found that the writing on the bordereau corresponded exactly with that of the gabarit. By means of enlarged photographs he showed to the court how the measurements exactly tallied, how each word of the *bordereau* commenced with one of the letters of the key-word, and how when the letter in the *bordereau* and that of the underposed word were the same, the tracing was exact. But in addition M. Bertillon compared the official reports of Dreyfus written when he was a member of the General Staff, and others of Esterhazy written after 1894, showing that numerous words in these documents had apparently been written with the same gabarit. Here his scientific evidence finished, and then he gave his conjectures to the effect that after the arrest of Dreyfus, Esterhazy had been induced to use the prisoner's gabarit in order to confuse the authorities. Of course that is a far-fetched theory. It would be much easier to fancy a conspiracy to fasten the crime on Dreyfus by placing the pad containing the key-word in the prisoner's room, and such a theory in view of other circumstances of the case is more reasonable than that suggested by Bertillon. If Dreyfus were the guilty man why should Esterhazy seek to confuse the authorities? But then it is not our purpose to argue the case at this late day. The interesting character of the Bertillon system is TOWN TALK'S excuse for again referring to the case.

Misapplied Sentiment in Church Work

THE Presbyterian Chinese Mission is in court again—and for that matter, when is it not?—contending for the rescue of another slave girl. Why all this bother about Chinese? Are there no girls of their own race in need of rescue or of care and assistance which might prevent the necessity for rescue? True, the condition of the Chinese girls is deplorable, but will the good religious ladies never learn that the Orientals do not look upon the matter from an Occidental standpoint? Bad as is their position in Chinatown, it is paradise in comparison to anything these women could expect in their own country. They are bred to no other life and look forward to nothing else. One might even say they are born for no other purpose, for unless they were destined for a career of infamy they would more than likely have been made away with in their infancy. They are valuable chattels and they know it and take pride in it. We have laws which are designed to keep these women out of our country. They know well before they leave the Chinese ports that they are not entitled to a landing, and they are quite alive to the importance of learning their lessons so as to make correct answers to the Inspectors of Immigration. Had they any desire to escape or any disinclination to the life they are destined for they have ample opportunity to make it known. Even as it is the answers by which the inspectors are apparently hoodwinked would hardly deceive a ten-year-old child. If certain prominent lawyers had even a slight inkling of the requirements of good citizenship

and any idea whatever of what is meant by upholding the laws of the United States none of this class would ever so much as set foot on American soil, and the collections and donations that now go to the support of expensive missions in which a handful of low class coolies is kept in what to them must appear princely luxury, and the sums paid to lawyers and for other purposes in connection with Chinese immigration business might find a legitimate channel in providing care and instruction for white girls, mere children, from twelve years upward, who are forced to work for wages and under conditions which leave them neither means nor moral stamina to resist temptation, but with what the Orientals have not—a sense of degradation. There is a large number of young girls in San Francisco who at very tender ages are trying to take the places of their dead mothers in bringing up younger brothers and sisters. They cannot attend school and they have often no one to whom they can turn for advice or assistance. With only the understanding and experience of childhood they are forced to assume the responsibilities and obligations of womanhood. A mission in the crowded tenement neighborhood where such children could obtain the teaching and encouragement they deserve would not be so sensational as a Chinese Mission. It would probably not make so much of an impression in the reports of rescue work, but it would pay from a moral standpoint. Churches of all denominations might profitably employ themselves in making "rescue" a work of supererogation. After they have provided for the amelioration of the conditions of white girls they could then expend their superfluous cash in rescuing the Chinese. To contend that charity should begin at home is not necessarily an indication of selfishness.

The Nation's Hero for President

DEWEY is the man in the people's eye. He can have the presidential job if he will take it. There is not the slightest doubt of his being a sure winner in the event of his nomination. But the impression prevails that he would decline to become a candidate. He has never said, however, that he would not accept the nomination. He has asserted that as he is not a statesman he would not be qualified for the Chief Executiveship of the nation, and that he preferred to stay by his ship, but it is by no means certain that he would decline the presidential nomination with thanks. If he would, then let us give him a chance to do so. Probably we should like him all the more for his self denial, and as we feel in the present paroxysm of our enthusiasm that no honor is too great to bestow upon him, why not add the distinction of the nomination for the presidency if for no other purpose than that of having succeeding generations point to him as the hero who proved himself surfeited with glory by refusing the highest reward in the gift of the people. Every day the popular movement in favor of Dewey for President with the American Flag as the platform is growing wider and stronger notwithstanding the treatment the nation's hero is receiving at the hands of the yellow journalists. The man that is being made the subject of pen pictures by hysterical hen reporters and blatant bruisers should have abundant cause for action against the publications that present the libelous caricatures, but Dewey bears the penalty of his greatness with becoming fortitude. He has the dignity and good sense to pass through the nauseating ordeal without stultifying himself. We have had sufficient proof of his manliness to discredit the misrepresentations of the fool scribes whose tales of his demeanor are based upon what they imagine they would do under similar circumstances. Dewey is in hard luck to have such tiresome twaddle written about him, but he will survive and he will not lose prestige. He is the people's choice for President. The men that are sure that he would decline a nomination are professional politicians who know that he would have no use for them.

The Orphan Asylum Industry

ANOTHER new society for the protection of children! And the West Oakland Asylum drawing support for fictitious orphans and a family of idiotic paupers shipped to us from Texas! Is it not about time that there was some inquiry into the whys and wherefores of these institutions? If we are to have Homes and Houses established on every square mile of California, it is going to be a difficult matter to find children to fill them and at the same time leave enough in the custody of parents to make a decent showing. We shall soon have agents sent abroad to solicit children for these institutions and commissions paid as rewards for their success. There appears to be no restriction upon the formation of these societies, nor any obligation to show that there is even a shadow of necessity for a new one. There must be fully a dozen orphan asylums, not to mention the other homes, within a hundred miles of San Francisco. With the exception of the three denominational asylums—the Catholic, Protestant and Hebrew—it appears to be the regular thing, whenever there is a split in the managing body for the disgruntled directors to withdraw and organize an opposition, moved ostensibly by an interest in the welfare of children, but actually by a desire to participate in a division of the loaves and fishes. Each one of these various institutions has a full set of officers, all under salary, whether they have the care of one child or a hundred, and all clamoring for assistance, sending out begging letters to the rich or benevolent, imploring gifts of clothing and other necessities from those less fortunate. One of these asylums for years kept a standing advertisement in the city papers importuning the charitable to supply them with cows in order that "the dear little children" might have milk. Jacob I. Riis, than whom there is no better authority, says it costs three dollars to give away one dollar; in other words, three-fourths of all the money devoted to charity, whether it be through state appropriation or private donation, is absorbed in the process of administration. Instead of multiplying homes and dividing appropriations, it might be well to invert the process and cut off the salaried officers in order that more of the funds might reach their legitimate object. The present methods are not only wasteful, but in addition they leave the door open for fraud and misappropriation, to say nothing of the ever recurring scandals.

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The Ticket That Should Be Elected

THE democratic municipal convention has rewarded its good and faithful servants by renominating them for the public offices to which they aspired. It now remains to be seen whether the people appreciate the services of such men as Mayor Phelan, Assessor Dodge, City and County Attorney Lane, and Supervisors Deasy and Byington. TOWN TALK believes that the people are not insensible of the obligations they are under to the men who have so persistently fought for honest government, and who have succeeded in rescuing the city from the thralldom of bossism. Mayor Phelan's re-election is assured. He is the choice of all men regardless of political creed who have no selfish interest in machine politics. His opponents are the practical politicians of the republican party, who being tax-eaters are deeply interested in the distribution of patronage. But these practical politicians constitute a very small percentage of the voting element. Mayor Phelan is particularly strong before the people at this time because he is the father of the new charter which is to go into effect with the new year. It is the desire of the people that the charter shall be strictly enforced, and they know that Mayor Phelan can be depended upon to put it into practical operation and to see that the city shall derive the benefit of its salutary provisions. Assessor Dodge having kept his pledges made before the last election will undoubtedly be re-elected. His administration of the affairs of the assessor's office has been in the nature of a revelation. Having conducted those affairs honestly he has placed the burden of taxation where it belonged. Many of the large mercantile houses have had their assessments raised but they are not dissatisfied. They say that it is more satisfactory to pay the money into the city treasury than to deposit it in the pockets of a dishonest official. Franklin K. Lane has proved himself a fearless and able defender of the city's rights before the courts of the state and he has demonstrated that the duties devolving on the city's legal adviser are a most important character, and it is to the interest of the city that they should be faithfully performed. The democratic municipal ticket from top to bottom appeals to all that are interested in honest government, and it should receive the support of every taxpayer who has no interest in or love for machine politics.

He Favors a Patriot Pension Bond Issue

WATERTOWN, N. Y., Sept. 12.—Colonel Albert D. Shaw returned today from the National Grand Army Encampment at Philadelphia, where he was elected Commander-in-Chief, and a reception was given in his honor tonight. He made a speech, in which he said he would devote considerable time to pension legislation and that the pension roll could not be too large. If the burden should prove too heavy, he favored a patriot pension bond issue, so that only the interest would have to be met from year to year.—*Press Dispatch.*

Colonel Shaw's sentiments will receive the approval of all the fake veterans in the country. He is a sordid patriot of the first rank, and his elevation to the position of Commander-in-Chief of the G. A. R. will not serve to restore public confidence in an organization that complaisantly acquiesces in the plundering of the pension fund. It should be the aim of the Chief of the G. A. R. to purge the roll of the sutler-tent survivors that are today obtaining money by false pretenses from the national treasury and it is a sad and shameful commentary on the spirit of the men who once fought for their country that they bestow the honor of leadership on a man, who, knowing that the government is being defrauded prefers to encourage the fraud rather than strive to suppress its perpetrators. Surely the sentiments of Colonel Shaw are not approved by the bona-fide veterans who are today receiving aid and relief from a grateful people.

GOVERNOR MOUNT of Indiana has expressed himself as in favor of pardoning or paroling all convicts who are afflicted with consumption, being moved thereto by a philanthropic desire to prevent other convicts from taking the disease. Apparently it has not occurred to Governor Mount that there are people outside the penitentiaries who would be brought into contact with the ex-convict consumptives, and who are quite as likely to be made victims as the prisoners. There is altogether too much sickly sentiment wasted upon law-breakers now. It is all but impossible to land a scoundrel safely behind prison bars and almost as hard to keep him there long enough to get a taste of well deserved punishment. Let it once be established that consumption will open prison doors and every convict in the state would immediately display all the symptoms of a speedy dissolution, while the miraculous cures effected upon regaining their liberty would soon make Indiana the Mecca for the tuberculous patients of the world. We have had examples in our own state of convicts pardoned that they might die in the bosoms of their families, who not only refused to die but immediately proceeded to qualify themselves for another term in the penitentiary.

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator of the Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, deceased, the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco September 16, 1899.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the Estate of Sebastiana O'de Sanchez, Deceased.

A. RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, CHARLES H. McGUGIN, Administrator of the Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 805, Claus Spreckels Building, S. W. corner Market and Third streets the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHARLES H. McGUGIN,
Administrator of the Estate of James Edward McGugin, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19th, 1899.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Administrator,
804-5-6 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

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THE DEVOTEE

THOU ART no saint, but when I feel
Thy blessed lips on mine,
In adoration I could kneel,
And own thee half divine;
A glory crowns thy golden hair,
And lights thy loving eyes—
Daughter of earth, thou art as fair
As those who tread the skies.

And when in my enraptured ears
Thy murmuring accents flow,
I think some spirit of the spheres
Has wandered here below;
For angel lips alone could move
In melody so sweet;
Child of the skies, behold thy love,
A suppliant at thy feet.

Time's rough unsparing hand will chase
Thy loveliness away;
But there's a nobler, loftier grace
That triumphs o'er decay;
The heart that never once betrayed—
That changing years have tried—
When all thy other beauties fade,
Shall draw me to thy side.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

MARRIED MEN that permit their affections to be alienated from their better halves should take warning from my story of last week in relation to the suspicions aroused by the death of a prominent woman in middle-class circles. The story, I understand, has been thoroughly investigated by more than one of the dailies, with the expectation of unearthing a big sensation, but nothing more tangible could be secured in the way of evidence of anything more serious than a flagrant violation of the moral code by the festive husband. Still the gossips insist that his wife did not die from the effects of eating over-ripe fruit. They know that the husband and wife were not living harmoniously and that the domestic discord was the result of the man's attentions to a woman of whom he was deeply enamored, and they concluded that he wanted to get rid of his wife in order to marry the object of his affections. So I say that married men should take warning, for it is evident that infractions of the moral code may easily subject one to the suspicion of having committed a murder.

And, by the way, it is much easier to convict a person of a crime in this State that most people imagine. I have always been of the opinion that a little money and a foxy lawyer were all that were prerequisite to a verdict of acquittal and I was therefore very much surprised the other night to hear a learned member of the judiciary declare at the club that he was always taking precautions to keep out of jail because the facilities for getting in were so great.

"It is the easiest thing in the world to convict an innocent man of a crime," he said.

And then he proceeded to tell that he never cast away an old shirt without removing his laundry mark and that when he parted company with an old suit of clothes he invariably cut out the tags containing his name which had been sewed in by his tailor. He declared that he had been doing those things ever since the crime of robbery had been fastened on "Black Bart," the highwayman, by means of a laundry mark found on a handkerchief near the scene of his last hold-up.

The condescension of Horace Davis in agreeing to accept the republican nomination for Mayor upon condition that he be vouchsafed eighteen immaculate supervisors as satellites is indeed a rare example of generous self-abasement. A display of generosity on the part of Mr. Davis is as unusual as it is refreshing. I presume his generosity has heretofore been of the surreptitious kind à la Tom Magee. But unlike the benevolent Scotchman, he has never had the good fortune to be discovered by a Sunday supplement writer, and consequently his philanthropy has never been exploited. Mr. Davis would probably have made a good candidate for Mayor twenty years ago, when he was well known, and at a time when there was no popular idol to run against, but he has kept in the background for so many years that he has been forgotten by all but the members and graduates of his Bible class, for be it known that Sir Horace, like Dr. McDonald, Tom Magee, Mr. Vining, Mr. Valentine and other rich citizens, loves to impress Christian principles on youthful minds. Socially Horace Davis is all right. His wife is a daughter of the late Thomas Starr King. Her mother is Mrs. Julia M. Norris and her brother is Fritz King, who is numbered among the local smart set. Fritz King looks enough like Billy Barnes in build and feature to be his twin brother, and is a prominent figure down town. They are all in the Unitarian swim, which is of course most exclusive.

There is an awkward and uncomfortable anticlimax, I hear, to the Budd golden wedding, which was chronicled in the columns of TOWN TALK some weeks ago when mention was made of the handsome presents received. Among the gifts were three golden loving cups. Mrs. Budd decided that she would give one of the cups to her son Jimmie, the ex-governor, and one to Johnnie, the university regent, to use and enjoy during her lifetime rather than have them wait

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till her death, when, of course, all the plate would be theirs. But the donors, it seems, are not pleased, saying that if they had wanted ex-Governor Jim or Regent John to have gold loving cups they would have given the presents to them instead of to their mother. And Mrs. Budd is said to be wishing she had put "no presents" on the invitations to the wedding.

"Gas has gone up," said Mr. Jones, who is the father of six sons. "Dreadful, isn't it?"

"We don't notice any difference," said Mr. Brown, "you see my children are all daughters."

Fifteen years ago, long before Charles Edwin Markham was known to fame or even to that small coterie who enjoyed his poems before "The Man With a Hoe" made him popular, he was a superintendent of schools in old El Dorado county among the Sierras. He was wonderfully handsome in those days, with the handsomeness of a large figure, fine dark eyes, hair and whiskers and the fresh, rosy complexion of a girl. He had a genial, kindly spirit and was a tactful superintendent and a great favorite. He had a trick, I remember, that worked great havoc with the hearts of impressionable maidens until they found him out. It was his habit to hold the hand and gaze earnestly and affectionately into the eyes of anyone he was speaking with, and many a little mountain schoolmarm, under those conditions, felt her heart go pitty-pat with the thought that she had made an impression on the good-looking superintendent, only to have her hopes chilled when later she saw him holding the hand and gazing tenderly into the eyes of some man.

"I begin to believe Ethel Up-to-Date is crooked."

"Why?"

"I saw her take three whiskeys straight at the grill the other day."

Poor M. M. Estee! Once a rich man and now the defendant in a foreclosure of mortgage suit brought to dispossess him of his home; such is the fate of the man who was once an aspirant for a seat in the presidential cabinet and a candidate for governor of the state. I deeply sympathize with Mr. Estee, for he was a good man with a great deal of ability but it was his misfortune to have an inordinate craving for political preferment. Many years ago he was a brilliant young attorney and his ability combined with his integrity won him a lucrative practice, but he was always dabbling in politics and neglecting his legal practice. He acquired a national reputation for statesmanship without ever having much opportunity to display it, and whenever there was a vacancy in public office, from a chair in the assembly to one in the cabinet, from Consulship to Samoa to Minister to England, Estee was mentioned for the job. The real cause of his financial downfall was his eagerness to corner the wine market years ago when grapes were so cheap that they were fed to the hogs.

He: Did you have a full house at your concert?

She: Not at all—only the doorkeeper had been taking a little too much.

The gossips of Santa Cruz started their tongues a-wagging when they read in the dailies that Mrs. Sadie R. Jordan had obtained a divorce from her husband, J. C. Jordan. A few years ago Mrs. Jordan, who was then Miss Sadie Rice, was the most attractive of the summer girls on the beach at Santa Cruz. She had just got out of her teens, and was remarkable for her girlish beauty, her graceful carriage and her ravishing figure. All the beaux of Santa Cruz were in love with her, and even the Baron von Hiller made no concealment of his admiration. She was an expert swimmer and a daring equestrienne. She was daring in other ways also, and to an extent that caused Mrs. Grundy to prattle in her usual deprecating way. But one day along came a dashing young Stanford student, with a smart trap and a tandem team, and he had money to burn. As soon as he caught sight of Sadie Rice he was smitten. She was smitten, too, and after a brief period of midsummer wooing on the sands they decided to get married. The young Stanford student was none other than J. C. Jordan who figured in the divorce court as the cruel husband. And thus the flirtation of two summers ago has ended.

"My wife is so modest that she wears her bathing suit when she takes her daily bath at home," said old Moneybags, the banker with the charming young better-half.

"The walls of your bathroom are wainscoted with mirrors," said Donan Coyle the young detective, with the search-warrant eye, who solves mysteries by intuition.

"How do you know?" demanded old Moneybags who became suspicious at once and wondered whether the hawkshaw had ever invaded the family bathroom.

"Because, if they were not," was the reply, "your wife would have no occasion to wear her bathing suit in the seclusion of the lavatory."

Thus it is that we sometimes confound modesty with vain conceit.

A pleasant affair of the week was the crystal wedding reception of Mr. and Mrs. Amiel H. Brod, on Thursday night. The residence in Broderick street was beautiful decorated with the season's blooms, and a large number of friends offered congratulations and good wishes to the host and hostess. A clever minstrel show was given, the members—all of the feminine gender—wearing black dominoes. Alex Bentley was the only male participant. He acted as interlocutor and was the head and front of the entire program. He is a young Englishman who has lately come to San Francisco and possesses unusual vocal and dramatic ability. Songs and piano numbers made up the second part of the evening's entertaiment. A delicious supper was served, during which appropriate toasts were offered. Mr. and Mrs. Brod received many valuable and handsome gifts. Charming souvenirs of the function were the programs, each decorated with a pen and ink sketch by Mr. Bentley and every one different.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

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To invent a new vice may be considered a virtue by the victim of boredom in society but the woman who invents a new ornament is not only to be thanked among other women but every jeweler in society should rise up and call her blessed. Advices from New York say that Mrs Clarence Mackay is the introducer to her set of the fringed ring, which has driven even the jeweled anklet from favor. The jeweled ring was invented by a Parisian dealer in gems and it is on the barbaric order. The one that Mrs. Mackay wears is described by the New York World as a heavy circlet of dull gold carved in quaint designs. A high dark setting of clear cameo, with an exquisitely carved figure, forms the centre for a double row of diamonds. The inner row of stones has the appearance of being sunk in the cameo. The outer circlet is framed in an invisible setting of loop of gold. From this loop falls a tassel of pearls, emeralds, topazes, sapphires and diamonds. This tassel or fringe has a lattice of stones as a connecting link between it and the setting; the jewels are tiny and are in a flexible setting. The fringe falls below the knuckles half way down the hand. When the hand hangs down the fringe falls over the fingers, entirely concealing them from view.

When Mrs. Clarence Mackay was in San Francisco, TOWN TALK was the first to point out the fact that she removed her gloves when at the theatre, a fashion that the feminine portion of our swim speedily imitated. Mrs. Mackay has very pretty hands, slender and white, and I could fancy the fringed ring would be most effective when worn by her. It is not everybody, however, who can afford such on ornament, not because of its money value but because it may only draw attention to an ugly hand.

Clarence had been receiving religious instruction at school and gives his grandfather the benefit of one bit of information: "Just think, grandpa, God made the earth and all in it in seven days—and without any hammer and nails, either."

The late I. J. Truman should serve as an object lesson to the politically ambitious. After posing as a reformer for years in the hope of breaking into public office he finally, by phenomenal fortuitousness, managed to secure the treasury plum. He was the choice of certain church circles and there was general rejoicing at prayer meeting when Mr. Truman was elected. It was understood by his supporters that he was an opponent of bossism, and that he was a reformer of the most immaculate persuasion, but lo and behold! as the Irishman said when Isaac was safely ensconced in the bosom of his political job, his sentiment in relation to bossism seemed to change. One day an A. P. A. delegation called on him to demand political recognition, but Mr. Truman was engaged in mending his fences. He had been doing business with the bosses, and the A. P. A.'s were given the glassy eye. A few weeks later, when the reform republicans proceeded to organize, the first man on the platform at their meeting was the versatile Mr. Truman. He was once more a stalwart reformer but judging from the action of the convention the other night he was under a cloud. He appealed for renomination and his appeal was denied. How brief has been his political career!

The guests at Hotel Mount View this summer amused themselves, and incidentally proved that they possessed not a little literary and artistic talent by sending forth a twenty-four page paper in which are chronicled the summer happenings of '99 at the Ross Valley hostelry. "Wholly Smoke" is the name of the journal of which through the courtesy of A. J. Buckley I was enabled to see a copy. Everything—news, illustrations, editorials, verses, sketches and even the advertisements—is original and the "joshes" are so captivatingly worded that the victims themselves can not fail to laugh, though the jokes are "on them." The caricatures in the report of "Skylight in Court" are amusing in the extreme, taking off the prominent feature of each person represented. "Wholly Smoke" is an interesting souvenir of a pleasant summer.

Judging by Poet Markham's late utterances as published in the press of all parts of the country, there will be nothing surprising if he hears a call to enter the ministry. Just at present he appears to be poised midway between that and the Socialistic lecture platform.

It is amusing to note the sudden prominence accorded the Klumpke family by our daily papers, now that Miss Anna is found to be the heiress of Rosa Bonheur. The Klumpkes left San Francisco when they were just out of their childhood, and in a surprisingly short time began to attract attention by their ability. Though they are above the silly foible of making a secret of their ages it might not be quite fair to tell how many years ago the European and eastern press began to make mention of them. Not so in their native town, however. At most a two or or three line "filler" at the end of a column has been all they were deemed entitled to. Even when Miss Anna made a visit to America some years ago and several of her paintings were exhibited in a local art gallery, the matter was hardly worth mentioning. San Francisco, according to the ideas of our news purveyors, is supposed to be agog and agape over the latest in princelings and imitation counts. We should fall into a decline if, by any possibility, a society scandal were not reported in full, or if we were left in ignorance of the cut and color of Birdie Fair's latest bathing suit. Sorrow befall us if a plutocrat marriage should be contracted and we left without a Sunday supplement full of what any woman outside of "society's" ranks frankly calls indecent exhibitions.

The Klumpke children attended the Valencia Grammar school, and the teachers and hundreds of schoolmates who have been interested in watching their upward progress have had to do so without the assistance of the city papers. If, however, they had involved themselves in scandals, what a difference there would have been! We should have been nauseated by descriptions and repetitions, pictures without end, even unto the third and fourth generations of their ancestry. It is not at all probable that Miss Anna will, at this late day, begin to entertain pseudo-

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royalty and traveling American parvenues, so that having exhausted the immediate subject it will be dropped for the present, only, mark me, we shall have hereafter frequent and fervent adulation of the "wealthy and accomplished Miss Klumpke" and her distinguished sister.

Until recent years there stood in Valencia street opposite the Horace Mann school an unpretentious wooden building, homelike and sufficiently spacious, and surrounded by nearly a block of straggling unkept garden. The street had b en graded and the house and grounds were elevated five or six feet above the sidewalk. This was the home of the Klumpke family, whose daughters are now celebrated women. The house has now been raised and altered and stores have been built underneath. The old garden with its tangle of fruit tree boughs and untended rose bushes has disappeared, the ground having been dug out and carried away and a portion of its site is occupied by three-story buildings.

Apropos of the Klumpke family and connections, Professor Oscar A. Tolle, teacher of German and elocution to the county clerk's office, is the proudest and gladdest man in the whole state just now. His clothes no longer fit him and as for hats, well he has to walk bareheaded just now. And well may he be proud, for he is a first cousin of Miss Anna Elizabeth Klumpke. Oscar's family and that of his cousin have been "raised" side by side and now Oscar points with pride to the famous Parisian artist who by Rosa Bonheur's will is richer by several millions of francs. Visions of wealth untold are before Oscar now. It means, he says, at least a trip to Paris next year to bear the congratulations of the two families. Then he is going to be known hereafter as "Herr Professor." His delight in the family's good fortune is shared by his friend and adviser, Joseph Goddard, who is getting up a speech of astonishing magnitude and variety, as well as majesty of expression, the which to unload upon Oscar before he sails for la belle France. This will be Oscar's chance, by the way, to help out his old friend E. J. Baldwin, who has been having hard luck lately, several losses on a stretch.

Cynicus—I'm sorry old man! I hear you're engaged.
Younglep—Why sir, I'm married!
Cynicus—Then accept my condolences.

An anxious subscriber who has probably acquired the delusion that I am a mind reader, or the editor of the Examiner's query column, has written to me for information as to why Mrs. McIntosh preferred the background to the forefront at the Martin-Goad wedding. Now how should I know? Surely my anxious subscriber does not assume that I would be so impertinent as to interview the lady on a subject that is not of general interest and which is a matter of a purely personal character. If Mrs. McIntosh preferred the background to the forefront, it is nobody's business.

Park Commissioner Metson is evidently imbued with the horseman's abhorrence for the bicyclist. When he is astride his mettlesome charger in the park he is ever on the qui vive for the man on the wheel, and woe to the scorcher if he is caught transcending the rules that establish a time limit! But the vigilant Mr. Metson should not be too eager to curtail the liberties of people who would rather ride a wheel than a horse. Last Sunday he caused the arrest of two youths who were taking a spin through the park. It was at his behest they were taken into custody by Police Officer Thompson, and as they were about to be escorted to jail the commissioner rode away feeling no doubt that proper punishment would be visited upon the transgressors. The youths were very indignant for they had not been scorching, and they demanded to know why they should be arrested upon the ipse dixit of the man on horseback. The police officer proceeded to question them and he ascertained that one of his prisoners was Harold Warren, son of C. H. Warren, city editor of the Examiner, and that the other was Kirk Simpson, a brother of E. S. Simpson, city editor of the Chronicle. The officer concluded that it would be wise for him to constitute himself a judge on the spot. He found the prisoners not guilty and discharged them with an apology.

"He'd be a good fellow if it wasn't for one thing."
"What's that?"
"He doesn't drink."

Baron Von Schroeder sat down with a friend and twelve empty chairs to a dinner for fourteen one night last week. The emptiness of the chairs was due to the dereliction of six men who had promised to attend with six ladies. I believe that the men were at the Goad-Martin wedding in the afternoon and joined so enthusiastically in the toasts to the health of the bridal pair that they shied at the prospect of a protracted sitting with the Baron in a tenderloin rotisserie. Only one of the invited guests responded, and of course the host was grievously disappointed, but nevertheless the two sat down at the elaborately ornamented table and made a desperate effort to interest each other. I suppose if such a thing happened in the country whence Baron Von Schroeder hails, the six delinquents would be summoned one by one to the field of honor. In this benighted country a gentleman has no way of retaliating. The Baron may solace himself, however, with the knowledge that there is no law requiring him to invite those people to another dinner.

In view of the coming of Vladimir de Pachmann to swell the strength of our musical season, it is of interest to note the fact that his late wife, from whom he is divorced, is the present wife of M. Labori, leading counsel for the defendant in the Dreyfus case. The pianist is said to be still very fond of his former wife, in a friendly way, and they often meet at the school where their children are receiving their education. Madame Labori, however, finds it a much more satisfactory affair to be the friend rather than the wife of a genius. De Pachmann is a Russian, having been born in Odessa where his father was a professor in the university.

If you can afford it

DRINK

Jesse Moore Whisky

Arthur Wooley, the Grand Opera House comedian, has traveled widely and has naturally accumulated a fund of interesting anecdotes. The other evening at the Zinkand, to that congenial set of spirits that are banded together under the name of the Knockers' club, Mr. Wooley told of a marvelous operation performed at one of the eastern resorts. It seems that a gentleman slowly dying of consumption was advised to have an operation performed. Several physicians in consultation were unable to diagnose the case, but finally agreed to treat him for appendicitis. Of course not one, not even the physicians, expected to save the man's life, especially since some knew he was being treated for the wrong disease. But it is easy to imagine the surprise of everybody when, after the operation, the patient recovered and finally was perfectly restored to life and health after having been within a hair's breadth of his grave.

When Wooley had finished all the Knockers smiled and George Frazier, one of the Chief Knockers, expressed his incredulity. While Wooley and Frazier were disputing, a dignified man arose from the table adjoining that of the club and going toward Frazier, said:

"Excuse me, gentlemen, but the story just told you is true. I assisted at that operation myself and consider it the most marvelous experiment I ever heard of. Here is my card."

Herewith he handed over a neat visiting card inscribed:

DR. GRIGSBY, U. S. N.

The question now in the minds of the Knockers is: Did Dr. Grigsby really assist in that operation; or was it a clever advertising scheme; or did Wooley go into a conspiracy with the strange gentleman? They have not yet arrived at a conclusion, but I understand that they will have a special meeting where the matter will come to a vote.

"This is a very small world; we are all within hail of each other. I dare say when we get to heaven there will not be a stranger to make friends with.—Dr. Leslie in *A Country Doctor*, Sara Orne Jewett.

Jerome Case Bull, editor of Munsey's magazine, has decided to go in for breeding poultry on a large scale and pursuant to that idea has bought "Pegasus" farm, near Eccles, formerly the property of the Turners. The farm is in Santa Cruz county and has been in the past noted for its grape yield. I hear that Mr. Bull will send his Californian grapes to New York, and will import from the east the finest breeds of poultry, fancy brands that are not common out here. The Pegasus farm contains somewhat less than a square mile of land but is a productive place. Mr. Bull and his wife—Katherine Jarboe—will go into farming seriously but will still keep their literary light burning. When they are not overseeing the care of their chickens and of their vineyard they will write.

Somebody in this city has sent the amusing story east that the parishioners of St. Luke's Episcopal church have become so hard to please that a new preacher is in demand every week. They are represented to be craving for variety in the pulpit and so exacting, it is said, have they become in their demands that someone has proposed that local actors be engaged to produce farcical arrangements of Biblical scenes in lieu of the regular service. That such a sacrilegious suggestion could be made by any member of the congregation is of course incredible, but evidently somebody is bent upon slandering the good people of St. Luke's. As a matter of fact, I know of no congregation in San Francisco that is more conservative than that at present presided over by the Reverend D. Clairborn Garrett. The majority of the members are so afraid of doing something that might be considered bad form—in London or New York—that they inadvertently find themselves bowing in the latest style, instead of the old-fashioned genuflection, in the Gloria. Sometime since I predicted that the new rector would find his parish hard to please, but I scarcely believe that what the Gotham weekly suggested will ever become a part of the service as it is given at St. Luke's.

AT THE MINSTRELS:

Interlocutor—I say, Tom, can you tell me why everything, flour, coal, etc., has gone up since the war began, yet the price of paper and envelopes remains unchanged?

End Man—That's easy; don't use so much of them—they ain't needed for cooking.

Interlocutor—Guess again. Give up? Well, because they are stationery.

A romantic story is told of the marriage of Lieutenant Commander Gillmore who was captured by the Filipinos and who is now a prisoner in their hands. Shortly after he left Annapolis, so the story goes, he fell in love but his affections were not requited. He remained a bachelor until seven or eight years ago, when he met his old sweetheart. She was then a charming widow, but unlike the hero of fiction his old love did not revive to be followed by marriage to the woman by whom it was first awakened. The charming widow was accompanied by a charming daughter, about seventeen years of age, whom he wooed and won. Together they came to this city and took up their residence in Pacific avenue. But for some time prior to his departure Gillmore occupied rooms at the Bohemian club. He was a man of many admirable traits, and nowhere was his capture more deeply deplored than in this city where he has many warm friends.

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The news comes from Lexington, Kentucky, of the marriage of Miss Elsie Allen, the sixteen-year-old daughter of Mr. James B. Ferguson, the famous race starter and turf man, who is well known on this coast, to Mr. Philip Thompson Chinn, son of the equally celebrated turfman Colonel "Jack" Chinn, who is known in this city and Nevada as a lobbyist and shrewd politician. The Fergusons and Chinns belong to the swell set of Kentucky, and the marriage was attended by all the smart people of Lexington. The bride is the grandniece of Price McGrath who owned Longfellow, and was proprietor of McGratiana, one of the great stock farms of the blue grass state.

The New York people have a prophesy that few of the bright new dramatic stars that come out from the west can go through one metropolitan season without becoming afflicted with the disease termed inflated cranium. Sometimes they do not contract the malady during one season, but it takes several to impress upon them the sense of their own importance. Miss Mabelle Gilman is the latest, it seems, to be attacked by the swelled head mania. Miss Gilman is the ex-Mills seminary girl who went to New York and joined the Daly company. She played small parts for some time without achieving other than mild successes until she was intrusted with a comedy role in which, though it was only a minor character, she scored such a big hit as to make the divine Ada jealous. This was the end of Miss Gilman in the Daly company but she found no difficulty in obtaining another situation.

I had not noticed Miss Gilman's name for some time in the New York papers until lately when she again came into prominence in "The Rounders," which is holding the boards at the Casino. Manager Lederer saw that she was not only pretty but clever and he gave the former soubrette the post of leading woman in his "review." But it has been noticed that ever since her elevation Miss Gilman has been in poor health, particularly at noon on matinee days, though as soon as the sun went down she was able to appear at the theatre. Lederer has dealt with such cases before and he gave Queenie Vassar, Miss Gilman's understudy, a chance to undermine the leading woman's popularity with the public. Lederer had about made up his mind to give Miss Vassar the job of star in his company, it is said, when May Irwin called her away and Queenie had to leave town.

Miss Gilman's health improved somewhat but again at the Saturday matinee, she failed to appear, so much to the disgust of her co-star, Dan Daly, that he decided to become ill also. He took off his costume, put on his every day clothes and saying "two can play at prima donna" left the theatre. And now all New York is weeping because Dan Daly has resigned—requested to do so, of course—from the Casino. They do not permit whims in leading men, vous comprenez; it is only the leading women that can cut up shines and still be forgiven.

Elizabeth R. Mowry was granted a divorce from Lyman I. Mowry by Judge Troutt yesterday. No opposition was made. The ground was cruelty.—*Daily Paper.*

It was evidently a question of the lady or the tobacco with Mowry, who is an attorney of some prominence. I can fancy a soliloquy somewhat after this fashion being indulged in by

LYMAN (solus).

To smoke, or not to smoke—that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to swear off
From fragrant weed, with its accompaniment of bourbon;
Or to give no more occasion for wife to grumble,
And, by swearing off, etc., etc., etc.

The lover of the weed would naturally come to the conclusion that, while it is impossible to find another pleasure to equal that of smoking, there are plenty of women to be had for wives. The Mowrys had been married for twelve years and the only charges made by the wife against her husband were that he smoked excessively, the fumes of his Chinese and Colorado cigars injuring her vocal chords so that she could not sing, and that he too frequently indulged in the inebriating cup. I remember upon the occasion of Mrs. Mowry's debut in an amateur production of a grand opera that her voice was very husky and the management apologized for her, saying she was not ill but had received a few hours before the sad news of a near relative's death. At that time the audience supposed that Mrs. Mowry had a cold, but in the light of the divorce revelations it is easy to be seen that Mr. Mowry's love for smoking was the cause of her huskiness.

ONE REASON—PERHAPS

"The Fair is not what it used to be,"
Said one fair matron to me,
"Exhibitors show no generosity.
Hot cakes and biscuits in days gone by
Samples of flour, mush, soap—oh, my!
The chips, Saratoga, cake and pie!
Now the only thing that I can see
Is tiny cups of coffee or tea,
And grape juice (for a five cent fee).
It's easy to see the reason why
The Fair had to pine awayand die."

THE NIBBLER.

The department buyers of J. J. O'Brien & Co. are to be congratulated upon their success in the selection of new Fall Goods. The spacious show windows of the old established concern at Market, Jones and McAllister Streets never presented a more attractive appearance than at present. Fine quality Black Crepons at 75 cents to $3.50 per yard; Novelty Dress Goods in large variety of designs at 50 cents to $2.00 per yard; Ladies' and Gentlemen's Fancy Neckwear; Merino Underwear and a splendid assortment of Ladies' Tailor Made Suits and Golf Capes are among the lines displayed in this elegant stock.

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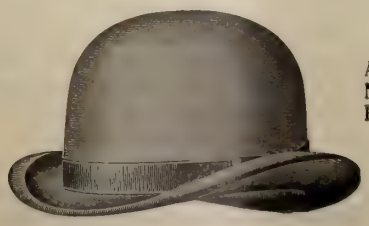

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The craze for athletics which has attacked the women of this generation has resulted in doing away with much of the prudery of other days, and the free exhibition of the nether limbs in bathing, bicycling and recreation costumes generally has quite reconciled the world to the admission that a woman's feet are not pinned to the hem of her dress. On the other hand, evening dress has so clipped and pared away at what our grandams were wont to call their "bodies" that there often seems to be nothing left above the waist line but a pair of shoulder straps and a bunch of roses. We have grown so used to these things, as well as to having men placed behind the counter where women's underwear is displayed, that it is all a matter of course and no consequence. Still it does cause a little shiver when a young man deliberately unrobes one of those life-sized wax ladies of the show window in view of a sidewalk full of interested on-lookers—mostly males.

Maude—Poor girl! If she were well connected she could get a rich husband, but she has no family.

Flossie—No family? Of course she hasn't; wait till she gets a husband.

Alex Vogelsang, the friend of the State's fish, managed to get a plank into the democratic municipal platform before it was presented to the convention, but it was ruthlessly thrown out as soon as it was discovered. It was sandwiched in between planks providing for various important public utilities, and the fish commissioner regarded it as of paramount interest to the community. It provided for the maintenance of a tank in the neighborhood of Sutro Heights for the propagation of fish. As the commissioner was the only man in the convention who cared a tinker's imprecation about fish, or who could understand or appreciate the scientific value of a municipal aquarium, his efforts toward the establishment of a great public utility were of no avail. One member of the Platform Committee declared that if the democratic party declared itself in favor of the impounding of fish it might lose the Italian vote, whereupon Mr. Vogelsang's tear ducts shed salt water enough for the accommodation of a school of fish for a whole season.

Mike: I wondher why th' English christened their yacht th' Shamrock?

Pat: To get on th' right side iv th' New York polise so that they'd arrest people f'r obshtructin th' coorse.

I hear that the directors of the Mechanics' Fair have decided that they will hold no more of these exhibitions which have for so many years been a feature of our city's annual amusement program. The reason of the financial failure of the present fair, which terminates tonight, may be due to several reasons, but there is one very potent one, patent to anyone who has visited the exhibition, particularly during the past fortnight. To embody cheap shows, such as cakewalks and Indian dances which are not instructive but simply laughable owing to the hodge-podge costumes of the participants, with an exhibition of mechanics, arts and trades, is folly and will never attract the better element of our population. If the public wishes that sort of thing, let it go elsewhere for it. There is no doubt about it—the Mechanics' Fair has sadly lost its repute by running a vaudeville show in connection with its regular exhibition.

Again, there are fewer exhibits than usual in the fair this year. I remember when the art gallery not only contained walls covered with fine paintings but, occupying the central space down the rooms, were show-cases containing exhibits of porcelain work by amateurs and professionals. In those days, on the walls along the promenade, log cabin and crazy quilts hung, with tapestries, and in show-cases were placed bits of exquisite lace work, handkerchiefs etc. Instead of special days for cakewalk contests, there were flower shows, when florists competed for prizes. Adjoining the old pavilion was a magnificent garden, and I always regretted that the present pavilion did not have such an adjunct. It was such a pleasant place to sit and cool off in after a stroll through the crowded exhibition rooms.

In those days we paid five dollars for a family season ticket and three dollars for a single season ticket, and nobody grumbled The fair was fashionable and on Saturday night it was everybody's pleasure to "do" the gallery promenade and nod to the friends who were also promenading or else sitting down and watching the passers-by. In the art gallery there was always at least one picture shown that would draw the connoisseurs' attention. Gump used to exhibit his choicest art treasures. There was the famous "Cleopatra" on her barge, clothed only in nature's garb and surrounded by her nymphs, a picture that was finally removed by order of our local Anthony Comstock. Then there was "Elaine," that belonged to the late Mrs. Johnson, and "Andromeda" chained to her rock. While the pictures shown this year are good, few of them are novelties, many having been hung before at the Hopkins.

It is only the last two fairs, however, that society has failed to patronize. The other night I sat near a young woman who was sadly bewailing the fact that nobody came to the fair any more. All at once she started up, and her face brightened:

"Here is somebody!," she exclaimed, "here is Belle Wallace."

And Mrs. Richard Sprague passed by. She was gowned in black, by the way, being still in mourning for her sister Romie.

There are some good points about the Mechanics' Fair this year. The decorations are beautiful and have transformed the big barn-like structure into a marvel of picturesqueness. The music is very fine and the

leader has shown excellent taste in his selections. Miss Alice Raymond, the solo cornetist, is magnetic and is mistress of her instrument. The Indian exhibit is thoroughly interesting, and the Filipino village is not only interesting but is attractive in its features. What exhibits there are have been made prominent attractions by the exhibitors and all the booths are tasteful, some being highly artistic. What the fair has lost is tone. I am quite sure that unless the smart people go to an exhibition the common herd is not going either. Those who are not swell are willing to pay to see those who are, and I respectfully submit to the Mechanics' Institute's directors that at the next fair they put up the admission fee, cater to the better class of our residents, and they will find the others

Nance O'Neil, at the California

coming, also. It is generally conceded that this year's exhibition was a huge fiasco from beginning to end and I should not be surprised to hear of a change in the Board of Regents of the State University, when the Mechanics' Institute election comes off next year, indirectly leading out of the Mechanics' Fair of 1899.

I have been waiting ever since I can remember for some preacher to stumble upon Col. IV: 21—"Fathers, provoke not your children to anger, lest they be discouraged." It has always seemed to me a pregnant text, and one from which a much needed sermon could be evolved. The verses immediately preceding it, in which wives are called upon to submit to husbands, and husbands to love their wives, have never been overlooked and the exhortation to children has been hammered into little heads as if it were the "whole law and the prophets." The next verse, 22, in which servants are exhorted "to obey in all things your masters" has had a full share of attention, but a species of blindness seems to attack those in authority, so that apparently they never see, much less ponder on verse 21. Mr. Weinstock's able address to parents delivered recently in Sacramento is the first plea I have ever heard in behalf of the children. It should be delivered from every pulpit in the land at least four times a year, and circulated amongst parents between times. There have been from time to time many advocates of "children's rights" but I am referring now to discourses delivered in churches, or under the auspices of religious bodies. Parents, as a rule, are quite as much in need of admonition as are their offspring, and if we consider all the conditions, rather more.

One of the conundrums that is going the rounds:

Why is it that an American postage stamp bears the head of a general instead of the American flag?

Because the American flag never was licked and never will be licked.

In regard to these poems that are just at present enjoying vogue in London, and of which Lord Alfred Douglas is accredited the author, I am inclined to believe that they were written by Oscar Wilde himself rather than by his former companion. Or, if young Douglas wrote the poems, he was probably incited to do so by Wilde, who would naturally influence Douglas' mind toward such effusions. While the London papers announce that Lord Alfred has returned to England and is living quietly with his mother, it was not many months ago that a correspondent wrote me from Paris that he saw Oscar and Alfred together in a café and they were then evidently on the best of terms. It is said that an American manager recently refused to look at a play submitted to him by Wilde, but it is not likely that this is true. If the play were as clever as "Lady Windemere's Fan" it is probable that it would soon find a purchaser for it could be produced as the work of an anonymous author and the mystery surrounding its birth would be an additional incentive to draw the public.

Bostonese: Pedal teguments artistically illuminated for the infinitesimal remuneration of a picayune.

San Franciscan: Shine, five cents.

On dit that Miss Mary Crocker will make her début in Gotham this winter, her entrée into the swim of New York to be engineered by her aunt, Mrs. George Crocker. This will insure the heiress' entrance into the inner circle, for Mrs. Hermann Oelrichs will see to it that the way is properly paved. If Miss Crocker chose her other aunt, Mrs. C. B. Alexander, as her social sponsor she would find herself in quite another set from that to which she will be introduced by Mrs. Crocker and Mrs. Oelrichs. Mrs. Alexander has never thirsted for social triumphs and though she has every luxury at her command she has never made any effort to shine in the swim. She goes in for a quiet, happy life, and I presume she is as near perfect contentment as is possible this side of heaven.

Miss Mary Crocker is no stranger to New York, as she was educated at a private school there, her brother, Charles Templeton Crocker, also enjoying

Our handsome "dress hats" noted for style, elegance and quality. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

that privilege. Little Jennie Crocker, who was named after her mother, remained in California and has always been an especial pet with her grandmother, Mrs. A. M. Easton. Monte Robles, which has been Jennie Crocker's home since her father's death, is a beautiful place. When Mary and Charles came on from New York to spend their vacations at the country place in San Mateo they considered these the happiest days of their lives. They own pony carts, the latest makes of bicycles and village carts also saddle horses, with about every other kind of conveyance. It is a matter of regret that the parents of these children could not have lived to see them grow up, for they are certainly fine specimens of young California. The eldest, who has just come into her inheritance, is a sweet and charming girl, unspoiled by the adulation that has naturally been showered upon her all her life.

San Franciscans who have been expecting to see Mr. and Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr. this winter may about make up their minds to be disappointed. The Willie K's will spend the winter, or at least a part of the season, with the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough at Blenheim Castle, England. Next year they will go to Newport again, having rented "Belvoir" for another season.

"Before marriage," said Mrs. Imboss, as she whisked a bit of soot off her friend's nose with her handkerchief, "I was sure that John and I would be just like a pair of scissors."

Her friend smiled, as at some recollection, as she replied: "Well, John told me the other day that you were as sharp as a knife."

From New York a correspondent writes us that James F. J. Archibald, who used to be called Jimmie, and Harrison Fisher, once an Examiner artist, have been commissioned to go around the world interviewing celebrities from Queen Victoria to Oom Paul. It has not been announced by whom they were commissioned, but there is no doubt but what the news is true. Mr. Archibald will be remembered as the San Rafael golf player who was sent to Cuba by Mr. Hume to write up the war for the Post. He succeeded in getting himself shot in the arm and that flesh wound proved a great advertising card. I believe he enjoyed the distinction of being the first man wounded in the war. He subsequently attracted attention to himself by writing an account of his capture of a church full of Spanish soldiers armed with Mausers. The brave golf player entered the sacred edifice at the head of a corporal's guard and by a clever bit of maneuvering succeeded in driving the enemy into a corner of the organ loft. At the same time he intrenched himself behind a pew. The Spanish commander seeing that he had been out-generaled struck up a funeral dirge on the organ as a signal to his men to throw down their arms, and every mother's son of them surrendered. Thus it was that Mr. Archibald proved himself a fictionist of no ordinary capacity. As soon as the war was over he was hired by a magazine to supply stirring descriptive narratives of the moving incidents of Shafter's most thrilling campaign.

Sincerely is he mourned in the tenderloin, for he was a cheerful giver. Jesse Sheldon Potter was a very good example of a young man spoiled by wealth. If he had remained in the condition of life to which he was born he might have amounted to something of vastly more value than a man about town, a "good fellow" and a familiar figure on the cocktail route.

An elegant line of Mourning Bonnets, Hats and Veils, Mrs. S.R.Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

Harry H. Campbell
The Popular Treasurer of the Grand Opera House

Jesse Potter came to San Francisco from Rhode Island with his mother, in early days. Mrs. Potter became housekeeper for Charles Lux, who was then a retail butcher on a small scale, and she afterwards married him. Lux was a very common, ignorant German of the peasant class, but he knew how to sell meat and in time he went into the wholesale business. Mrs. Lux was of much finer clay than was her husband. She was a refined and well-educated New England woman. As he gradually acquired more wealth, Charles Lux did not care any more than before for education and culture, but he was a generous man and let his wife do as she liked with his money. She had a great number of poor relations and these were raised to affluence by her kindness. Miss Mattie Sheldon, a niece, became a popular society girl and after a few seasons in the swim here married a physician and returned to Rhode Island.

At one time the Lux family lived in South Park and Jesse Potter had just then begun to be known as a fast young man about town. Even thus early in his career he exhibited that propensity for promenading the streets, dressed in gorgeous attire, which afterwards gained upon him and which mode of enjoyment remained a favorite with him until his dying day. Mr. Lux never became used to his step-son's easy manner of getting the good out of life and I have heard him remonstrate strongly with Jesse for the latter's idleness. The family later moved into the beautiful house at the corner of Jackson and Gough streets which was their home when Mr. Lux died. This house not only commands one of the finest views of the bay in the city but contains a music-room which can boast of having no equal, so far as I know, in San Francisco. It is a large room, with many windows and the walls are frescoed in dainty designs. Some time after her husband's death, Mrs. Lux parted with

her town house receiving one hundred thousand dollars, I have heard, for it and the present owner has built on and largely added to its attractiveness.

Closely interwoven with the history of the Lux family is that of the Millers. Henry Miller was Lux's partner, I believe, in the retail butcher business and they kept up their association when fortune began to smile upon them. The Millers still occupy the house in Essex street which they have owned for years. While the heads of the family were always plain in their tastes, not going in for society, their children, Henry Jr. and Nellie, looked at the world with different eyes from those of their parents. The children were sent to private schools, taken abroad, and given every advantage that money could buy. Nellie married well and has brought up her children upon even a higher plane than that upon which her own education was conducted. The Millers have a large ranch near Gilroy where they go every summer.

Mr. Joseph Sadoc Tobin was one of the eighteen supervisors chosen by the democratic convention on Wednesday night. I am glad to see one of the Burlingame set going into politics, and I feel sure that Joe Tobin will make as good a record as supervisor, if elected, as he has made in the world of amateur sport and as a society man. It is the proper thing now to be in politics and it is a matter of congratulation that so many well known leaders in the social and business worlds have decided to enter the political swim. Intelligence, education and culture count for much in public life and it was possibly the example of Theodore Roosevelt, John Jacob Astor and others of their kind that led the jeunesse d'oree of other cities to permit their names to go up as candidates for public office.

There is not a man on the democratic list of supervisors who is not prominent in some worthy manner. Thomas Jennings is of one of our oldest families. W. H. McCarthy is Commodore of the San Francisco Yacht club and his boat, the unique Gadder, came in winner at the big race two weeks ago. H. M. Brandenstein, the lawyer, is a popular club man. James P. Booth, late of the Report, is president of the Press club and the others on the democratic list of supervisors are of equal reputation. They are nearly all young men, and the energy of youth is what is wanted on our Board of Supervisors, to help build up San Francisco to a point where the city can compare favorably with the eastern metropolises.

Samuel H. Brooks, the democratic nominee for City Treasurer, is one of our old-timers, having come here from the south in early days. He married one of the Judge sisters, his wife dying a few years ago. One of Mr. Brooks' three beautiful daughters is the wife of John O'Neil Reis.

The Corona club held its regular meeting on Thursday of last week. It was Hawaiian Day and "Aloha," a most appropriate selection, was sung by Mrs. George Smith. Several interesting papers on Hawaii were read. The "Irwin" march, played by Mrs. W. P. McDermott, was a feature. A trio—Mrs. Craig, Miss Mabel Craig, and Mrs. Gallahorn—sang the Hawaiian National Hymn.

As the Searles addition to the Hopkins Institute will not be ready for visitors until next spring, what few art exhibitions will be given this season will for the most part take place at the private studios. Theodore Wores had a successful showing of pictures at the Bohemian club last week. Miss Emilia Kalisher is getting ready for her first exhibition since her return from Paris and Holland. At Guiseppe Cadenasso's studio in Post street for three weeks past this artist has been holding an exhibition in hopes of obtaining a fund of sufficient proportions to enable him to continue his studies under foreign masters. Cadenasso, who is one of the most interesting figures in local art circles, gained all his instructions in drawing and painting in this city. He has the true artistic conception of a subject and his technic is good, especially when you consider that most of his facility in interpreting nature's moods was obtained without the aid of any teacher. Cadenasso wrought out his ideas practically unaided. Mayor Phelan and others have some of his landscapes in their art collections and all of Cadenasso's friends and fellow artists predict a splendid future for him.

Octavie Barbe, at the Columbia

Colonel Vic Duboce's war record appeared to have very little weight in the republican municipal caucus. As a matter of fact, the colonel hasn't a very brilliant war record, but still having volunteered to fight for his country he has prestige as a veteran and he should not be placed in the attitude of a man who was out for any old thing in the shape of a public job. The colonel was first mentioned for Mayor, then for Public Administrator, next for County Clerk and finally for Supervisor. I suppose if there was a poundkeeper to be nominated the colonel's enthusiastic friends would have insisted upon securing for him the dog-catcher's plum on the strength of his services in the commissary department. Meanwhile I am constrained to congratulate Brigadier-General Smith upon being beyond the reach of his friends, in the Philippines.

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The swagger set is still talking of the tilt between the George Crockers and the H. T. Scotts, and wondering when the pipe of peace will be smoked. It will be remembered that Mrs. George Crocker avowed that if Miss Scott won the Crocker cup in the golf tournament,

Hon. James D. Phelan
Present Mayor and Regular Democratic Candidate for re-election

she (Mrs. Crocker) would not eat for a week, but that she subsequently reconsidered her resolution and broke her fast as soon as the cravings of hunger sharpened her well-bred appetite, but I understand that she solaced herself by changing the program which called for a cup presentation function. Miss Scott having won the cup was entitled to receive it in the usual ceremonious fashion, but Mrs. Crocker being the donor, would not permit of the customary éclat, She placed the cup on a table in a certain room of the Hotel Del Monte, where it was found by Miss Scott who bore it off triumphantly. And society has been smiling over the incident ever since.

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All the newspaper push will be for L. Grant Carpenter for Police Judge. Carpenter is a veteran newspaper man, and for several years his regular detail covered the police courts. No man is more familiar with the crooked practices of police court circles than Carpenter, and when he was a reporter he was most active in ventilating them. During the past year he has served as the prosecuting attorney of Judge Treadwells' court and has proved himself a most efficient officer. Only the other day a Superior Judge who has handled many of the cases appealed from the police courts told me that if all the prosecuting attorneys were as active and vigilant as Carpenter there would be much less of juggling with justice in the criminal departments. Grant Carpenter's popularity in the newspaper profession was demonstrated a year ago when he was elected president of the Press club.

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"Did you hear the news about Jags?"
"No; what?"
"Gone from bad to worse."
"Really; how?"
"Left town for Seattle on Saturday."

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Judge Hebbard has a severe attack of the oil fever. He is confident that great riches are in store for the members of the Cygnet company, of which he is one of the leading stockholders. He was lost on the desert the other day while prospecting for surface indications in the neighborhood of the tract of land which has been secured by the company, and returned to town convinced that a great yield of the precious oil was in prospect. I hope the judge will not be disappointed, and from what I have heard I believe that the company's prospects are exceedingly bright. It has so much land that if it strikes oil all will be well for there will not be much likelihood of its stream being tapped. But there are many wild-cat companies invading the new fields, and in some instances where oil may be found its flow is very uncertain owing to the limited acreage and the chances for successful tapping. No man has a mortgage on the yield of his own well, for some fellow may bore a well a quarter of a mile away and stop the flow.

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AT THE CHUTES:

She (young and enthusiastic): How disappointing! I expected to experience a thrill when we shot down the chute, but I did not.

He (forty and cynical): That is the way I have been disappointed many times.

She: Do you come here often?

He: Oh, I was not speaking of the chutes, but of love.

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Mr. Max Popper, the leader of the Iroquois club's anvil chorus, has been out with his hammer early and late ever since Charles Wesley Reed was suggested as an available candidate for the office of District Attorney. His principal objection to Reed was that he did not vote for Bryan, but he was not content with the effect produced by a plain, unvarnished statement of facts; so he went about town circulating a story with a view of persuading people that Reed had voted for McKinley. He said Reed had declared that he had voted for Palmer and Buckner, whereas the records showed that in his precinct not a single vote had been cast for the leaders of the gold democracy. The inference to be deduced was that McKinley and Hobart received the Reed vote. Now Mr. Max Popper's story was in the nature of a malicious fabrication. The records show that in the precinct referred to six votes were cast for Palmer and Buckner. I present these facts merely to show that Mr. Max Popper has not that high regard for the truth which is essential to good citizenship. I submit that Mr. Max Popper should be suppressed. A club would probably be most effective in subserving the good purpose.

Swell turbans, dainty little bonnets, elegant dress hats. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

World of Law

THE SUPREME COURT has come out boldly and reversed itself. In deciding a case on Tuesday of last week it flatly reversed a decision of its own rendered six years ago. It frankly admitted that in the rendition of the decision now set aside the tribunal of last resort had failed to note a statute. It had made no erroneous construction of law, but had simply failed to observe that the law stood as it did and so had erred ignominiously. The case is worth noting. It was one where a farmer mortgaged his sheep and their increase. Then in shearing time he collected the wool and sold it. The mortgagee claimed the wool as part of the mortgage and sued the debtor for conversion. Now, one point made by the mortgagee was that the title to the sheep passed to him with the chattel mortgage. Regarding this point there is a section, 2888, of the Code of Civil Procedure which reads:

"Notwithstanding an agreement to the contrary, a lien, or the contract for a lien, transfers no title to the property subject to the lien."

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Unfortunately, however, in 1883, and when this law was in force, the Supreme court of this State, in discussing the validity of an attachment of personal property, which had been mortgaged in the same manner, said:

"The title to the property passed to the plaintiffs. Under the chattel mortgage it continued vested in them until it was reinstated by the performance of the mortgage conditions."

The mortgagee in the case I write of seized upon this decision, pointed to it and claimed it as the legal construction that most plainly and unambiguously pointed to the other way.

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It was for the Supreme court in this case to unravel the mystery. It did so by frankly avowing that in the 1893 case it had erred in failing to note how the law stood under the section quoted above. Not knowing the law, it had decided according to its conscientious belief. That 1893 decision must now be taken back and ignored for the future, for the good of the community. In declaring its right to take this step, the Supreme court, by Hon. Justice Temple, said:

'Laws are not made by judicial decisions. The court simply determines the rights of the parties to the action in that particular controversy. It is no part of its purpose even to declare the law. It simply applies to the controversy the law as it existed when the alleged rights or liabilities accrued. The decision has never been thought to have the force and effect of law except in that special controversy. In other suits it is authority more or less persuasive according to the reasonableness of the law. Courts have never thought themselves bound by it, as they are by a valid statute. And if it is manifestly wrong the community does not act upon it.

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"The mere fact that an error has been made in a decision of the Supreme court is no reason for perpetuating it. Why should one who has honestly acquired property, according to the laws of the land, lose it because a judge, relying upon imperfect presentation, has erred? Or, why should the policy of the government adopted upon great deliberation, be so defeated?

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"If the Supreme court of the United States shall hold that the courts are prohibited from reversing an erroneous construction of a State statute because such decision is a law which impairs the obligation of contracts, then the courts can never change the erroneous construction; for the court can only pass upon existing rights and must always look to the past for its law, and, so far as it declares the law, declares what it was and is, it cannot enact what it shall be I do not think that august tribunal will adopt this view, which, if adopted, can result only in the perpetuation of error."

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Now, are these words prophetic? Are they the messenger, paving the way for a similar course to be pursued with regard to one or more decisions that turn upon important issues now before the court? The district attorney and Judge Carroll Cook admit that unless the august tribunal can be made to reverse itself in the Hoff murder case, nothing can prevent a new trial being awarded to Mrs. Cordelia Botkin. Already a re-hearing has been granted and the case set for re-argument; will the Supreme court be induced to change its mind and say that Judge Cook's instructions in the Hoff case were not erroneous, after all?

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moore "A. A." Whisky.

Furthermore the malcontent county officers declare openly that, in order to compel them to come up for election in November next along with the municipal officials nominated by the new charter, the Supreme court will have to "skin back" its decision in the case of Kahn vs. Sutro. The way is paved now; for Justice Temple has decided, with the approval of his colleagues, that a Supreme court decision is binding only upok the particular case it affirms or reverses.

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An insight into a practice which may be extremely common, for all I know, was afforded by the Jordan divorce case on Wednesday last. Elizabeth R. Jordan sued J. C. Jordan for a divorce, alleging extreme cruelty. The attorney in the case, Mr. W. W. Davidson, on filing the papers took the deputy county clerk aside and asked him to withhold the names. "If he sees his name in the paper, he'll skip, and I won't be able to get service on him," quoth Davidson. The clerk agreed and the Law Journal the next morning had among the new suits, the entry, "69919—withheld."

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It was curious that the same Law Journal had, in its description of Judge Troutt's business for the day, the entry "Jordan vs. Jordan, 11:30 A. M." And shortly after that hour Mr. Davidson brought his client before Judge Troutt, the testimony was heard and the divorce granted. Judge Troutt, poor man, had not ordered the case on his calendar, but he made no objection when he saw it there; and he did not scrutinize the papers, or he would have found that the complaint had only been filed the evening before. When informed of the facts the worthy judge held up his hands in holy horror and cried 'Collusion!" Meantime, however, the decree had been signed.

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Now that any kind of action about which the courts are supposed to be so strict as a divorce case should be filed and tried within a few hours speaks volumes for the laxity of the administration. This case came to light only by accident; it is not to be supposed that people are to be forever on the watch for such things. Goodness knows how many such cases there have or have not been in the past; both judges and clerks will keep a sharper lookout from this time on.

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Charles L. Wheeler is very much annoyed at the extravagant tales that are going around about the home he is building on the McCloud river. A baronial castle of stone, with the centre habitation for the family and the surrounding ones for titled guests, and the whole to cost no less than $75,000, is the way Mr. Wheeler's country place is mostly described.

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Now Mr. Wheeler is a very talented young man who owes his present position in the world to himself alone. He has risen to be head of one of the greatest law firms in the city and is reported to have made money in shrewd speculations. No one grudges the young man his success, for he is modesty personified. When not engaged in toil his pleasure is with his wife and little ones. He is no clubman; his greatest dissipation in many years was the occupation of a stage box every night during the Melba grand opera season. Consequently, he is the last man in the world to go to erecting baronial castles.

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Being now possessed of abundant means, Mr. Wheeler is providing a comfortable country home for his family in a picturesque spot, healthy to a degree and the more beautiful for just a little civilization. He said to me the other day, "I'm building a simple home in the country, that's all. The only thing is that it will be built of stone. Seventy-five thousand dollars! d'ye think I'm a fool?"

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What a year this is for dissolutions of partnership. First Page, McCutcheon & Eells came asunder, and the whole legal world of San Francisco said: "Lloyd Tevis, of course! McCutcheon doesn't want to divvy!" But, alas, McCutcheon didn't get the Tevis estate. Then there was Dunne and McPike. Peter Dunne has done so much independent business of late, including railroad work, that no doubt his interests and those of his partner diverged somewhat. And now Reinstein and Eisner. This last is not so easy to understand. Reinstein was a good Regent and Eisner a good court practitioner. Why didn't they pull together?

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Judge Edward A. Belcher of the Superior court is very ill from la grippe. The airy climate of the City Hall is good for

doctors, but for no other class of men. Judge Hebbard is so hoarse he can hardly overrule an objection. Judge Bahrs is looking like a ghost, a mighty thin ghost, too. The only man who braves wind and weather and never succumbs is Probate Judge Coffey. But then he is of the chosen.

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It is not often that men grow young in the practice of the law, but it would appear that General W. H. L. Barnes is rejuvenating daily. I mean physically, of course. I met the general in the street the other day and never was I so struck by his personal appearance. He looked fresh and well, clear-eyed and hearty, and he had the vigorous stamp of perfect health. General Barnes owes his physique to love of outdoor exercise. Every morning he is up betimes and out for a walk, and twice a week he tramps out to the Cliff House and back. He is to be met passing through the park with the easy swing of a trained athlete. Besides, he swims and uses dumbbells. He has an arm on him that many an Olympic clubite would be proud of. The years slip rapidly by, but they leave no trace on General Barnes' handsome countenance.

THE COURT REPORTER.

Clancy Discusses Politics

"I WAS at th' convinshin last night an' I saw th' divvils own row," said Mr. Clancy.

"What convinshin? asked his friend Barry.

"Why what convinshin do ye shpose I'd go to. Ye don't shpose I'd dishgrace meself an' me dimmycrat ancistry be goin to a raypublican convinshin do ye? Not on yer life Barry. I'd as soon go to an Apeehay council as to mix up wid those Wallace Bradfords at Odd Fellow's hall. No it was th' dimmycrat convinshin that I attinded an' it reminded me iv th' ole days at Hibernya hall, whin they'd knock th' chairman down wid a brick ivry time he'd rule agin a pint av order. One night we had to ellict six chairman and I attinded th' sixth man's wake th' night after th' convinshin adjourned. Those were excitin' times Barry whin patritetism ran riot an' th' polise were barred out iv th' hall. There was no fightin' at th' convinshin th' other night, but it was th' anticipashin iv thruble that made it interestin. It was all on account iv Charles Westley Reed. He was a candydate f'r superiorvizer an' th' Irosquaw hammer throwers wid Max Whopper at their head came down to make a dimminstrashin. The squaws don't like Reed because he's a goold dimmycrat an' also because they know that he'll not give any iv them a job iv he's illected. Th' squaws are natural born job-chasers. Whin Budd was Governor ninety-eight iv then held governmint jobs. Since th' last illection some iv them had to make an honest livin an' they're sore. They blame Reed f r it because they think he pershwaded Assisor Dodge to throw thim out iv his office, an' so they've been goin around calling him a goold dimmycrat. They say that if it wasn't f'r Reed, William J. O'Bryan would now be Prisident. They crowded th' galliries at the convinshin hall an' whin Reed's name was minshined they gave th' Irosquaw war whoop. Old Barna McKinney shtood up on th' floore an' demanded that Reed's name be taken off th' ticket an' th' Irosquaws yelled thimselves hoarse. Some man told McKinney to go lay down an' shtop barkin."

"'I'm no dog,' sez McKinney. 'Bow-wow' sez a man in th gall'ry. "Yer a liar' sez McKinney. 'Sick him Barna' sez Jimmy Dunn, An' then th' chairman sent f'r th' polise. But Reed was nommynated an' Max Whopper went off in a corner to whisper to himself. Afther awhile th' chairman called f'r nommynashins for Sheriff, an' Fitzsimmons got up an' sez he 'I've got a man f'r the job with an internashinill reputashin; a man who—" "Is it Dhryfus or Dooey'? asked a voice fr'm th' gall'ry. 'Nayther wan' sez Fitzsimmons 'Guess again' sez Tom Gallagher. Fitzsimmons luked mad but he went on. 'A man' sez he 'that has given us pure milk.' 'Then his name is cow' sez th' voice f'rm th' gall'ry. 'No it ain't' sez Fitzsimmons. 'I shpeak iv th' babies friend—James P. Dockry.' 'Babies can't vote' sez th' voice fr'm th' galle'ry. Then came Charles O'Malley Cosgrave and he nommynated Ned Rock th' bookkeeper. He was goin to make a great speech but he got a pain in th' shtomack an' he went off th' stage as iv he's been hit wid a club. He came back in time to find that a man named Deasey had the fight won an' thin he wanted his tin dollars back that he'd paid for th' priv'lige of makin' th' nommynashin, but they gave him th' ha! ha! Then they adjourned to the followin' night to give Porther Ashe a chance to break th' shlate. Ashe wants to be districk attorney but the're afraid he's too close to Buckley. Whin Buck was thryin' to break into th' pa-arty, Ashe who used to be lucky on th' race thrack picked him as a winner but Buck was left at th' post. An' now Porther is off the reservashin an dancin' like a Irosquaws. He's in hard luck like Curnell Vic Doobose who wanted to be Mayor iv th' people wanted him. Thin he wanted to be Publick Adminishtrator iv his friends wanted him. His friends wanted him but th' convinshin didn't. Thin th' convinshin wanted him f'r County Clerk but Deane got th' votes an' finally they made him Superiorviser. I thought he was goin' to wind up on the polise foorce.

Political Gossip

NOW FOR THE CHARTER DECISION, and then for the political battle. The campaign is to be a short one but the candidates will feel that it has been long enough after it is all over. Since the argument of the charter case in the Supreme Court there appears to be no doubt in the public mind that a decision favorable to the instrument will be rendered After listening to an argument in the Supreme Court it is generally not a difficult matter to predict the decision for the justices seldom fail to intimate how they regard the law of the case. For instance when T. V. Cator was arguing against the charter Justice McFarlane asked him a question the nature of which implied that he did not coincide with the views of the attorney on the vital point being discussed. Cator failed to answer wherepuon McFarlane sank into his big easy chair, closed his eyes and fell asleep. Apropos of this incident it may be interesting to know that Garret McEnerney has promised to purchase an expensive dinner for everybody in his office if the court does not sustain the charter by a unanimous decision. He is confident that there will not be a dissenting vote.

—o—

The democratic leaders are entitled to congratulations for having obtained such exceptionally fine timber for the city's next legislative body. If we have a crooked Board of Supervisors next year it will be because the people failed to elect the men nominated by the democratic convention. Surely there can be no excuse for not electing such men as Joseph Tobin of the Hibernia bank, A. Comte, the attorney who has been tried and found not wanting, Richard M. Hotaling, son of the founder of the firm of A. P. Hotaling & Co., James P. Booth, President of the Press club, Dr. A. A. D'Ancona; President of the Alumni Association of the University of Berkeley, H. M. Brandenstein of the present Board of Education, Charles Wesley Reed, the well known attorney or any of the other men whose integrity and honesty have made them conspicuous citizens for years.

—o—

One of the youngest men nominated is Thomas Jennings of the wholesale firm of Hooper & Jennings. Mr. Jennings is a popular young business man who enjoys the confidence and admiration of the commercial community. It is evident that the spirit of reform pervades the city when such men can be induced to take a hand in politics.

—o—

Among the candidates for chairs in the Board of Supervisors on the republican ticket are several unknowns and an undertaker's clerk

GENERAL BIFF.

THE ENGRAVING OF COOPER & CO., the Art Stationers, is not only superior to that of other houses, but is less in cost. Compare their figures—as for the rest, no charge if not satisfactory. Other houses also charge fifty per cent more for stamping note-papers and with inferior workmanship.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. Madame Modjeska in repertory—interesting revivals of legitimate plays.

ALCAZAR. "Innocent as a Lamb"—just what its name implies.

CALIFORNIA. "A Yenuine Yentleman"—of the Dutch order.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Rip Van Winkle"—the only thing somnolent about it is its name.

TIVOLI. "Cavalleria Rusticana" and "I'Pagliacci" well sung and acted.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—lots of good things in it.

Orpheum NO DOUBT the old Rabbi who contended that there was nothing new under the sun had never visited the Orpheum and seen the clever act of O. G. Seymour and Miss Dupree. I am willing to concede that originality is but seldom found today but I positively believe that a Chinese violinist who is so wrapped up in the grandeur of his selections that he races around the room over chairs, pianos and other furniture without ceasing his inspiring melodies, is a novelty, not to say a wonder. And this novelty becomes a veritable invention when this violin playing Chinese terpsichorean furnishes dance music to a typical German peasant girl who dances a skirt dance in wooden shoes and does the high kicking act without losing her pedal teguments. This is the original idea that sprang from the fertile brain of O. G. Seymour and is keeping the Orpheum audiences in a tumult of merriment for a portion of the evening. They are making a great hit, these two comedians, and the Orpheum management did wisely to prolong their engagement. Jennie Yeamans, whose sketches are half monologue and half musical recitals, entertains her auditors with some clever bits of work and is enthusiastically applauded every evening. Next week will be a red letter bill at the Orpheum. No less than nine acts will be on the program and five of these are entirely new. That they are first class goes without saying for the Orpheum is noted for its care in selecting attractions. The Florence troupe, brought by the management direct from Europe at great expense, consists of six male and female acrobats who do some wonderful acts in full dress. This troupe was for many months the vaudeville sensation of Berlin. Then there will be three ponies who wrestle, answer telephones, tell fortunes, are linguists, and dance a cake walk. The Le Page Sisters are pretty, graceful and good vocalists and dancers. La Petite Elsie, an eight-year-old comedienne, will give some imitations of great actresses. Mr. and Mrs. Harold Haskins will present an original comedy sketch.

California AND so the California has donned a new dress—somewhat of the fall fashion—and in its eagerness to be admired it invited the press last week to scrutinize its new apparel and it appeared as if it asked:

"Well, how do you like my new dress?"

Of course it was but courtesy to give assurances of delight for truly the habiliments fitted admirably, but there was one little defect—namely, too much decolleté, for the old curtain revealed a bareness that had better been hidden beneath some of the new patterns. But the California looked really bright and refreshing and the guests spent a pleasant time in the exchange of comments and in indulgence in delicious refreshments which the chaperons of the newly attired dame, S. C. Oppenheimer and Phil Hastings, had prepared.

On Sunday evening last the doors of the new California theatre were thrown open to the public which accepted the invitation gratefully for at the time the curtain rose not a vacant seat could be found in the house. A Yenuine Yentleman is a farce comedy and as such it is successful. This class of plays are written for the purpose of creating laughter, and if they are suceessful in this particular point they have achieved their aim. It does not particularly matter how the laugh is created, as long as the audience is moved to tears of laughter it is all right and the manager is able to count a surplus in his box office. In the cast that produces A Yenuine Yentleman there is but one artist—Ben Hendricks. He is the one who does all the comedy work and he is the one who has the laughers on his side. It is evident that Mr. Hendricks has made a specialty of Swedish characters and no doubt if he would take up any other comedy work he would be a failure. This Swedish style has so grown into him that he can never rid himself of it. Hendricks is A Yenuine Yentleman and A Yenuine Yentleman is the whole show. The other characters are mere marionettes whose presence is only necessary to fill up space on the stage. Bertie Conway has probably spent most of her life on the vaudeville stage for her coon songs and vocal displays are characteristic of that coarseness which form the earmarks of vaudeville performances. The play was luxuriously mounted. Especially pretty was the first act wherein the stage manager seems to have centered all his ingenuity.

Tomorrow night Nance O'Neill will appear again a California in the old three act comedy by Charles Reade and Tom Taylor, Peg Woffington.

Alcazar FOR THEIR bi-monthly plunge into farce comedy, the Alcazar this week selected Roland Reed's Innocent as a Lamb, a piece bristling with character parts, all more or less difficult and charged with carbolic gas to a point of effervescence. Though burdened with the rehearsal of two heavy productions, The Musketeers and Jim the Penman, the stock company carried the farce through with amazing speed and careful attention to detail. Mr. Ormonde's conception of Tobias Pilkington, the doddering old stock broker who falls into trouble so easily and blunders helplessly about in a stew of perplexities for three acts, I rather prefer to that of Mr. Reed. In fact Ormonde proves a revelation in this, his first character part. His make-up is superb and he never loses his dialect for an instant Mr. Halifax as Pick Haddingly is a tumultuous brand of a railroad attorney, rather speedy in action and facetious at times. Frank Denithorne, as Jack Summerville, the newspaper reporter, errs in just the opposite direction. He could never hold down a police detail. The two artists should have been reversed in these parts. The

Minnie Moore Dupree of Seymour and Dupree at the Orpheum

"Dennis" of Mr. Montaine is exceedingly polished and humorous and divides second honors in the piece with the "Bouncer" of Mr. Webster, a gem of its kind. Miss Foster is demure in fact serious in her interpretation of Kitty Farnboro and Miss Henry sparkles with her accustomed brilliancy only at intervals. But then the public is not supposed to know anything of the weary rehearsals which sap the energy of hardworking and painstaking young women like Miss Foster and Miss Henry and make them appear listless and indifferent at times. Miss Keane's "bit" is dainty and refreshing; she has talent and genius. Charles King only favors the audience with three minutes of his presence, just long enough to rid himself of the benign smile of a well groomed and highly fed physician and take on an expression of horror and disgust at the idea of consulting with a dog doctor. The management is wise in permitting Mr. King to rest up for his labors of next week in Jim the Penman. The staging as usual reflects great credit upon Mr Bryant, who promises us some surprises in The Musketeers

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Dr. T. E. Shumate has returned from Europe and has moved his office to 794 Sutter street.

Grand Opera House

WHILE PLANQUETTE did not spread himself particularly in the music of Rip Van Winkle, the librettist did his best to put vim and dash into the book to make up for the other deficiency. But aside from the music and libretto of the opera there is an attractive feature that should not be overlooked —the spectacular character of its mounting. Any play based upon traditional tales that have been transmitted from mouth to mouth for centuries,gains in the course of time a certain composing atmosphere that invests it with realism although its origin may not be based upon facts. In the creation of imaginary tales the Germans are particularly successful. These Volksagen require a peculiar class of music, and none has been more successful to give the music the color of the text than Humperdinck, whose Hansel and Gretel is a striking illustration of a saga put to music. From Rip Van Winkle it is evident that Planquette did not grasp the color of the story for he did not permit his music to rise above the ordinary jingle. What an opportunity for breadth of melody there could have been in the Kaatskills scene where the goblins put him to sleep As I said before the musical effects need especial attention and Mr. Jones has not omitted any chance to mount the play with the necessary elaboration of every detail. In order to present Rip Van Winkle effectively, the actor must command a fine taste for genuine character work. Woolf shows in this opera that he has not yet lost his originality. Almost everybody who plays Rip Van Winkle nowadays plays it too seriously. This is strange, too, for the role is generally taken by a comedian. Why a comedian is entrusted with the role is difficult to understand for it is not a comedy, unless that its being a character role a comedian is given a chance to show his versatility. Mr. Woolf has a correct conception of the role. He does not invest it with too much seriousness nor does he endeavor to introduce too much comedy. He gives us the simple, honest village lad in the first part, somewhat addicted to drink but never allowing himself to become vulgar, and the bewildered old man in the last act who cannot explain the change which twenty years have wrought in the village, is realistically impersonated by him. This is one of Mr. Woolf's best efforts and it shows what he can successfully accomplish when he divests himself of his horse-play comedy. The other characters were correspondingly well taken care of. On Monday Lecocq's sparkling comic opera Girofle-Girofla will be revived on a superb scale with Edith Mason in the title role.

On page fourteen of this issue of TOWN TALK the reader will find the portrait of Harry H Campbell who, although not long a resident of San Francisco, has worked himself up quickly in his line of activity owing to the large extent of his intelligence and natural talent. Mr. Campbell is a musical manager par excellence, is acquainted with the abilities of all prominent professional people throughout the country and thanks to the exemplary mode of his business methods he has the respect of all leading managers in America. His ideal management of the box office during the Melba season attracted the attention of Walter Morosco, who has had an eye on Harry ever since that time but who was unable to obtain the services of this clever young man because of an agreement which Mr. Campbell had with S. H. Friedlander. Finally Mr. Morosco had his chance to "collar" the popular Campbell and he did not lose any time either; finally installing him at the Grand Opera House, where Mr. Campbell's cheerful countenance smiles serenely on his many friends, who congratulate him through the box-office window. Mr. Morosco has much reason to pat himself on the back for having secured Mr. Campbell for the position of treasurer of his theatre, for there are few who possess that experience, intelligence and integrity which Mr. Campbell exercises in all his actions.

Tivoli

OF ALL THE comedians engaged at the Tivoli since the departure of Hartman, Alf Wheelan comes nearest to attaining the popularity that "Teddy" enjoyed. Mr. Wheelan is original and has a quick wit; he knows how to localize his puns, he knows how to say something bright and, furthermore, he knows when to say it. Owing to nervousness on the first night he was too much face and not sufficient body. By this I mean to say that he did too much acting with his facial muscles instead of devoting a little more time to deportment in general, nevertheless he gave proof of remarkable advantages Only in one instance did Mr. Wheelan—as Koko in The Mikado - succumb to the weakness of ordinary comedians, that of doubling up a hit Nothing could be in worse taste than to repeat anything that has created a laugh. An audience should be given some credit for intelligence. Wheelan is a clever fellow and it will not take him long to adapt himself to local conditions and then his performance will obtain the requisite color. Schuster's Pooh Bah may be ranked with the best work done by him at the Tivoli. He grasped with ease the character of the old false-alarm and gave to it all the ludicrous pomp it requires in order to impress the audience.

Anna Lichter made a veritable sensation as Aida last Tuesday evening. It was a revelation to nearly all those who expected that Miss Lichter's voice was not dramatic enough for this role. However they all were agreeably surprised. Besides Mikado and Aida the Tivoli presented Cavalleria Rusticana, Pagliacci and Carmen this week. The program for next week includes a great musical feature. Tuesday night has been set aside for Verdi, as a tribute to the master who celebrates his eighty-seventh birthday on that date. On that evening a special production will be given of scenes from three of the composer's most famous operas—Aida Othello and Il Trovatore. Besides these three acts the overture to Naducco and selections from Falstaff will be rendered by the augmented orchestra under the direction of Max Hirschfeld. There will be a trombone solo from Macbeth, a vocal trio from Attila and various other compositions by Verdi. Monday, Wednesday and Friday evenings and Saturday matinee Satanella will be sung and Thursday, Saturday and Sunday evenings, Ernani.

Columbia

MODJESKA'S second week has been given up to repertory and has been very profitable from all standpoints. The chappies will likely take a greater interest in next week's bill, opening tomorrow night for a two week's engagement. Among the well known names in the cast of Hotel Topsy Turvey, which comes direct from the Herald Square theatre, New York, are Eddie Foy and Amelia Glover. Eddie's comic qualities have endeared him to many, while Amelia's terpsichorean talents are of the highest order. She was the inventor of a new school of dancing and made her first start up the ladder of fame with Russell's Comedians, the founder of which organization she afterwards married. The Columbia theatre has cut prices for the season of farcical productions and one dollar is the highest price in the scale.

Mary Hampton is leading woman of the Frawleys in Los Angeles and fills the positions most acceptably; so say the southern critics. Miss Hampton is a beautiful woman and should add great strength to Mr. Frawley's company.

O. G Seymour of Seymour and Dupree at the Orpheum

Three Impressions

I

THE GIRL was tall and slim and dark and as she spoke she looked directly at the man. Her eyes were on a level with his and there was something frank and sincere in her gaze and in the tones in which she asked:

"Is it true? You know I would not believe it from any other lips than yours."

His gaze, from blue eyes looking out from a fair, fresh-colored face, was as honest as her own. He did not attempt to deny anything:

"It is true," he said.

She turned from him and walked away toward the window. He followed her and seized her hand that hung loosely at her side.

"Well?," he questioned. "This will not make any difference—it cannot, you know."

She said nothing and he went on, in more impassioned tones:

"Why, you love me—you have said so many a time. I know you love me, as I love you."

She still remained silent.

He put his firm hands on her shoulders and turned her around, so that again her eyes were on a level with his.

"You must answer," he said, "I cannot bear this."

And then she spoke. The words came slowly, as if they were hard to utter, but there was no tremor in the voice.

"I could not marry you now," she said. "I hoped it was not true—I would not have believed it if you had not said it was true. You see you would always love her best."

He interrupted with a fierce dissent, but she went on:

"You think so, now, but I know I am right. If she were a beautiful woman, radiant and accomplished, I would not fear. I could feel assured that it was my beauty"—she had been told many times that she was beautiful and the fact was obvious—"that seemed more to you than hers. I am cultured, I am rich, and all this would have counted, if she had been one of my own set. But that other——"

There was a little choke in the voice that went on:

"I have seen her. She is not pretty, she is not of our world at all, and even her taste in dress is questionable. Only love could have blinded you to these defects. And could I hope to retain the love that had been hers for so many years? Oh, no, you would always love her best."

It was her ultimatum.

II

A plump, blonde woman, no longer in the bloom of youth, was the speaker. There was some acidity in her tones:

"Tell me," she said, "if it is true what I hear of you?"

He smiled indifferently:

"Tell me what it is before I can answer you," he answered.

"I cannot believe it"—a tear rolled down her cheek—"they say you are going to be married."

"Well?"

His indifference was provoking.

"Tell me it is not so," she persisted. "It cannot be so."

"And why not? Why should I not have as good a right as any man has, to marry?"

She opened her mouth to answer, when two pretty children ran into the room.

From force of habit, the man put his hand into his pocket and tipped the youngsters.

The woman smiled. She knew his question had received the only answer she could have given.

III

A large, fair man was breakfasting alone. His face was clouded, and became more deeply gloomy as he examined the contents of the package his valet had just brought in to him, a package that had arrived by special messenger.

Numerous little pasteboard boxes dropped from the package. He only opened one; a flash of light revealed a diamond, in its chaste beauty reminiscent of the one who had so lately worn it.

"Take this away," said the man to his valet, pushing the package and its wrappings aside and taking up a letter that lay beside it. Looking at the superscription, it was with a disappointed air that he laid it down again while he attacked his neglected breakfast.

Later, while he smoked, he read the letter:

"Come to dinner tonight without fail. Monsieur is at home and without our mutual friend's presence he would consider dining—with only wife and children present—a bore."

For years he had been receiving similar epistles at intervals, and he had usually obeyed their demands.

He could not remember how he dropped into that intimacy. First he had known the husband and then he had become, in some inexplainable fashion, the friend of the family.

It was easy to account for the rest. No doubt it was true what the slim, dark girl had said, that the feeling he had for the other was love. She was a nice, comfortable little woman, and knew what men like. But how different was the feeling he had for the one who had just returned his ring!

Perhaps he should have lied to her when she asked him that question. But, with her dark eyes on a level with his, and her honest gaze asking an answering sincerity, he could not have replied otherwise

His expression did not brighten. That package was so dampening to his spirits. All at once he remembered:

"She kept the photographs. She did not return my pictures."

Perhaps she had relented. Was a trial worth the humbling of his pride?

Possibly, after all, he would better not lapse into his old habits. Probably it would be well for him not to dine with the plump blonde and her interesting family.

THE ARTIST.

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THE WINDING WAY

DEEP SUMMER silence on the hills
Where purple shadows nestling lie,
While noisily the wayside rills
Laugh upward to the summer sky.

And greenly as we ride along
The willow branches lift and sing
While outward with a burst of song,
An oriole comes fluttering.

In sweet confusion brought and blent
Come odors filling all the day,
Sweet wayside grasses and the scent
From many a field of drying hay.

Alike with silence and with sound,
With sunshine and with shadow, fall
A peace that wraps me round and round,
A joy that holds me kin to all.

IRENE CONNELL.

WORD JUGGLING ON DEAD WALLS

STRANGE as it may seem, there are many occupations connected with reading which may be carried on by illiterates practically as well as by those who have a knowledge of the art—if only the work is correctly started Some cynic has remarked that making up of newspaper forms in these days of linotype and "boiler-plate" needs only the knack of handling a hammer and saw and a chance corner to tell whether the matter is headed all the same way. It was the exception rather than the rule in England, some years ago, for bill-posters to know any thing more of the sheets they handled than which side was the top, and that important fact once impressed upon their minds the rest of the job was merely the matching of ends just as a paper-hanger manages the patterns in his work, an overseer of course following closely on their heels to see that the work was well done. A tale is told of a party of bill-posters that was sent out to bill the provinces for a play called The Old Mill Dam. The words being all so short each was complete on a single sheet, so that there were no ends to match as a guide to their sequence, and the inspector having let his men gain a good start, was moved to wrath by finding every one of the twenty-four possible permutations of the four words staring at him, while such combinations as "The Dam Old Mill," "The Old Dam Mill," and "Dam The Old Mill" appeared with frequency persistent enough to suggest the oversight of Satan himself.—THE TRAVELER.

The late Charles D. Wheat, notary public and commissioner of deeds in our city used to point out this peculiarity of his surname: *Wheat*, when subjected to *heat* is good to *eat at T*, the result of successively dropping the initial letter of each word.

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Five or more Races each day

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

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Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Ali Ben Low And The Squab

THERE was once, of old time, a magistrate called Ali ben Low whose duty it was to punish those frail sons of Adam, who having wandered from the path of rectitude were placed behind iron bars by the Viziers of the Commander of the Faithful. One day there was brought before him a chief of restaurant keepers who was rich in goods and prosperous.

"What crime hath this man done?" asked Ali ben Low.

"Oh, wise magistrate, by Allah, I swear this man Aboulhusin has sold beverages that inflame the brain of the Faithful, without contributing to the coffers of the Khalif. He is now in hostage for his license."

Aboulhusin appeared much troubled at these words and was sore distraught.

"Where?" asked the wise magistrate, "is thy restaurant?"

"In the district called the Tenderloin," was the faint reply of the prisoner. "By Allah, I conjure thee, oh wise magistrate, restore to me my freedom. I promise and swear that I will deposit at once the dinars by the Khalif's laws prescribed for licenses if I am restored to my family without the ransom price."

The wise magistrate accepted the offer and the chief of restaurant keepers returned to his tenderloin abode. The very next day the wise magistrate visited Aboulhusin and bargained for one squab, and Aboulhusin forgetting the favors done him demanded one piece of silver which was grudgingly paid. Then Ali ben Low went into the highways and byways and complained bitterly that he had not been given the squab gratis. Fate is no friend to him who does not reciprocate favors with free squabs," he said, "nor shall he be safe from perils." And these words were repeated to the Khalif, who thereafter despised Ali ben Low for he no longer regarded him as an upright judge.

"The magistrate," he said, "that seeks squabs in testimony of favors dispensed from the bench, is a degenerate son of Adam."

And when Ali ben Low was renominated for the police bench he got it in the neck from the people.

In the orient they are much impressed by this proverb: Lustest after Leila's favors? Look thou rather bear in mind that'tis covetise plays havoc with the necks of human kind.

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Music World

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OF ALL THE humorous effusions that ever emanated from a befogged mind the following remarks, culled from a weekly of last Saturday, break the record: "Some narrow-minded amateurs have expressed their delight that during the two weeks of Lohengrin and Othello at the Tivoli, the house was almost empty at the Wagnerian production while Othello played to packed houses. The mighty genius of Wagner is not in the least shaken by any petty demonstrations of pigmies; nor does Verdi need their insignificant praise." Let us pause here and ponder over the sublime intelligence that permeates this paragraph. It appears that the delight of the "narrow-minded amateurs" has shaken the sensitive nerves of the Nestor of all critics, for he is pleased to call the sincere expressions of peaceable citizens who go to the theatres in order to enjoy themselves and who have, perhaps, more right to express their opinion than a prejudiced and malicious prevaricator "narrow-minded amateurss" whose opinion is "rank stupidity." He goes still further by asserting that "the mighty genius of Wagner is not in the least shaken by any petty demonstration of pigmies; nor does Verdi need their insignificant praise." And so Verdi does not need the praise of the public, for the "narrow-minded amateurs" who expressed their opinion consisted mostly of spectators at the Tivoli. But surely Richard Wagner was not waiting all this time to be defended by an illustrious critic whose opinion of himself is so great that he refused several times to write for daily papers who knowing him to value his grandeur did not pay him sufficient homage. Most assuredly the family of Wagner will appreciate the magnanimity of America's incomparable musical journalist and Frau Cosima will no doubt send him a lock of Richard's hair as a fit souvenir for such brave championship. Surely the delight will be serene when the aforesaid weekly reaches the cosy home at Bayreuth.

¶ ¶

And now let us see what this eminent mentor of the public has to say of his own person: "From the above assertions it is easy to conclude that my impartial criticism tending to flatten the swollen heads of several would-be operatic singers like Schuster, Linck, Beckwith and Mertens has been solemnly sanctioned by the public." Period and exclamation point. This modesty is simply charming. It was really mean of the "swollen heads" of the aforesaid ladies and gentlemen to refuse to imitate the obedience of the public and collapse instantly as soon as their languid glance passed over the fatherly advice of the Critic Extraordinary. Or should they have been guilty of lèse majesté by not reading the law as laid down by his imperial highness. This would surely be high treason and punishable by a large sized roast. But these artists claim that they cannot understand the attitude of the Cæsar and the management of the Tivoli seems to back them up in their proposition. The reason for the puzzling condition of affairs is to be sought in the fact that the Lord High Executioner disagrees with their ideas of art, but has so far brought in the neighborhood of ten dollars and seventy-five cents ($10.75) into the treasury of the theatre. The management contends that as long as this continues there is no objection to illuminative protestations.

¶ ¶

Another remark of the unsurpassed commentator on musical affairs is this: "Martha which stands in the operatic field as the vapid link between operetta and grand opera was given this week at the Tivoli." And so Martha is a vapid link. No doubt the one act burlesque composed by the Critic Extraordinary and refused by the Orpheum and Oberon managements must have belonged to the grand opera category. It is too bad that the Tivoli management has not been wise enough to secure the libretto, such an encouragement of home talent would have secured for it eternal gratitude of all music lovers. Surely Doc Leahy missed his chance to become a millionaire at one stroke, and I herewith offer my sincere condolences.

¶ ¶

One of the most interesting affairs I ever attended was the lecture given by Mrs. Mary Fairweather at the Von Meyerinck School of Music last Monday morning The subject was "From Scale to Symphony" and in the course of the lecture Mrs. Fairweather succeeded in strengthening her interesting discourse by splendid illustrations. While the technical side of the question is of great importance in a discourse of this kind, I do not think my readers would care to peruse the same so I will confine myself to a few general remarks. Mrs. Fairweather made the emphatic statement that it would be of immense benefit to music at large if the government would establish a law that it should be a punishable offense to have variety in pitch on the different fixed instruments. The patriotic sentiment of the speaker was embodied in the remark that Patti claimed the European scheme of harmony to be the best on record and that it would always be well to add the American scheme of harmony as this is after all one and the same. Among the primitive music that of the Chinese, Japanese and Hindoo people was fully discussed. A very interesting musical term of the Japanese was the following: dhekfgmdvwxyedwz. As will be observed this is only to be thought not pronounced. An agreeable feature of the lecture was a ladies' quartet that rendered selections during intermissions. At the next lecture, to be given on Monday, Mrs. Fairweather will deal with the Hebrew, Grecian and Roman music until it arrives at our modern harmony. Owing to the excellent explanatory facility of the lady, her auditors are able to gain much instruction from these lectures and anyone really interested in the gradual development of music will find Mrs. Fairweather's assistance in the search for information most valuable.

¶ ¶

It is gratifying to hear that Bosworth's Harmonic Cycle is being recognized throughout the country. Although the local musicians do not seem to be sufficiently interested in the useful invention of their colleague, eastern musicians displayed sufficient interest and appreciation to send orders. The fact must be gratifying to Mr. Bosworth whose time and labor begin now to bear fruit. Being always anxious to encourage the useful accomplishments of our musicians I will once more refer to this new discovery which will certainly revolutionize the study of harmony. It seems to me such an invention is worthy of investigation, and if you are not too selfish as to refuse to concede intelligence and musical knowledge to one who has proved his title to such recognition, you will admit that Mr. Bosworth's work is of tremendous value to the music student. A prominent musician asked me in regard to this matter several questions, one of which was: "What does it accomplish?" I explained that it shortens the time of study, because instead of forcing the pupil to learn his harmonic problems by heart and merely recite them like a poem, he has them drawn out and arranged so that he can form a picture of them in his mind. Despite the fact that this musician would not listen to my explanation, I contend that illustration in the imparting of knowledge is of value for it does not only shorten the time of study by years, but it rivets scientific facts more securely in your memory. I want to ask the musicians who read these lines to lay aside all religious adherence to stereotyped rules and dead letter laws and make themselves accessible to liberal ideas. A rigid examination of Mr. Bosworth's Cycle has convinced me that it contains positively all harmonic combinations. But in order to show the deep interest I take in this matter I am willing to explain the Cycle to anyone of the musicians who is interested enough to find out its usefulness. However I am not willing to waste any time with bigoted people who sneer at what they are pleased to call innovations without giving them a fair chance of examination. Anyone honestly and sincerely believing in broader musical instruction is welcome to call at this office any morning between nine and twelve and I shall be glad to tell all I know about this Cycle and, I believe, to be able to convince any fair-minded musician.

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The two familiar faces that smile at you from the front page of TOWN TALK this week will soon have exchanged this sunny vale of tears for the more befogged thoroughfares of London. But it is not my intention to describe the countenances of these gentlemen; it is rather their musical ability and the good work they have accomplished which I desire to emphasize. There are comparatively few people in this world to whom you take an instantaneous liking, whose hand you are eager to grasp and whose presence exercises a bright influence over their surroundings. I fear not contradiction when asserting that both Frank Coffin and Robert Bien enjoy the close friendship and undivided admiration of a large number of our citizens. That they are fully entitled to this respect and affection is unquestionable, not alone because of their excellent characters as men, but because of their accomplishments as musicians. Mr. Coffin has for some time occupied the distinguished position of the foremost lyric tenor on this coast and Robert Bien has gained quite a reputation as a basso of much depth and color. Because of these facts, it is but natural that the concert next Wednesday will be a great success both musically and socially. That the concert is under the direction of such distinguished musicians as Dr. H. J. Stewart, Wallace A. Sabin and H. B. Pasmore lends only more lustre to it.

¶ ¶

The concert given by Hermann Genss at Sherman-Clay hall Thursday evening of last week was a striking illustration of the fact that it is not always wise of a musician to attempt too much. When Mr. Genss came to this city he introduced himself as an excellent pianist and I am today as much convinced of his musical accomplishments and of his musical intelligence as I ever was, even though his song recital was a great disappointment. Having read the encouraging words of several prominent German critics and hearing from all sides that Mr. Genss was a good vocalist, I expected a great deal of him, especially since all reports of his talent as a pianist proved correct. But the disappointment was so much more severe when I discovered that Mr. Genss himself did not know that his voice is not fit for a public recital. Why then did he come out as a vocalist? Was it because he desired to attract pupils for singing? If so a recital of pupils only would have been sufficient. It is not necessary to sing well in order to be a good teacher. I know of distinguished vocal teachers who cannot sing a note. Mr. Genss can neither sing high nor low, but must restrict himself to the middle register. That he has taste is proved by his flawless enunciation and careful interpretation. Once more let me emphasize the fact that in spite of the fact that Mr. Genss did not give satisfaction as a vocalist, he may be a splendid instructor.

¶ ¶

Were I not so interested in Mr. Genss I would simply ignore the concert, but knowing that he is a most desirable acquisition to the musical cult I think it necessary to tell the unvarnished truth so that the honest praise in one instance may not be destroyed by the dishonest praise in another. Miss Margaret Bruntsch possesses an excellent voice and uses much discretion in regard to interpretation. No doubt a few more years of study will make her a splendid vocalist. Mrs. Strelitz-Davis played the piano fluently, and the accompaniments of Mr. Fickenscher were ideal.

¶ ¶

Miss Elizabeth Westgate and Alex T. Stewart gave a successful pupil recital at the Unitarian church, Alameda, on Friday of last week. The program containing eighteen numbers it is impossible for me to review the recital in detail. On the other hand it is but fair to select one or two of those pupils who did especially well. Among Miss Westgate's pupils was, before all, Miss Ella Graves who played the Chopin Scherzo in B flat minor delightfully. Miss Graves is a young musician whom one likes to encourage, not alone because of the fine musical instinct that she exhibits, but because of the affection and enthusiasm which she bears toward the art. Miss Graves is musical through and through and her playing is the best proof of this fact. She does not resort to unnecessary technical flourish, nor does she make use of too much vigor in attack, but Miss Graves plays intelligently and with taste and is one of those conscientious young musicians who endeavor to interpret the ideas of the composer Some time ago I had reference to Miss Graves' pedaling and once more this great accomplishment asserted itself at the last concert. Among Mr. Stewart's pupil I would select Bert Scott as particularly talented. He played Wieniawski's Kuyiawiak with much dash and firmness. Miss Martha Snow played the Faust Fantasie very cleverly. Both Miss Westgate and Mr. Stewart deserve great credit for their able instruction Their pupils play neatly and carefully.

¶ ¶

Miss Meta Asher and Armand Solomon were invited by Dr. and Mrs. Jordan to play at Stanford university a week ago last Tuesday. This is a distinction which is valuable, for a gentleman of Dr. Jordan's prominence does not invite any one to play at the university except they are capable. A greater compliment could not have been paid to Miss Asher and Mr. Solomon. The program was: Sonata Op. 13 for piano and violin, Grieg; piano, Variations in C minor; piano, a. Arabesque, b. Vogel als Prophet, Schumann; c. Ballade, G minor, Chopin; violin, Introduction et Rondo Capriccioso, Saint-Saens; piano, Etincelles, Moszkowski.

¶ ¶

The subscription list of the Minetti quartet is increasing nicely, but strange to say I cannot find a sufficiently large number of our well known professional musicians to enable me to publish a list of their names. The more I look into the relationship existing between musicians, the more I become convinced that something is necessary to unearth certain drawbacks which must be remedied if music is to reach a higher aim hereabouts. It is the duty of every musician to encourage good music in whatever form it may be presented and a musician who refuses to do this is unworthy of the attention of both critic and public. There are but two weeks more until the first concert of the Minetti quartet. It is to be hoped that until then the musicians will make a better showing. I do not believe in forcing any one to assist a certain enterprise, so any encouragement must be voluntary in order to be effective.

¶ ¶

The Pacific Coast Conservatory of Music will give a faculty recital next Friday afternoon, when Otto Bendix will be the soloist. The following program will be rendered: Chromatique Fantasie and Fugue, Bach; Sonata Appassionata, op. 57, Beethoven; Prelude, Rachaminoff; Barcarolle, Moszkowski, Rigaudon, Raff; Ballade, G minor, Chopin; Valse, Strauss-Tausig; Midsummer Night's Dream Music, Mendelssohn-Liszt; Tremolo, Gottschalk.

¶ ¶

Robert Clarance Newell gave a pianoforte recital at the Unitarian church, Oakland, last Wednesday evening. He was assisted by Edwin D. Crandall, tenor, William Leimert, 'cellist, and Miss Elsa von Manderschied, accompanist. The program was. Sonata Tragica, Opus 45, MacDowell; (a) Griseldis, arranged from an old French melody by A. L., (b) In Sylvan Shade, P. C. Allen, (c) Sweet Wind That Blows, Chadwick Mr. Crandall; Prelude, G major, Prelude, B minor, Berceuse and Scherzo, from Opus 34, Chopin; (a) Wiegenlied, Popper; (b) Musette (Seventeenth century style), Offenbach, Mr. Leimert; Prelude, Intermezzo and Epilogue, Schutt; Spinning Song, Pachulski; Etude, Op. 8, No. 6, Scriabine; Rhapsodie Hongroise No. 11, Liszt.

¶ ¶

James Hamilton Howe gave an organ recital at the Hopkins Art Institute last Sunday afternoon upon invitation of the California club. The staff of the San Francisco College of Music is now almost completed. Following is a list of its members: Pianoforte, Pierre Douillet, James Hamilton Howe; pipe organ, Franklin Palmer; voice, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, Giochino S. Wanrell; violin, Bernard Mollenhauer; violoncello, Arthur Weiss; contra bass, Charles Goerlich; flute, Antonio Lombardi; oboe, Charles Dickman; clarinet, A. Spadina; French horn, F. E. Huske; trumpet and cornet, E. J. Keller; alto, euphonium, baritone, tuba, and trombone, W. H. Colverd; harmony, counterpoint, fugue, composition and art of conducting, Mr. Howe; sight reading, public school music and teachers' training class, Milton L. Lawrence; school of acting, Leo Cooper. Instructors of the viola and bassoon will soon be appointed.

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Apropos of Miss Jessie Foster's concert, which will take place at Sherman-Clay hall next Monday evening, the following extract from the St. Louis Post-Dispatch should be of interest to our music lovers:

Prof. August Waldauer said: "Miss Foster has the highest soprano voice I ever heard in my life, and I have been teaching music and listening to it over fifty years. She told me she could reach high C and A some time ago, and I asked her to let me hear her. Last March she came with the cadenza—ranging from G below the staff to B flat above high C—and sang it every note of it and with the greatest ease. I have heard Mme. Illma di Murska, a remarkably high soprano, sing as high as F in rulades and cadenzas, but she never reached the pitch which Miss Foster seems to attain so easily. Her notes were as clear and strong as a lark, and in no part of the cadenza did she seem to make an effort. If there is anyone who doubts that she sang to high B flat, you may tell them that she can and will reach another note higher. She certainly has the highest voice I ever heard in my life.' Prof. Epstein said: "Miss Foster sang the cadenza several times for me with the greatest ease and confidence. She sang no words, but there is a stop over high B flat. She held this note full and strong, and I have no doubt she could pronounce at that pitch, so easily did she reach it." Both professors were enthusiastic in their descriptions of Miss Foster's singing.

¶ ¶

An ambitious and stirring mass by Mr. Lejeal was given at St. Dominic's church last Sunday morning. It is a praiseworthy piece of work, very original and very effective. The choir rendered the mass creditably and Frank Palmer, the organist, showed himself very efficient with the magnificent instrument. Robert Lloyd has been appointed director of St. Dominic's choir succeeding Rhys Thomas.

¶ ¶

The vocal concert to be given by Miss Lillian K. Slinkey on Monday evening, October sixteenth at Sherman-Clay hall, promises to be very successful. The vocalist will be assisted by Miss Marion Baer, pianiste, and the following trio: Hother Wismer, violinist, Dr. Arthur Regensburger, 'cellist, and Fred Maurer, pianist.

¶ ¶

Miss Carolyn Boyan, who is at present on a visit to her friends and whose field of action is Boston, will give a song recital at the home of Mrs. Frank J. Thayer, 37 Scott street next Monday evening. She will be assisted by Miss Belle Miller pianist and Miss Olivia Edmunds, accompaniste. The many friends of Miss Boyan will then have an opportunity to hear her excellent soprano before her return to Boston about two weeks hence.

¶ ¶

The Monday morning lectures of Mrs Mary Fairweather at the Von Meyerinck School of Music are under the patronage of Mesdames G. J. Bucknall, J. M. Goewey, Henry Holmes, Garret McEnerney, J. N. Odell, Charles Richards, Frank P. Wilson, Lovell White and Selden S. Wright. Miss Mollie Pratt accompanied the ladies' quartet at the lecture last Monday.

¶ ¶

W. H. Holt was obliged to discontinue his position as organist of Grace church because of illness, and Theodore Vogt, an able musician, will preside at the organ for him. Mr. Vogt will also conduct the monthly musical services.

¶ ¶

The San Francisco Oratorio society began its rehearsals for the St. Paul oratorio last Tuesday evening and from all appearances the society will prosper this season.

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Miss Dorothy Goodsell, the Oakland soprano, is now living in this city. She has taken Mrs. Eva Tenny's position in Plymouth Congregational church. Miss Goodsell also sang in St. Francis' church on Wednesday evening. Mr. Stedman had charge of the choir.

It seems that Miss Asher's playing was much admired at Stanford university for she received not alone four pupils on that evening but a class is being organized for her at Palo Alto so that she is able to go down to teach. This is certainly a flattering recognition of ability.

Mrs. Alice Eckman Cramer was the soprano soloist at the First Unitarian church on Sunday, October first. Mrs. Cramer delighted the congregation with her two solos Show Me the Way, by Torrente aud Shepherd of Israel, by Harris.

At the vesper services of the Unitarian church, Alameda, Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter will render a solo and the Stewart string quartet will play three numbers.

Emile Steinegger safely arrived in Vienna on Sunday morning, September seventeenth, after having been on the way about four weeks. ALFRED METZGER.

The first concert of the Orpheus Glee club at Mission Parlor hall last Friday evening was an all-round success. Benjamin L. McKinley, president of the club, made a short address exlpaining the club's object. The ensemble selections were T. Giffe's Soldiers' Chorus and Geibel's Away to the Woods, which were sung in spirited style and excellent tempo. The club was assisted by a fine array of soloists, vocal and instrumental; David Manlloyd, George Backman, Miss Annie Rooney, S. J. Sandy, S. Martinez, W. J. Hynes, aud R. G. Green, also by Yanke's orchestra.

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World of Letters

THE Evidence of Immortality by Dr. Jerome A. Anderson, author of Karma, Reincarnation, Septenary Man, and other well known books on Theosophical subjects, is, as set forth in the preface, "an examination from a scientific view-point into the probability of the continued existence of human life after the death of the body. · · · It is believed that a careful analysis of undisputed phenomena of existence which have been, perhaps, overlooked or which have not been assigned their proper importance, will establish the truth of the persistence of life beyond the grave as certainly as any other fact of existence. It will assuredly place it upon a much firmer basis than that enjoyed by many of the accepted scientific hypotheses, such as those which attempt to prove the existence and function of ether, atoms, matter itself, etc. · · · The writer is willing to go so far as to assert that if the existence of the soul after death be not demonstrable from the phenomena of this present life by cold blooded scientific reasoning from the known to the unknown, then it is a chimera, and we may as well relegate it to the dogmatist and fanatic and have done with it forever." After this it is unnecessary to state that Dr. Anderson does not depend upon Scripture quotations to prove his point His book is by no means such easy reading as the average sermon upon the same text and contains none of the usual platitudes. On the contrary it takes grip on one's reasoning powers, as does a mathematical demonstration and the familiar Q E. D. might appropriately be added to each chapter. The whole work abounds in such axiomatic utterances as: "Uncertainty is the minor chord of our human existence, both actually and musically. "Motion is the material manifestation of life; recognition of that motion, the spiritual manifestation, or conscious aspect of life." "Reason is but one half of thought, just as the negative current is but one half of electricity." Under the chapter heading "Can the Dead Communicate?" Dr. Anderson says: "Under certain exceedingly abnormal conditions the personality can even materialize and become visible to the physical eyes of any one . . . The audience are usually so self-hypnotized, so self-deluded by their intense desire for abnormal phenomena that the same spook will often impersonate a host of the 'dear departed.' · · . Materializ tion is wholly abnormal and uncanny, and so many influences are at wok in its production that its *modus operandum* is hard tounravel. As a proof that there is some sort of existence beyond the grave, although this be entremely undesirable, it is of some doubtful value; as a means of proof of communication with the dead it is utterly valueless. Probably nine hundred and ninety-nine of every thousand alleged materializations are fraudulent and impudent impositions upon the credulity of those present, and from the few spooks who do maintain an uncertain existence for a few moments upon this, to them, abnormal plane, nothing of value ever did come, or, from the nature of the circumstances, ever can come. Such phenomena may confound the gross materialist, but here usefulness ends, and it is an exceedingly doubtful question if the whole game is worth the candle." Appendix II, The World's Crucified Saviours, would make an appropriate starting point for study by Christian ministers and embryo missionaries. They will find therein epitomized facts which, judging from their present methods, will be new to the majority. The Evidences of Immortality is from the Loftus Company's press. It is an excellent piece of typographical work, well printed on good paper and neatly and attractively bound in serviceable cloth as befits a book that will be often in hand. Its appearance is another argument in favor of having Californian authors patronize home industry.

The Ladies Home Journal in its last issue has cuts of a number of tables decorated for special occasions. Among these is one set for a Washington's Birthday dinner, and the description thereof reads as follows: "On this table *patriotically* decorated for a dinner in honor of the Father of His Country, a national flag did duty as a cover." It is surprising that people have such mistaken ideas of patriotism to permit using their country's emblem for table-cloths, handkerchiefs, shoe-linings, and even stair-carpets, as a certain woman's club of Chicago is said to have done years ago. A writer in the Outlook recently called attention to the frequency of such misuses of the American flag on the Fourth of July, when to evince patriotism calves are jacketed in the national colors, and clowns and harlequins sport suits of red, white and blue. I do not know what better thing could be done by our numerous patriotic societies of Colonial Dames and Sons of Revolutionary Sires that to inaugurate a crusade of educators on this subject. They could teach the country at large that the flag should be revered and sacredly guarded from every profane touch, not made a thing to be sat on, walked over and eaten off, and displayed for advertising purposes.

The inconsistencies of illustrators who do not give attention to their text is a potent theme—one which has been often touched upon, but I do not remember ever to have seen it remarked that Christ is almost invariably represented with long hair, even in pictorial Bibles while I Cor. XI 14: "Doth not even nature itself teach you that if a man have long hair, it is a shame unto him?"

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IT IS a hard thing to be a wealthy widow. You are liable to be stood up at every turn. For instance, take myself. A dear friend of mine, who had always been very kind to me during his lifetime, died and left me a small fortune. Because he was a bachelor, and I a widow, there were plenty to say unkind things of us both while he lived, and far more to put an evil construction upon our friendship when I fell heir to his money at his death.

But he had no one else to whom to leave the bulk of his property, and though I was not at his side when he died, he remembered me in his will.

I went abroad, traveled and in moving from one city to another strove to forget my home. But in vain. My heart always turned toward the west. At last I could stand it no longer, and I returned to the city which had a few years before been my residence.

I took a fine house in the swell section of the city and gathered about me my old friends. I wished only to be quiet and content.

Ah! but how little were my anticipations realized! It was in the days of the war excitement. I am an American above all things and my heart was stirred by patriotic fervor whenever the boys in blue marched through the streets on their way to the camp or to the transports that were to take them to the seat of war.

I subscribed large sums to the funds for the volunteers' benefit. I entertained them when they were in the city and I felt fully repaid for my lavishness in the soldier boys' hearty thanks.

But, instead of leaving me to my quiet pursuit of peace through the paths of benevolence, upon me fell the harpies of the press. To use the popular phrase, I was "stood up." My past was raked up, that past which had nothing wrong in it beyond the fact that an old capitalist had left me some money at his death and rather than have his name traduced I acceded to the demands of those who would rob the dead of their repute, and permitted them to have their will.

I, who hated publicity; I, who scorned praise for the ordinary charities of a wealthy woman who could well afford them, was pictured and written up in every paper as a queen of philanthropy. It was repulsive to me but what could I do?

And am I not right in saying that a rich widow is easy prey for the social highwayman? THE WIDOW.

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It is only those who are conceited or cowardly, who are timid.—*Beatrice Boville*, Ouida.

We cannot but bring you meat and set you stools, and to our best cheer say, You all are welcome.—*All Fools*, Chapman.

"Ay, one can joke when one is well, even in old age; but in sickness one's gayety falters to grief; and that which seemed small looks large; and the grim far-off seems near.—Grammer Oliver in *The Woodlanders*, Thomas Hardy.

After all, the greatest liars must during their lives speak more truth than lies.—*Doctor Cupid*, Rhoda Broughton.

He suffered from the loss of identity which is a common affliction with country people coming to town. The feeling that they are of no especial interest to any of the thousands they meet bewilders and harasses them; after the searching neighborhood of village life, the fact that nobody would meddle in their most imtimate affairs if they could, is a vague distress. —*A Modern Instance*, Howells.

The first ingredient in conversation is truth, the next good sense, the third good-humor, and the fourth wit.—Sir W. Temple.

Life is not so short but there is always time for courtesy. Self-command is the main elegance.—Emerson.

Air and manner are more expressive than words.—S. Richardson.

Before a man can speak on any subject, it is necessary to be acquainted with it.—Locke.

"Leave people's vices alone, then;they're the same as their debts—if you're not going to pay them, you've no right to talk about them."—Grog Davis in *Davenport Dunn*, Charles Lever.

There are few warm-hearted people who do not sometimes say in their haste what nothing would tempt them to say at their leisure, and then how they chafe under the sense of their own folly.—*Aunt Jane's Hero*, Prentiss.

"We all think alike, then; the only difference is the way we express our thoughts; as men are all made out of the same material, but how widely do they differ in feature, form, complexion and character.—Marie Bashkirtseff.

Enjoy pleasant pleasures in such a way as not to injure future ones.—Seneca.

The power of being quiet carries a man well through moments of embarrassment.—George Eliot.

We live as if everything was to last forever.—Massillon.

A compliment is usually accompanied with a bow, as if to beg pardon for saying it.—J. C. and A. W. Hare.

"In some sad situations all that the world requires is that persons should dissemble in its presence, and thinks it a grave breach of decorum not to do so."—Madame Von Jewitsch in *Broken Wings*, Ossip Schubin.

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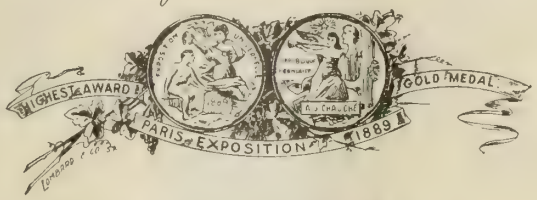

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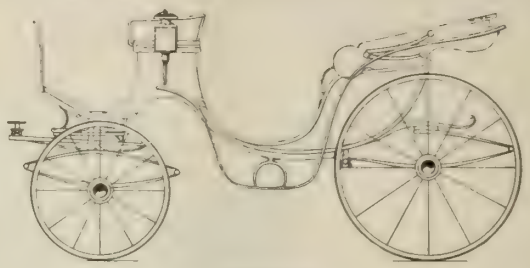

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, October 14, 1899

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OUR OPINION

The Crisis that Worries Mr. Davis.

THE people of San Francisco are asked to believe that the policy of our federal government depends in a measure upon the result of the local contest over the mayoralty. In the vernacular of the street this is what might be termed a "long distance jolly." It is a severe tax upon the credulity of the citizens of this metropolis to expect them to believe that unless they elect a republican Mayor the country might cease to expand. Without the evidence of cold type it would be difficult to believe that a daily newspaper having a circulation extending beyond the confines of its own editorial sanctum, would promulgate such fatuous folly by way of warning to people who approve of the coercion of the natives of the Philippine islands. Yet it has been set forth in solemn ands tately diction in the hope of instilling into those people the notion that motives of patriotism should prompt them to co-operate with the government at Washington, rather than seek to secure for the city a clean and honest administration. They are told that Phelan's election might inure to the advantage of the state democracy and result in the election of a democrat to the United States Senate who would compel President McKinley to surrender the islands for which we have paid Spain twenty millions of dollars. This may strike you as so ridiculous as to cause you to regard it as exquisitely subtle humor, but it was not intended as an appeal to your risibles. Even poor old Horace Davis is afflicted with the hallucination that the nation is facing a crisis by reason of the San Francisco democracy's efforts to re-elect Mayor Phelan. His reason for neglecting his Bible class to take to the stump is to assist in averting the threatened dangers Of course, Mr. Davis is sincere, for he is a good Christian, but somebody has been trifling with him. And it is not difficult to guess the identity of the people who have persuaded him of the necessity of his saving the country, and who have lured him into the glare of the calcium to make a spectacle of himself. The old gentleman is a victim of the predatory rich. Of course they did not induce him to run in the hope of seeing him defeated. They regard him as a strong candidate, but he is in the nature of a *dernier ressort*, and they are pledged to give him their strongest support. There are other men whom they would have preferred to back, but Davis was the only "good thing" that could be coaxed into the contest. And now that he has complied with their wishes it is unjust to permit him to stagger through the campaign under the delusion that unless he is elected the country will be smashed to smithereens. The shock would be fatal on the morning after election to find that he had lost the battle upon which so much of vital importance to the nation depended. He should be permitted to know that the charter provides for non-partisan commissions and that as a matter of fact there is no reason to fear, in view of the civil service provisions of the charter, that the democratic party will become so strongly intrenched under a democratic Mayor as to insure the election of a Senator of the same party persuasion. Why not be frank with the old gentleman and save him a great deal of unnecessary mental agitation?

A Queer Way to Save Chorus Girls

SOME of the virtuous dames on the eastern edge of the continent have organized a charitable association with the object of reforming chorus girls who are to be induced to leave that wicked occupation and fit themselves as typewriters. Inasmuch as the compensation offered typewriters is but six dollars a week with no advance, but two or three have expressed a willingness to try the experiment, to the astonishment and regret of the pious reformers. It is to be hoped that some day in this world or the next these busy-body philanthropists will hit upon a scheme for helping one class without hurting another—granting for the moment that this change of employment would be a help. The profession of typewriting is now so overcrowded that a permanent position, not to specify a desirable one, is as hard to come at as the proverbial hen's tooth. There are of course good places, but they are acceptably filled and in case of a vacancy there are half a dozen or more competent substitutes already in line. No desirable situation in any business is thrown on the market to be picked up by the first applicant, and typewriting is no exception. The reformers did not guarantee occupation to their protégés, and one would like to inquire how a starving typewriter can be looked upon as more fortunate than a starving chorus girl? It is most likely that the ladies in question have gained their ideas of the life of a chorus girl from the illustrated weeklies and the funny columns of their daily papers where the circle is rounded out by a few hours on the stage in tights with nothing to do but ogle the chappies in the audience, and a carouse of hot birds and cold bots after the performance. It has evidently never entered their heads that two or three hours on the stage night after night is hard work, and the girl who does not give her attention to the business in hand will not hold

her position many days. The chorus girl can rarely reach her home before midnight, yet she cannot, like Mademoiselle Fashion, lie abed till noon next day with a maid to wait on her. On the contrary, she must be up betimes and off to rehearsal by ten o'clock next morning, and often earlier. Many a day she spends in the theatre, morning and afternoon, with only a brief rest at noon, and a short interval before she must be on hand again for the evening performance Many of the girls live at home and their small salaries help to eke out a living for the family; others club together and do light housekeeping, but in either case they have all they can do to make ends meet, and precious little time or money to waste in frivolity. They are neither better nor worse than other working girls, who, if they want to behave themselves, will always find the opportunity, no matter what their occupation. One is at a loss to discover any leaven of regeneration in typewriting. Surely the same authority which gives the chorus girl an evil reputation has dealt no more kindly by the typewriter, whose chief aim in existence is to seduce her elderly and virtuous employer from the paths of rectitude and furnish occupation for the divorce courts. Sealskins, silks and diamonds are their ordinary apparel, and a box at the theatre or opera is the very least they can condescend to. One would suppose the good ladies were bent on ruining instead of reforming the chorus girls in their misdirected efforts to throw them in the way of such temptation. Why not do something for the poor typewriters? Have they no souls to be saved? The poor little Hottentots *do* need red flannel nightcaps again.

Father and Mother In Song and Story

A PARAGRAPH beginning: "What was the name of George Washington's father?" has made its appearance in one of our weekly contemporaries and apparently nobody knows, for the query was addressed without result to all the employees of a large establishment in succession, without obtaining an answer. The writer goes on to say: "The incident is significant of a number of things which prevail in the world—a feeling not so much of prejudice as of indifference toward the father." And yet, if this be true, it is strange to say that though most people can trace their genealogy pretty well back on the father's side, there are comparatively few who can tell the maiden name of even the maternal grandmother. Pursuing his theme, the writer adds that the indifference to paterfamilias is reflected in the literature of the day, while the devotion of the mother, the unselfishness of the mother and the persistence of the mother love are the themes and motifs of the novelistic symphony. "The poets," he says, "are even more devoted than the novelists to the cause of the mother," and by way of illustration he cites such songs as "Who Will Care for Mother Now" and "Just Before The Battle Mother" but omits mention of that literary gem, "My Mother was a Lady." "But," he asks, "where are the songs about father?" And then he declares that "The Old Man's Drunk Again" and "The Guv'ner's Workin' Now" are almost alone in the category of paternal songs, and they are of a character that does not convey sentiments of the highest degree of respectful admiration. But what is the matter with that popular esthetic ballad "Papa's pants will soon fit Willie" and that other divine lyric, "Grandfather's Clock?" Surely they do not reflect discredit on the father or tend to show that he is not fittingly esteemed. Of course the mother comes in for the greater share of laudation in song and that is due to the fact that she is more tenderly revered than the sterner half of the domestic firm, but where is there one in the whole world of fiction that we would involuntarily choose as our own? The mother has been sadly overlooked by the novelist. Sir Walter Scott's heroines are nearly all motherless girls reared by their fathers. Dickens gives us Mrs. Nickleby, Mrs. Clennam, Mrs. Wilfer, Mrs. Heep, Mrs. Micawber, and a glimpse of Mrs. Dorrit. Estella of Great Expectations has practically no mother, and poor crippled Jennie Wren, Little Dorrit, Little Nell, Florence Dombey, all were motherless. Shakespeare has not been particularly kind to the mothers, for with the exception of the Queens, whose characters were known quantities, there are prominent only "Mrs." Hamlet and "Mrs." Capulet. Black's best heroines were motherless, and Ouida favors the theory that many girls marry to get away from their mothers. And so it is throughout the range of fiction, though we find many excellent women it is not in the capacity of motherhood that they shine.

Bishop Potter Discusses Divorce Again

IN HIS most recent discussion of marriage and divorce Bishop Potter of New York makes it evident that he does not take the sacramental view of marriage and its consequent indissolubility as a religious obligation. He treats the whole matter from the standpoint of expediency, and he seems to be of the opinion that the divorce habit is the result of that spirit of individualism which manifested itself in the revolt of the American colonies, and which has tended to the almost complete abrogation of some earlier forms of authority. Bishop Potter is decidedly off in his philosophizing. The spirit of individualism manifested itself long before the revolt of the American colonies. It was rampant in the time of the Reformation, and it was then that the earlier forms of authority were abrogated in a way that has since led to the overcrowding of the divorce courts of the country. The elevation of marriage to the dignity of a sacrament was largely a matter of expediency, and when the Protestants in the time of the Reformation interpreted the rule of St. Paul permitting divorce for wilful and malicious desertion as well as for adultery, the door was opened for abuses that are now being inveighed against by the ministry. Bishop Potter is wrong when he says that the contradictory legislation of the country is responsible for those abuses. The legislation of nearly all the states is based upon religious precedent and rule, and in New York it is even more strict than the laws of many of the churches, for it permits divorce for adultery only. California is one of the few states in which the laws are decidedly lax. Here incompatibility of temperament is

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sufficient cause for divorce, for while the statute does not so declare, still if both husband and wife agree to disagree and separate there are scores of lawyers ready to procure the decree of separation for a small fee. The courts wink and blink at collusion in divorce cases, and nobody need wear the matrimonial yoke if it is irksome.

The Snobocratic Press and the Russian Wedding

THE ridiculous snobbery of the New York press was never more nauseatingly exemplified than in connection with the marriage of Miss Julia Grant to her Prince. The space devoted to the marriage was equal to that accorded to Admiral Dewey, whose arrival in New York was contemporaneous with the wedding ceremony. If Miss Grant were really the "Ward of the Nation," as some papers would have us believe, and she had distinguished herself by snubbing the Czar of Russia, or marrying Admiral Dewey, there would be occasion for sensational newspaper scribbling, but the affair was really lacking in all the elements that are essential to news of great public interest. The simple facts are these: Miss Grant is the daughter of Fred Grant who hasn't a dollar in the world, and who is a man of such little importance that the prominence of the young woman has been due entirely to her relationship to Mrs. Potter Palmer. She has frequently been mentioned as Mrs Palmer's niece, and seldom has she been referred to as Fred Grant's daughter. Mrs. Palmer is a clever and ambitious woman, whose husband is a Chicago hotel-keeper who looks the part. He is always kept in the background by his wife who finds him useful as a source of revenue, for he is rich. The Russian Princelet is of not the slightest importance in his own country and there was not a single Russian of prominence at the ceremony, although there was much lying by interested parties to create the impression that the Czar and the whole imperial family were in a state of the most intense excitement over the wedding. Of course TOWN TALK wishes them well, but at the same time deprecates the vulgar advertising which imparted to the wedding a circus flavor.

The Church As a Place of Amusement

IAN MACLAREN in the Ladies' Home Journal dilates on the candy-pull system in the church. It is a sad commentary on the degeneracy of the modern church that it has to be run somewhat on the chromo system to be a success. The up-to-date minister must be a hustler, for his church is to some extent a place of diversion and hence it is needful that he adopt some of the methods of the successful impresario, if he does not want to preach to empty pews. Many people no longer go to church to worship God or because they believe church-going to be a duty, therefore they must be coaxed thither by sensational preaching and other attractions, and above all things they must not be bored by the services of religion. It is a question however, if the church can successfully compete with the flesh and the devil on their own ground, and if on the whole it would not do better by staying in its own field. The Jews and the Catholics have always done so; their churches and synagogues are houses of worship and do not attempt to be places of amusement, and attendance at public worship is laid down as a religious duty pure and simple, nor do their congregations expect to be enticed by social inducements of the chicken dinner order. Strange to say the services of these denominations, as well as of those Protestant churches presided over by ministers of manifest sincerity, are well attended while those which make great bids for public favor show a large proportion of empty pews. It is doubtful if the churches have not lost by coming down to the congregations instead of insisting upon the congregations coming up to them.

IF PULPIT THUNDER availed anything, the little empire of Japan would have been annihilated ere this, for in addition to the recently enacted laws governing the establishment of new religious institutions, the government has now declared that all public schools shall be strictly non-sectarian, and any which violate the rule shall be deprived of official recognition and assistance. In short, the public school system of Japan is on precisely the same footing with regard to sectarian religious training as that of the United States. This action practically closes the mission schools, for if they continue to disseminate the doctrines of their creeds they are placed beyond the pale of the government, and if they do not, they cease to receive assistance from their missionary bodies at home. Naturally there is a cry of retrogression, persecution of Christianity, and so on, but the cause of this apparent opposition—for it is apparent and not real—lies in the action of the various sects themselves. For a year or two past there has been continuous petitioning from Shintoists, Buddhists and each and every variety of Christian sect, to have its own particular brand adopted and declared the state religion of Japan, and the only peaceable way out of the turmoil seems to have been to officially disclaim all of them. It is an old schoolboy maxim that "You can do a good many things if you don't ask." A state religion, at this late date in the world's history could mean nothing less than petty persecution of the "uncalled" and it is the churches not the Empire of Japan which are showing symptoms of retrogression.

BENJAMIN IDE WHEELER appears to be the right man in the right place. California has been in need of just such a man to preside over the destinies of its university at Berkeley. With the advent of David Starr Jordan the cause of higher education in this state received a wholesome stimulus. Prior to his coming we were content to jog along in a lackadaisical way. The famous eastern universities attracted many of our young men, for while California had a university that ranked high as an educational institution, there was lacking that atmosphere of learning and culture which prevails in the neighborhood of the older colleges on the other side of the Rockies. Dr. Jordan brought with him large chunks of the classical atmosphere. And Dr. Jordan opened the eyes of the Regents of Berkeley. If we never had Dr. Jordan we would not now have Benjamin Ide Wheeler.

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SECRETS

ALL those little lights that shiver,
On the bosom of the river,
Sooth, I know not what they be;
And I wonder what the wind
Whispers to the willow tree.

Yonder lily white and saintly
Bending from her tall stem faintly
Like a novice at her prayers,
Hides the secret of her heart
Lest you take her unawares.

And the smallest flower to me
Is a veil for mystery.

IRENE CONNELL.

The Saunterer

MOST interesting are the reminiscences revived by the appointment of Henry Rodgers as trustee of the trust established by Mrs. Garcelon of Oakland. To those familiar with the affairs of Dr. Samuel Merritt, the quaint old millionaire land owner of the city across the bay, the appointment of Rodgers appears as a fantastic prank of destiny. And to those on the inside, who know the circumstances surrounding the incident, it is interesting and amusing enough to serve as the motif of a comedy drama. To appreciate the whole story one must go back to the beginning, as far back as the lifetime of the sordid old millionaire. One of his closest friends for years was Henry Rodgers, who is now a director of the Oakland Bank of Savings, and who was made trustee of the Garcelon Trust a little over a week ago. Mr. Rodgers had for a long time the handling of Merritt's properties, but one day the two men had a row. Merritt accused Rodgers of doing something that nobody in Oakland would ever believe Rodgers guilty of, for the latter is held in high esteem across the bay, while Merritt was never the object of popular admiration. The business relations of the two men were severed and the ill-feeling between them grew very bitter. When Dr. Merritt died there was probably no man on the face of the earth that he more cordially disliked than Henry Rodgers, but when his will was opened, much to the amazement of everybody, it was found that one of the bequests was in favor of the man for whom the testator had entertained such hatred. It was the bequest of a stone block at the corner of Twelfth and Franklin streets valued at two hundred thousand dollars. The will had been executed long before the occasion of the difficulty between the two men. Dr. Merritt had a horror of making a will because it reminded him too forcibly of death, and the supposition is that that was why he deferred till too late the execution of a new will eliminating the bequest to Rodgers.

———

Dr. Merritt's estate was worth five million dollars and the bulk of it was bequeathed to his sister, Mrs. Garcelon. He entirely overlooked his two nephews, Jim and Fred Merritt, a circumstance that proved of great financial benefit to the "Ole Bills" of Oakland, by the way, for Bill Foote became their attorney and in securing for them two hundred and fifty thousand dollars each he incidentally feathered his own nest with a hundred-thousand-dollar fee and procured five thousand for "Ole Bill" English and five thousand more for "Ole Bill" Hamilton for some kind of valuable services rendered during the contest. There were other Oakland attorneys that wanted to project a finger into the pie, but they were disappointed. I believe they tried to induce Miss McLellan to sue but she declined. Miss McLellan had occupied the position of housekeeper for Dr. Merritt for years but people thought that their relationship was much closer. She was a woman of refinement and dignity who, notwithstanding the suspicion she was under, commanded the respect of the smart set of Oakland to such an extent that she was received in the most exclusive circles. Dr. Merritt was aware of what Mrs. Grundy said and he stoutly defended Miss McLellan, saying that she was his best friend, and that he would provide for her handsomely. But he did not. After his death she declared that she cared no longer for life and went away to South Africa and to a spot as remote from civilization as she could find—and for all I know she is there yet.

———

But I am wandering from my story. Some years after the close of the litigation over Dr. Merritt's estate, Mrs. Garcelon died. The two nephews—Fred and Jim—were mentioned in her will but only for the purpose of precluding a contest. The old lady had executed a deed of trust by which she made provision for Bowdoin college, Oakland hospital and several other institutions. Here was a chance for the legal fraternity of Oakland. There is nothing that a lawyer likes better than a chance to smash a big trust. The nephews plunged into litigation once more. They had broken the Merritt will and they considered it just as easy to knock out the Garcelon deed of trust, but so far they have met with little success, notwithstanding the array of legal talent interested in their fight. A decision was rendered against them by the United States

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District court, but they still have hopes. Last week John A. Stanley, the surviving trustee of the trust, joined the innumerable caravan, and then the Oakland lawyers were once more cheerful. John A. Stanley had fought them most stubbornly, but probably his successor would not be so eager to sustain the trust. Reed & Nusbaumer, the leading opponents of the trust, decided upon an interesting bit of strategy. They resolved to secure the appointment as trustee of W. G. Henshaw—of the Yosemite Commission, President of the Union Savings Bank and—more important than all—brother of Justice Henshaw of the Supreme court. Attorney Nusbaumer being keenly alive to the danger of delay in such matters was in favor of petitioning for the appointment instanter, but his partner, Mr. Reed, thought that the firm should show respect to the memory of Trustee Stanley. He argued that they should at least wait until the Stanley cadaver was under the sod, and his sense of delicacy prevailed. But—and here's where the joke comes in—while Reed & Nusbaumer of Oakland were discussing the proprieties, Attorney E. S. Pillsbury of this city, whose sense of delicacy is not quite so keen as his eagerness to score a point on an adversary, was preparing a petition for the appointment of a trustee in the person of none other than the same Henry Rodgers who was so cordially disliked by Dr. Merritt. Mr. Pillsbury got into court before Stanley's body was cold and Rodgers was appointed. Mr. Pillsbury poses as the attorney for the Bowdoin college—one of the principal beneficiaries under the deed.

"Sir," exclaimed the tragedy queen, and her eyes flashed with true histrionic indignation, "you said that I had never been cast for a more congenial part, and that I played it as though experience had been my teacher. Did you mean to insinuate anything against my character?"

"Certainly not," replied the critic. "I meant no insinuation. I merely wished to praise your art."

She was playing one night stands in Nevada and she believed him.

Some time since there appeared in a local paper the story of a well known physician, who each morning prayed before the portrait of his dead wife and sought diversion in the afternoon in the society of the Quick. The wife had been a very beautiful woman and there was something of a mystery surrounding her death. The physician's grief was of a most ostentatious character, and he was pleased to have the story of his devotion to the portrait of the dear departed bruited about among his friends. But the period of mourning is over. The portrait has been relegated to the shelf and the quick substituted for the dead. The marriage has resulted in breaking up a weekly stag dinner that has taken place at the physician's house for many years.

The married flirt looked into the eloquently beseeching eyes of the unsophisticated but passionate young man.

"You ask me to elope," she said, "but have you ever thought of the possibility of your love growing cold?"

"My love is of the consuming kind," was the dramatic reply: "it might burn out but it can never grow cold."

"Then," she said, "it must have fuel and besides my husband might object. He is unromantic and does not approve of the elopement of a married woman."

"How unfortunate," he exclaimed, "that I should fall in love with the wife of an unreasonable man."

And finally they concluded that elopements were no longer fashionable.

When O. G. Seymour of the team of Seymour and Dupree at the Orpheum, is at home he enjoys a delightful existence. He will be free of the circuit in January and will spend his vacation in Dorchester, Massachusetts, where he owns a cottage. He has a yacht and all the accompaniments to a happy open air existence. Mr. Seymour used to be with Primrose and West, both of whom own country homes, one at Mount Vernon, N. Y., the other at Bensonhurst, L. I. Eastern actors know how to live. While under engagement they get what they can out of town life, but when on their holidays they prefer seaside or country air.

Barry: I see th' polise have capchured th' fellow that shtole four thousand dollars undher cover in broad daylight an' in the seclushin iv Market street.

Clancy: Yis, they has th' buckoo but where's th' corpis delictis, as th' laiyers say? Whin th' corpis delictis is a big sack iv goold you'll not catch ole Chief Lees projusin' it as evidence. That ain't th' way he got rich.

The winter should be a gay one, judging by the number of exhibitions for charity that are already scheduled to take place. There will be a model doll show and a sale of laces and various other affairs of a similar nature. I understand that the Century, Forum and Sorosis clubs will give receptions throughout the season. However this sort of thing is rather for women than for men, and it is the débutante who will find the winter dull. To a débutante dancing is the main pleasure and it is not doing the right thing by the buds when afternoon teas are made to take the place of balls. But to find men, aside from ineligible college lads, is more difficult this year than it has ever been before. Even to fill up a theatre party has grown to be a task, for men refuse to sit through more than one act of a play or an opera, and openly express a preference for vaudeville. Last week I saw one of last season's buds at the Tivoli with a party of six, but it was headed by her father and of the two other males in attendance one was her young brother just at home from Harvard.

The pages of romance do not furnish a more picturesque figure than that of Yda Addis Storke. She recalls the uncanny tales of witch-lore and her record gives one a shudder. She is certainly a study for anyone who is interested in psychology and it might be profitable to society at large if her erratic ways and perverted talents could be accounted for. It would seem as though in some natures the least little cross or disappointment sours the whole character and sets the individual at variance with the world. It is the fashion to excuse the failings of such as the result of lack of mental balance, but the truth is they are frequently the result of inordinate conceit and selfishness joined to a lack of self-control. The ideas of our day in the matter of training the character are so lenient, and there is such a horror of restraining children or crossing their wishes in the least degree, that we may expect to see an increase in the number of these undisciplined characters. That is the best education which strengthens the mind to meet the inevitable disappointments of life, and that indulgence which teaches children that they are of vast consequence in the world and that their whims and wishes should never be crossed is deplorable. Discipline is good for all of us; it elevates and strengthens the character if rightly met, and life is sure to furnish it if education does not. In too many cases its lessons are never learned or are acquired too late.

LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

La Jeunesse, the new cotillon club which will dance for the first time on Friday evening October twenty-seventh, is fortunate in having Mrs. Phœbe Hearst as one of the patronesses. Mrs. Hearst is very fond of young girls and has always made it her pleasure, upon her frequent eastern trips, to take with her one or more of our young society women to open to them the delights of an eastern season under the auspices of unlimited wealth. Eleanor Calhoun, the now successful actress, was a protégé of Mrs. Hearst, as was Miss Jennie Sanderson, Sybil's sister. I believe that Miss Kate Voorhies—now a happy matrôn—was introduced into Washington, D. C., society by Mrs. Hearst. The widow of the late Senator Hearst is also most generous to artists, and many ambitious musicians and painters have reason to call her blessed. It is said that Mrs. Hearst's greatest desire is to see her son Willie married and settled—but that hope is so far off as scarcely to permit of realization.

Our hero faced his nemesis with a look of scorn.

"Why do you pursue a man who has never done you a wrong?" he demanded.

"Because," she tenderly replied, "I love you, Reginald."

"But I can never return your love," he said.

"I don't want it," declared the persistent maiden. "My love and my letters are yours to keep forever."

And then our hero seeing that he was up against it concluded to take a chance. The scene closed just as he pressed the button preparatory to ordering a bottle of Pommery.

A Madame Beauty Doctor who exploits herself in a Sunday "Magazine" of our town recently suggested that those who are blessed with silver white hair might add to its beauty by putting a little wash-blue in the rinsing water. Now there are blues and blues, and some of them are practically indelible; so if we should catch sight of a grandma with blue hair, we shall know whether it is the old fools or the young ones who are being catered to by that particular genius.

I was surprised to see the Chronicle of last Sunday devoting a column and a half to John Fox's story, "A Mountain Europa," under the impression that it is new, though of course, no one, nor even *ten* can keep track of all that has gone into print within the last few years. It is only a short while ago since one of the minor magazines was obliged to make public apology for an apparent appropriation, someone having deliberately copied from Harper's magazine a story which had been published under the title "Annie Tootsie's Little Game" and rechristened it "Sarah Crewe's Little Game." "A Mountain Europa" is a short tale which deserves all the good things said about it, but it made its first appearance in the Century in 1892.

Maud—Miss Pacer is a crafty girl.

Juliette—Why do you think so?

Maud—I saw her hand Mr. Speedleigh an apple one day in a way that made me think of the old Adam and Eve scene in Eden.

One of our literary contemporaries announces that a book entitled "A Social Barrier" by Sophie Price of Sacramento, is soon to be issued from the press of F. Tennyson Neeley of Chicago. Let us hope it will bear no resemblance to the last "Social" romance which came from a Chicago publishing house. The Beau Monde of Texas, by the way, rechristened that malodorous work "The Social Skunk." And en passant, the father of the author of that nasty book has caused the plates to be destroyed and is now trying to buy the entire output. Meanwhile the young woman who wrote the book by way of evidence of her precocity in the matter of refined vice has been blacklisted by Chicago society. Chicago matrons are afraid to permit this abnormal damsel to associate with their daughters.

"Miss Heiress is one of the most singular girls I ever met."

"Charley Impecune says he wishes he could make her plural."

Commander Taussig of the Bennington is on his way to this city from Manila, a much wiser man than when he left, and somewhat depressed of spirit. He had the bad taste, I am told, and still worse judgment to criticise his Commander-in-Chief, Rear Admiral Watson, and he was at once relieved of his command at Cebu and ordered home on the Solace. Rear-Admiral Watson is a strict disciplinarian and it is so well understood in the navy that he is not the kind of a man to permit a subordinate officer to indulge in unfavorable criticism concerning his action that I am greatly surprised at Commander Taussig's indiscretion. Moreover Rear-Admiral Watson's ability and judgment as a naval officer are so well recognized that I am still more surprised that any action of his should be questioned by a man of inferior rank. Although he is one of the old school of naval men, he is far from being a back-number, and there is no man excepting Dewey in whom the administration has greater confidence.

"While laundry bills are so high, I cannot go so often to see Edythe," said the Baron to his rival the Duke, as he ordered a bottle of Jurancon on ice.

"While I cannot see the connection in your statements," returned the Duke, a glad smile overspreading his classical features, "I naturally rejoice, for it leaves the field open to me. But Edythe is so hard to win, so cold, so unimpassioned."

"Have you found it so?," asked the Baron, as he sadly examined in his pocket mirror the condition of his collar. "Why, it is the reverse of that coldness that I deplore. I find Edythe's mere glance wilting my linen."

A new residence district is soon to be exploited across the bay and the promoters declare that it is destined to become more popular than any spot contiguous to the bay shore. It bears the fashionable name of Richmond Heights—all "Heights" are presumed to be fashionable. It is situated only a short distance from the prospective terminus, on the other

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side, of the new transcontinental railroad, and when the company's boats are in operation people will be able to go from this city to Richmond Heights in forty-five minutes. The principal promoter of the new enterprise is J. Walter Laymance, of the "Ole Bill" tribe of democrats across the bay. He has retired from the political arena and is going to open an office in this city for the purpose of conducting his real estate business. He is a hustler and I have no doubt of his ability to boom Richmond Heights."

Mrs. J. R. Davidson left for the east on Sunday. She goes immediately to Chicago where she will spend a month with her sister, later on going to New York where her mother resides.

Lieutenant Tobin of the First California regiment is the only officer of that organization who has found that his employer is not grateful for the services which he has rendered his country. The great and glorious state of California was the employer of Lieutenant Tobin. He resigned his position as inspector on the health department staff to go to the war, and when he returned he found that Governor Gage had filled the vacancy. I desire to call the attention of Governor Gage to the case of Lieutenant Tobin, feeling that he will promptly restore him to the position which he so unselfishly resigned a year ago.

At the Bohemian club they were telling of what each considered his magnum opus, whether picture, book or poem.

"And what was your greatest play?," they asked the dramatist.

"That's easy," he answered, "thirty to one on a balky horse."

This week's weddings have been numerous, but not of sufficient magnitude to call for extended comment. The most elaborate was that of Miss Belle Mhoon and Fred Magee, at Trinity church in Oakland on Wednesday at four o'clock in the afternoon. There were so many Magees and McKees among those assisting in the ceremony and among the guests, that those not knowing them personally might readily become confused in figuring out who was who and which was which. Miss Amy McKee, who has always been the bride's particular chum and who, I am told, had been promised that if ever her friend Belle married she would be chosen for the office of chief assistant, was maid of honor.

San Francisco naturally takes an interest in the marriage of Miss Louisa A. Hofman to James T. Mason which was solemnized in Providence, R. I., on Monday of last week. Both bride and bridegroom are well known in this city, the former being the daughter of the pioneer bookseller, Joseph A. Hofman. Mr. Mason's business interests are now in New York, but the young couple will reside in East Orange, N. J., where many ex-Californians have their homes.

Miss Leonore M. Ferrer was married on Wednesday afternoon to Edgar M. Keithley, a young commission merchant of this city. Inasmuch as the Ferrers have been identified with the musical interests of this city since early days, this marriage is worthy of especial note. M. Y. Ferrer is the pioneer guitarist of San Francisco, and every member of his large family inherited musical talent. One of the elder girls gave promise of becoming a great singer, but she died before her talent had been fully developed. Another of the daughters, and a son, are well known in New York and rank among the popular musical lights of the metropolis. The Ferrers have lived in Pine street near Octavia for many years. Mr. and Mrs. Keithley will make their home at the Hotel Pleasanton.

An excellent remedy for insomnia will be found in the famous old Jesse Moore Whisky taken at bed-time. Your druggist has it.

It has been definitely announced that the marriage of Miss Kate Thornton Salisbury and Alexander D. Keyes will take place on the seventh of November.

Mrs. Van Rensslaer de Berg could not be consoled. Her maid had already provided her with a dozen lace mouchoirs but her tears could not be quenched.

"My daughter! oh, my daughter!," she cried in the words of the bereft Lord Ullin.

"What is the matter, madame?," questioned the doctor who was called in by the almost insane husband.

"My daughter has lost her good name forever," was the reply elicited from the weeping woman.

And the husband explained that Miss Isabel Van Rensslaer de Berg had that morning been married to plain Richard Brown.

"Madame, compose yourself," said the physician, with the bland smile of his profession, "there is a remedy even for this. I prescribe a divorce."

Mr. Andy Lawrence is back from New York whither he went to confer with the young Napoleon of journalism. Conjecture has been rife in newspaper circles as to the purpose of the conference. The surmise that has been generally accepted is that the only question discussed was as to the advisability of making Dewey the next President of the United States. Mr. Hearst wanted to know what Mr. Lawrence thought of the admiral's availability as a candidate, and the managing editor unhesitatingly and unqualifiedly declared in favor of the man-of-the-hour. And thus was the momentous question settled in true journalistic fashion.

She: I am surprised that Miss Talisery should so plainly reveal her motive for marrying that young boy—she has chosen Tuesday as her wedding day.

He: Well, what of that?

She: Oh, don't you remember the old jingle, beginning "Monday for health, Tuesday for *Wealth*?"

At the Pacific-Union club they are saying that Ward McAllister has parted with that precious souvenir of the late Duke of Marlborough which his famous father prized so highly. I am told that he presented it as a testimonial of his high regard to a very charming young woman whose ardent cavalier he has been for a long time. I have no doubt but that she proved herself worthy of the prize and I congratulate her upon her success in winning it.

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Mrs. Langtry has caused a stampede in London by threatening to publish her memoirs. As Lily likes nothing better than the coin of the realm I should not be surprised if she turned to bookmaking for the purpose of swelling her already large bank account. She has material enough stowed away in the recesses of her memory to make one of the most spicy and interesting autobiographies ever written, but as it would probably be after the style of "Fanny Hill," it would be subjected to surreptitious circulation. Mrs. Langtry is coming to this country in January for another farewell tour. She will be accompanied by her latest husband, young Hubert de Bathe, and her nineteen-year old daughter Jeanne. I suppose that in addition to this unprecedented domestic entourage she will also bring the silver service presented to her father, the dean of the Island of Jersey. She was never without this evidence of domestic and social antecedents even in the days when she was living in Twentieth street in this city for the purpose of establishing a residence with the view of procuring a divorce. That was the time when there was a prospect of her marriage to Freddy Gebhard, the New York dude who afterwards married a society girl and settled down to a prosaic existence.

When his Princelets heard the news,
He was taken with the blues;
For he thought of days long gone,
Rackets that they'd been upon,
Midnight suppers after plays
And the Langtry's winning ways.
Would she of their follies prate?
All their blisses ventilate?
Would she now so cruel be
As to exploit all that he
Inspired by her fervid words
And large cold bots and small hot birds
Had said and done? Now wouldn't you
With such a prospect, feel quite blue?

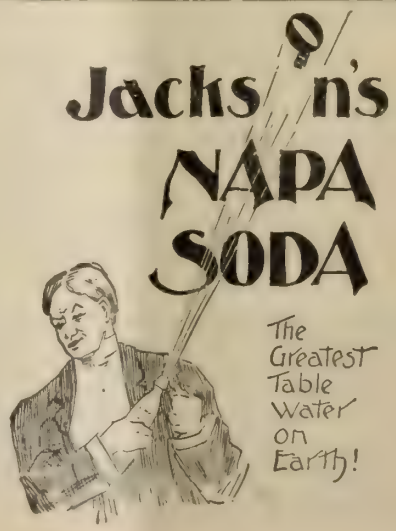
Neither education nor an atmosphere conducive to culture and refinement avails to curb the proneness of the gentler sex to assail with the tongue of envy. Even in our so-called smart set of Blingum, Mrs. Grundy is ever on the alert for a theme to stimulate the rocking of her restless tongue in the cradle of her jaw. One of her favorite victims is a dashing young matron, the wife of a popular young man prominent in the financial and athletic worlds. Not long ago, on the occasion of an exhibition of horseflesh, there were assembled together the wife of the son of a distinguished deceased attorney, the wife of a prosperous foundryman, the wife of the executive officer of an illuminating concern and a young married woman whose ancestral home is in Chicago. Their session was in the nature of a knocking conference and having unwillingly caught snatches of their discussion I unhesitatingly pronounce them Past Masters in the art of hammer wielding. It was the consensus of opinion that the aforesaid dashing matron was altogether too gay, and that her all-absorbing ambition was to win masculine admiration and attention. And how they did tear her to pieces! Aye, literally tear her to pieces; for they analyzed her figure and declared that it was as fine a sample of the handiwork of her dressmaker as they had ever seen, and as the lady in question tooled her coach along by the coterie of envious ones, one of them pointed—yes, actually resorted to that vulgar expedient—and exclaimed:

"Just look at that; one of her hips is disarranged; it's higher than the other."

And all the other tabbies laughed vociferously.

An interesting little volume has fallen into my hands—Kimball's San Francisco Directory of 1850. There are just one hundred and thirty-nine pages in the book, somewhat of a contrast to the two thousand one hundred and forty-three pages of the city directory of 1899. Looking through the list of names there are few that are familiar to the present residents of the city. Our merchants of these days, with a few exceptions, are not the same that figured in commercial circles forty-nine years ago. Charles P. Kimball got out the directory, the Journal of Commerce press doing the printing. The appendix is perhaps the most interesting part of the book, giving the names of the existing streets, city government, officers of the Superior court, police officers and police men, places of amusement and public worship, newspapers, etc. The subject of "bell-ringing as it is now practiced for our churches" is treated in the concluding chapter. "We have seen the whole congregation," says Mr. Kimball, "of a religious meeting start from their seats at the ringing of the bells of other churches, supposing it was fire; and how are our firemen to know whether the bells are ringing to call them with all their powers, to fight the devouring flames, or, with their most devotional feelings, to attend a prayer meeting. How widely different the objects, yet the same summons, put forth in the same manner, calls them to both. This is certainly wrong, and we think our City Council should make it the duty of bell-ringers, in all cases of business or for church, to set the bells at regular intervals, as they do in the Atlantic cities."

Among the names in the directory that are still prominent in the community, or else linger in the memory of present residents, are: L. L. Baker, merchant; Josiah Belden, merchant; George T. Bohen, mason; Peter Dean; Abner Doble, blacksmith; John W. and Samuel H. Dwinelle, counsellors; J. C. Flood; Richard Hellman; William M. Lent; Charles Lux, stock dealer; Camilo Martin, merchant; Calvin Nutting, blacksmith; Henry Wetherbee, merchant; William Willis; S. Brannan, real estate broker; John W. Cherry, painter; Jeremiah Clarke, counsellor; Elisha Cook, counsellor; W. T. Coleman & Co., commission merchant; Cornelius Cole; Squire P. Dewey, real estate; A. M. Ebbets, commission merchant; Stephen Franklin, clerk; George Gibbs, trader; C. V. S. Gibbs; George Gordon, contractor; Colonel John C. Hays, high



sheriff; Milo Hoadley, deputy surveyor; Nath. Holland, counsellor; W. H. Joliffe, pilot; James King of William, banker; Mack & Co, commission merchants; Macondray & Co, commission merchants; H. M. Naglee, banker; Thomas Selby, metal dealer; D. O. and F. W. Shattuck, lawyers; William Sharon, broker; R. A. Swain, clerk; F. Vassault & Co., commission merchants.

Hanna: I see the Filipinos are now in favor of expansion.
McKinley: What do you mean?
Hanna: Why, Otis tells us they expanded right into the town of Manila the other day.

In the Examiner of Sunday last appeared the following ad under the caption: "For Sale Miscellaneous":

Gold crown and harp for sale cheap; a few "In God we trust" dollars needed to pay off a mortgage held by a church and about to be foreclosed; widow and children to be turned into the street
Box 4439 Examiner office

That is one of the quaintest advertisements I have ever seen in a daily newspaper. It implies, of course that churches are engaged in the money lending business. Now I should like to know if there is a church in San Francisco deriving interest from a mortgage on real estate and threatening to foreclose, and force a widow and children into the street. I am strongly of the suspicion that the author of the ad is that distinguished political economist, Mr. Kinghorn-Jones, and that he inserted it in the Examiner by way of a joke.

I wonder how many men in Native Sons' hall on the occasion of the well rehearsed manifestation of opposition to the nomination of Charles Wesley Reed knew of the real animus of the programmed protest? It was attempted to show that he was persona non grata because he voted for a gold democrat and on no other ground was the theatrical opposition based, for none other existed. In the throng that night of the convention were many men who, if they suspected the character of the grudge that was being worked out, would have expressed their disapproval in a way that would have sent the Popper push to cover helter-skelter. Charles Wesley Reed was a member of the convention that nominated the late Dr. James Stanton for railroad commissioner and he was one of the men that stood gallantly by Stanton when the cheap subsidized politicians of the Popper push were doing their utmost to prevent him from getting the nomination. It will be remembered that that was a campaign of slander. Stanton was reviled by men who knew him to be a man of integrity, and who were confident that he would make an honest official, but they hoped by slander to force him out of the fight. Through it all Charles Wesley Reed was loyal to his friend and he is one of the host of surviving friends of the dead railroad commissioner who will never forget the indecency of the latter's traducers in that convention. Those wretches have since had occasion to learn that Dr. James Stanton's friends are not men of short memory. When Dr. Dodge was elected Assessor Max Popper sought to install one of his push in the office. Then it was that Dr. Gallwey and Charles Wesley Reed asserted their loyalty to the memory of their dead friend. And as a result of their interposition Popper was denied a slice of the Assessor's patronage. In his rage over being "turned down" he circulated in whispers one of his choice bits of slander about Reed, until one day the latter confronted the "Irosquaw" brave and forced him to swallow his utterances. After that Popper was more cautious but his opportunity to retaliate came when Reed's friends urged him for nomination before the convention. Then the cry of "gold democrat" was raised, and a few silly dupes took it up. Some of them were doubtless admirers of Dr. James Stanton. If they had known that the brays of the Popper claquers were echoes of that battle of the State convention, would they have joined in the chorus?

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

Horace Davis called on General Barnes the other day and requested him to open the campaign, but in the general's present state of feeling there are many things that he would much prefer to open, to a campaign. The general has been opening campaigns for the republican party for a quarter of a century but after his late experience at Sacramento he decided to turn over a new leaf. One of his most recent openings was that of the Gage campaign, and when the general afterwards opened his own senatorial campaign he found the Governor taking an active interest in behalf of Colonel Burns, which prompted him subsequently to remark:

"Well, come to think of it, there is a sort of affinity between Burns and Gage, for there is not such a vast difference between enticing sheep away from their owner, and pocketing state funds."

Apropos of the Davis--Barnes incident I am compelled to quote another of the general's bons mots. Three years ago Horace Davis was nominated for Mayor by the Kelly-Crimmins wing of the republican party. He did not accept the nomination that time to protect the administration at Washington, but he was inspired by an equally unselfish motive. He wanted to harmonize the warring factions in the republican party but he was afterwards attacked with "frappéd feet" and withdrew to be succeeded by C. S. Laumeister, who was rewarded for his gallantry in leading a forlorn hope by receiving, later on, the nomination for railroad commissioner. When General Barnes heard of the nomination he gravely remarked:

"Well, I've never had much confidence in tales of miracles but now I must confess that I believe in the resurrection of the dead."

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A new arrival from London tells me that S. Miller Kent has made a big success in that city, where he has been substituting for Nat Goodwin. The latter was incapacitated from acting for some time as the accompaniment to a necessary surgical operation. My informant tells me that Kent was as well received by the London public as if he had been the sprightly Nathaniel C. himself—but then everything American "goes" in England just now. S. Miller Kent is very well known in San Francisco, his last appearance here, if I remember rightly, having been in a vaudeville sketch at the Orpheum. Kent is what the matinee girls call "one of the sweetest things that ever happened;" only his lack of inches prevented him from becoming as beloved an idol as William Faversham and Henry Miller. Indeed Kent greatly resembles in manner the latter actor and in "All the Comforts of Home" this resemblance was especially striking. Kent headed the second company that produced the once popular farce in this city, Miller having preceded him a year before with the original cast of the comedy.

Mrs. Up-to-Date: Did you know that Mrs. Gay speaks of her husband as "the late Mr. Gay"?

Mrs. Moderne: Is she a widow?

Mrs. Up-to-Date: Only a "clover" one--Mr. Gay is a devotee to cards and rarely gets home in time to sleep an hour before breakfast.

Another success in London has been made by Gertrude Elliott, the "little sister" of the statuesque Maxine. Gertrude is not tall and large like her sister, nor is she so strikingly beautiful, but she is slender and girlish and pretty and has the chic that Maxine lacks. When she made her debut with the Frawleys in this city Gertrude, while considered sweet and attractive by our critics, cut little figure with the scribes owing to Maxine's more dazzling charms. The Londoners, however, who are more accustomed to the large, placid type of beauty represented by Maxine, immediately fell in love with the typical American type shown in her little sister. Gertrude has left her brother-in-law's company and is now with Captain Robert Marshall's "A Royal Family," a new play in which she has created a role.

Those who remember the exhibition of J. F. McComas, the Australian artist, last spring, will be interested in the fall exhibition of his later works, that opens at Vickery's today.

San Francisco Lodge No. 3, of Elks entertained the fair relatives of the members last Friday night, the affair being the third of its kind in the lodge's annals. Thomas P. Dunne acted as chairman of the evening and was ably backed up in his efforts to entertain the guests by Exalted Ruler Horatio Seymour Manning, Secretary Herman Köhn and a committee. A program of songs and recitations was followed by the service of dainty refreshments, of the light order that women like, and then the program was taken in charge by Felix Morris, the refined comedian. Altogether the occasion was thoroughly enjoyable and that the ladies appreciated the Elks' hospitality was shown in the large attendance. I hear that No. 3 intends to give these "ladies' nights" more frequently in the future, the success of the three already given having been so pronounced.

In all cases of physical and mental exhaustion the use of a little Jesse Moore Whisky will be found invaluable as a stimulant.

The Press club had a ladies' night on Tuesday, when a very fine musical program was presented for the edification of the members' women relatives and friends. The Press club intends to do considerable entertaining this winter, but this occasion was the only one where invitations were extended to outsiders. Succeeding functions will be for the pleasure of members only, and visitors in the city having cards to the club.

"We want to see the wheels go 'round
In haunts where clever men abound,"
Said the aunts and mothers, sisters and wives;
And they bothered the poor men out of their lives
Until an avenue was found—
For them to enter—smartly gowned,
To smile on the King Bees in their hives!

Since his arrival in town on Tuesday, Howard Malcolm Ticknor, the distinguished authority on literature, music, drama and art and ranked as one of Boston's greatest critics, has been the recipient of much social attention. Miss Jeune M. Long was the hostess at a reception in his honor on the day of his arrival, and this afternoon the Channing Auxiliary will entertain him at a large reception to which all the other women's clubs have been invited. Mr. Ticknor will give a series of lectures during his stay in this city, opening the new Channing Auxiliary course. The first lecture will be given next Thursday at the First Unitarian church, when the speaker will tell of "Authors, Artists and Celebrities whom I have known at Home and Abroad."

The social function of the week in San Jose, writes my correspondent, was the high tea given at the Pratt Home. The affair was given by the officers and directors of the Home, with the intent to draw the public's attention to the fine appointments of the place as well as to the very noble benevolent work it represents. An orchestra rendered selections during the afternoon, light refreshments were served, Miss Ada Churchill and Miss Anna Cavallaro adding to the pleasure of the occasion by some charming songs. The officers of the Home are: President, Mrs W. L. Woodrow; vice-presidents, Mrs. Frank Shafter and Mrs. Ida Drew; secretaries, Mrs. A. T. Herrmann and Mrs. S. A. Barker; treasurer, Mrs. D. W. Purchard; auditor, Mrs. M. May; directors, Mesdames Henry, Syer, Snell, McDonald, Henderson, Rnodes, Loomis, Hobson and McCracken.

Several of my school teacher friends who know that I take an interest in school department affairs have asked me why I do not insist upon an investigation of the conduct of the principal of a grammar school in the north end of town, who is still pursuing the drunken, uneven tenor of his way. I have called attention to his case before, but the school directors appear to respect his pull. I am informed that his school is in a state of chaos owing to his constant "indisposition." He is afraid to reprimand his janitress because he is so vulnerable and he sometimes remains in his office after nightfall because he is too drunk to navigate. He does nothing but draw his salary and shift his responsibilities upon his teachers. I have also been told that he would not dare to stand an investigation and that he would prefer to resign knowing that inquiry into his conduct would result in public disgrace.

Just received—A new line of beautiful French hats, Mrs. S. R. Hall 10 Kearny street.

The principal and teachers of the Le Conte school feel that President Bergerot of the Board of Education exceeded his authority the other day when he walked into a class-room unannounced, rushed down one of the aisles and attacked a boy who happened to be amusing himself with a bottle of red ink. He shook that boy as no teacher would dare to do and then suspended the youngster and another pupil. All this happened while the principal was in the yard superintending the physical culture exercises. The principal never learned of the incident until after the irate Bergerot had taken his departure. The incident is valuable as an indication of how moral suasion advocates and anti-corporal punishment theories fall in the presence of real or assumed authority. Teachers believe that there is too much sparing of the rod these days and that if they were permitted to wield it occasionally not half so many children would be spoiled, and they do not understand why they should be compelled to use only moral suasion when a school director is allowed to go into a class-room and inflict physical punishment.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Corson Clarke are in town from the east. Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Foye and Miss Julia Sullivan have returned from Belvedere and are at the Bella Vista for the winter.

Many of the friends of Dr. Mary Arnold were surprised, writes my Stockton correspondent, to hear of her marriage. They thought she was vastly more interested in science than in scientists, but since she became the wife of Dr. W. B. Snow, a prominent New York physician, they are willing to admit that it may not be that she loved science less, though loving the scientist more. Dr. Mary Arnold is a recent graduate of Cooper Medical college and was at one time teacher of mathematics in the Stockton High school. During the time she taught she was a hard student, giving every available moment to her medical studies, going to the city every Friday evening for lectures and remaining until Monday morning. Her sister, by the way, is the Miss Pauline Arnold, artist, who is suing San Francisco parties for infringing on her copyright for painting on palm bark and fibre. She claims to be the originator of the device. I am told the same kind of work is scattered throughout Southern California, so Miss Arnold will probably have her hands full of suits to bring.

His friends unite in saying:

"So Dick Minor has surrendered at last!"

The popular attorney has been an incorrigible bachelor for so long that only the invitation to his wedding could shake their belief in his heart's invulnerability. October eighteenth is the date when he will lead Miss Thompson, a prominent and accomplished Stockton woman, to the altar. Mr. Minor is receiving the congratulations of his many male friends and his pathway out of the dominion of bachelordom is being punctuated with pleasant little dinners to say au revoir.

The first of the numerous October weddings which were promised Stockton took place on Thursday of last week when Frank Adams and Miss Harriet Chalmers were made husband and wife. Mr. Adams is the manager of the electrical department of the Stockton Gas and Electric Light company and his charming bride is the daughter of Alex. Chalmers, a well known merchant. It was a pretty home wedding and took place in the evening, the couple taking a late train for the south where they will enjoy an extended bridal tour and be at home to their friends in Stockton after the first proximo.

Demas C. Babin, son of Landry C. Babin, left for the north last week, with intent to embark on one of the transports bound for Manila. Mr. Babin lately received an appointment to the Quartermaster's department, U. S. A., and his new field of duty will probably not permit his return to San Francisco for many months to come. During his absence, his young wife with the little girl that lately came to bless their home, will reside with her parents, Colonel and Mrs. Craig, at 1314 Page street.

When Greer Harrison and his confreres took hold of affairs at the Olympic club, I predicted that it would not be long before the rolls would be purged of many undesirable members, and that the tone of the institution would soon be elevated. My prediction has already come true. The club bulletin board already shows that the purging process has been started. A score of names have been dropped for non-payment of dues. They are the names of men who would have promptly paid if they had been notified that they were in arrears as was heretofore the custom. Among the delinquents is a prominent horse jockey and a few professional gamblers. I was surprised to find the name of Howard Taylor on the list, for Howard was not so long ago one of the club leaders and one of its most prominent members. I hope that snap judgment was not taken in his case, and yet I can scarcely believe that a lack of ready cash was responsible for his delinquency. It was not long since that Howard Taylor married a banker's daughter, and although I don't believe that his father-in-law gave him an unlimited letter of credit, still he must have money to burn, for did we not hear of him a short time ago cutting a wide swath in Wall street and paralyzing the Rialto with his munificence? And did he not return a short time ago for the purpose of placing the automobile on the local market and putting the street railroads out of business? Surely a man engaged in such an enterprise has money enough to pay for his baths at the Olympic club.

Now that one of the Martin boys has become a benedict, those of our matchmaking mammas whose hopes had dropped to the ground in regard to capturing Walter or Peter Martin have braced up and will make another bold try for a catch during the season just on the verge of opening. Walter is said to possess a heart of less invulnerable quality than that of his brother, but Peter—well, as one much discouraged damsel expressed it at Burlingame the other day hearing of that latest delightful dinner given last week to a select number of Mr. Peter Martin's male friends:

"I have made up my mind that Peter is hopelessly 'stag.'"

Chapin and Gor 's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this cold weather.

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SAN FRANCISCO

Clancy Tells About a Frost

"DO YE MIND, how th' G. A. R. has taken a back seat?" asked Mr. Clancy.

"In th' peushin bureau?" asked Barry.

"No in pol'ticks" said Mr. Clancy. "Gen'ral Solimins is shtill holdin' a job in th' City Hall, but he's an excipshin. There was a time whin th' bosses always wanted a Grand Arrimy man on th' ticket to catch th' vet'rans vote but this year th' ole sojer ain't cuttin' any ice. Th' young sojer is th' bucko now. Th' raypublicans nom'nated Colonel Vic Dooboce f'r superiorwizer an' th' dim'crats retalyated with Major Denis Geary. Iv anybody had shprung th' name iv Denis in that Raypublican convinshin, at Odd Fellows' hall wan half th' deligates including Wallace Bradford P. A , would a'dropped dead. But th' dim'crats picked out the Mayger because he's a fighter an' a paythrite. He's no lookin' glass fighter, but one iv th' old fashioned warriors such as Sarsfield had. But since th' raypublicans adjourned, Barry, they're not dhrawin' th' line at a man on account iv his name. Any ole name is good enough now iv th' fellow that has it will take th' nom'nashin f'r superiorwiser an' keep Dooboce an' a few iv th' survivors warrum. There's an epidemick iv cold feet among th' nom'nees iv th' Odd Fellows' hall convinshin. A man be th' name iv Britton, not Great Britton, Barry, but ole Joe Britton, dhropped off th' ticket as soon as he found out th' kind iv company he was in, an' then Mr. Koster thought iv his reputashin an' returned to private life an' now they're gettin' cold feet all along th' line, an' Horace Davis, th' candydate f'r mayor is in a turrible shtate iv dishtress. Bechune you an' meself, Barry, he's sore on th' fellows that roped him in to run. Th' other night he called a meetin' iv th' candydates an' wid tears in his eyes begged them to shtand up like men an' take their medicine. 'I knew' he sez,' 'it looks' he sez, 'as iv we are up against a losin' game,' he sez, 'but raymimber' he sez, 'what ye owe,' he sez, to th' Grand Old Party.' 'Shtay with th' ticket,' he sez, 'till th' last arr-med foe expires' he sez.

"'Can't I get a subshtitoote?' asked wan iv the candydates in th' back iv th' hall.

"'I don't think you can,' said Mr. Davis. 'I've bin thryin'' he sez, 'to get subshitootes for Mr. Britton and Mr. Koster,' he sez, 'an' divvul a wan can I find,' he sez, 'except a couple iv bunco shteerers fr'm Ohio,' he sez, 'an' I don't think they'd do. Iv you can find subshtitootes,' he sez, 'grab them quick,' he sez,' 'get proxies or volunteers, or any kind iv an ambishus man,' he sez, 'who will take a goold brick,' he sez, 'an' who has managed,' he sez, 'to keep his mug out iv th' rogue's gall'ry,' he sez. 'We are in favor,' he sez, 'iv encouragin' political ambishin,' he sez. In conclushin he told th' candydates that th' campaign commity would supply them all with portible Japanese shtoves to keep th' chill off their feet during th' remainder iv th' campaign."

"Did that satisfy thim?" asked Barry.

'Not exactly,' was th' reply. 'Jidge Jokeysome took th' flure, 'and,' sez he, 'shtoves won't do. I'm runnin alonside iv Jidge Low, 'an its Klondike weather all th' time. Iv Low shtays on th' ticket I've got to have a pair of Arttick shoes an' a fur coat.' Whereupon Low took ixcipshin to th' remark, an' denied imfatically that he was in any way synonymus with an iceberg. Mr. Davis thought th' meetin' was goin' to break up in a row so he adjourned it signye dieye as Dr. O'Donnell sez, and when they were all gone an' th' jan'tor went in to turn out th' gas he was frozen shtiff so refrig'rated was th' atmosphere. All iv which goes to show that th' meetin' was a frost."

"Well, are they goin' to fill th' vacancies on th' ticket?" asked Barry.

"Well, I dinnaw; it all dipinds. Mr Crockett iv th' gas company an' Mr. Scott iv th' iron works were appinted a committee iv two to find candydates, an' they're shtill huntin."

Political Gossip

THE Democratic County Committee will open its campaign tonight with a ratification meeting at Metropolitan hall. I have no doubt but that it will be largely attended, for there never was more enthusiasm over a ticket than has been aroused by the work of the late convention at Native Sons' hall. All intelligent citizens must be impressed by the character of the men nominated for the Board of Supervisors. Never in the history of the city have so many men of integrity and high standing in the community been selected by a party organization to serve as members of the local legislative body. It has been the custom of the bosses to nominate one or two good men to give tone and character to th whole ticket, but they were always careful to select a solid, working and pliant majority. If there are any of the eighteen men nominated by the democratic convention equipped with a long reach I am ignorant of their identity, and I have never yet found it difficult to pick out the crooks. Surely Joe Tobin of the Hibernia bank is not anxious to become a supervisor so that he may rob the city and share in the division of plunder, and I am quite sure that Larry Dwyer, after having made an enviable record for honesty when in the Senate, is not going to become a supervisor to blast his reputation. I know that Dr. d'Ancona is not bent upon qualifying himself for the contempt of the public, and as for Charles Wesley Reed, Jim Booth, W. N. McCarthy, H. U. Braudenstein, R. M. Hotaling, John Helms, P. J. Curtis, M. J. Fontana and the others, I am sure that confidence was not misplaced when they were nominated. The tax payers of this city may feel a sense of relief if those men are elected. The next Board of Supervisors will be called upon to perform duties of vast interest to the entire community, and should crooks be elected a great amount of serious damage may be done.

—o—

Here is good news: The Iroquois club has under consideration a proposition to amend the by-laws by providing for the appointment of a standing committee of five on resolutions, to whom all resolutions shall be referred without debate, and shall not be acted upon until the next regular meeting after being presented. By adopting the proposed amendment the club may avoid being made ridiculous in the future. The resolution habit has a strong hold on certain members of the club, and it is about time for them to be suppressed. The resolution by which they sought to denounce Dr. Stanton when he was railroad commissioner has not been forgotten, and neither have the names of the seven men who voted for its adoption.

—o—

One of the best nominations made by the democratic convention was that of Edmond Godchaux for Recorder. Godchaux sought the nomination a year ago and it was generally believed that if it had been given him the office would not have fallen into republican hands. Mr. Godchaux enjoys the confidence of the business community, as well as of all people who remember his services rendered when he was a member of the Assembly of the state. He was secretary of the last Board of Health and is now Assessor Dodge's chief deputy. He is noted for his uniform courtesy, a quality, by the way, which is always appreciated by people who have business at the City Hall.

GENERAL BIFF

You never have a head in the morning from drinking Jesse Moore "A. A." Whisky.

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Rich and rare, with a fine bouquet,
Inspiration for many a poet's lay,
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ADIEU D'AMOUR

FAITHFUL in every fibre of thy heart,
And all as beautiful as thou art true,
Yet if it be thy wish that we should part,
Let's unkiss all our vows and say Adieu.

The love that glowed so warmly in thy breast,
Seems dying slowly, shall we let it die?
Yes, if the flickering flame brings thee unrest,
My tears shall drown it as I weep Good-bye.

Good-bye, ah no! we cannot break the chain—
Its links were forged in passion's crucible,
And while our pulses beat, we must remain
Bound to each other, though we sigh Farewell.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Dramatic World

ANYONE who is tempted to go to see Freeman's play, The Only Way, under the impression that it is a dramatization of Charles Dickens' A Tale of Two Cities, is going to be sadly disappointed, for it is no more a dramatic version of that well known story than is any one of Charles Hoyt's farce comedies. At best, it can only be said to have borrowed the name and some of the situations and thoroughly spoiled them. The fine and dramatic character of the Dr. Manette is apparently shelved altogether. At all events he is not mentioned in any cast of characters or review of the play that I have seen. In fact, the liberties which have been taken and the changes that have been made throughout completely ruin the story so far as a historical picture of the time of the Revolution is concerned. Firstly, the animus of the prosecution of Darnay is shifted from the shoulders of Madame Defarge to those of her husband, thereby leaving the personal equation entirely out of her conduct and likewise eliminating from Defarge the conflicting emotions of duty to his compatriots and pity for his old master, the doctor, the liberated prisoner of the Bastile. Notwithstanding the difficulties of travel at the best of times in those days and with the experience of Mr. Lorry, messenger of Tellson's bank, set forth in full, Freeman Wells has seen fit to transfer Defarge to London—Defarge, an obscure French cabaret keeper—where he finds Sydney Carton, by what means heaven alone knows, or how he ever heard of him. Now Carton, in the original, is a dissipated wreck, a sort of derelict on life's ocean, who, out of pure, whole-souled generosity—pity for the unfortunate prisoner, Darnay, and for Lucie—comes to their assistance in a most unexpected manner in the trial for treason in the English court. He has no acquaintance with them and has never seen them before, yet Defarge's mission to London is to work upon Carton's feelings so that out of revenge upon Lucie for preferring Darnay to himself he is to be induced to go to Paris and assist in bringing Darnay to the guillotine. Carton was a solitary individual, the whole of whose affection was given to Lucie. He was not one who would be likely under any circumstances to be a favorite with the other sex, and yet he is outfitted with a loveress, who is elaborated from "the young girl who sat weeping at the foot of the guillotine." There was no such character, nor would any one have dared to show sympathy so openly for any prisoner. If there had been a sweetheart, travel between Paris and London, even now, is somewhat more difficult than between this city and Oakland; much less then. When Carton went to his death there was in the same cart a young French seamstress, alone and unfriended, who was not quite the same as an Englishwoman, that came unsolicited to his lodging and declared her hopeless love. Of course this London interview with the French wine seller would make quite impossible the visit which Carton paid to his shop in the Quartier Saint Antoine and all the rest of his actions while in France. The greatest absurdity of the whole conception is in shifting the persecution of Darnay from Madame Defarge to her husband. In The Tale of Two Cities it will remembered that it is Madame Defarge whose family has suffered at the hands of the Marquis St Evremonde, the ancestor of Darnay. Defarge himself is ignorant of this until the confession of Dr. Manette, found in the ruins of the Bastile, is shown to her. Freeman Wells in his version has Defarge tell the story to Carton in London—only! It is Defarge's elder brother who has been killed in a duel fought with St. Evremonde to avenge the betrayal of his sister. Now is it quite impossible for a modern dramatist to imagine any other moving cause than a W-r-r-onged Woman? The French nobility did not even admit the possibility of the peasantry having grievances and though Madame's family had been so ill used, she had never told the story to her husband. She had merged her wrongs in the great mass and it is a decided weakening of the situation that Defarge should be represented as acting under the influence of a private petty spite. And just imagine a French Marquis of the time of Louis XVI fighting a duel with a peasant! Why it it is only a few weeks since the Prince of Monaco, such as he is, refused to cross swords with Count Boni de Castellane on the ground of the Brummagem quality of his title.

"A crazed young common dog! A serf! Forced my brother to draw upon him, and has fallen by my brother's sword—like a gentleman."

"But I, though a common dog, so struck at him so as to make him draw. Let him break it into as many pieces as he will, the sword that he stained with my common blood; he drew to defend himself—thrust at me with all his skill for his life."

Is that Freeman Well's idea of a duel?

In the first trial of Darnay before the Revolutionary tribunal in Paris, it will be remembered that the young man was liberated in a burst of enthusiasm, because of his relationship to Dr. Manette, but in the new edition, Sydney Carton addresses the court—Sydney Carton, an English barrister, who even in his own country has not the "gift of the gab," and it was a result of his eloquence that the favorable verdict is rendered. Pray, after making himself so conspicuous before the mob, how did he manage to escape detection later on, and not only lose his own head, but involve everyone else beyond the hope of extrication? It is only left now for Jerry Cruncher to sing a comic song and the citoyennes to transform the carmagnole to a modern skirt dance. It might end by a grand cake walk and a coon chorus introducing all the characters. The play is said to be a success—perhaps owing to good acting and scenery, but it could never satisfy anyone but slightly familiar with even the time of the Revolution or the Tale of Two Cities. Though something must be conceded to the exigencies of stage presentation, it is still possible to keep within sight of the probabilities of history. The French revolution is a comparatively recent event, and there are tons of authentic evidence still in existence of which playwright, novelist or actor may avail himself.

Another dramatized novel, which, however, is said to have proved a dismal failure, is Mrs. Voynich's Gadfly. It is due to the authoress, to say that she has publicly disclaimed any responsibility for the dramatic version, so that we may yet have a newer and more successfnl play founded on the story. The Gadfly, in the right hands, ought to make a powerful drama, but of necessity the interest would be centred in the single character. Stuart Robson is not fitted, either mentally or physically, to properly portray The Gadfly, and the result was

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—ALL GROCERS—

Stuart Robson au naturel instead of in character. Play writing has not made much of an advance since the days of "Nicholas Nickelby," when a drama (*vide* the novel) was built around a real pump and two washing tubs, for we still find the real pump occupying the centre of the stage, sometimes in the form of a pugilist or a safe breaker who concludes that his efforts are called for to elevate the profession of acting; sometimes in the form of a clown, about whom are clustered a few tricks of the ring, and then we call it a farce comedy. Again someone has a knack of imitating a dialect, or what passes for it in stage land and we have a series of performances all on the same model in which "a greenie" arrives in America in (stage) peasant costume, and proceeds to give songs, dances and monologues all in stage brogue. It makes no difference which one of the German or Scandinavian provinces he hails from, the dialect is the same. He is Hans, Ole or Yon—German, Danish or Swede. Pat, be he Tip, Corkonian or Far-down, uses the same conglomerate of ill-pronounced English, and so long as his hair is red, his breeches short and his dudeen black enough, it all goes. A young local playwright once remarked that Irish and French dialect was easy enough, but there was difficulty in localizing American speech peculiarities, and there the young man was in grievous error. It would open the eyes of playgoers, as well as play makers, could they get the benefit of intelligent native criticism upon the "differentiation of species" with regard to pronunciation. The rank and file of actors of this era, instead of making a study of characters, simply ask the playwright to make a study for themselves. They do not attempt to lose themselves in the part but to have the part absorbed in their own personality.

SARAH CONNELL.

California NANCE O'NEIL has returned to California much improved and her appearances in Peg Woffington and Camille give evidence of the fact that this young tragedienne has a great future before her. I cannot understand, however, why our prominent tragediennes are so anxious to appear in comedy. This latter phase of dramatic art is a separate and distinct vocation from tragedy, and inasmuch as an actress should choose her particular line of work and follow it, it is certainly hampering her to branch off her track. It is one of the peculiarities of true art that one can attempt but one phase of it in order to rise above the average. Nance O'Neil has convinced her auditors that she is a tragedienne of remarkable facility, and hence it is hardly possible that she is equally good as a comedienne. In fact she proved her inferiority in this phase of the art as Peg Woffington. I should not claim that she made a failure of the part, not by any means. But instead of adhering to the bright, frisky and cheerful Peg whom the author created, she made of it a sombre character whose cheerfulness seemed forced. Every smile seemed to be a difficulty to her—every wink of the eye seemed foreign to the character, while the earnest movements of the role were brought in too tragic a form for Peg Woffington. Nance O'Neil is announced as the Young American Tragedienne and justly so. Let her stick to this title and not saunter into the comedy field. Barton Hill is a splendid acquisition to the company. He is one of the old school. His deportment is grace personified and his dramatic declamation is imbued with that force and positiveness which reveal the character of an impersonation with emphatic correctness. He shows in every move his experience and fine training. The feature of the performance of Peg Woffington was the dainty work of little Anita and Gladys Loos. It is so seldom that we find stage children devoid of any affectation that it is a true relief to find some acting naturally. Anita and Gladys are blessed with those rare virtues, common sense and intelligence. They are not listening for applause but attend to their business with care and unaffected sobriety which may be termed "cute" and which in adults is known as the acme of realism. As every part in a play must be executed artistically it is safe to state that the work of Anita and Gladys Loos contributed a large share toward the success of the performance. Nance O'Neil has a remarkably well balanced company with her this season. An interesting performance was that of the New Camille. The novel feature of this revision is the fact that it is presented in costumes. Another deviation from the old play is the beauty and health of the heroine. As the old Camille, Nance O'Neil would be impossible as she is much too healthy looking for a consumptive woman, but as the "new" Camille she is superb. That this improvement is a good one cannot be questioned for it is certainly more likely for Armand Duval to fall in love with a handsome and blooming young woman than to seek the affection of a sickly, gradually declining woman of the demi monde Furthermore the decline of health is far more striking when it follows the acme of health than when it is apparent in the beginning of the play. The new Camille of Nance O'Neil is a perfect study and in it this remarkable actress has an opportunity to present the most brilliant side of her ability—dramatic force. This evening she will appear in her strongest role The Jewess. Next week the company will give Magda, The School for Scandal and Oliver Twist.

Orpheum WE ARE TOLD that "Lotty", who is to come to the Orpheum tomorrow, is the latest sensation in spectacular dancers and that in New York she was the sensation, with the article italicized. Lotty is a cute name and I have no doubt Lotty herself will make a hit with the chappies. The amateur poets will have a chance to get in their innings on her cute little name, while the chappies will have something new to rave over. A new dancer is something worth raving over. A ventriloquist (J. W. Winter) and a monologuist (Tom Brown) are new arrivals and Howard's Ponies, the Hawaiian Queens, Le Page sisters, Little Elsie, Mr. and Mrs. Haskins and the Florenz troupe will be retained from this week. Among those who will "move on" are pretty Minnie Moore Dupree and O. G. Seymour, who have this week duplicated their success of last.

Alcazar THE STOCK COMPANY spread itself this week with the presentation of Jim the Penman, a drama of much force and strong situations. Miss Foster has a particular chance to show her efficiency as a leading lady. She is stately and says her lines with deliberation and intelli-

LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator of the Estate of SEBASTIANA O'DE SANCHEZ, deceased, the creditors of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE, administrator as aforesaid, at his offices, No. 402 Montgomery Street, in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco September 16, 1899.

JOHN A. DRINKHOUSE,
Administrator of the Estate of Sebastiana O'de Sanchez, Deceased.

A. RUEF, Attorney for Administrator,
402 Montgomery Street.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, CHARLES H. McGUGIN, Administrator of the Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 805, Claus Spreckels Building, S. W. corner Market and Third streets the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHARLES H. McGUGIN,
Administrator of the Estate of James Edward McGugin, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19th, 1899.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Administrator,
804-5-6 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE DISTRICT COURT OF THE UNITED STATES IN AND FOR THE NORTHERN DISTRICT OF CALIFORNIA.

IN THE MATTER OF

G. H. COVERT, Bankrupt.

Take notice that G. H. COVERT, Bankrupt above named, has been duly adjudicated a bankrupt under the Act of Congress, of July 1, 1898, and that the first meeting of the creditors has been called to meet at the office of the undersigned at room 94 Chronicle Building, San Francisco, California, on Monday the 23rd day of October 1899 at the hour of 11 o'clock a. m., for the purpose of proving their claims against the estate of said bankrupt; and that at the said time and place all creditors whose claims have been duly proven and allowed shall appoint one or three trustees of said estate.

Dated at San Francisco, October 10th, 1899.

MILTON J. GREEN,
Referee in Bankruptcy.

In and for the City and County of San Francisco.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of
JOHN C. SIMONSSON, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above named Court, made on the sixth day of October, 1899, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of John C. Simonsson, a Minor, the undersigned, Guardian of said minor, will sell at private sale on or after the 31st day of October, 1899, at 12 o'clock M., to the highest bidder, for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said court, all of the right title and interest of said minor in that certain real estate, (being an undivided five-eighths interest) situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of McCormick Street, distant thereon 94 feet and 6 inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Pacific Street, and running thence Southerly along said line of McCormick Street 26 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 58 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 26 feet and 6 inches, and thence at a right angle Westerly 58 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. That bids or offers for said interest in said real estate will be received by said Guardian at the offices of Messrs Baldwin & Howell, No. 10 Montgomery Street in said City and County of San Francisco.

CHARLES S. HOFFMAN,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of
John C. Simonsson, a Minor.

Dated Oct. 12th, 1899

gence. Other artists who deserve praise are King, Montaine, Ormonde, Bryant, Webster, Moore, Miss Henry and Miss Howe. Next week the Alcazar will give The Masked Ball.

Columbia HOTEL TOPSY TURVY is what the name implies, a jolly happy-go-lucky performance replete with humorous situations and with vaudeville acts interspersed with catchy solos and instrumental selections. Next to Eddie Foy, who is the star of the company, Josie De Witt receives the most attention. She is a clever little woman whom to watch is a sincere pleasure; she sings excellently and plays the violin admirably. She has a clear and mellow tone, although her selections are not exactly of the classical order. In fact they are "topsy turvy." This production will be continued for another week after which Hoyt's A Milk White Flag will be presented.

Tivoli THIS WAS a gala week at the Tivoli. Tuesday night was devoted to a commemoration of Verdi's birthday and our Italian citizens who harbor an affection for good music were all on hand to tender an ovation to Max Hirschfeld, Salassa, Avedano and Anna Lichter, as well as the whole company for its exemplary production of Italian works. Laurel wreaths were presented to the star artists, an excellent sign of the appreciation which is prevalent among the Italian colony of this city for true art and it should be duly recognized. Salassa scored a triumph as Don Carlos in Ernani. His work in this opera both from a musical and dramatic standpoint was above criticism. G. S. Wanrell, too, as Don Silva had once more an opportunity to show the excellent quality of his basso cantante and the model method of his singing. Avedano was the centre of much applause and did some artistic work. Miss Lichter added one more triumph to her list of successes. The finale of the fourth act was a grand display of artistic efficiency and received five enthusiastic encores. Ernani will be repeated tonight and tomorrow night. Satanella proved a success also and according to the management it was the best production of the work ever given here. Ada Palmer Walker was particularly clever and Alf Wheelan asserted his comedy talent, while Schuster shone as Aninanes. Tom Greene earned applause as Rupert and Girard introduced himself as a clever baritone with a resonant voice. Next week Fra Diavolo will be presented with Othello and Cavalleria and Pagliacci.

Grand Opera House EDITH MASON made a distinct hit this week in Girofle-Girofla. Unlike many of her contemporaries she does not become vulgar in the drinking scene. I hate to see a woman on the stage or anywhere else in a state of intoxication. There is no humor in it, nor is there anything in it that appeals to an artistic mind. I really do not believe that the author intended the part to be played as an intoxicated maiden, and so it is commendable in Miss Mason that she divests it of all insobriety and gives us a girl, somewhat frisky, but never forgetting that she is a lady. Her Girofle-Girofla is one of the best things she has given this season. Woolf does not shine much outside of his comedy element. His Mourzouk is not the fierce Moor of Lecocq's creation. Persse makes a handsome Marasquin, Woolf is very comical as Don Bolero, Bessie Fairbairn is dignified as Aurore and Winfred Goff gives some excellent solos as Pedro. For next week Nanon.

THE PLAYGOER.

AMUSEMENTS

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Monday Evening, October 16th

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—ASSISTED BY—

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HOTHER WISMER, Violinist ARTHUR T. REGENSBERGER, Cellist and FRED MAURER, Pianist

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Last performance Saturday night, October 21st. Sunday, October 22nd,

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The Old Order Changeth

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH OF GUY DE MAUPASSANT BY M. G. L.]

IN A LITTLE SALON furnished in the time of Louis XV, an old woman is reclining in a large arm-chair. Her hands, bony like those of a mummy, hang from each side. Her veiled look goes far out into the country as if to follow visions of her youth across the park; a breath of air now and again comes through the open window and brings with it the perfume of flowers; it stirs the white hair on her wrinkled brow and stirs also the memories in her heart.

At her side on a velvet foot-stool a young girl with long blonde hair hanging in curls, embroiders an ornament for an altar. She has dreamy eyes; and while she works with her agile fingers, one sees that she is in a revery.

But the grandmother has turned her head.

"Bertha," she says, "read me something from the gazettes, so that I shall know something of what goes on in this world."

The young girl takes up a newspaper and glances over it;

"There is a great deal of politics, grandmother; may I skip it?"

"Yes, yes, darling. Are there no love tales? Is, then, gallantry dead in France, that they speak no more of abductions nor of combats for a woman's sake nor of adventures as in the good old days?"

The young girl looked a long time.

"Ah, here is one," she said, "It is called 'A Drama of Love.'"

The old woman smiled.

"Read me that," said she, and Bertha began.

It was a story of love and vitriol. A woman to avenge herself on her husband's mistress had burned the latter's eyes. She left the court acquitted and congratulated, with the plaudits of the crowd. The grandmother moved uneasily on her chair and said:

"It is horrible, horrible! Find something else, dearest.

Bertha looked again; and once more in the court notices she read:

"'Sombre Drama.'" A young girl had allowed herself to love not wisely but too well and to revenge herself upon her lover, whose heart was too fickle and whose purse was too light, had shot him four times. Two balls had struck his chest, one his shoulder and one his hip. He would be maimed all his life. The young girl was acquitted amid the plaudits of the crowd; the newspaper spoke most disparagingly of this conquerer of virtue easily conquered.

This time the old grandmother sat bolt upright and said in a trembling voice:

"You are all fools today, you are fools! The good God has given you love, the one pleasure of life; man has spiced it with gallantry, the one distraction of our days; and now *you* put vitriol and revolvers into it, as one would put mud into a flask of Spanish wine!"

Bertha did not seem to comprehend the indignation of her grandparent.

"But, grandmother, this woman revenged herself; think, she was married and her husband deceived her."

The grandmother started. "What ideas are they giving you young girls of today?"

"But," Bertha replied, "marriage is sacred."

The grandmother shuddered in her heart—the heart of a woman born in the great century of gallant episodes.

"It is love which is sacred," said she. "Listen little one, to an old woman who has seen three generations and who long, long ago learned to know men and women. Marriage and love have nothing in common. One marries to form a family and one forms a family to make society. Society could not do without marriage. If society be a chain each family is one of its links. To forge those links one looks always for the same metals. When one marries one must unite the proprieties, combine fortunes, join races, work for the common interest which is wealth and children. One marries but once, little one, and because the world requires it. But one can love twenty times in one's life, because nature has made us thus. Marriage is a law, you see, and love is an instinct which impels us sometimes to the right and sometimes to the left. Society has made laws repugnant to our instincts. It had to be so, but instincts are always strongest and one does wrong to resist them since they come from God, while laws come from men. If one did not season life with love, as much love as possible, darling, as one puts sugar into the medicine that one gives to children, no one would wish to take it as it is."

Bertha frightened, opened wide her eyes.

"Oh, grandmother, grandmother, one can only love once!" she murmured.

The grandmother raised her trembling hands toward the sky as if to invoke again the dead god of gallantry.

"You have become a race of slaves," she exclaimed, "a race of plebes. Since the Revolution one can no longer recognize the world. You have put big words everywhere. You believe in equality and in eternal passion. People have written poems to tell us that one should die for love. In my time one wrote poems to tell one to love passionately. When a gentleman pleased us, little one, we sent a message to him. And when there came to our hearts a new caprice one sent the last lover away; that is, when we did not keep both of them."

The girl, very pale, stammered: "Then women had no honor?"

The old woman leaped from her seat.

"No honor! because one loved, because one dared to tell it and even to be proud of it? But, little one, if one of us, among the greatest women of France, had remained without a lover all the court would have laughed about it. And you imagine that your husbands will love but you all their lives? As if that were really possible! I tell you that marriage is necessary so that society shall exist but it is not in the nature of our race, do you understand? There is in life one good thing that is love and they want to take it away from us They say to you now one must love but one man, as if one wished to force me to eat nothing all my life but turkey! And that man of whom you read shall have as many mistresses as there are months in a year. He shall follow his instincts which impel him toward women just as butterflies go to all the flowers; and then I, I shall go out into the streets with vitriol in a bottle and I shall blind poor girls who shall have obeyed their instincts! It is not on him that I shall avenge myself, but on them! I shall make a monster of a creature whom the good God has made to be loved, and your society of today, your society of clowns, of peasants, of valets grown rich, shall applaud me and shall acquit me. I tell you it is infamous, that you do not understand love; and I am content to die rather than see a world without love affairs and women who know not anymore how to love. You take everything seriously now; the vengeance of hussies who kill their lovers make twelve peasants united to sound the hearts of criminals, make them, I say, shed tears of pity. And that is your wisdom, your justice? Women shoot men and then complain that men are no longer gallant!"

The young girl took the wrinkled hands of her grandmother in her own trembling ones.

"Oh stop, grandmother, stop, I beg of you!"

And on her knees, tears in her eyes, she begged of heaven one great passion, one only eternal passion according to the new dream of the romantic poet. Then the old woman, kissing her on the forehead, still penetrated with that charming and sound argument with which the gallant philosophers filled the eighteenth century, murmured:

"Take care, poor darling, if you believe in such follies, you will be very unhappy."

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Music World

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THE MANY ADMIRERS of Barron Berthald, whose well cultivated and clear tenor delighted them during his engagement in San Francisco, will no doubt feel gratified to know that he duplicated his success in New York lately where he appeared with the Castle Square opera company in Die Meistersinger. While the New York critics are very severe on the members of the company, Barron Berthald is the only one who receives their unanimous praise. It is interesting to follow Mr. Berthald's career for it is an illustration of the fact that true talent comes sooner or later to the surface. Barron Berthald is a German by birth, but he came to America at an early age. He is one of those vocalists who have received their entire musical education in this country and are a living proof of the fact that it is not necessary to go to Europe to cultivate one's voice. He was taught the Italian method and herein lies the secret of the magnetism of his voice for it enables him to combine the Italian charm and flexibility with the German vigor which is inborn in him. When first entering the vocal profession he obtained but scant recognition. Being an American-bred vocalist, he was looked at with distrust. He had to go to Europe where, during two seasons of grand opera, he obtained gratifying encouragement. He then returned to the United States with a European tour to back him up. During this period he sang at a private occasion before Damrosch and Seidl, but still encouragement was withheld from him notwithstanding his artistic success in Germany. Reginald de Koven was the man who really "discovered" Berthald. He persuaded him to sing his operas and engaged him to create Prince Charles in Rob Roy. His success in this role surpassed even the expectations of his manager. After a tremendous success of seven months in New York, the company went to Boston. During the second week of the engagement there, the Damrosch opera company gave a season of Wagner opera at the Boston theatre. Their second performance was to be Lohengrin, but half an hour before the rise of the curtain it was found to the dismay of the management that both tenors, Rothmuhl as well as Alvary, were unable to sing. The Boston theatre was packed on that evening and the distress of Damrosch may easily be imagined. It would have been bad policy to dismiss such an audience and so he sent once more to Alvary, who seemed to think the matter over. In the meantime Damrosch kept the audience from dispersing by making encouraging promises. However, word came again that Alvary refused and the announcement was about to be made that no performance could take place when a member of the chorus remarked that the tenor singing in Rob Roy had sung the part in Philadelphia two years previously. Upon hearing Mr. Berthald's name, Damrosch called back the audience once more, assuring them that a tenor had been found and that the performance would take place with Barron Berthald as Lohengrin. Meanwhile the telephone was kept busy, while the manager of the Damrosch company communicated with that of the Castle Square. Manager Whitney finally agreed to loan Mr. Berthald, who was then singing in the first act of Rob Roy, to the Boston theatre for a large sum. When Mr. Berthald was informed of what was expected of him, he refused at first, as he had sung Lohengrin but once and that two years before. However, when told that he had been announced to sing and that a large audience was waiting, he consented. He was then hurried in a cab—half Prince Charlie and half Barron Berthald—and driven to the Boston theatre, where the excitement was great. Arrived there, Berthald requested the management to begin the performance as he would be ready when his entrance came, while he began to attire himself in Rothmuhl's costume which was given him. Within a quarter of an hour Mr. Berthald stood in Lohengrin's boat. The immense success which he scored that night is a matter of record, and judging from his work here in this role it is not surprising. After this, engagements came in bunches. Damrosch and Grau made him flattering offers and during the following season he sang all the Wagner operas with tremendous success. He was secured again and again for the most important May festivals. After a tour with Nordica he went to England where he was the first who sang Siegfried in English. He was eulogized by the English critics for his excellent work as Lohengrin and Tannhauser. During his engagement at the Covent Garden, on the evening after he had sung Carmen and before he was to appear in Tannhauser, the manager rushed into his room at nine o'clock and begged him to rise, as the tenor who sang in Die Meistersinger was unable to continue after the first act. Though extremely fatigued Berthald dressed himself quickly and followed his manager. He saved the performance that night and added another artistic triumph to his list. After his English engagement he sang for two seasons in Germany at the Royal Court opera in Wiesbaden and Frankfurt. In the latter city he was greatly admired for his Don José and Eleazar, and for his work in Martha, while in the former place his Lohengrin and Siegfried created a sensation. During his engagement Mr. Leahy secured him for the grand opera season here and Mr. Savage for a season in New York.

¶ ¶

The opening concert, members' course, of the Y. M. C. A. was given on Friday of last week. The program consisted of selections by an orchestra under the direction of Alex. T. Stewart; soprano solos by Mrs. Carrie Brown-Dexter; mandolin and lute solos by Samuel Adelstein and bass solo by Dr. W. K. Scott.

¶ ¶

A gratifying addition to the San Francisco College of Music is Samuel Adelstein whose appointment is announced as follows: "There is no teacher on this Coast who is more thoroughly equipped for teaching lute, mandolin and guitar, than Mr. Samuel Adelstein, who has European as well as national reputation. He has an excellent library of the best works extant, fine instruments and a large class of pupils to draw upon for ensemble practice. For technical work the methods of the following authors will be drawn upon: Branzoli, Bellinghi, Cotton, Munier, Carcassi, Trinkhaus and Calace."

¶ ¶

The second lecture of Mrs. Mary Fairweather was largely attended by a number of musical people who are anxious to learn something. They were not disappointed either, for this second discourse proved even more interesting than the first. If this continues much may be expected of the balance of Mrs. Fairweather's lectures. Last Monday's subject consisted of the modern minor scales with illustrations of melodic and harmonic treatment by some of our great masters; Evolution of the harp from the lute of Thotte through the dynasties of Egypt (Cheops to Cleopatra); entrance of the chromatic scale into Egypt with the flute—flute frenzy; decadence of Egypt and her music.

¶ ¶

The associated students of the University of California gave a reception to President and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler at the Mark Hopkins Institute of Art on Friday evening of last week. The feature of the evening was a musical program excellently rendered by an orchestra under the direction of Sir Henry Heyman.

¶ ¶

The Philharmonic orchestra will give its first concert next Thursday evening as Association hall. The soloists will be Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, soprano, and Pierre Douillet, pianist. The program is as follows: Overture to Rosamonde, Schubert; Concerto in C minor, Saint-Saëns, Pierre Douillet accompanied by full orchestra; aria, Jerusalem, from St. Paul, Mrs. McCauley, accompanied by orchestra; selection Martha, piano solos by Mr. Douillet, vocal solos by Mrs. McCauley; waltz for strings; Procession from Meistersinger. Tickets may be bought two days before the concert at Kohler & Chase's. The Philharmonic orchestra has been engaged to give a concert

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¶

You may talk about your dancing parties and your socials, but for thorough enjoyment and lasting delight give me a number of congenial young fellows who band together in affectionate companionship after their work is over. I cherish the atmosphere of the "Knocker's club," not an inviting title it is true, but a lot of fine fellows constitute it, and Frank Coffin I believe has a soft spot in his heart for the "Lobster club." I cannot understand why the members of that society adopted this name, for so far as I know none of them is a "lobster,"—not even Harry Campbell. Well, it may easily be imagined that the Lobsters would not let Frank depart without a cheering word on the way and sure enough they prepared a royal feast which was to serve as a farewell to the pets of the club. That most progressive of all Lobsters, Ben L. Tarbox, had prepared a musical program the deliciousness of which was not at all behind the luxuriousness of the repast. Many a tear was shed on that memorable evening and Joe Fleming was so sad that he hid himself in some corner and made poetry—it is always a sign of great mental stress when a man resorts to making poetry; but Fleming's brand is particularly good. The program was: Piano prelude, Staccato Caprice, Max Vogrich, Harry Girard; tenor, (a) Salve Di Mora, Gounod, (b) Sally Horner, Mr. Coffin; bass, (a) A Summer Night, A Goring Thomas, (b) Hey Nonny No, Laura G. Lemmon, Mr. Bien; reading, Metaphorical papers, Benjamin Franklin, Carlos F. Montealegre; basso cantante, (a) Invocation from Robert the Devil, (b) Russian Ballad, A. Rubinstein, Signor Abramoff; quartet, (a) The Bridge, (b) More and More, Messrs Coffin, Sagar, Tarbox and Thompson; piano, Ragtime Delights, Maurice S Kramer; bass, (a) Ah! 'Tis a Dream, Hawley, (b) Gypsy John, Clay, George B. McBride; baritone, (a) Prologue è Pagliacci, Leoncavallo, (b) The Erl King, Schubert, Mr. Girard; basso profundo, (a) The Bells of St. Mary's, Rodney, (b) Sunset, Dudley Buck, Frank W. Thomson; baritone, (a) The Scapegrace, Mattei, (b) The Roughrider, Buzzi Peccia, Ben L. Tarbox; piano duet, Spanish Dances, Moszkowski, Charles O. Henley and Maurice Kramer; (a) Let Me Love Thee, Arditi, (b) Because, Arthur Kennedy; farewell remarks, J. F. Fleming; closing hymn.

¶ ¶

The much talked about concert of Miss Lilian K. Slinkey will take place next Monday evening. Inasmuch as the advance sale of tickets is exceptionally large, there cannot be any doubt as to the financial success of this affair and from what I hear from those well acquainted with Miss Slinkey's artistic facility, there will be a musical success as well. Miss Slinkey announces that this is her first concert since her return from Europe after five years of vocal study with the most eminent teachers of Italy, among whom may be found Alberti Leoni of the Royal Conservatory of Music, Milan, M. Vidal and Madam Tormei. Having partaken of such exemplary tuition, it should be natural that Miss Slinkey has imbibed enough knowledge to give her hearers a pleasant evening. I find among the assistants Miss Marion Bear who not so long ago returned from Germany where she underwent thorough study. From what I can gather Miss Bear is a conscientious and earnest musician. Hother Wismer, violinist, and Dr. Arthur T. Regensburger, 'cellist, and the other assistants, are too well known to require any particular introduction.

¶ ¶

While I was listening to Alma Stencel's recital last Thursday evening, I was thinking whether it was exactly right to bring youthful students before the public as "child pianistes" and ask an admission of one dollar, when we can hear the Kneisel quartet for the same price. Is it just to ask our musicians to pay a dollar to hear a child student? I can only find one excuse for such demand, namely, the lack of funds to continue the studies of the child, provided she is talented enough to merit the assistance of the public. There is no denying the fact that Alma Stencel possesses sufficient talent to earn such assistance. She is most assuredly a musically gifted child and will become an artiste under the proper guidance. But I claim if the girl has not the means to continue her studies, let her teacher and friends come out with the truth. Let it be known that the child absolutely needs the assistance of the public and there is not one music lover—a true and honest music lover—who would not cheerfully buy his ticket. There is no shame in such admission. I wish I had the power to convince the musical people here that is far better to come out frankly with facts instead of beating around the bush. Alma Stencel is a clever little student. Her technic is wonderfully well developed and for this her teacher, Hugo Mansfeldt, deserves credit. Her Liszt selection was the best work of the evening. But why announce her as a pianiste? There is no benefit to be derived from such announcements. The child cannot possibly possess the intelligence necessary for the earnest and accurate interpretation of Beethoven and Schumann. This is not her fault; it is a physical impossibility. Alma Stencel is an unusually gifted child and must by all means continue her studies. But she should not be brought out as a pianiste as long as she has not arrived at the age where intellectual capacity permits her to interpret earnest work. If she needs funds to continue her studies then let her give this as a reason for giving a concert. I am a strict believer in straightforwardness and frankness and I have always been opposed to the "wonder child" schemes. Armand Solomon was not in his usual good form at this concert. I wonder whether the rain gave his violin an attack of rheumatism? There was but one place where Saint-Saens' Rondo Cappricciosso sunded clear; in all other parts it was either muddy or lacking a certain vigor of attack. I know Mr. Solomon can do better than that. Miss Constance Jordan's accompaniment was exquisite and proved a brilliant feature of the evening's entertainment.

¶ ¶

The song recital of Miss Jessie Foster, which took place at Sherman-Clay hall last Tuesday evening, was successful as far as artistic achievement was concerned. Miss Foster knows how to sing and proved sufficiently that she has enough experience to make an excellent teacher. Owing to some accident Miss Foster was somewhat excited and was hence unable to do justice to herself. However, she showed that she possesses a steady voice of remarkably high range, which has been well trained. Miss Foster's voice is strictly lyric—in fact it may be termed a colorature voice, but there is nothing of the dramatic quality in it. She was assisted by Arthur Weiss, who played the 'cello admirably, and Arthur Fickenscher, whose piano solos are always enjoyable. Mrs. A. C. Lewis played the accompaniments.

¶ ¶

There was a large attendance at the farewell concert given by Frank Coffin and Robert Bien at Native Sons' hall on Wednesday evening and the program was an excellent one, consisting of the following numbers: The Rosebud, California, Knickerbocker and Plymouth quartets; Barcarolle (Spohr) and Burre (Bach) by Henry Holmes; A Summer Night, A. Goring Thomas, Mr. Bien; Lend Me Your Aid, Gounod, Mr. Coffin; Abendlied, Schumann, Henry Holmes; Elegie, (Massenet) and Hey Nonny No (an old English lyric by Laura S. Lemon), Mr. Bien; Sweet Briar and To a Coquette, (Wallace A. Sabin), Mr. Coffin; In Sweet September, (Hope Temple), Plymouth quartet.

¶ ¶

The regular monthly musical service will be given at St. Dominic's church tomorrow evening. The choir under the direction of Robert Lloyd will render Gallia, by Gounod, and an anthem by Riga and Gounod. The solos will be sung by Misses Atkins and Hachmeister, Mrs. John Madden and Messrs Ogilvie and Lloyd. F. Palmer will preside at the organ. Lejeal's Veni Creator, Faure's O Salutaris and Riga's Santum Ergo will also be sung in the service. Mr. Lloyd has increased the choir to thirty picked voices.

¶ ¶

Leo Cooper is meeting with much success in his lectures and readings. The course comprises ten lectures from Shakespeare to Paiero. The next lecture promises to be especially interesting. It will be on The Development of the Modern English Drama with readings from Boucicault, Taylor and Robertson.

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The next faculty recital of the Von Meyerinck School of Music will take place next Wednesday evening, and will be devoted to compositions by Bach and Handel. The program will consist of vocal solos by Mrs. Von Meyerinck and Miss Decker and piano solos by Arthur Fickensher.

¶ ¶

The first pupil recital of the San Francisco College of Music took place on Friday evening of last week, when the following pupils participated in the program: Misses Ruby A. Moore, Mabel Gordon, Cecil Haas, Corrinne Goldsmith, May Sullivan and F. B. Burton and Walter R. Kneiss and William Leinert. ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

Magor and Minor

THE second recital of the Heine sisters was given Friday afternoon of last week at the residence of Mrs. Clinton Day of Berkeley, who has kindly loaned her house for the series. The program of this second recital was almost entirely new, and was received by the music lovers—who constitute the audiences of these charming recitals—with every evidence of deep appreciation. How dear to the artist's heart is the long drawn sigh of happy content and the whisper, "Divinely played!" "how lovely," and better still, the moment's silence of fear to break the spell of enchantment which follows a perfect performance. Miss Heine played in splendid form on Friday; her purity of tone, warmth and musical intelligence were never displayed to better advantage, and the accompaniments whose difficulties seem so easily surmounted by Miss Marie Heine were beautifully done, especially the Beethoven sonata, Op. 24, to which the violin part is in reality an obligato. Chant sans Paroles (Daniel van Goens) and Pres du Berceau (Moskowski) were played with exquisite tenderness; these, with a suite (21) by Gustav Hollaender, and Danses Tsiganes by Trvadar Nachez, completed the program.

¶ ¶

Miss Carolyn Boyan, a San Francisco girl who has been alto in several of best church choirs—Dr Dille's and latterly in Calvary church where she has very acceptably filled the place left vacant by Miss Beresford Joy and Mrs. J. F. Birmingham—on Tuesday evening gave her friends an opportunity of hearing her sing and of judging what a year's hard study, and listening to the best artists in the east, had done for her in furthering her in her chosen career as a professional singer. Every one who listened, without prejudice of any kind, to the young girl was convinced of three important facts—that she has the musical temperament, a voice rich in quality with a particularly large compass, somewhat lacking in the middle register, and that she is young, strong, alert and interested heart and soul in her work. At present Miss Boyan sings with too much care for her art, care for this tone or that effect. She has not learned

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to conceal art. But we look for the time when abandon and spontaneity will be the result of this careful study and practice. A year ago, nobly discontented with her narrow environments, because she realized her possibilities and had no fear of hard work, she saw her goal and, nothing daunted, she followed her friend and only teacher, Miss Anna Miller Wood, to Boston. There, with several classes in sight-reading—in which Miss Boyan is singularly proficient—a church position and drawing-room receptions, she happily and faithfully worked and studied until the vacation season, when she returned home to visit her parents. At her farewell recital in Boston, at which were many prominent musicians and choir leaders, Miss Boyan was warmly congratulated upon her year's work and development, her church position assured her, also an enlargement of her classes upon her return. In the program of Tuesday evening Miss Boyan sang twelve songs, displaying a voice capable of portraying the emotions and passions—this was particularly evidenced in the magnificent air from Saint-Saens' Samson et Delilah, Amour! Viens Aider. Here her musical nature and dramatic instinct were fully revealed and called forth a storm of applause. In the lovely old French air, Bergerette, some pretty vocalization was done and true coquetry and finesse shown. Miss Boyan was obliged to repeat this dainty morceau. Schumann's Spring Night and that song of gorgeous color—made so popular by Miss Anna Wood's splendid rendition of it—Love Me if I Live (A. Foote), were both sung with great warmth of expression by Miss Boyan. Miss Olivia Edmunds, who is rapidly becoming known as a most sympathetic ensemble player and valuable accompaniste, played the many and varied accompaniments of the program with keen musical insight and added brilliancy to several of Miss Boyan's songs, noticeably Henschel's A Red, Red Rose and Le Noel des Oiseaux—Chaminade. Miss Belle Miller was the solo pianiste of the evening and gave four classic numbers. Miss Miller has exceptionally fine technical accomplishments and is very sensitive to anything that is worth feeling in music. In two of her fine selections—Aufschwung (Schumann) and the Prelude by Rachmaninoff—she also showed great power. Miss Miller was warmly recalled and played a brilliant, rippling, trilling encore. The success of the concert was in a large measure due to the kind personal interest taken by Mrs. Frank J. Thayer, president of the Hughes Ladies Musical club of San Francisco, who loaned her beautiful home for the occasion. Miss Boyan will return to Boston, to resume her studies and work as assistant teacher with Miss Wood, on the twenty-fifth of the present month.

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Warned in Time

AN EPISTOLARY TALE TOLD IN NINE LETTERS

I.

San Francisco, March 6, 189-

MY DEAR FATHER: Here I am in Frisco, having a large time. And here I think I will stay for awhile. I am in love: yes in love with a beautiful girl—a Miss Watkins, daughter of John Watkins, a capitalist. They are all right—good family, refined and cultured. Do you know I'm thinking of getting married?

Your affectionate son,
Bob.

II.

New York, March 20, 189-.

My dear son: Leave San Francisco at once. I know the Watkins family. Mrs. Watkins formerly lived in New York. She's a very gay woman. A marriage with her daughter would be impossible. I would cut you off without a dime.

Your father,
Robert Dawson.

III.

San Jose, June 10, 189-.

My dear father: Received the letter of credit all O. K. Am now sojourning in this pleasant little town. The fact is I am smitten again. I met a ravishing Western girl at Del Monte. Her father is a railroad magnate; perhaps you have heard of him— Colonel William Bonton. His daughter is the most charming girl I ever met—plays golf and tennis and all that sort of thing. You told me before I left New York that you would like to see me settle down and get married, and I don't think it will be long before I follow your advice. The Bontons live here and I intend to stay for awhile. Bob.

IV.

New York, June 23, 189-.

My dear son: It's most unfortunate, but I must again command you to cease your flirtation. I despise the Bontons. I knew Mrs. Bonton long before her marriage. Her husband once threatened to shoot me if I ever visited his house. He is a scoundrel. His wife is a magnificent woman but her daughter can never be your wife. Regard this as my ultimatum.

Your affectionate father,
Robert Dawson.

V.

Chicago, July 30, 189-.

My dear father: Here I am on my way home. I intended to stay but a few days but I have had the good fortune to make the acquaintance of a dashing young widow who interests me. I had the blues after leaving San Jose, but my fascinating widow has revived my depressed spirits. She is in the social swim of this city, but nobody appears to know much about her beyond the fact that she comes of good family and is a divorcée. I have been out driving with her a few times and we have been to the opera together. I have aroused the jealousy of a dozen young fellows for I have occupied all her time during the past week. I think I'll stay in Chicago for awhile. Bob.

VI.

New York, August 3, 189-.

My dear son: You neglected to state the name of your interesting widow. Your affectionate father,
Robert Dawson.

VII.

Chicago, August 6, 189-.

My dear father: Her name is Mrs. Louise Mayne. I am just going for a drive with her. Will send you further particulars in a few days Bob.

VIII.

New York, August 10, 189-.

My dear son: Mrs. Louise Mayne was my third wife. I married her in Paris when you were at college. I am now paying her alimony. Break away quick.

Yours etc.,
Robert Dawson.

IX.

Chicago, August 13, 189-.

My dear father: Please send me as soon as possible your private blacklist. I must have something to guide me in my future love affairs. Your affectionate son, Bob.

The Scribe.

The engraving of Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, is not only superior to that of other houses, but is less in cost. Compare their figures —as for the rest, no charge if not satisfactory. Other houses also charge fifty per cent more for stamping note-papers and with inferior workmanship.

ANOTHER WAR CRY

Since the war caused financial stringency
I curse my impecuniosity,
For the free lunch is not what it used to be,
And this comes mightily hard on me.—The Bohemian.

AN INDIAN LOVE STORY.

THE older settlers of Marin county tell a story of love and murder which is probably true in its main features.

Morning Dew, a beautiful Indian girl, was wooed and won by a pale face of noble birth who had been brought to California by one of the Mission Fathers from Barcelona The girl's father, chief of the tribe, though nominally a Catholic, was a hard, brutal man. Superstitious to a degree, he was the dupe and slave of the Medicine Man, a low, cunning rascal, who lusted for the youthful loveliness of Morning Dew, and she was promised to him by her father.

Ferdinand Morales, the gentle, courtly Spanish youth, was however a match for his crafty rival. One dark night Ferdinand had two ponies ready at the southern end of Tocaloma canyon, where the good padre was to wed them. Morning Dew, on her wedding night, as she rode behind the padre, laid her pretty cheek on his stout back and moaned and wept. In reply to questions she said she had seen a spirit the previous night, who conducted her in her vision to a dark cave. There she saw herself lying dead in her Indian wedding dress, and the padre, with his throat gaping from an awful wound, grasping a golden cross in his stiffened hand.

The padre, much affected, comforted the girl so successfully that on reaching the appointed spot and meeting her eager lover, her fears vanished as, in a few minutes, she became his wife.

They had scarcely mounted, however, and the padre had not concluded his parting blessing when—suddenly—they were quite surrounded by her father, the Medicine Man, and some twenty braves. The padre fell first, and then Morning Dew, swerving her pony to protect her husband, was pierced through her heart by an arrow shot at him by the Medicine Man.

The Medicine Man was about to dismount to stanch the blood from the girl's bosom, when, with one mighty stroke, his head was cloven in twain, and his body to his navel, by the huge, keen-edged tomahawk of the maddened father.

B. Welwyn Ashley.

Never appear to be more than you are, but always be more than you seem to be.—Frederick the Great.

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World of Letters

INCORPORATED in one of its lengthy and long drawn out "book reviews" the New York Times recently printed the following paragraph: "Stevenson called upon the well known editor of a well known magazine, presented letters of introduction, and asked the privilege of writing something. The editor eyed him dispassionately and told him his stuff would hardly do Nine years passed, the stuff had been disposed of elsewhere. The literary journals were filled with notes of the new author. In the full blaze of favor he paid another visit to America. Among the first to leave cards was the editor of the magazine. Stevenson rolled a cigarette and related the incident. 'How provoking! I wonder which of my clerks could have been so discourteous to you.' Stevenson lighted the cigarette, and replied mildly, with his usual beautiful smile, 'Now I recall his face. You are the man I saw.'"

Of course this is meant for Richard Watson Gilder and the Century. The part concerning the cigarette may be true; at all events there is no evidence at hand to contradict it. As to the rest here is Mr. Gilder's own account: "Before starting across the continent, Mr. Stevenson spent one wet and weary day in New York in the manner described in The Amateur Emigrant. He went, unknown, to several publishing houses, but describes his visit to only one book store, where he was first treated brusquely by a clerk, and then most cordially. This is not the visit to the old Scribners, now the Century (referred to by Edmund Gosse in his Personal Memories) on the upper floor of 743 Broadway. What happened there the present writer once tried to find out from Stevenson himself. He seems to have appeared at a small window in the business department, and asked a clerk whether he might write for the magazine. He brought no credentials and no manuscripts. If he saw any one of the editorial corps, none of them had any remembrance of it, nor did he seem himself to have carried away any impression of any editorial conversation. Certainly he remembered no rudeness Doub'less the angel Gabriel may any day suffer the same fate at any little window of any publishers, and no one be to blame. It is just such a possibility as this, however, and the fact that every editor knows in his heart how often he does disastrous things in his own proper person, and not by proxy, that keep him in a perpetual state of anxiety, and make him waste precious time over possible angel Gabriels who are so often nothing but poor (literary) sinners. Shall the present writer ever forget the bad quarter of five minutes that Stevenson once gave him out of pure deviltry? "Now whom *did* you see that day Stevenson?" said he. Stevenson looked his questioner straight in the face. "Come to think of it, I believe it was you. Yes, it *was* you." If ever blood ran cold it did then. "Now let us get at the date" quoth the accused. Ah! the date! That settled it! A protracted sick-leave a European "alibi," released his victim from tormeut.

This suppositious insult occurred in 1879. As a matter of fact, in 1883, we find Stevenson, in his correspondence with Edmund Gosse, asking the latter to "beg Gilder your prettiest for a gentleman in pecuniary sloughs," and The Silverado Squatters, that humorous honeymoon sojourn in a deserted wildcat mine on Mt. St. Helena, was not only written for the Century but was the first of Stevenson's contributions to the American magazines. Perhaps it is a pity to spoil the nice little tale of the Times, especially when anything which concerns Stevenson ever so remotely is such good copy, but when facts are so easily come-at-able, it is just as well to be reasonably accurate, the more so when the real story is just as good as the apocryphal version.

In commenting upon the popularity of David Harum a contemporary remarks: "Books of the David Harum sort are inevitable. The writers of them, having that ignorant conceit which is born of a consciousness of power without an educated sense of its use, will never seek the kindly assistance of trained minds in the production of their work," which I interpret to mean that those who have not devoted their lives to literary pursuits should seek out a collaborator amongst those already known to the literary world, or as an alternative, submit their manuscript to one of the numerous bureaus of revision which have sprung into existence as crutches by which lame writers may be enabled to limp. As to collaboration there are comparatively few minds which work well in double harness. An author who is well known generally has plans enough of his own to occupy his mind, and is in no haste to lend his name to an unknown, nor is there any good reason why he should be. He is not likely to gain and is apt to suffer in reputation if not in pocket. On the other hand the unknown has no occasion to seek another in his own class. He can succeed quite as well alone, and at best it would be but the blind leading the blind. Of the other alternative, a revision bureau, too much cannot be said in discouragement. Competent writers and critics can make too good use of their time and abilities to connect themselves with any such institutions. Their proprietors generally manage to work their advertisements and circulars so as to convey the impression that some of the best known writers are indebted to their ministrations. The schedule of prices they are prepared to charge would deter a millionaire and the quality of their work would put to shame a bright grammar school pupil. The inexperienced writer who needs assistance in his work is fortunate if he has among his friends a competent critic who can devote time to reading with him, page by page, supervising each change and correction, but keeping his own hands off the pen. Lacking this, let him select some competent journalist—premising, of course, that he knows the meaning of competent, and be prepared to pay him at the rate of at least fifty cents per working hour. Books of the David Harum sort are inevitable because reading is the recreation of the many, not the occupation of the few The artisan and the laborer physically tired after their day's work are not mentally refreshed. Their minds are as much in need of recreation as their bodies are of rest and it is the exception among them who feels in condition to grapple with abstruse problems or hair splitting arguments and quibbles. The leisurely scholar may spend an hour in his library of a morning poring over some psychological subtlety. The man of action has a few minutes, by lamplight, before bedtime, and he wants something he can understand at once. Moreover, there are sorrows and troubles enough in the work-a-day world. David Harum is cheerful, decent and wholesome. An old saw used to set forth the three best physicians as Dr. Diet, Dr. Quiet and Dr. Merryman and it is many a year since poor Merryman has had a fair share of the practice.

No one who has occasion to consult book catalogues can fail to observe the unconscious humor arising from the juxtaposition of titles. A late London publisher's list announces "The Archbishop's Decision as to the Leturgical Use of Incense, and the Lawfulness of Carrying Lights in Processions," and follows it by "The Light that Failed."

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THE CASE REVERSED

[AT TOM'S BACHELOR AFTERNOON]

The dear old men,
The sweet young men,
The men with lots of dough;
The tall, thin men,
The short, stout men,
All kinds of men, you know.

The flirting men,
The quiet men,
The men who jokes can hurl;
The handsome men
The ugly men—
But I, the only *girl!*—THE SOUBRETTE.

HAPPY SCHOOL DAYS

Professor: I see you have written this poem over a nom de plume. Was your name too good for the poem, or was the poem too good for your name?

Professor (examining a student of the law): Suppose you accept a case, what would be the first thing you would do?
Student: I would ask for a deposit.

Professor (addressing an old pupil who does not care much for him): When Alexander was as old as you, he had already discovered the world.
Pupil: But he had Aristotle as teacher.—THE DUNCE.

An agriculture college has been established in the east for the higher education of the cow. The theory of the faculty is that the cow can be trained by proper diet to produce more and better milk. If the institution is successful it will probably lead to the higher education of the chicken for the purpose of teaching her to lay more and larger eggs of greater durability.

In her first passion, woman loves her lover;
In all the others, all she loves is love.

—Byron

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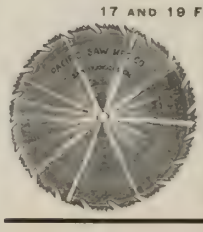

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OUR OPINION

Why We Deplore His Candidacy

ONE of the Call's bright young men who with blissful, unblushing effrontery obtains money by false pretenses every time he draws his salary, is guilty of the malicious misconstruction of an editorial which appeared in TOWN TALK last week. As a pretext for a Sunday sermon on the advisability of electing a good Christian like Mr. Horace Davis, he assumes that TOWN TALK deplores the candidacy of the republican nominee for Mayor because the latter happens to be the teacher of a Bible class. There was nothing in TOWN TALK'S editorial to warrant such assumption. On the contrary we deprecated the action of the unholy politicians in enticing the old gentleman away from his Bible class by misrepresentation regarding a national crisis which they persuaded him to believe it was his duty to avert. TOWN TALK believes that a great injustice has been done both Mr. Davis and the Bible class which must necessarily suffer through his neglect. Why spoil a good Sunday-school teacher by dragging him into politics? In his capacity as a teacher of a Sunday school Mr. Davis is deserving of the highest respect, for in impressing upon the young the value of the moral guidance of the Bible he renders a service that cannot be too highly appraised. Every Sunday-school teacher is engaged in the work of making good citizens. His labor of love distinguishes him as a public benefactor, but the public esteem in which he is held and his efficiency as a disseminator of moralities are measured by the gauge of his sincerity. Even a blithering Call idiot knows that hypocrisy has found its way into the Sunday school, and he is probably also aware of the fact that when it is exposed it causes a shock, and promotes sneering and scoffing among the irreligious. Now the sincerity of Mr. Davis was never doubted until he took to the stump, and made it apparent that he was willing to assist the predatory rich who are trying to deprive the community of the services of Mayor Phelan, by gross misrepresentation suggestive of the vilest hypocrisy. Hence it should not be difficult to understand why TOWN TALK deplores Mr. Davis' neglect of his Bible class.

Robbing Heroes of Their Glory

THIS is the age of disillusion. We are as prone to hero worship as they were in the days of Alexander and Cæsar, but though we are easily enthused, the echoes of our applause scarcely die away when we proceed to take a skeptical view of the transaction that evoked our warm approval. It is the fashion to be cynical and we like to be disillusioned. After Dewey's dashing and decisive victory in Manila bay we indulged in second thought, and there were some of us who concluded that, in view of the back-number character of the Spanish vessels and armament, their destruction was not a phenomenal achievement. Hobson was lionized for awhile, but when it was ascertained that his bold feat failed to accomplish its purpose he was no longer worshiped. Shafter was elevated to a pedestal after the surrender of Santiago, but since then his conduct has been subjected to deep scrutiny, and we have concluded that he was nothing more than a very lucky man. For awhile General Funston was the undisputed hero of the Philippines. He became famous as the Kansas fighter whose feat of swimming across the river in the face of the enemy and in defiance of the Filipinos' hail of Mauser bullets won for him the applause of a nation and the admiration of the world. Yet now we hear that Funston can't swim, and as a matter of fact he made the trip across the river on a raft but not until seven or eight companions had crossed and put the enemy to flight. So the Funston swimming episode is going to join the William Tell apple shooting incident which was long ago denounced as the bold fake of a yellow historian. Funston may continue to be admired as a fighter but it is unfortunate that he should be denied the pleasure of being handed down to posterity in the role of a second Horatius.

Rothschild, De Reszke and the Check

ACCORDING to a press cable dispatch from Paris the story is going the rounds of the clubs that when Jean de Reszke was last in Paris he was invited to dinner at Baron Rothschild's, and during the reception which followed he cheerfully complied with frequent requests to sing. At the conclusion of his last piece his host presented him with a blank check at the same time saying in a loud tone, "We are all delighted, Monsieur; I don't know what your prices are, but you may write your own figure upon this check." M. de Reszke indignantly tore the paper into fragments and subsequently challenged the Baron to a duel. The Baron discreetly declined to accept the challenge, saying that while he intended the offer of the check as a rebuke he believed it would have been accepted if it had not been handed to the singer publicly. The whole story has a very fishy flavor, but it is a fair sample of the sort of yarns that interest the habitués of the Parisian clubs and cafés.

It is not likely that Baron Rothschild would deliberately proclaim himself a cad by wilfully insulting a guest in his own home. If he had done so in the manner described, M. de Reszke would have been justified in rebuking the insult on the spot. Moreover, if the scene described did occur in the Rothschild home, and the temperament of the distinguished tenor is such that he could have restrained his feelings with the intention of resorting to the code duello, and in his calmer moments did issue a challenge, Baron Rothschild could not afford to plead by way of excuse for non-acceptance that De Reszke was only indulging in a gallery play when he refused the check. When a man is challenged to a duel for the purpose of wiping out an insult, it is not his privilege to analyze the feelings of the author of the challenge, especially when that person is on his social level, and Rothschild has no greater prestige than De Reszke except in point of wealth. Then again it is not likely that Baron Rothschild is handing out blank checks, and publicly authorizing the recipients thereof to fill in to their own satisfaction. And it is by means certain that, if he did do the rash thing asserted by the author of the Parisian tale, Jean de Reszke would have permitted him to get away with the bluff.

The Inaccuracies of a Magazine Article

AN article in the current number of Self Culture, entitled "The Old Missions of California" contains about as many errors as could well be crowded into so brief a bit of writing —four pages, including three good-sized illustrations. There is nothing surprising in the mere fact of anyone's turning his ignorance to account. That is an every-day occurrence, but it is a wonder that a compilation so inaccurate should have found acceptance by the editors of Self Culture. Even if all the necessary information were not already to be had from a hundred reliable printed sources there are the Landmark club, the Pioneer society and the Native Sons and Daughters of the Golden West, all of whom are interested in the preservation of relics and the early history of California, not to mention the best authority of all, the officials of the Catholic church, who are always ready to answer questions or permit the inspection of documents in their possession. As the author dates his article from Los Angeles it is difficult to make excuses for one who was on the ground, so to speak, and could have obtained all his information at first hand. Indeed, Dr. May's excellent and exhaustive articles which have been a feature of the Sunset Magazine have left no room for anything further on the subject. To pass over such comparatively insignificant errors as "Juneperi," or the bay of "San Dionysio" (Diego) or the characterization of the Franciscan friars as a "sect," it is somewhat amusing to find Father Salvatierra shorn of half his patronymic and called only Father Tierra, and the number of Indians connected with the eighteen missions which had been established up to 1800 given as six hundred and forty-seven—less than sixteen to each mission! When we come to the enumeration of the missions themselves we find the dates of their foundation not even "thereabouts." San Antonio de Padua is given as "de Adua," an error not to be shifted to the shoulders of the poor printer; San Luis Rey is enumerated twice, once under the full title San Luis Rey de Francia, with the date 1776, and again as San Luis Rey, 1798, this latter being correct. No mention is made of the Mission Dolores, though the old church is in an excellent state of preservation, and up to a very recent period was still serving as a place of worship. It is the oldest building in San Francisco, having its centennial in the fall of 1776, when mass was celebrated in the open air and the cornerstone of the new brick church was laid. Next in order comes a quotation from Richard Henry Dana's "Two Years Before the Mast," "who lingered in South California about 1840"—only about four years wrong, and four years in California just then was more than forty years on the east coast. The paragraph in question is cut off to give the impression that Dana blamed the missionaries for the immorality of the Indians, whereas he quoted instances which "show the entire want of any sense of morality or domestic duty amongst them." The Diggers of California and their cousins the Piutes of Nevada were about the lowest specimens of humanity that the earth produced. They had neither tools nor weapons, and as a rule their only shelter was the lee side of a bush, and their clothing a coating of mud. They gorged when nature provided food, and food was indiscriminately anything that could be conveyed to their mouths, and they starved when supplies gave out. They had no domestic or agricultural arts, even of the crudest description, nor were they "docile, half-idiotic wretches," for they proved themselves cunning, fierce and treacherous, and they were destitute of even the most rudimentary ideas of morality. The mission buildings are in themselves monuments to the success, not failure of the Franciscan friars and when one considers the material they had to work with the matter for astonishment is not that they did so little but so much. The missionaries never professed to instruct the Indians to such a degree that they would shed their skins and become Caucasians, nor did they expect the savages to become such expert theologians as to be able to hold their own in arguments with the shining lights of other denominations. The Mission of San Diego was founded in 1769, and the secularization was accomplished in 1826, so that the Indians were under instruction for less than sixty years, yet they had learned much of agriculture, cattle and sheep farming, blacksmithing, saddle making, tanning, weaving and domestic work and were well clothed and subsisted in addition to receiving all this instruction. It is easy to point to the failure of the Franciscans "after one hundred and forty-three years of tuition," but be it remembered that in comparison with the Diggers, the Indians of the eastern coast were a highly civilized race, yet at the end of one hundred and fifty years contact with the English settlers who did not enslave them, the Indians were not occupying chairs in the faculty of Harvard college, nor were they holding forth from Boston pulpits on the latest improved doctrines of Christianity. There were precious few Indians left when the college was founded and the New England pulpits began to flourish.

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COME TRY SOME ON

The Issue That Does Not Exist

THE NEW YORK SUN commenting upon President McKinley's western trip undertaken for the purpose of mending his fences, states that "the part of his address which inspired the warmest enthusiasm was that which declared his inflexible purpose to support the flag at any cost." There is nothing surprising in that. The spellbinder always makes a hit when he indulges in spreadeagleism. And President McKinley is no exception. Moreover the people that dissent from the sentiment regarding the upholding of the flag at any cost are somewhat scarce, whereas those that approve it are always in evidence at political meetings. Republican newspapers and republican politicians are very busily engaged of late in trying to create the impression that the only people who are not loyally supporting the flag are in the democratic party, and that the democratic party intends to make the question of the advisability of retaining the fruits of victory an issue of the next national campaign. Moreover some color is given to their representations by certain prominent democratic politicians and democratic newspapers who are engaged in the buncombe manufacturing business. Because the international complications which resulted in the expansion of American territory were precipitated under a republican administration, certain short-sighted democrats entertain the notion that it is their duty to denounce the policy under which the result was accomplished. But there are other democrats who rejoice in expansion, and who while they condemn McKinley for paying twenty million dollars for territory captured by American arms, and who believe that he should be censured as the person responsible for many of the scandals of the war as well as for the abortive attempts to subdue the Filipinos which have produced so much unnecessary bloodshed, still they are loyal to the flag, and are with their country right or wrong. When the next national democratic convention is held those loyal democrats will be heard from and they will protest against the creation of an issue which is repugnant to all patriotic citizens. Until the party in national convention assembled declares its principles, it is unjust to the loyal democrats of the country to adjudge them guilty of harboring sentiments such as are proclaimed by pestiferous politicians imbued with no other purpose than that of capturing public office. But why, it would be interesting to know, should it be assumed that the democracy is opposed to expansion? If a few men can dictate the principles of an entire party why should it not be assumed that the G. O. P. is opposed to the policy of the administration? Thomas Brackett Reed and Honorable George Frisbie Hoar are two distinguished republicans whose views on expansion are diametrically opposed to those of William McKinley, and there are many other prominent republican leaders in the New England states who favor the surrender of the Philippines, but it does not necessarily follow that the republican party will repudiate the President in the next convention.

The Saunterer

SOME weeks ago I took occasion to refer briefly to a few of the brilliant journalistic achievements of Mabel Clare Craft of the Chronicle staff and incidentally I suggested that perhaps the day was not far distant when that exceptionally talented young woman would be occupying an editor's chair. But I had not the remotest intimation of the day's propinquity. I have learned from reliable authority that J. P. Young, managing editor of the Chronicle, has determined upon assigning her to the chair of the Chronicle's Sunday supplement editor, and I desire to compliment him upon the excellent judgment he has displayed. For a long time Taleisin Evans has been the editor of the supplement, but he is soon to take the place of William Gifford Smith, the chief editorial writer, who is to start for Honolulu where he will engage in the newspaper business. In the Chronicle office there are less of what are known in newspaper circles as "shake ups" than on any other newspaper in the country. J. P. Young, the managing editor, has occupied that position for almost a quarter of a century, and during that time there have not been more than three different city editors.

Nearly all the "shop" gossip of newspaper circles during the week has related to women of the profession. Annie Laurie (Mrs. Winnifred Black) has been the subject of much discussion. Among other things I have heard denied the story of her contemplated marriage to a Chicago millionaire. She has recently been engaged in getting up a boom edition of the Denver Post, but she has gone back to the Journal staff again. I understand that Mr. Hearst has been paying her one hundred dollars a week for several years and that she has invested her money so effectively that she is now possessed of considerable wealth. In a chat with a friend recently she stated that she would end her days in single blessedness, and that although her matrimonial experience was not to her liking she would rather have endured it than not to have married at all.

Another morceau of gossip involves Mrs. Mary Davison of the Examiner art staff. She has gone to New York to join the California colony in the Journal office. I understand that she has not been satisfied with her details on the Examiner since her return from abroad. Faking pictures for the Sunday supplement was not a pastime that appealed to her fancy. She prefers sketching people from life. Another California recruit in the Journal office is Miss Ada Paterson, formerly of the Call staff. Since leaving this city she has worked for the St. Louis Globe-Democrat and the New York World. She has at last found congenial work on the Sunday Journal. She interviews

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celebrities, writes love stories and grinds out pathetic nonsense, and all for fifty dollars a week.

George Gohen, managing editor of the Report, has been summoned to his home in Cincinnati by the news of his father's serious illness. Thomas Edward Gohen, the father of the Report's editor, is one of the most celebrated manufacturing chemists in the country. He was for many years chief chemist in the employment of the Marsh & Harwood Chemical company, but he retired from the practice of his profession fifteen years ago. He is now in his eighty-fifth year. He is a native of County Kerry, Ireland, and is a graduate of the Dublin Chemical college. On his mother's side young Mr. Gohen is related to the De Courseys of France.

First clubman: Brown is one of the worst prevaricators I know. Why he actually seems to believe his own lies.

Second clubman: That's lucky—since none of us will.

I heard a good little story the other day on Arthur Mathews and which perhaps explains the reason Mathews no longer raves over French art and French realism. It will be remembered that Mr. Mathews went abroad to study. He painted some things which he sent to the Salon but which were rejected. Shortly after Mathews wrote that fearful critique on French art, in general and the degeneracy of the Salon in particular, that startled local art circles and promoted such lively discussion.

Apropos of Mathews I heard another story in which figures his favorite pupil, Martinez, who is a native Mexican. When Martinez heard that Joullin had been painting in Mexico he bristled up in what would have been a fine rage in a larger man, and said with a fierceness reminiscent of a fighting-cock:

"What right has he got to paint my subjects?"

And then someone suggested that Martinez take out a patent on the Mexican landscape.

"If I had not such a keen sense of humor I could have been married many years ago," said the antique damsel to her charming young niece.

"How did your keen sense of humor interfere with your nuptials?" she was asked.

"When the young man proposed I took it as a joke and he never called again."

The new corset has struck San Francisco at last and on the promenade last Saturday it was very much in evidence. From an æsthetic as well as a dramatic point of view the new corset is striking. I say dramatic because it gives a touch of the stage to the least actress-like form. It is extremely fetching on a young woman with a willowy figure and whose waist is naturally small—but woe betide the stout woman who dons this corset! I saw three fat women wandering along Kearny street on their homeward way after the "Camille" matinee, and really I regretted that each had not some kind friend at hand to tell her "not to." The display was not only indecent but utterly absurd.

The bon vivant of moderate means has suffered a severe shock. The succulent sprig duck is soaring beyond his reach. The small hot bird has become a rara avis indeed. There was a time when, in the duck season, the sprig constituted one of the courses at a regular dinner of the smart tenderloin rotisserie, but it is now a delicious memory. In Marchand's the sprig is quoted on the bill of fare at one dollar and a half per capita. That means that you pay one dollar and a half for your meal and one dollar and a half more for a duck providing you can afford the luxury. The fact is that ducks are scarce this season. Charley Fair went up to the haunts of the duck in the neighborhood of Petaluma the other day, intent upon doing some fine shooting, but he returned with nothing but his appetite. Even the pot-hunter is finding the game scarce, and hence the local bon vivant sighs when he glances over his bill of fare and finds that his favorite delicacy has became an expensive luxury.

Up in Sacramento they are mourning the loss of a Bishop. Ever since his elevation to the bishopric of the northern district, the Reverend Hall Moreland has acted as though he were a very much discontented man, and the members of his flock have seen very little of him, for he has spent most of his time in this city where social diversions are not so few and far between as they are in our somewhat rural capital city. I believe the grievance to which he has given expression is his failure to secure a suitable residence in Sacramento. The good people of the Episcopal church have tried in vain to find a home to his liking. In every house that was offered him there was something lacking. He is not satisfied with all the modern improvements that contribute so largely to the comforts of home for he wants in addition a nicely equipped chapel. Unfortunately the benighted people of Sacramento have never regarded a chapel as one of the essential features of a commodious residence. A chapel is one of those domestic luxuries that have never been brought to their attention. Since learning of the troubles of the wandering, homeless bishop I have thought of how great would be the shock if he were sent away to one of the South Sea islands to do missionary work.

Tom Dwyer, late Chief of Police of Sacramento, must have been one of God's noblemen. I did not know him but since his death I have heard so much of the exceptional character of the man, that notwithstanding his comparatively humble station and even though some weeks have fled since he passed away I am constrained to point to him as one, who though to fortune and to fame unknown lived not altogether in vain, for in him were joined so many admirable qualities that he could not have failed to instil a desire of emulation. I consider it remarkable that a man who had not the advantages of education, graduated from the workshop, and occupying a comparatively obscure position in a small town, should by the force of his character have made himself so conspicuous as a man of sterling worth as to excite the admiration of men in all stations of life. One of the most eloquent eulogies I heard spoken of him was in

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these words: "He was a chief of police who was satisfied with his salary." That is not a great deal to say in a man's favor, yet how few are the chiefs of police of whom it can be said. Supposing Isaiah W. Lees had passed away and as his funeral cortege passed up Market street the siren on the Examiner building should screech out those words?

My Oakland correspondent writes me that Miss Anne Giblin, who has just returned from Europe with her aunt and is staying at the Hotel Metropole, is expected to make a sensation in society this winter. It is not that Miss Giblin is so beautiful, because she is striking-looking rather than handsome, but her type is something out of the common. At Stanford university, where she was a student before her aunt took her abroad, she was nicknamed "Trilby." The Du Maurier novel at that time was at the height of its popularity and Miss Giblin's friends considered she was the fulfillment of the artist's ideal.

Mrs. Chilly: Yes, I had to get a divorce from Jack.
Mrs. Gossip: Was he cruel to you?
Mrs. Chilly: No, it was not that. But he was so often mistaking me for my maid, and snatching kisses in the dark.

The mother of a pupil in one of our grammar schools has addressed a letter to TOWN TALK complaining of the methods of School Superintendent Webster. She states that her son is overburdened with lessons and that when she complained to his teacher recently, she was told that since July the teachers have received no less than three courses of study. She expresses the opinion that the present school department management aims to make patients for nerve specialists out of the unfortunate pupils. I cannot attribute to the School Board any such base motive. I prefer to suspect that the frequent changes of the course of study and the cramming process are due to the efforts of the management of the department to stimulate the text-book industry. When the new charter goes into operation the greed of the text-book publishers will be curbed, and the purpose of the department will then be to educate the young without impairing their mental faculties.

L. S. Sherman is back from Europe. E. W. Newhall and family have returned to San Rafael after an extended eastern trip.

Eugene J. Gregory, ex-mayor of Sacramento, once upon a time an aspirant for gubernatorial honors, and an erstwhile good fellow, has lately been heard from in New York. A few years ago Gregory fell from grace. He imposed upon the confidence of a Sacramento widow and swindled her out of ten thousand dollars. She was a widow of a Mason and as a consequence of his conduct Gregory was expelled from the order, and the Knights Templar refused to affiliate with him any longer. From the story that comes from New York it appears that Gregory's disgrace failed to diminish his effrontery. Several weeks ago the Knights Templar had a parade in New York and Gregory appeared in line in full regalia. It appears that he had been affiliating with the Masons in New York and that they had sent to this state to ascertain whether he was in good standing. The record of his expulsion was sent on and reached the metropolis a few days before the parade. Just as he was about to start in the procession an officer stepped up and ordered him out of line. Shortly after being subjected to this humiliation he left New York and I believe he is now in Europe.

My New York correspondent writes me that Sunday is no longer fashionable as the day at home of the smart matron, and that the reason of this may be laid at the golf door. People play golf now in the country instead of receiving their friends in town. Sunday as a reception day became popular in New York when imported from London, but when the London swim began to go out of town on the Sabbath to engage in golf playing, New York of course had to follow. I believe we shall yet hear of the New York social season being arranged so as to be contemporaneous with the London season, and society will remain in town during the spring and summer instead of the fall and winter. This could be very well done in San Francisco, where our summer climate is favorable to enjoying the social pleasures of a town season, but in New York the change could not be made so easily.

Sunday as a day at home has always been the proper thing in London's Bohemia, as it is the day of leisure of artists, actors, newspaper writers and musicians. The workers have one day in the week to themselves and thus even stage stars may find time for the interchange of social courtesies. Probably as a mere fad society took up the Sunday reception and then it naturally crossed the ocean and took root in New York, which is always ready to absorb new customs. Sunday, however, is the bohemians' day and it is perhaps as well that it should be discarded by society and given back to its original owners.

I was much interested in a recent newspaper discussion of the Sabbath theatrical performance. The writer of the article very properly contended that the actor and actress, as well as the artisan, should be given one day of rest out of the seven. The first-class theatres in other American cities, as well as those in England, are not open on Sundays. San Francisco is not Paris. Our population is cosmopolitan, it is true, but our foreign residents are perfectly willing to adapt themselves to American conditions. For my part, I believe that the stage people are overworked and that they are entitled to Sunday as a holiday.

After the Shamrock had demonstrated that she was much better adapted for drifting purposes than the Columbia, many people concluded that Sir Thomas Lipton was destined to lift the cup. The betting changed and certain New York papers proceeded to censure the owners of the Columbia. Mrs. C. Oliver Iselin came in for more than her share of roasting. It appears that Mrs. Iselin, who is a famous yachtswoman, has had more to say about the terms of the International cup contest than either her husband or J. Pierpont Morgan, who are the principal owners of the Columbia. It was Mrs. Iselin who suggested the employment of Captain Barr and who emphatically declined to allow the syndicate to employ Haff, Terry or Grayling, and it was she who offered the Herreshoffs many hints about the lines and in the matter of building the American boat. From the moment of the acceptance of the challenge she was the leading spirit in all affairs pertaining to the Columbia and she was aboard the yacht in every race. One New York paper asserted that Mrs. Iselin was responsible for the poor work of the Columbia in the drifting contests, because she was always at Captain Barr's elbow making suggestions. It should only be fair to the lady to give her credit for the achievements of the Columbia when there was sufficient breeze to enable Captain Barr to show the stuff she was made of. If she could be held responsible for the defeat of the yacht then surely she is entitled to the glory of victory.

Brown: My son has proved a terrible disappointment.
Jones: I'm surprised; I heard he wrote the prize essay.
Brown: He did, but he failed to get on the football team.

I have received a letter from Mr. Ben Sanders who states that Mr. Jack Casserly intends to reimburse the defrauded depositors of the defunct bank which was robbed many years ago by a man named Duncan, and he requests that in the event of Mr. Casserly's doing so he be given well deserved praise in these columns. I can assure Mr. Sanders that the praise will be forthcoming almost as soon as the money. The story of Mr. Casserly's contemplated generosity has been in circulation for nearly a year, but I have never given it credence. From the Sanders' letter I glean the information that Joe Donohoe, the friend of Jack Casserly, is responsible for the yarn. I am inclined to the belief that Donohoe has been having a little fun at his friend Casserly's expense. As far as I can ascertain there is no good and substantial reason why Casserly should attempt to wipe out the indebtedness of the defunct bank. The money was stolen and surely no member of the Casserly family is to blame.

Because of the prominence of the Welsh's in Stockton, where they have a beautiful home at the corner of El Dorado and Poplar streets, a great deal of interest is attached to the wedding of Miss Grace Welsh to Mr. William Emerson Elliot of San Francisco on Thursday of last week, writes my Stockton correspondent. The bride's father is a prominent millman and capitalist and is counted one of the wealthiest men in San Joaquin county. The entire family had but recently returned from a sojourn in Europe, beside extended travels in the orient, and it was expected that there might be many pleasing innovations attending the wedding. The unostentation which characterizes the Welsh's was in evidence however, and the only thing "yellow" about the wedding was the decorations. The bridesmaids, Miss Clary, Miss Wilhoit and Miss Peters, were gowned in yellow muslin de soie and carried bouquets of yellow chrysanthemums, while the maid of honor, Miss Maud Welsh, appeared in yellow taffeta and chiffon, carrying the same yellow blossoms. Little Ruth Seymour, a niece of the groom, bore the ring used in the service. An October shower was falling as the bridal party and friends left the church for the home of the bride's parents, and the usual shower of rice and old shoes followed the young people to their carriage when they left the house for the railway station.

The idea is an exploded one that only married ladies or men are capable of being at the head of a dancing club. The reverse was pleasantly proved last Friday evening at Century hall when the Alpha Cotillion gave its first dance. The club was organized by Miss Gertrude Burnett, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Wellington Burnett. She is a popular girl in her set and is corresponding secretary of Sequoia Chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution. The leader of the new figures of the german was Thorington C. Chase of Stanford university, who has recently returned from Manila. He is a son of Captain G. N. Chase, U. S. A. The leader was gracefully assisted by Miss Burnett. The girls were all beautifully frocked, the music good and the favors unique. The club is limited to fifty members with privilege of one guest each for the evening, and is chaperoned by Mrs. W. C. Burnett, Mrs. L. Douglas Adam and Mrs. Irving Moulton. There were some interesting guests on Friday night, and the members present were: Misses Berkmeyer, Burnett, Booth, De Long, Dougherty, Göttig, Hendy, Howell, Moulton, Murphy, Newell, Jackson, Prindle, Scoville, Spence and Young; Messrs. Bacon, Beeson, Burnett, Cahill, Chase, Clapp, Cline, Dougherty, Mann, Maginnis, Rose, Seawell and Spencer; Dr. Rosenthal and Dr. Starr.

Mrs. R. J. Tolmie, Miss Blanche Tolmie, Mrs. Olivia Warfield Masters, George and Charles Warfield arrived from the east Wednesday to spend the winter in San Francisco as the guests of Robert Tolmie at 1456 Franklin street.

Cards are out announcing the marriage in Los Angeles on October ninth of Miss Jessie May Young, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Young, and Edwin Cramer of the Equitable Life Insurance company of this city. Mr. and Mrs. Cramer will reside at the Hotel Stewart, corner of Ellis and Leavenworth streets, and will be at home on the first and third Mondays after November tenth. One of this season's announced engagements is that of Miss Anna Flint, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Brilsford P. Flint, and Edward C. Landis, the general agent of the London Guardian and Accident company. Mr. Landis is very well known in local business and insurance circles and Miss Flint is a great favorite among a large circle of friends. The date of the marriage has not been definitely settled.

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The press agent may not be the noblest work of God but he is surely one of the most valuable as Mr. Edwin Markham, the professional poet, can testify. Mr. Markham's press agent is a most industrious and capable chap and as a consequence Markham's verse, good, bad and indifferent, is now in great demand. Moreover he is getting high prices for the output of his poetic fancy and he is urging his weary Pegasus at a mad pace. The Markham press agent, who is perhaps none other than Mr. Bailey Millard, says in the Boston Transcript of "The Man with the Hoe":

"The verses were instantly conceded to be the greatest poetic utterances of the century."

Shades of Tom Moore, Walter Scott, Byron, Hugo, Shelley, Wordsworth, Tennyson and Browning! Think of Markham poetry being ranked above the works of those immortal bards. There is still hope for that other great odesmith, Mr. William Greer Harrison, who has lately been describing yacht races in blank verse.

Although Markham's verses have not been conceded to be the greatest poetic utterances of the century by any person whose concession in such a matter would be of any value, still there is no doubt that they have attracted a great deal of attention, and are so far above the commonplace of latter day effusions that the author has been more than once suspected of having borrowed his inspiration. A striking resemblance has lately been noted between "The Man With the Hoe" and two passages in "Sartor Resartus." In the chapter on "Helotage" appears the following:

Two men I honor and no third. First the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made implement laboriously conquers the earth and makes her man's. * * * Hardly entreated Brother! For us was our back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed; thou wert our Conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred. * * * But what I do mourn over is, that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly, or even of earthly knowledge should visit him; but only, in the haggard darkness, like two spectres, Fear and Indignation, bearing company. Alas, while the body stands so broad and brawny, must the soul lie blinded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated!

Whatever may be thought of the resemblance there can at least be no doubt of the superiority of the poetry of Carlyle's prose over that of Markham's verse.

Mrs. Mooney of Oakland is to enjoy a visit from her daughter, Lady Sholto Douglas, and her grandchild, the heir of the Marquis of Queensberry. The marriage of the vaudeville artist and the scion of an aristocratic house of Great Britain has turned out very happily, it seems. It was probably all ordered by fate. Lord Sholto's marriage was one of those events that never could have happened if Bakersfield had not been such a very dull place. The story of the affair, as it was told to me in a version never before given to the public, is that while Lord Sholto was sojourning with some English friends at a ranch near Bakersfield, he became bored to death at the dullness of ranch life and decided to sample the delights afforded by Bakersfield's tenderloin. At a dance hall he met Miss Addis, fell in love with her and later persuaded her to become his wife. It was, therefore, Lord Sholto's desire to find relief from ennui that led to one of the most widely talked of international alliances of the day.

For years Herman Muller of the German bank has been considered a hopeless case of bachelor by his friends, therefore it was a surprise to the majority when this week he became a benedict. Mr. Muller has been classed among the available single men by givers of card parties and musicales for so long that his defection from the ranks of bachelors will be much deplored. The bride in the case was Miss Fanny Antonio Barthen and the wedding was celebrated by Reverend Horatio Stebbins at the First Unitarian church on Wednesday evening.

It is somewhat significant that Horace Davis and Dr. O'Donnell have resorted to the same method of advertising—a mammoth wagon and a loud bell.

It is now good form in New York for hostesses to receive their guests only on the staircase. The Sun says this idea was imported from London. In "The Dancing Girl," it will be remembered, the Duke of Guisebury received his guests at the foot of the staircase upon which later Diana made her famous fall. But staircases of such width are rare in American houses. Fancy a San Francisco hostess whose residence is an upper flat attempting to follow this custom! And a great many of our smart set reside in flats.

If it's a cosy upper flat
Wherein your fête you hold,
Small chance have you to greet them
In Fashion's latest mode.
It's not so very easy
To do it up in style,
To give your guests the glad-hand
As up the stairs they file;
And if perchance a lower flat
Is all that you can boast,
You'll find it still more difficult
To play the modern host.

Another thing that is now considered good form, being restored to the popularity it formerly enjoyed, is the "good-bye at the door." A few years ago the fiat was issued by the censor of London's smart set that the custom of saying good-bye to a hostess after a large crush must henceforth be a back number. It was assumed that the hostess had enough to do in greeting new-comers without disseminating polite farewells to departing guests. Now, however, nous avons changé tout cela. The correct thing in le monde de société is to bid your hostess good-bye in the old style. The more gushing the farewell, the more empressement the flitting guest displays in her hand-clasp, she has more nearly approached the proper caper in adieus.

Dr. J. F. Haney, formerly with the Los Angeles Osteopathic College, is assisting Dr. A. C. Moore with his large clientage at the San Francisco Osteopathic Institute, consequently no one will have to wait for treatment. At the request of the patients the office will now be open between seven and eight, evenings.

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There was universal grief at the sad news brought by Tuesday's cable of the death in Paris of Mrs. Crittenden Thornton. The bereaved husband has the sincere sympathy of the community in his loss. It was only a few weeks ago that Mr. Thornton was receiving congratulations upon the marriage of his daughter Helen and Siegfried Schacher of Paris. The Schachers are now on their way home, accompanied by Mrs. Colton, with the body of Mrs. Thornton which will be buried here. Mrs. Thornton was the daughter of the late Gen. D. D. Colton and was a very charming woman, representative of the highest culture of the golden state. Mrs. Colton has one other daughter, Mrs. Henry McLean Martin.

"I could never stand financial reverses," said Mrs. Newrich. "If my husband lost his money I'd throw myself into the bay."

"You would by that annoy your desire," returned her Dearest Friend. "You would be in the swim."

L. Du Pont Syle is not the only dilettante journalist hereabouts occupying a university chair. Mr. Syle has been so successful in afflicting the readers of the Examiner with that tired feeling by means of his pedantic screeds on the theatre and the drama, that the Call's spirit of emulation has prompted the managing editor of that journal to search for high class talent at the headquarters of the pellucid stream of higher education. Du Pont Syle being a representative of Berkeley, the Call made its draft upon the faculty of Stanford. Du Pont Syle writes learnedly and ponderously of the drama as "she was wrote" in France aeons ago. Professor Lathrop, the Call's acquisition from Dr. Jordan's staff of wise men, will write reviews of books of the period. Anent the hiring of Professor Lathrop, I heard a good story the other day which serves to illustrate the absurdity of the freak methods of the yellow journals. After the professor accepted the Call's offer of fifty dollars a week to write book reviews he called upon George Hamlin Fitch, the well known and capable book reviewer of the Chronicle, and told him of his advent to the field of journalism.

"I want you to give me a few pointers," he said. "I never wrote a book review in my life, and I never read any of the trash turned out by our modern booksmiths."

The freak editor of the fin-de-seicle daily conceives it to be his duty to astound the public by the extravagance of his fakes, and the prodigality and ingenuity of his paper as displayed in the purchase of material for his columns. If he hire a prize-fighter to write an interview with a great naval officer he believes that the incident is charming in its novelty and bespeaks originality of idea. He believes that high priced authorship is evidence of rare enterprise and if the author knows no more about his subject than an orang-outang knows about the precession of the equinoxes, he feels that he has made a tremendous hit. Hence it is that we find the Sunday supplements loaded with trash. But there is one Sunday supplement published in this city which is in a measure an exception to the samples of journalistic deterioration furnished by its contemporaries. I refer to that of the Bulletin. That it is appreciated is evident from its growing popularity. Since Mr. Crothers took hold of the Bulletin that paper has considerably more than doubled its circulation and the Sunday Bulletin has a circulation of almost ten thousand more than the daily. And, by the way, there is no fake about the Bulletin's claims as to a circulation. I was in the business office of the paper the other day and I was permitted to examine every book which might in any way reveal evidence as to the circulation. Moreover I was told that those same books were open to public inspection.

District Attorney D. J. Murphy was jolted the other day in a way that must have made him see stars. It occurred in Judge Lawlor's court and his Honor administered the jolt. Judge Lawlor has not been on the bench a long time, but he has been there long enough to convince triflers with justice at the City Hall that they cannot flirt with the blind goddess in his tribunal with impunity. It appears that Judge Lawlor had discovered that the Grand Jury had failed to correct a fatal defect in two indictments against straw bondsmen, and upon investigation he learned that District Attorney Murphy had advised the jury that there was no evidence against the defendants, and moreover he did not tell the jury that the court had ordered the filing of new indictments. The whole transaction was of a very shady caaracter, and the District Attorney was forced to spend a very disagreeable quarter of an hour on the grill. Judge Lawlor indicated very plainly that in his opinion Murphy's conduct was not that of an official who was really intent upon dissuading people from engaging in the malodorous straw bond business. By persistent inquiry the court adduced abundant information to show that notwithstanding Murphy's statement that there was not sufficient evidence against the defendants, as a matter of fact the evidence was quite sufficient to warrant a trial with a prospect of securing a conviction. But with the district attorney on record as saying that there was no evidence, the court was obliged to dismiss the case. Perhaps the next time that Murphy has a little case-fixing on hand he will steer clear of Judge Lawlor's court.

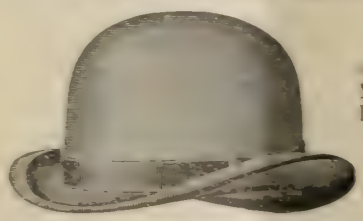
Judge: The prisoner has been found guilty of trifling with a young woman's affections.

Attorney: But I hope your honor will be lenient for there were extenuating circumstances.

Judge: And what may they be?

Attorney: He thought her father had money until he found out how the old gentleman was rated by Bradstreet.

If there is any truth in a story that comes from New York, Mrs. Gillig is not devoting all her time to pet bull dogs. The story is that when she was in Paris she adopted two little girls who were found in an orphanage. The girls are said to be very handsome, and Mrs. Gillig, who by the way never went in for children much at any time during her somewhat varied married career, is devoted to her wards. Each of the



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fortunate orphans has a nurse and when Mrs. Crocker heard about her daughter's latest caprice she doubled her allowance; so there is no danger of the pet bulldogs being deprived of any of their share of the luxuries even though they no longer monopolize the affections of their mistress.

The young woman to whom I referred some weeks ago as being the recipient of much admiring attention from Harry Gillig, who is studying under Sbriglio in Paris, is a Miss Markham of California. She is one of the brightest members of the students' quarter and is said to be uncommonly attractive. She does not belong to the category of poor, struggling art students but has an independent income that enables her to live in much finer style than that indulged in by the other American Melbas and Bonheurs in embryo.

"She is a very intellectual looking woman."

"Yes, but she won't do. I saw her in evening dress the other night, and she is hopelessly lacking in bust development."

A story comes to me from a southern seaside city that one Sunday recently the usual crowd on the beach was startled by a vision of beauty, no less than two pretty and shapely girls who, from the way they wore their bathing suits and had their caps adjusted so as to show picturesque glimpses of curls, were at once surmised to be chorus girls on a holiday. The two were just emerging from the water after a swim when a man made his entrée to the beach not far from them. He wore a long bath robe that enveloped him from top to toe and not a glimpse of ankle even was visible as he walked along. The girls waited for him to go into the surf and, as they gazed they looked in vain for an answering interest in the man's eyes. But he did not smile; what is more, he did not go into the water. The girls finally grew tired of waiting for the bath robe to fall, and went in for another swim.

"I've heard of timid girls," said one in tones quite audible to the man, "but a man afraid of the water is a funny thing indeed."

"That's so," said the other, "but if he would come in, I'd teach him to swim."

The man smiled but did not take the hint. About half an hour later when the girls came out to sit on the beach and look on, arrayed in duck skirts and pink shirt waists, they noticed a bath robe lying on the beach. Far out in the surf a man was swimming and was showing some lads how to ride the billows. It was the owner of the bath robe.

"Who is that man?" asked one of the chorus girls.

"That," said a child standing near by, "oh, that is the swimming teacher."

Sausalito has fallen into line with a woman's club of which Mrs. James Sperry has been elected president. The club will be on the line of the average organization formed by women, and will give lectures, musicales and receptions during the fall-winter season for the pleasure of the members and their friends. Mrs. J. W. Harrison and Mrs. John H. Dickinson are the vice-presidents of the new club. The latter lady belongs to more than one San Francisco woman's club and her experience and knowledge of parliamentary tactics will be a great help to the Sausalito body. Mrs. Jack Kilgarif is the treasurer and recording secretary and Miss Alice Hamilton the corresponding secretary. Mrs. A. D. Shepard has the office of auditor and the directors are Mesdames H. P. Campbell, John Harmes, William Morrow, John Shoobert and A. A. Watkins. The club will hold its meetings for awhile, until its success warrants establishing a permanent home, in the reception room of the San Francisco Yacht club. I am told that fully fifty ladies, of the most exclusive swim of Sausalito, have signed the membership roll.

The return of Reverend Benjamin Fay Mills, the estwhile revivalist of the Presbyterian church, but now a distinguished Unitarian preacher, recalls a sensational episode of his visit seven years ago. I refer to the notable conversion of ex-Attorney-General W. H. H. Hart. One night when the Mechanics' Pavilion was thronged with people General Hart took the centre of the stage and in the full glare of the calcium announced that the fear of God had entered his heart, and that he intented to become a practical Christian. The incident proved a great advertisement for both General Hart and the eminent divine who had wrought such a notable conversion. Some time afterward General Hart tried to get the republican nomination for Governor, but notwithstanding his public profession of Christianity, he was given the glassy eye by the convention. I suppose he is now the stalwart pillar of some church and that his holiness prompts him to consecrate his every professional act not excepting the attempt to break Dr. James' will, to the greater glory of God.

The O'Brien-McDonald nuptials are off, and Ashbury Heights social circles are agog over the breaking of the engagement. And gossip is rife anent thereof. Miss May McDonald is a very charming young woman, convent bred and the daughter of the prosperous wholesale coal merchant. The groom to-have-been is that well known young man about town, Billy O'Brien, who is blessed with a sweet tenor voice which has frequently been heard and applauded at local concerts. I am told that the little rupture was the result of a misunderstanding, due entirely to young Mr. O'Brien's extreme sensitiveness. It appears that he recently sang at a Catholic church concert at which McDonald père was master of ceremonies, and that he took offense at what he deemed a deliberate attempt to deprive him of a perfunctory courtesy. Then he demanded "those presents back," and he got them, one of which was a very handsome diamond engagement ring, and he also got a somewhat drastic letter, Miss McDonald is now enjoying a pleasant trip with her father.

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The automobile seems to be slowly but surely gaining popularity here and will likely soon attain the vogue it enjoys in New York. Apropos of the horseless vehicle one of the most enthusiastic automobilists in Gotham last season was Cissie Loftus, Justin McCarthy's ex-daughter-in-law, the London actress who recently made an ineffectual effort to fulfill the requirements of Richard Mansfield's leading woman. Cissie was never happier than when automobiling on the roads where the horseless vehicle was permitted to range. When the New York authorities finally agreed to allow the automobile to roll in Central park Miss Loftus said: "Well, the Park Commissioners having permitted a wild buffalo to roam in the park at large, I suppose they didn't have the heart to refuse admission to my poor innocent little automobile."

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Talbot and family have closed their country-place, Casa Ramona, Redwood city, and have returned to town.

Our autumn festival proved a grand success, writes my Chicago correspondent. The city was never before decked out so beautifully. Block after block was literally buried under yards of bunting, streamers of every hue, evergreens and portraits of the war heroes. Thousands of sightseers poured into the Court of Honor in State street to inspect the arches and jubilee columns erected by the prominent merchants. The streets in the evening fairly swarmed with human beings. The nightly illuminations surpassed the expectations of everyone. Our most distinguished guests were President McKinley, Premier Laurier and the Mexican Ambassador at Washington. Of course we had our share of Pacific coast people. I saw many familiar faces in the crowds. James Goewey stood in front of the Palmer house and although I had not seen him since we both attended the South Cosmopolitan Grammar school I think he still looks like the James G. of old. George H. Maxwell, Ruth and Donald Maxwell were also seen in that vicinity. Ex-Mayor Bryson of Los Angeles and Mrs. I. K. Van Nuys with her two pretty children, George E. Wilson and Chas. H. Toll of that city were taking in the sights. Sacramentans have been well represented, as I found C. J. Titus, Mrs. Gladding. E. C. Wright and Mrs. J. B. Wright were spending a few days here. As for San Franciscans, there were so many that I can only recall those of J. J. Cathcart, S. C. Wallis, Abe L. Peyser, William A. Mathewson, Fred A. Wheeler, V. F. Hoelscher, T. T. Williams, Julian Sontag, W. W. Funge Jr., Mrs. A. N. Buchanan, C. J. Waterhouse, W. J. Fox, O. G. Sage, W. W. Treat, Mrs. Sarah Wakefield, Louis A. Phillips, J. M. Einstein, Dr. and Mrs. W. J. Hawkes, A. Hauselman, N. T. Dunbar, Jas. L. Hopkins and T. M. Schumacher.

A brace of feminine guests of San Francisco's most commodious hotel had a very rollicking time the other night. They were entertaining in their apartments two male friends, and their hilarity became so demonstrative that complaint was made to the management. A visit was made to the apartments where the racket was in progress and, so the story goes, a somewhat sensational spectacle was presented. The details might serve as a motif for a French farce but they are entirely too risqué for pen picture purposes. Besides the revelation of the women's indiscretion would involve consequences quite serious to them. Both are from the interior of the state, one being the wife of a man prominent in the financial world, and the other the belle of Red Bluff's smart set. The leading man of the escapade is a near relative of a man well known in the smart set, having a foreign title which gives him prestige, and a wife who gives him financial standing.

While there is a great deal said against permitting actors and actresses who are husbands and wives from appearing in the same company, I do not believe that the public objects to this sort of a conjunction. This judgment is formed after seeing Edith Mason and Thomas Persse in "Nanon" and noting the rapturous applause following each of their love scenes.

The scribes who delight in trite phrases had a splendid chance to ring in "Jupiter Pluvius" and the other rainy day words this week, but it seems a pity that the Odd Fellows' jubilee should have had such a damper put upon it by the untimely showers. Their parade went off in great shape, nevertheless, and not one company in the crowd of marching Odd Fellows won more applause along the line than did the girls' drill corps. It was of these fair cadets, en passant, that an interesting story is told. They are from Stockton and the members represent some of the best families in the slough city. Their meetings were always held in secret session and no masculines, of course, were invited to attend. But some jolly college lads, who desired to watch the girls practice, smuggled themselves into the corps disguised in feminine clothes. Their ruse was successful and they made some astonishings revelations afterward, but I am told that it took them a long time to win their way back into the good graces of the pretty Stockton cadets.

Hail Columbia the gem of the ocean,
The fastest yacht that ever sailed the sea—
The pride of each patriot's devotion,
You can bet she'll always sail for me!

The Entre Nous Cotillon is again in the field this season, with Sanford G. Lewald still the leader. The club gave its first dance last night in Maple hall at the Palace hotel. While this organization makes no claim to being in the Four Hundred it is without a doubt fully as fin de siècle in its appointments, and its dances are as provocative of enjoyment to its members, as are those of the clubs headed by Mr. Greenway, Mr. Sheldon and Mrs. Salisbury. Mr. Lewald is no more imposing in his make-up than is the chubby Ned, but he knows how to lead a cotillon and he also knows—which is better—how to keep some fifty couples in a continual state of good temper and harmony. Another thing about the Entre Nous: it is more successful than any matrimonial bureau. Not a season has passed within its history when one or more

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engagements have not been announced among its members. Looking at the original membership roll, nearly all of those on the list are happy matrons and benedicts. The majority of these still belong to the club and attend its dances.

Jealousy has been the cause of many dissensions in families and has led to many divorces. I hear that we may shortly be treated to a newspaper sensation of a divorce nature, the plaintiff being a man prominent in the business world, one of whose relatives has recently been the defendant in a similar action. Though the couple have been married for many years and have children, and the wife has never given the husband any reason to doubt her love for him and him alone, the latter has made public displays of jealousy upon more than one occasion. The wife is remarkably beautiful, with a winsome manner that is charming alike to men and women. She is at present enjoying an eastern trip with her mother. It is this mother, by the way, who has caused some discord in her daughter's family, by giving unsolicited advice that did not appeal forcibly to the common sense ideas of her son-in-law, who consequently rebelled.

A man's greatest troubles are those that never happen.

Miss Mary Kip will be missed in society this winter. She is going to Manila with her sister, Mrs. Guy L. Edie. Miss Kip will be a decided acquisition to the social life of the islands, and it is more than possible that another army wedding will be chronicled in the annals of one of San Francisco's most prominent families. Miss Kip is a granddaughter of the late Bishop Kip. Her blood is of the bluest and her breeding of the best.

Fred S. Stratton, state senator and lawyer, is back from a six months' trip in the east and in Europe. Immediately after leaving here he took unto himself a wife and journeyed with her all over the continent. He spent some time in England and speaks enthusiastically of the hospitality he received there. He says the unanimity of feeling with regard to the Boer war is wonderful. Statesmen may preach against it but the people want fight and mean to have it. Stratton also says that the good feeling toward Americans in England is universal. That is manifested by declarations in public, by the tone of the press, by the general treatment of traveling Americans and by the production of so many American plays at the theatres. It is, however, a mistake to suppose that the English love an Anglomaniac. No, they like an American as an American and they respect his prejudices. Stratton gives the lie to the New York society papers which are always full of the appearance of the Bradley Martins, William Waldorf Astor, or others of that kidney at some public reception or in a box in the theatre. The papers always say: "Every lorgnette in the house was turned upon the Bradley Martin box," and so forth.

"That's all bosh," says Stratton. "Those people are not noticed at all. It sounds well, of course, but it isn't true. Why, the Bradley Martins can occupy a box at the theatre and never a soul will know they are in the house. Those people sing mighty small over there."

The dilatoriness of the Supreme court has kept the candidates for office on the anxious seat but it has also kept money in their purses. The longer the decision is withheld, the less costly will it be for each of the candidates to make his fight. Orders for printing are held back pending the decision on the charter case, and saloon keepers suffer by the delay. The court could probably have handed down its decision within forty-eight hours after the case was submitted, but the justices of the Supreme court felt no doubt that a hasty decision would not comport with the dignity of the tribunal. What care they for the anxiety of the public? A speedy determination of the case might imply that election matters concerned them and of course they do not except when they are candidates for re-election.

"Mr. Jones must have lived a hard life," said the Innocent Kid, "his hair is white and he is not yet forty."

"You mistake the cause," said the Wiseacre, "it is Mr. Jones' occupation that has turned his hair white."

"Why, he is a dry goods clerk," observed the Kid.

"Certainly," said the Wiseacre with a smile. He was a benedict of twenty years' standing and knew wherof he spoke. "Mr. Jones' hair has grown white in waiting upon women who examine all the stock of dress goods and end by purchasing a spool of thread—at another counter."

Which proves that we must not judge everybody by appearances.

It is a thousand pities that the tea has become the favored mode of entertainment among local hostesses. Teas are all very well in their way, and serve finely as a way to pay off social debts, but this is by no means real hospitality. You can invite all sorts of people to a tea and mix up the different castes represented on your calling list. Ten chances to one, the women invited will all come, but if you extend your invitations to men also it is more than possible but three out of fifty will put in an appearance. Even the callow youth shuns teas. He hates to see "women in bunches," as he expresses it. But the tea is to be the main feature of social life here this winter, and already Mrs. A. N. Drown and others have given matinee receptions. Cards are out for a tea at Mrs. Henry J. Crocker's on November third.

After all the dinner is where the true spirit of hospitality asserts itself. I do not mean a "duty" dinner given to pay off a dinner debt and where as likely as not a set of feminine bores is matched against a set of masculine ditto. But I mean a dinner where the guests are chosen with a view to passing an enjoyable evening over a well chosen menu, enlivened with choice wines and clever conversation. I could mention more than one hostess here who understands the art of ordering and presiding over a good dinner. Unfortunately the majority of those who do possess this knowledge prefer, instead, to pay their social debts in teas.

A writer in the Santa Cruz Sentinel borrowed my paragraph anent the sequel to Sadie Rice's summer flirtation, and by way of comment suggested that probably the author was not well informed on the subject of Santa Cruz social gossip. I can assure him that the author knows whereof he writes and that if he had deemed it of general public interest he would probably have made reference to the fact that when Miss Rice was a budding summer girl on the beach she had no more ardent admirer than Tom McPherson, the son of Editor McPherson of the Sentinel. Tom is a Berkeley graduate and is now teaching school at Watsonville, but I believe he reads exchanges for his father's paper and displays good judgment by clipping copiously from TOWN TALK.

So the Webster Jones's have decided to tell their troubles to the divorce court! Well I know the readers of TOWN TALK are not surprised, for when Mrs. Webster Jones went to Santa Barbara after breaking up her home and leaving her husband in this city, I regarded the occurrences as of some social interest, and as a purveyor of high class social news I deemed it my duty to chronicle them. Incidentally I hinted that a serious domestic rupture was the cause of the abandonment of the family domicile. Some people were of the opinion that my statements were premature and that I should have awaited developments. If I thought that there was the slightest chance for a reconciliation I would have done so, for I draw the line at gossip of such a character that the dissemination of it might effect family relations injuriously. It has been well known for a long time that Mrs. Jones had ceased to find the company of her husband congenial, and there is no doubt that she had many sympathizers. She is a handsome and charming woman, and has always enjoyed the implicit confidence of her friends notwithstanding her conspicuous partiality for the society of Count Artsimovich, the Russian consul, whose attentions to her could not have been more unremitting had she been an American heiress without marital incumbrance and he a foreign fortune hunter. The confidence of Mr. Jones in his wife appeared to be fully as implicit as that of her friends, and as there was nothing to forfend the polite intimacy everything was merry as a marriage bell, until one day Mrs. Jones went off to Santa Barbara to establish a residence for divorce purposes, the count went off to Russia to receive a higher diplomatic assignment and Mr. Jones went to the Olympic club for relaxation in the steam room. Mrs. Jones is the plaintiff in the divorce suit, and she declares that she has no intention of marrying the Russian later on.

I remember when Beulah Hobbs and Webster Jones were married. It was at a period when evening weddings were considered the proper thing, with a string of bridesmaids and lots of pomp and show. St. Luke's church held the usual large crowd of invited guests who came to stare at the bride and comment on the arrangements after the manner so well depicted in "The Moth and The Flame." It was an extremely cold night and the bridesmaids were kept waiting so long in the lobby before the signal for entrance was given that when they were finally permitted to march down the aisle their décolleté and sleeveless gowns revealed necks and arms of the redness deplored by Pendennis as displayed by Charlotte at her first ball. The bride was of the bright and blooming order and she smiled and bowed to her friends as she passed out of the church on her husband's arm.

Both bride and bridegroom seemed to have the most roseate of futures before them. Webster Jones' father gave him a comfortable house to live in and also fitted him with a good position in business far above what his own abilities could have won for him. The happy pair were mere children in point of years and experience and ought for this very reason to have found themselves congenial companions for life. I believe it is to the spirit of the age that their matrimonial unhappiness must be laid, that spirit which in New York led to the recent succession of scandals and divorces in high life. We live too fast. We want too much. In reaching out after pleasures that seem to be eludiug our grasp we let go of those we at present enjoy. The society girl who marries in her first season as Beulah Hobbs did, and who settles down into domesticity and becomes the mother of children, later on in her married life feels that she has missed something. She looks about her, and sees other young matrons having what is popularly known as "a good time," and goes in for the same kind of a time herself. In the majority of cases no permanent harm results; sometimes, however, the end is that of Kate Chopin's heroine in "The Awakening."

I hear that there can be no alimony awarded in this divorce case owing to the fact that the defendant has no independent property. While the general impression was that Webster Jones would have half a million dollars from his father's estate, of which his wife in the event of their separation would receive half, I am told that this report was erroneous. The property was left absolutely to the widow, with the proviso that she look after her sons during her lifetime and see that they want for nothing. However, nothing was said about daughters-in-law and grandchildren. If this be so, Webster Jones will not be able to pay his wife alimony, but it is probable his mother will see that his children's financial welfare is assured.

I cannot obtain any verification of the rumor voiced in the daily papers some two weeks back that Miss Lorena (Birdie) Barbier had gone to the Klondike with intent to become the bride of Frank Ames, who is at present in Dawson city in the interest of the firm in which he is senior partner. My Alaskan correspondent tells me that, up to the time of writing, no bride had arrived for Mr. Ames, nor had the gentleman given voice to any intention of becoming a benedict. He has pleasant bachelor quarters at Dawson, luxuriously furnished, but not of great extent, for house room is at a premium in the frozen north. Inquiries at F. H. Ames & Co's office revealed the fact that nothing is known there of the approaching marriage and at the former home of Miss Barbier the same ignorance was displayed. While the story may be true that Miss Barbier rose from her sick bed at the McNutt hospital to seek in the Klondike her ex-fiancé of some four years ago and endow him with her hand and fortune, it is just as possible that the tale is an entire fabrication. Again it may be taken as an attempt on Miss Barbier's part to put into practice the old maxim of where there is a will there is a way, and to act the part of the mountain with Mr. Ames as Mahomet.

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Political Gossip

FROM time immemorial, as the spellbinders say, there has never been a night in the week more propitious for a ratification meeting than that of Saturday. And there never was a better test of the relative popularity of two opposing tickets than that afforded by the meetings held by the republicans and democrats on Saturday and Monday nights, respectively. Saturday night, on the occasion of the ratification of the republican ticket, Metropolitan hall contained scores of empty seats. On Monday night, which is a notoriously unpropitious night for political meetings, Metropolitan hall was not large enough to accommodate the people who sought to see and hear the candidates on the democratic ticket. Mr. Horace Davis and his confreres spoke to many empty chairs. Mr. Phelan and his associates addressed a surging, enthusiastic throng. Could there be any more eloquent evidence of the greater popularity of the democratic ticket? Mr. Phelan is well known to the people of this city. They have heard him discuss government topics many times during the past few years. They know the principles that actuate him and they are familiar with his official acts. Curiosity could not impel them to attend a meeting at which he was to be the principal speaker, but they are grateful for what he has done, and are always eager to testify to their admiration and allegiance.

—o—

With Horace Davis they are not so familiar. He has been politically dead for so many years that he has passed out of the memory of all but the oldest inhabitants. It should be supposed that his resurrection would awaken some interest, that republicans at least would be anxious to see the sort of a man they were expected to vote for, and to learn something of his views on great public questions, but after that meeting Saturday night, it must be evident that his candidacy is regarded by the masses as of little consequence.

—o—

Dr. Dodge is to the front again with his little charts. Those charts which he used in the last campaign to show what he proposed doing for the taxpayers of the city aided materially in effecting his election. The figures on those charts were more eloquent than words. This year the doctor has new charts and new figures. He now shows how he kept his pledges, how he shifted the burdens from the poor to the rich, and how he raised the tax roll and reduced the tax rate. Dr. Dodge's figures are of a most convincing character. He has made a most enviable record for he has shown that it is not impossible to compel the owners of stocks and bonds to pay their just taxes for the support of the government.

—o—

The friends of J. Harry Scott have made some political capital out of the story that he donated a piano to the Youth's Directory fair. Scott is engaged in the piano business on Hayes street, and he is a brother-in-law of Benjamin Curtaz, the well-known manufacturer of the Curtaz piano, but they do not handle the same instrument. Mr. Curtaz has been engaged in business for many years and his piano has a well established reputation. Apropos of the donation the following self-explanatory letter is interesting:

MESSRS BENJ. CURTAZ & SON,
San Francisco,
Gentlemen:
In the name of the Youth's Directory, I thank you for the excellent "Curtaz Piano" donated by you to the Directory festival. To your firm belongs the credit of this handsome gift.
Gratefully yours,
D. D. CROWLEY, Secretary.

Mr. Scott, who was formally known as J. Harry Scott, has ceased to part his name in the middle since becoming a candidate for Tax Collector. He is now plain Joseph H. Scott.

—o—

No candidate at the democratic ratification meeting stirred up greater enthusiasm than Patrick Boland, who is destined to become the next Public Administrator. Mr. Boland is one of the most popular men on the ticket, and he was given the nomination because of his reputation for honesty and integrity. It is important that a man of Boland's character should be elected to the office of Public Administrator. The practice of looting estates is all too common in this city, and with a dishonest administrator in office always ready to pounce upon the savings of poor people, the relatives of deceased persons find it hard to get what belongs to them.

GENERAL BIFF.

A Yarn With More Truth Than Fiction

"ABOULHUSIN," said the Cadi as he sank into his upholstered chair and proceeded to light a Turkish cigarette made in the *Quartier Latin* of San Francisco, California: "Why hast thou brought this gray-bearded son of Adam before me? Who in sheol is he and what the offense for which he must answer?"

Aboulhusin bowed reverently before the Cadi.

"Most Just and Immaculate Master," he replied, "the cringing wretch before thee is the chief of all the holy Sultan's police. He is the salaried protector of all the Faithful, but in gross violation of the laws of the sacred Koran he has made vast accumulation of the world's goods. He has grown gray in iniquity. For many years he has been adding to his store of wealth by nefarious practices."

"How has he managed to hold his job all these years?" asked the Cadi.

"By the potency of great secrets held within his bosom," was Aboulhusin's reply. "His knowledge of the delinquencies of weak men holding high station has put the fear of the wrath of the Sultan in their hearts and they dared not retire him from his office."

"Knowest thou of any specific offense with which this chief of the Viziers may be accused?"

"By Allah I swear."

"Go ahead and swear, but remember, be not profane."

"By Allah I swear," repeated Aboulhusin, "he has 'shaken down' several lottery companies, and one very prosperous confidence operator."

"Dog!" exclaimed the Cadi and the prisoner trembled beneath his frown. "Off with his peacock feather and his yellow jacket, and when thou hast administered one hundred lashes to his bare hide, confiscate then his goods and chattels and his sequins and his dinars."

Aboulhusin plucked the feather and tore off the yellow jacket whereupon there was revealed upon the prisoner's back a red scar, a brand, such as is sometimes used to designate those men consigned to penal servitude.

"So," said the Cadi," when he saw shame's cicatrix, "I see you have been there before."

And the condemned wretch answered not. OLD SLEUTH.

Absent Minded

HE WAS riding home in a cable car, his eyes fixed on the evening paper. He had been married only a year, and the charm of wedded life had not even begun to wear off. He always found the cable car beastly slow in the afternoons when going home, and he usually read the evening paper to divert his attention and assist his patience. Presently he looked up from the paper. He felt that he was being scrutinized. In some indescribable way he realized that a pair of eyes were on him. Without looking directly at the owner of the eyes he discovered that they belonged to a woman. Finally he gave her a cursory glance and it seemed as though the face were not altogether unfamiliar. He pretended to read the paper but instead stole views of the woman's attire. She was richly dressed and his curiosity was aroused. He knew she was still watching him. Another fugitive glance at the face. It was handsome and—yes he was sure she smiled at him, but he simulated a pre-occupied air and looked out the window. A little later he bent his eyes momentarily upon her again and then he was sure she smiled. Evidently she was trying to flirt, and that was something he had not done for a whole year, but she was pretty. He looked again and this time she bowed. He raised his hat, and he felt greatly embarrassed for now he was sure he had met the lady but he could not recall the circumstance of their meeting. He pondered, and a few minutes later, just as he reached his destination a flood of light rushed in upon his brain, and then he remembered all. She was his divorced wife.—THE BACHELOR.

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World of Law

AT THE AUCTION SALE of the Sutro railroad in Judge Coffey's court the other day a piece of by-play was injected into the proceedings which only the old timers noted and fully appreciated. It occurred at a time when John B. Stetson, who was vainly endeavoring to deprive Robert F. Morrow of the possession of the road, was asked by Judge Coffey whether, in the event of the road being knocked down to him and his board of directors, they would guarantee not to sell out to the Market street system. Mr. Stetson smiled and said:

"Judge, I cannot be held responsible for what may possibly occur after my death."

At this reply Mr. Morrow and his attorneys, Joseph Naphtaly and Robert A. Freidenrich, smiled and glanced significantly at the court. They had loudly pledged their word that if the Sutro road should pass into the hands of the Sutter street company it should be used in conjunction therewith as an opposition road and should never become the property of the Market street combine. Judge Coffey said:

"Mr. Stetson, Mr. Magee has told you that one condition of the sale to the Sutter street road is that it shall never sell out to the Market street system. Cannot you give the same guarantee?"

"Judge," answered Stetson, still smiling and shaking his head, "you and I are old residents of this city. You and I have heard the same kind of pledges made before, over and over again, with the same solemnity and appearance of good faith. How many of those pledges have been kept?"

There was a general laugh at this answer, but only a few present knew what they were laughing about. It was, of course, a direct shot by Mr. Stetson at Tom Magee, who had promised so much. Twenty years ago Mr. Magee made the same kind of pledge, with the same solemnity and appearance of good faith, on behalf of the Central Gas company. It should always retain its individuality, he promised, and should never form part of any combine. Did Mr. Magee keep his word? Thousands of poor people who pinned their faith upon the Central Gas company and were afterward unmercifully "cinched" say not. Ask J. B. Crockett if he knows.

—o—

A well known lawyer went out shooting on the Suisun marshes a week or so ago. He was a guest of the Suisun Shooting club and there was quite a large party. He was known not to be an expert with a gun and so there was some difficulty in assigning him a station when the party tripped out on to the tules. However, he was eager to impatience, and when all of the party except himself had been distributed here and there, he cried out to the one in command:

"Well, where do I shoot? Where are you going to put me?"

The leader pointed afar off and said: "You go back down the road as far as that gate you see, half a mile or so away. It's a capital station, first rate."

The embryo sportsman looked rueful enough.

"Why, what on earth can I do there?"

"Well, if the ducks come too fast, you can shut the gate."

—o—

Men of law are dividing their leisure moments just now between discussing the charter case before the Supreme court and wondering what will be the next firm to dissolve partnership. There have been such a number of dissolutions lately that one never picks up the Law Journal without expecting to read a new notice that henceforth two legal practitioners who have chummed together for many years will occupy different sets of offices. First Page, McCutcheon & Eells, then Pierson & Mitchell, then Dunne & McPike, then Linforth & Whitaker and now Reinstein & Eisner. Of course reasons for all these have been assigned other than those given out by the parties most interested and the on dits have been plentiful. It was very surprising that such a firm as Pierson & Mitchell should want to dissolve. Attorneys for the Fair executors, with the litigation over the vast estate not half through, it was thought that at least there was plenty to go round. Then, again, Bob Mitchell undertook all the hard work of the great Craven trial two years ago. It was stated that his analysis of the evidence, compiled and indexed, was of immense value to the counsel who argued the case for the Fair estate. Did they desire to refer to the record upon any point raised in the case, by the help of Mitchell's index they were able to put their fingers upon what was required in the twinkling of an eye.

But, alas, there are wheels within wheels. Although Pierson only watched the battle from afar, it was he who got the business for the firm. He is the personal friend of T. J. Crothers and James S. Angus, two of the surviving executors, and the first will of James G. Fair was drawn by the eminent lawyer, who is also an astronomer of note. Recently, pressure has been brought to bear upon Pierson to admit to partnership a nephew of Mr. Crothers. For business reasons it had to be done. Then, there was not enough to go round and so Bob Mitchell had to step out.

That wretched Craven case has worked mischief in more ways than one. No one worked harder in a mistaken cause than did D. M. Delmas, who bore all the burden and heat of the long trial in Mrs. Craven's behalf. What was his reward? No money, and the nasty accusation of more than one of his brother attorneys that he sold out to the other side. Faugh!

Well, then there is Reinstein & Eisner. Reinstein & Eisner are brothers-in law, and thereby hangs a tale. Eisner made a trip to Europe recently, but Mrs. Eisner did not return with him. She is Reinstein's sister.

Dunne & McPike separated for business reasons. Peter Dunne is one of the leaders of the bar now. So did Linforth & Whitaker. Walter Linforth has always been a hustler after business and his practice is not decreasing at all.

But the saddest of all was the separation of Charles Page and Charles P. Eells after a companionship of twenty-two years. Page was intrusted with a big business the instant he had received his diploma, and they remained together until E. J. McCutcheon came between them. How sore Page and McCutcheon must feel now! Despite Page's intimacy with the Tevis boys and McCutcheon's business connections with Mrs. Gordon Blanding, they did not get the Tevis estate after all. No, Lloyd Tevis did not split his estate but left all to the widow who selected a younger man to represent her in court.

How they must repent of the haste with which, fearful that the Tevis will might be filed the next morning, they wired Eells at ten o'clock at night that the partnership of nigh a quarter of a century had been dissolved by mutual consent. So with the other partner, Michael. And now Page and McCutcheon are out in the cold, while Eels keeps the business, including that of the European bondholders of the Southern Pacific.

—o—

The young man who was afterward Lord Eldon appeared one day before the judges of the court of King's Bench prepared to argue the reverse of a case he had presented to them the week before. The judges refused to hear him. From all accounts we have had another Lord Eldon in our midst for many moons and have not known it. A few days ago, during the trial of the Olive Jane Wickes case in which Dr. J. M. Shannon is required to show how he managed to secure all the dead woman's estate, Peter F. Dunne, who is defending Dr. Shannon, made a lengthy argument upon a proposition of law, winding up with the remark:

"I cite also Freeman's very elaborate notes on the subject."

Judge Coffey shook his head. "Mr. Freeman is a good lawyer," he said, "but his notes don't pass as currency with me any more. I have not taken Mr. Freeman's notes as authority since he himself repudiated one of them, in the estate of Buckley—Dr. Buckley—Dr. Vincent Buckley. In spite of his own notes, upon the faith of which I gave a judgment against him in this court, he took the case up to the Supreme court and secured a reversal of my judgment, and of course, a dishonoring of his own note.

"Since that time I have never had faith in Mr. Freeman's notes."

Mr. Dunne: "I will withdrawn that citation, your Honor."

THE COURT REPORTER.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM BACHERT, commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, F. W. DOHRMANN, Executor of the last will of ABRAHAM BACHERT commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of F A. DENICKE, Attorney at Law, Rooms 7, 8 and 9, No. 14 Sansome street, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco October 18, 1899.

F. W. DOHRMANN,
Executor of the last will of Abraham Bachert commonly known as and called August Bachert, Deceased.

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Executor.

Our handsome "dress hats" noted for style, elegance and quality. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

The Savoir Faire of Mademoiselle Coralie

Translated from the French of Honore de Balzac by Beatrice Hastings.

THE POET had been put to bed gloriously drunk. The petit souper at Mademoiselle Florine's, à la bohemien, had been too much for the unsophisticated man from the Provinces, and unable to proceed homeward, he had been put to bed in the luxurious apartments of Mademoiselle Coralie, the pretty actress of the Panorama Dramatique. Both Berenice, the Norman maid, and the beautiful Coralie dosed the poet with hot tea, and then left him to slumber upon Mademoiselle's dainty couch. To Berenice, the stalwart Norman peasant, the poet appeared a dream of beauty, as his handsome young face lay against the perfumed silken pillows, with their ruffles of lace. Never in all her life had she seen a man quite so charming, and turning to Coralie she said in her own naive way:

"What bliss, Mademoiselle, to love such an angel, but where in the world did you pick him up? I never thought before that a man could be so beautiful."

But the poet slept on, unconscious of Berenice's admiration.

* * * * *

Ten hours later Monsieur awoke, and found Coralie, still gowned in her evening dress, sitting beside him.

"What a wide difference there is between my world and the great bohemian world," said the poet, as he looked about and contrasted his own wretched garret in the Latin quarter, with the beautiful apartments of Mademoiselle, a perfect little world of rose-color and white, with the daintiest of actresses for its queen.

Coralie was a gay young beauty of eighteen, one of the most charming and captivating women of Paris, rivaling in popularity Mademoiselle Fleuriet and Madame Perrin. The theatrical critic of the day described her as belonging to the type of women which exert at will a power of fascination over men. Her face was charming, her eyes divine, her lips as red as a pomegranate, and her chin as subtlely delicate in its contour as the edge of a dainty Sevres cup. Such was Coralie, the rage of Paris and the delight of the boulevards.

* * * * *

The little clock sang out the hour of five, and Coralie was dressing to go to the theatre. She was almost ready when Berenice rushed into her boudoir and excitedly announced the arrival of Monsieur Camusot, an ancient admirer of the fair actress, upon whom he had lavished many thousand francs.

"Vite, Mademoiselle," cried Berenice, "il monte maintenant les escaliers, for he knows that you are here."

The poet sprang up from the silken cushions and was hurried by Berenice into the actress' dainty dressing room, whither she and Coralie brought the poet's clothes—but malheur des malheurs, in the excitement of the moment his shoes were forgotten!

Yes, there they stood warming in the fender, having been privately varnished by Berenice, and set before the fire to dry. Monsieur Camusot enters, and only now does Coralie perceive the tell-tale boots. Berenice, almost paralyzed with fear, leaves the room with an agonizing glance at Monsieur's boots. Mademoiselle, with great sang froid, throws herself into the depths of a low cushioned divan, and bids her ancient lover seat himself in the gondole, a round-backed chair which stood opposite. But pauvre Camusot, honest soul, found it impossible to take his eyes off the unmistakable, uncompromising hessians! They stared him out of countenance, and it must be added they pained him to the very heart.

"Ought I make a scene and leave Coralie?" he asked himself, as he eyed the boots. "Parbleu! is it worth while to make a fuss about such a trifling matter? Boots are everywhere, and always in pairs. These, however, would be more in place in a shop window, or taking a walk on the boulevard or in the garden of the Tuileries on somebody's feet, but here, alas, without a pair of feet, they tell a shocking tale! Mais, grand Dieu, j'ai cinquante ans! And I suppose I ought to be as blind as Cupid himself."

"Eh bien, Monsieur Camusot?" said Coralie, with her most bewitching smile.

"What in the world are you thinking about?"

"Oh nothing Mademoiselle," responded the ancient admirer with a shrug of his shoulders, as he kept his eyes fixed upon the elegantly betasseled boots.

"Ring the bell, Monsieur," said Coralie, smiling to herself at Camusot's perplexity.

"Berenice," said the actress, when the Norman maid appeared, bring me a button-hook from the dressing-room, for I must put on these confounded boots again. Mon Dieu, comme ils sont fatiquant. And mind don't forget to bring them to the theatre tonight,"

"What, your boots?" exclaimed the venerable Camusot, breathing more freely.

"And whose should they be?" demanded Coralie haughtily.

"Were you really beginning to believe?—Oh you great old stupid! And he really would believe it too," said Coralie turning to Berenice. "You see, mon gros Papa Camusot, I have a man's part in —Oh—What's-his-name's play, and I have never in all my life worn a man's clothes. This morning the bootmaker for the theatre brought me these tasseled affairs to try if I could walk in them, until a pair could be made for me. He put them on himself, but they hurt me so dreadfully that I was obliged to take them off, and now after all I shall be compelled to wear them."

"Oh don't put them on again, ma mignonne," pleaded the antique lover in a tender, sympathetic tone, "if they are uncomfortable (for the boots had made Monsieur feel most uncomfortable himself.)

"Mademoiselle," said Berenice, addressing herself to Monsieur Camusot, "should have a pair of very thin Morocco boots, made to fit her, instead of torturing herself as she did all morning, with these great heavy affairs—but then the management is so penurious," sighed Berenice as she looked at the guileless Camusot.

"Indeed, Monsieur," continued the maid, encouraged by the penitent and sympathetic expression on the Camusot face, "Mademoiselle was positively crying with those boots on this morning, and if I were a man, and had such a dear little demoiselle for a sweetheart as Miss Coralie, I wouldn't let her shed a tear—no, not a solitary tear! The fact of the matter is sir, you should have a pair of boots especially made for Mademoiselle."

"Yes, yes," responded the doting Camusot, "I shall do so tomorrow."

"Et voila, mon viel ami," said Coralie, as Berenice disappeared in triumph with the hessians, "l'histoire des bottes! Are you satisfied now, you suspicious old Othello?"

"Oui, ma petite," said the honest silk mercer, "Come, kiss ton gros papa."

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this cold weather.

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Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "Hotel Topsy Turvey"—loud and uproarious fun.

CALIFORNIA. Nance O'Neil—genius undoubted, but lacking in training.

ALCAZAR. "The Masked Ball"—very cleverly played.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "Nanon"—Edith Mason is the star.

TIVOLI. Alternate comic and grand opera—well done and well sung.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—it is always up-to-date and "all right."

NANCE O'NEIL is wasting her talent when she plays Camille. She is cast in a greater mould than Dumas' meretricious heroine. Her line of acting ought to be the tragic rather than the emotional, and she should be able to fill the great roles which have become mere tradition because we have no actresses who are able to play them. When I hear her I think perforce of Lady Macbeth, of Phaedra, of Iphegenia, of Medea, of great queens and goddesses, of all that is elemental and immortal. The stern lines of that beautiful proud face, that mouth whose droop suggests a tragic mask, mark her for something greater than the mere hysterical and emotional. She should by right be one of the queens of the tragic stage. I can associate her with naught that is capricious and evanescent, neither with the April moods of comedy in which smiles are akin to tears, nor with those rags and tatters of selfish passion which form the staple of the modern drama. She was born to greater things, and I believe she will yet come into her inheritance.

It is strange that such a play as Camille can still hold the boards. Never did I realize its unwholesomeness so much as when I saw it played by Nance O'Neil. While I admit its admirable dramatic construction and the scope it affords for emotional acting, its effect is disagreeable. Armand and his father both play such sorry parts that one feels they are not worth the sacrifice of even such a woman as Camille. And, too, the Lady of the Camellias herself does not appear plausible; you feel that she would not so sacredly keep her word. The main point of difference in the new version is the suggestion that the first three acts should be played with a semblance of good health as Armand would not fall in love with a consumptive, but Dumas especially tells us that Marguerite Gautier was *poitrinaire*, and this fact aroused the pity and sympathy of Armand. The romance invests Marguerite with more atmosphere of reality than does the play, but hardly with such qualities of saintliness, and you feel that were she not killed off by the author she would in course of time play Armand a sorry trick.

Did anyone ever see such an atrocious creature as the Prudence of Miss O'Neil's company? The gay habituées of Madame Camille's domicile may have tolerated a Prudence, but *that* Prudence, jamais, jamais, de la vie!

Though by no means narrow minded myself, I wonder why young girls are taken to see this play. To be sure, there is no word in the dialogue that could offend a delicate ear, but that is not all that should be considered. The whole drama depicts a phase of life and a series of emotions that should not be made familiar to the jeune fille. On second thoughts, however, the young girl of today goes everywhere and reads everything, and sees farces and French comedies that would make a drama of the Restoration blush. But all the same I am surprised when I see matrons taking girls in their teens to sympathize in the woes of The Lady with the Camellias.

Magda is one of those dramas which are surrounded by that mysterious something which the professional, because of want of another term, calls the atmosphere. We have in Sudermann's drama the atmosphere of the home—the German home, a home where honor is watched with the utmost jealousy, where propriety rules supreme and where the good name of the family is defended to the death by the head of the house. This home atmosphere is the background upon which the author has painted his dramatic, and may I say tragic, picture. Those intimately acquainted with the story will now easily see what an actress must accomplish in order to be successful. The intention of the author is to create a climax—in fact a catastrophe—and it is therefore the duty of the artiste to deport herself in a manner that will gradually result in that dramatic finale. Nance O'Neil succeeded wonderfully well in this particular instance. As soon as she appeared in this quiet, rural scene, the attentive auditor knew immediately that she did not fit into those surroundings. She brought out her liberal ideas in such a positive and emphatic manner that the character of Magda became like an open book. And in contrasting it with the conventional and traditional severity of opinion regarding moral laws which Magda's father practiced and taught we knew that sooner or later there must come a collision between these two strong heads. I say that because Nance O'Neil was so careful to bring out the pride and independence of character she proved that she understood the author, and it is a sign of genius when an artist knows which points to emphasize. Then, too, Miss O'Neil's general appearance, her stateliness, her force of action combine to make her an ideal heroine of Sudermann's master-work.

The other strong character is Schwartze, the serious family father—one of those aristocratic characters to whom the honor of their race serves as a crown which makes them a king in their domain. They consider their will the law and their ideas those of their children, those firm old soldiers whose conventional rules of living are a rock against which the younger generation is continually knocking its head. McKee Rankin gave a striking illustration of that character, and in fact I have never seen any foreigner who has grasped so well the German ideas of propriety and the German manner of expressing them as does Mr. Rankin, who is deserving of high esteem as an artist because of his lifelike portrayal of the character. If Magda and Schwartze are in good hands then the performance may be regarded a successful one.

But Canfield as Dr. von Keller and Mordant as Hefferdinct were absolutely incapable of grasping their respective roles. They have not the slightest idea of the characters they are to portray. Why, Canfield's von Keller was a despicable fellow to whom you take a dislike as soon as he appeared, a villainous individual whose moral status is below zero. Bless you, this is not the man Sudermann intended to portray. Von Keller eloped with Magda with the intention of marrying her, but circumstances prevented the execution of his plans, which he thereupon postponed. Magda became "stagestruck" and earned her living. The path of both separated and each of them moved in a different circle. They became estranged. One day Magda comes home and immediately the doctor, who had lost track of her, makes his appearance. And now comes the part where the situations cannot be understood by anyone unacquainted with German customs. Keller is an aristocrat, he is just at the height of public favor. He has made a reputation for himself of which he is proud. Magda has been on the stage—an opera singer. In aristocratic circles she is an outcast, because her life has not always been a model one. Sudermann tells the truth and is realistic when he lets Dr. Keller shrink from a union under these conditions. It would be unnatural if he could marry her despite their estrangement and difference of station. But now comes the noble part of Dr. Keller. He goes home and thinks the matter over. He finds a card of Schwartze in his room and immediately directs his steps to Schwartze's residence. Arrived there he makes the statement that upon due deliberation he decided to wed Magda, despite everything, and the old man closes the pistol case and grasps the nobleman's hand. Mr. Canfield is wrong to shrink from the pistols—Dr. Keller is courageous. He is wrong to create the impression that the desire to marry is enforced upon him by a challenge. That is false. Why? Because immediately afterwards he withdraws his offer as Magda is unwilling to abandon the stage. He cannot act differently. He cannot marry an actress and retain his position. It is against all reason of German conventionality. He has shown himself a man of honor by offering his hand and fulfilling his promise, but Magda herself prevents him purposely. No, Mr. Canfield is totally wrong to seek the antipathy of the audience for his Dr. von Keller. Edwin Mordant does not exhibit enough force and positiveness. His pastor is a saphead, a sort of "goody goody" who is anxious to move lest something is going to break. Sudermann's characters are all strong impersonations in whom you must be able to discern their ideas. Neither Edwin Mordant nor Charles Canfield can do this.

Columbia

EDDIE FOY and his roaring, shouting, funny farce will move on to other fields after tonight. Tomorrow night Hoyt's popular A Milk White Flag will be unfurled to the breeze. The Columbia has a fine list of attractions billed for the coming season. Ned Wayburn, the man who invented rag-time, will appear in the next attraction, to follow the Hoyt farce, that jolly old favorite By the Sad Sea Waves with Mathews and Bulger in their old roles. The Bride Elect, Why Smith Left Home and The Old Homestead are all coming pleasures to be seen at the Columbia.

Grand Opera House

NANON has been given so many times in San Francisco that it ought properly to be relegated to the back shelf, judging by the way our blasé theatre-goers usually treat operas that in other cities possess eternal popularity. However, blasé or not, our people still seem to like Nanon which was first sung for us by the William T. Carleton company. It is doubtful if even The Serenade is better liked here than is Nanon. Edith Mason makes a great success in the title role, singing her music with ease and sweetness and investing the dramatic side of the part with all the naive charm it calls for. Persse sings the beautiful serenade so delightfully that it is many times encored and Goff also wins favor by his rendering of the serenade in his character of the Abbé. In Nanon the stage management of Mr. Jones has full sway. In the first act the introduction of a goose, a chicken and a suckling pig on the stage lend striking realism to the production. I wonder if the goose were taught deportment by William Woolf? She has about the same walk. She—or is it a he?—sings a delighful solo and receives a nightly encore. Woolf is always at sea when he is called upon to interpret refined characters. His Marquis de Marsillac is not the graceful, polished courtier of Genee's conception. Neither can Arthur Wooley fit himself into the lithe figure of Hector, the gallant youth. Wooley is an excellent character comedian, but he cannot adapt himself to juvenile parts. Next week the Grand will hold large and fashionable audiences, particularly on Monday night, which will see the premier of a new opera by Clay M. Greene and Dr. H. J. Stewart. As Mr. Greene is known as the author of many fine plays and at least one successful opera, The Maid of Plymouth, the libretto of The Conspirators is one of the things that go sans dire as being clever, and as Dr. Stewart has composed more than the average of fine church music not to speak of those pleasing operas, Bluff King Hal and His Majesty, there is no doubt that the "first night" of The Conspirators will be an all-round triumph for author and composer. It is a matter for the Grand management to congratulate itself upon to have secured this new work for presentation at the opera house. Society and clubdom will turn out in force on Monday night.

California

THE second week of Nance O'Neil has drawn duplicates of the crowded houses of last week. The beautiful Nance will be seen shortly in an adaptation of Paul Lindau's The Shadow, which is said to have furnished the suggestion for Pinero's play The Second Mrs. Tanqueray which was produced here by the Kendals. Tomorrow night farce comedy will hold sway at the California. A Breach of Promise is said to be a most amusing bit of dramatic dialogue, full of laughable situations. It is loaded with life and excellent specialties while the songs introduced are the latest New York successes. The scenic effects are particularly fine and the company is a strong one. The roster includes Joseph Harrington, one of the finest stage Irishmen before the public, Bert Haverly, an old San Francisco favorite, Fred Seville, Nellie Sennett, Rosa Crouch and many talented others. Brown's in Town, with Maud Knowlton in the principal role, will follow.

Orpheum

LOTTY, the new dancer, has proved her title to being numbered among the original and clever danseuses of the world by her dances this week. Lotty has a graceful and rounded figure and her dances are in fact pictures evolved from colored lights with view to reveal this form in picturesque poses. The international yacht race is touched upon by J. W. Winton, the ventriloquist, who has a new Irish automaton which he calls McGinty and which naturally should know all about the bottom of the sea. It might be well for the next monologuist who comes here to lay in a supply of new jokes; Tom Brown brings several that are quite familiar to Orpheum audiences. The Hawaiian Queens are still

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Seats by 'Phone, Main 1731.

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Commencing Sunday Night, October 22nd.
The funniest of all. The wittiest and brightest.
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One week only. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.
Popular evening prices, 75, 50 and 25c. Matinees 50 and 25c.
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Last two nights of "NANON."

Week of Monday, October 23rd, 1899, first production on any stage of an entirely original comic opera entitled,

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New and beautiful scenery and costumes.
A superb cast of principals.
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Scenery all new.
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Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Tivoli Opera House

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Tonight, "OTHELLO." Sunday night, "CAVALLERIA and "PAGLIACCI." Final performances. Next week, every evening and Saturday matinee, Offenbach's famous comic opera,

"LA BELLE HELENE"

In active rehearsal, "L' AFRICAINE." To be produced October 30th, with Avedano, Salassa, Wanrell, Anna Lichter, Charlotte Beckwith etc. in the cast.

Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents. Telephone for Seats, Bush9.

Orpheum

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Wright Huntington and Co., Laura Burt, Sada, Vinie De Witt, Walton's Simian Acrobats, Mlle. Erna's Dogs, Lotty, Florenz Troupe, Tom Brown.

Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c,
Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

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California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900, Beginning SATURDAY, September 23, 1899.

Oakland Race Track

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday rain or shine

Five or more Races each day

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the track in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Dr. T. E. Shumate has returned from Europe and has moved his office to 794 Sutter street.

favorites and all the others on the bill seem to please. Next week a strong bill will be presented Wright Huntington, once the Alcazar's leading man, will present a little play written by himself—A Stolen Kiss The play is founded upon a story told to Mr. Huntington at the Presidio club some years ago, by Lieutenant Gardner of the Third Artillery. Mr. Huntington is supported by Miss Adele Francis, one of the most beautiful woman in vaudeville. George Farren is also with Mr. Huntington. Laura Burt, an immense favorite in San Francisco, will appear in monologue. Sada, until recently violin soloist in Sousa's band, Vinie De Witt, cornetist, Walton's acrobatic Simians, and Mademoiselle Erna's musical canines are novelties.. The monkeys go through a performance similar to that of the Hegelman brothers.

Tivoli THE TIVOLI is making grand preparations for the production of L'Africaine, Meyerbeer's great music drama. In order to give Salassa and Avedano a chance to rest and re-appear with all their vigor and musical strength, next week will be devoted to comic opera only and La Belle Helene has been selected for this occasion. The performance of L'Africaine should attract the keen interest of all music lovers, as it is a grand work well worth seeing. The Tivoli management is summoning up all its resources to make the performance a brilliant one. Beside the request programs of the grand operas, Othello, Cavalleria and Pagliacci, Auber's romantic opera, Fra Diavolo, was presented this week. Tom Greene looked handsome in the title role; in fact he was altogether too handsome, lacking that fierceness which should be the characteristic of a brigand chief. It is true Fra Diavolo was a decent sort of chap, but he was also a rough fellow, used to hardship, and relentless when his anger was aroused. Toward the end Mr Greene was better from a dramatic point of view and his fall was a dangerous piece of stage business well accomplished. Vocally he met all requirements of the part. He has an excellent voice, not great, but always pleasing to listen to. Mr. Wheelan did an excellent piece of character work in his impersonation of Beppo; his mimicry is pronounced and striking. Both the vicious and humorous parts are brought out forcibly by him. A role like this cannot very well be overacted and so Mr. Wheelan could not fall into the error which marks so many of his other characterizations. This able comedian has a fine sense of comical situations and never fails to profit by them. He is quick, clever and original. The more I watch Mr. Wheelan the more I become convinced of his artistic facility as an actor. But this cast of Fra Diavolo included a bunch of musical daisies the fragrance of which tends to irritate refined musical nostrils—there are musical nostrils, you know. Look at this: Phil Branson, Arthur Messmer, Harry Richards, Ada Palmer Walker, Tillie Salinger. Miss Walker at least knows how to sing, and that her voice is steely cannot be put to her discredit as a vocalist. This is a physical shortcoming. So I beg to withdraw her name from the bunch of daisies; she is at least artistically wide awake. But oh, the balance of the warblers! I hate to use harsh terms as they often degenerate into abuse, but when listening to those daisies I am compelled to give vent to my condensed feelings. By the shade of Auber, it was a torture! William Schuster had not much to do, but what he did was really a great relief in contrast to the work of the other song birds.

Alcazar THE MASKED BALL is a comedy containing considerable humor and brightness. It was first given in this city by John Drew and Maude Adams. Montaine creates a good deal of laughter through his sombre delivery of the witty dialogue that falls to him. He has the German style of comedy, dry, dignified and yet not deficient in the farcical element. Mr. Montaine is one of the most versatile actors I have seen for a long time. His representation of Baron Hartfeld last week was an artistic achievement, the completeness of which was astonishing. Mr. Ormonde is another actor who can adapt himself to any part allotted to him and executé it with care and intelligence. He plays Dr. Pane Blondet exceedingly well and succeeds in bringing out the various methods of the character to perfection. He is also clever in stage business, paying strict attention to every detail. Miss Foster is rather too stately looking for Suzanne, although she plays the part with much chic and dash. Her drinking scene is a clever piece of acting and earns her the praise of the connoisseurs. Miss Howe is able to assert all her force, for roles like Madame Poulard fit Miss Howe like a glove. I hope that the realism of exhibition of temper which she suceeeds so well in portraying on the stage is not a usual ailment with her. But she does it so naturally that one is inclined to believe she is used to it. Next week the Alcazar will produce The Three Musketeers. Costumes and scenery have been especially designed for this production and altogether it promises to be a splendid one.

THE PLAYGOER.

Music World

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

SAN FRANCISCO is after all a musical town, notwithstanding the denials of some disgruntled people who are refused recognition because they fail to satisfy the delicate taste of our audiences. I have resided in various cities of musical prominence and am therefore in a position to judge of a musical atmosphere. In all my experience I have never found a more critical nor a more musical audience than the concert public of San Francisco. Like all efficient judges of good music, it requires tedious work and a long time of activity to attract the attention of our music lovers. And then when the attention is attracted it necessitates superior capability to retain it. But when a musician has once succeeded in proving himself worthy of support it is an assured fact that our music lovers will not hesitate to assist him. This contention is backed up by the rapid increase of the subscription list of the Minetti quartet. At the time of this writing there are eighty subscribers on the list and still two weeks are left until the beginning of the concerts. It is now safe to predict that the number of subscribers will have exceeded the hundred mark on the evening of the first concert. According to my promise, permit me to publish a list of the subscribers up to date:

Hon. Jas. D. Phelan, Jul. A. Eichhorn, Mrs. Wertheimer, Miss C. Jordan, Mr. Curtaz, Mrs. Anna von Meyerinck, G. Marcus, Mrs. S. Liebes, Mrs Samson, Mrs. F. S. Pott, Mrs. Liebman, Miss S. Brinns, Mrs. I. Brandt, Mrs. L. Newman, Miss Laura Holmes, Miss Edith Hecht, Chas. S. Wheeler, Miss G. Arnold, Albert Arents, Mrs. William Wilson, Clark Wise, E. F. Turner, R. Capelle, Mrs. H. Cunningham, Mrs. A. S. Hallidie, L. Lisser, Mr. and Mrs. A. Eloesser, Miss Jessie Lane, Miss Loulla Underwood, V. A. Hoffmeyer, Mrs. J. Nash, M. W. Manning, J. Lichtermann, Bertyn A. Weyl, Miss Grace Hecht, Madame P. de Lemascheffsky, Miss N. Stow, Mrs. Frank Coudery, Mrs William Bremer, Mrs. A. Son, Mrs. Dorothea Peyser, Mrs. P. R. Boone, Mrs. William Haas, Edward Marshuts, W. C. Zinkand, E. Duplessis Baylard, Mrs. A. Deniston, Mrs. T. Messoyer, H. B. Pasmore, H. H. Hun, Miss J. Heyneman, Mrs. J. Brandt, Dr. A. Barkan, A. C. Blossom Jr., Mrs. H. E. Huntington, Charles F. Fay, Miss Clara M. Sawyer. While there appear only fifty-seven names in this list the number of actual subscribers is eighty, as many subscribe for two tickets. I consider this list, together with the names to be added next week, as representative supporters of music in San Francisco, people whose desire for progress and musical development is sincere and who believe in supporting an institution whose purpose it is to exercise a beneficial influence over our music students. Chamber music concerts are necessary for the musical welfare of San Francisco and there-

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fore they should be supported with all possible energy. When the above list is complete I shall have an idea of how many people are willing to support good music without being dragged into a concert by means of flashy advertisements and extravagant booming, or through the influence of friends. There may not be many of them, but the more is the honor to be classed in such company. Outside of the personal solicitation of Giulio Minetti and his shadow, Charles Heinsen, no one has solicited subscribers for the concerts. It will thus be seen that except for the assistance of TOWN TALK nothing was done to attract attention. That the quartet is assured of over a hundred subscribers and has a fair chance to sell at least as many single tickets, is proof how good music will always be supported by honest admirers of the art. I have been very sincere in my talks about the Minetti quartet and am willing to back up every assertion by facts. It is no exaggeration to state that the Minetti quartet is the representative chamber music organization on this coast and ere long its fame will spread throughout the musical world of America, if this is not already the case. We need and want a good chamber music quartet on this coast and there is none that deserves our support in a larger degree than the Minetti quartet which for years past has proved that it is entitled to this honor.

L. S. Sherman
President of Sherman, Clay & Co., who has just returned from Europe

Although the Slinkey concert is reviewed in another part of this paper, I cannot omit to call attention to two artists, Miss Marion Bear and Hother Wismer. Miss Bear returned from Europe a short time ago, and, as I understand, was treated rather unkindly by the critics. It seems to me the critics proceed from one standard here, namely, that of absolute perfection. This is a discouraging method of criticism. In order to encourage music it is necessary to classify criticism in commenting upon pretentious and unpretentious artists. Miss Marion Bear does not claim to be a Carreno, hence she does not make any pretentions and her work must be criticised from a different standpoint. I am convinced that Miss Bear does conscientious work. She plays with intelligence, has a firm touch and graspes the various rules of technic very well indeed. Her Brahms sonata, Op. 5, was played very neatly and I cannot for the life of me see where there could be any censure used in a review of Miss Bear's playing. She shows in every move that she has profited by good tuition. Her playing must be regarded as successful by any fair-minded person. The other artist I desire to mention, because I believe him to be worthy of encouragement, is Hother Wismer, who played two Hungarian dances by Joachim-Brahms with much taste. His technic is excellent and his interpretation original and artistic. I have pointed out several times that the young man ought to have more breadth of tone and I believe the lack of it is due to the manner in which he holds his bow. By grasping the bow nearer the "frog" I am sure he would get more pressure and through this greater breadth.

¶ ¶

Since my remarks about Bosworth's Harmonic Cycle two weeks ago a good many musicians came to me for information and I am glad to say that I was successful in convincing them of the utility of this new invention. Surely a design whereby you are enabled to shorten your study of harmony, learn it just as thoroughly and besides are enabled to arrange and transpose compositions for the piano, ought to attract the attention of the music world. Of course there are some musicians whom you can never convince of anything new, but I am glad to find some of our musicians, and I must say some of our most prominent ones, who are earnestly interested in and approve of Mr. Bosworth's ingenious and clever musical design. The cycle is gaining more and more the approval of eastern musicians. Perhaps after it is famous throughout the east and Europe a few silurians from San Francisco will ask:

"What is Bosworth's Harmonic Cycle?"

¶ ¶

The new organist of St. Dominic's church who was summoned from the east to take charge of the organ at this house of worship, is a splendid acquisition to our musical cult. It is but natural that the musicians will ask "Who is this new organist?" and in response a short sketch of his career will be interesting. He is a native of Massachusetts and received the degree of A. B. from the Harvard university in 1886 with honorable mention in music, and continued the study of composition with Edward McDowell in New York. He is a pupil of Gaston Dethier, the excellent organist of Saint Francis Xavier church, New York, whose position Mr. Palmer occupied during the organist's absence in Europe last summer. He has had a great experience as choir-master, and has an extensive repertory of compositions by the modern composers such as Widor, Rheinberger, Dubois, Gigout, Bœllman, Salome and others. Mr. Palmer is also a composer, having brought out a mass and a number of songs all of which proved successful.

¶ ¶

L. S. Sherman, president of Sherman, Clay & Co , returned from Europe last week and is now again at the helm of the largest music house on the Pacific coast. Mr. Sherman's destination was England and he made a trip through Scotland and Ireland. He found the British people very receptive to American industry, and in fact America and Americans seem to occupy a much more favorable position than formerly, no doubt a result of the recent war. Mr. Sherman having gone to Europe for recreation, he kept himself aloof from musical affairs, but enjoyed himself otherwise thoroughly; nevertheless he is glad to get home.

¶ ¶

Joseph Greven's Choral society meets every Friday evening at rooms 37-38, 40 Ellis street. Rehearsals begin promptly at eight o'clock. Application blanks for admission to membership in the society may be obtained from Frank W. Healy, the business director. Twice a month concerts, oratorio and operatic performances will be given during the season by the society.

¶ ¶

The subscription list to the Minetti quartet has now reached almost the hundred mark. This is a very gratifying state of affairs, and I become reassured regarding the musical taste of our people here. I am also glad for the Minetti quartet for it deserves it. A hundred subscribers means an undisputed financial success, as the single admission tickets are not included herein.

¶ ¶

There was an interesting faculty recital at the von Meyerinck School of Music last Wednesday evening. The quality of these recitals may be gauged according to the attendance for there is usually not room enough for the attentive listeners. This large and interested gathering speaks louder than words in praise of these affairs. The von Meyerinck School of Music is

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certainly fortunate in its talent. I got there just in time to hear Arthur Fickenscher play Bach's Italian concerto, with an interpretation and fluency that was delightful. It is particularly difficult to interpret these older, strictly classical works of the masters, as despite their beauty they contain at times a succession of phrases which are so often repeated that they become monotonous. It is useless to rave over old classical compositions without picking out their drawbacks. Our modern works show marked improvement in melody over a great many older ones, but this is not said to belittle the classical works. I merely make mention of this fact to show what difficulty Mr. Fickenscher had to refrain from boring his audience, as one of the movements of this very concerto is very tedious, but he made it so interesting that the tediousness was overcome. The last movement is the most entertaining and melodious to listen to. Miss Feldheim sang If Thou Thy Heart Will Give Me (Bach), with an agreeable voice endowed with mellow quality. Miss Decker possesses an excellent soprano of much strength and carrying power which she understands how to use to good advantage. The evening was devoted to Bach and Handel.

¶ ¶

It is gratifying to hear of the second hour of song of Edward Xavier Rölker. This efficient teacher and vocalist is one of those conscientious and, may I say, modest musicians whose very backwardness in sounding their own praises inspires one with respect for their knowledge. It is always the musician who is niggardly in the announcements of his own talent who knows most and Mr. Rölker is a striking illustration of this class. He also loves his music with an unselfishness and faithfulness which is delightful to witness. He is a scholar of vocal music and is intimately acquainted with all its intricacies. I am right glad to pay this tribute to Mr. Rölker, as it is but seldom he gives one a chance to compliment him upon his good work.

¶ ¶

Arthur Fickenscher and Samuel Savannah will give an invitational violin and piano recital at Century hall on Tuesday afternoon, October thirty-first. The program will consist mostly of works by modern composers and will include: Russian Suite by César Cui; Sonata by César Frank; two piano ballads by Brahms and Alamande by Franz Ries. As both young men are thorough musicians a pleasant affair may be expected.

¶ ¶

The program of the first pupil recital given at the von Meyerinck School of Music last Friday evening was: First movement from the thirteenth symphony (Haydn), Mrs. A. C. Lewis and Miss Cruzan; alto solo, Romance (Rubinstein), Lulu Feldheim; piano solo, Arabeske (Schumann), Mrs. A. C. Lewis; soprano solo [a] song (Kjrulf), [b] Nymphs and Fauns (Beurberg), Helen Heath; piano solo [a], Indian Loge (McDowell's Woodland Sketches), [b] Waltz (Chopin), Jessie Burns; soprano solo [a], Auf Fluegeln des Gesanges, [b] Old German Love Song (Mendelssohn), Elsa Priber; piano solo [a], Nachtstueck (Schumann), [b] Impromptu (Schubert), Edith Cruzan; soprano solo, Ave Maria (Bach-Gounod), Mrs. P. W. McGlade. The third of Mrs. Fairweather's lectures on From Scale to Symphony was a repetition of the success of the two

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previous discourses. The attendance was even greater than at the preceding meetings, and also more interested and enthusiastic; as the subject becomes more fascinating the further these talks progress. Mrs. Fairweather has an excellent manner of delivery which always fascinates her listeners. The theme of the third lecture was: Evolution of piano from Assyrian dulcinus; Arabian music with illustrations from Le Desert by Felicien David and the Queen of Sheba by Goldmark, sung by Mrs. von Meyerinck; birth of the violin; Hebrew music; scale spiritualism and parallelism. The subject for next Monday will be Greek music and its development.

ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

A very large audience, numbering music lovers from Sausalito, San Rafael and Oakland as well as from San Francisco, assembled in Sherman-Clay hall on Monday evening at the concert given by Miss Lilian K. Slinkey, her first appearance since her return after three years of study abroad. A string trio opened the program, by Hother Wismer, Dr. Regensburger and Fred Maurer. Miss Slinkey's entrance was greeted by a burst of applause, which did not subside for some time. It was a most enthusiastic welcome and was sincere, for Miss Slinkey's long absence abroad by no means caused her to be forgotten. She sang the arietta from Romeo and Juliet, her later numbers being Invocation to the Muse (Leoncavallo) and the recitative and polonaise from Mignon. Two encores were demanded and given. Though not large Miss Slinkey's voice is of a sweet and sympathetic quality, a birdlike soprano leggiero particularly adapted to the interpretation of lyrical operatic music. She has a fine stage presence and would undoubtedly be a success if she chooses to adopt the career of an opera singer. Miss Marion Bear rendered Brahms' piano sonata op. 5, a Mendelssohn-Heller selection and a Staccato Caprice by Vogrich, displaying a fine technic and knowledge of her art. Dr. Regensburger played Popper's Arlequin in excellent form and Mr. Wismer gave a violin solo, two Hungarian dances (Joachim Brahms) in which vigor and poesy were well combined. Mr. Maurer accompanied delightfully throughout the evening.

¶ ¶

Edward Xavier Rölker has issued invitations for his second "hour of song" to be given on Thursday evening, October twenty-sixth, at Sherman-Clay hall. Those of his pupils who will sing are Mrs. Pierre Douillet, Miss R. Harden-Hickey, Miss E. Hanks, Miss D. Griswold and Miss Harriette Simons.

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World of Letters

A WRITER in the New Century Review takes Sir Walter Besant sharply to task for his recent utterances on the subject of the delights and compensations of authorship. Besant has, himself, been successful in gathering up a share of the loaves and fishes, though there are those Philistines who wander wherein lies the secret of his popularity, and he has taken to adding to his heap of shekels by encouraging others to betake themselves to the inky craft, which may bring them full purses, and "as much social consideration as a bishop." The "other fellow" says there are some who are fortunate enough to attract attention at once, but they are far more likely to be the imitators of success, and the works of philosophers, historians and others who must expend pains and research upon their literary labors are far less likely to command the public ear than are light literature stories, second rate novels etc.,and the poorest of these are apt to be the most successful. One without independent means, before devoting himself to literature as a life calling, should secure the assistance of someone willing to provide a subsistence for at least ten years;it is very well to talk of art for art's sake, and all the other time worn platitudes, but he must be prepared for disappointments, disillusionments, slights, insults, "but let him not be duped by promises of an adequate recompense in the present and a competence in his old age. Such reward *may* come; and the chances are it may *not* come." It is refreshing occasionally to come across some one who has the courage to speak out on this subject. It is a simple matter of primary arithmetic to calculate the price per word that has been paid to Tennyson or Kipling for this or that poem, but alas! the Tennysons and Kiplings are few and far between; but what is the quotient of the zero paid to the average writer divided by the infinite number of the average? Since the death of Robert Bonner much space has been given over to accounts of the prices he paid for literary material, but if the same writings were offered to the public today how would they be received? The giants of those days would, many of them, scarce reach above medium height in these. Beecher was paid for his name, not his novel. Fanny Fern might, today, fill a column of a Sunday supplement. Mrs. Southworth's novels, though one dare not offend against the proprieties and include them in "literature," were by no means bad Their greatest fault is their diffuseness and burdensome description, but they would not today command attention from the same class of people who eagerly watched the Ledger for their appearance. People who have their bread and butter to earn, or who are even content with dry bread, are brought face to face with conditions, not theories. Howells makes one of his characters remark: "I wouldn't attempt to keep a cat on art," and though he has himself nothing to complain of, he would probably advise anyone with a cat to keep not to trust its maintenance to the income from literary work. A writer in the Chicago Times Herald, speaking on the subject of the chances for new-comers in the field, says it is a fair estimate that for every manuscript accepted with thanks, (note, he does not mention other compensation), there are a thousand declined. The man who has anything to say to the world will not be deterred by the consideration that it might not be paid for, but that is a very different matter from encouraging every Hodge to drop his hoe and grasp a pen under the delusion that writing is easy work with big pay.

"Bright is the ring of words
When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
When the singer sings them."

The Harper-McClure combination announces the issuance of a new magazine on November first. It is to be an illustrated review published at ten cents a copy and the prospectus promises well. Judging by the past productions of both firms it will be a creditable periodical, and at the low price, especially since the reduction in cost of Harper's Magazine, will probably find a clientele awaiting it amongst those who have heretofore paid the old price for that publication. Much disaster as was predicted for the Cosmopolitan when it reduced its price, it appears that there was a method in its madness. Wanamaker has also recently added a ten-cent magazine to his out put, and he is not given to tempering business with sentiment. The Harper-McClure company's new review promises a more varied table of contents than the usual cheap magazine, and coming out at the beginning of the magazine year and just before the holidays, will probably be well received at the outstart.

THE BOOKWORM.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, CHARLES H. McGUGIN, Administrator of the Estate of JAMES EDWARD McGUGIN deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within four (4) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Administrator at Room 805, Claus Spreckels Building, S. W. corner Market and Third streets the same being his place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

CHARLES H. McGUGIN,
Administrator of the Estate of James Edward McGugin, Deceased.

Dated at San Francisco, September 19th, 1899.

HENRY G. W. DINKELSPIEL, Attorney for Administrator,
804-5-6 Claus Spreckels Building, San Francisco, Cal.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of JOHN C. SIMONSSON, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above named Court, made on the sixth day of October, 1899, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of John C. Simonsson, a Minor, the undersigned, Guardian of said minor, will sell at private sale on or after the 31st day of October, 1899, at 12 o'clock M., to the highest bidder, for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said court, all of the right title and interest of said minor in that certain real estate, (being an undivided five-eighths interest) situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of McCormick Street, distant thereon 94 feet and 6 inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Pacific Street, and running thence Southerly along said line of McCormick Street 26 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 58 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 26 feet and 6 inches, and thence at a right angle Westerly 58 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. That bids or offers for said interest in said real estate will be received by said Guardian at the offices of Messrs Baldwin & Howell, No. 10 Montgomery Street in said City and County of San Francisco.

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And the mail of my patience she pierced with the spear of her shape through and through,
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I rede you beware of the stroke of her eyes, that never looked yet but they slew.
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THE TRANSLATOR.

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A man must be excessively stupid, as well as uncharitable, who believes there is no virtue but on his own side.—Addison.

Old men's eyes are like old men's memories; they are strongest for things a great way off.—*Romola*, George Eliot.

A man is never so egotistical as in a moment of great spiritual excitement. He seems to think at this moment that there is nothing in the world finer and more interesting than himself.—*The Cossacks*, Tolstoi.

There will always be an inequality among mankind so long as a portion of it is enlightened and industrious, and the rest idle and ignorant.—*Salmagundi*, Irving.

The world deals good-naturedly with good-natured people, and I never knew a sulky misanthropist who quarreled with it, but it was he, and not it, that was in the wrong.—*Henry Esmond*, Thackeray.

The great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Self Reliance*, Emerson.

The young look into women's eyes to see their own reflections; the old, to see the woman.—*But Yet a Woman*, A. S. Hardy.

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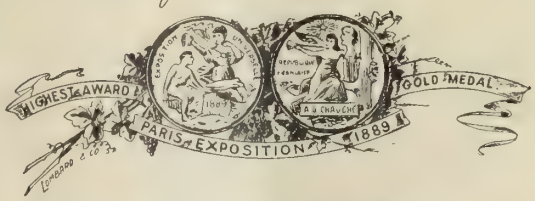

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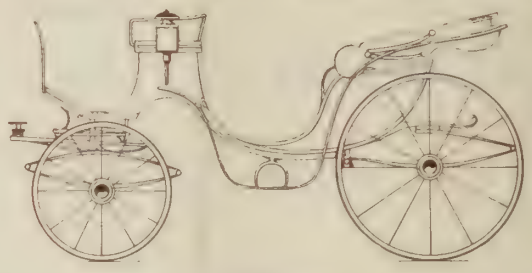

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TOWN TALK

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OUR OPINION

The Charter and Its Friends

THE SUPREME COURT has done what TOWN TALK predicted it would do several weeks ago. In affirming the validity of the charter the court has exposed the absurdity of the rumors which have been afloat ever since the litigation involving the charter was started. Some people are always ready to believe slanders upon courts of justice, and even the highest tribunal in the state has not escaped the odium of libelous charges which are so frequently made by people who have no confidence in the integrity of our institutions. Now that the charter has been sustained by a unanimous vote of the court, perhaps the justices will hereafter be above suspicion. The sustaining of the charter is a great victory for the people, and the leaders of the democratic organization are entitled to the gratitude of the community, for to them belongs the credit of having set in motion the machinery by which this organic law was secured. As a municipal political campaign is now being prosecuted, the backers of the republican ticket affect great indignation at what they term the impudent assumption of the democracy. They are pointing with pride to the fact that the charter was ratified by a republican legislature. That circumstance, they pretend to believe, demonstrated that they were instrumental in giving the charter to the city. They have expediently forgotten the fierce battle that they waged against the charter on the eve of the election at which it was adopted. They have no recollection of their vicious assaults on Mayor Phelan for having dictated many of the provisions of the charter. They asserted that he was striving to become the Dictator of the city and that with such a charter for an organic law, he would become a Czar, and they pictured many of the dreadful things that might befall the community in such event. But the charter was adopted despite the calamity howlers of the republican party and then there was created such a powerful sentiment in favor of the instrument that no ambitious officer-seeker dared express an adverse opinion of its provisions. The republican party pledged its candidates for the legislature to support it, not because the organization approved it but because public sentiment, created and fostered by Mayor Phelan and his supporters, forced them to acquiescence. Even after the legislature was elected there were murmurings of discontent and rumors that the charter would not be ratified, but public sentiment was too strong. These facts are so well known that it is ridiculous to attempt to deceive the public. The taxpayers of the city—republicans and democrats—are familiar with the history of the charter fight, and they know that it is the issue of this campaign, and that it will not be put into execution as it should be unless Mayor Phelan and the democratic ticket are elected.

Something We Should Remember

A LITTLE over a year ago we were engaged in a war with Spain. We believed we were right and that Spain was wrong, but there were several nations of Europe that sympathized with the Spaniards. They referred to us as American hogs, sneered at our pretentions, condemned us for interfering between Spain and Cuba, and assumed an attitude toward us that could not be regarded as otherwise than menacing. For a brief period our position was somewhat embarrassing. We felt that with a little encouragement and assistance, Spain might cause us a great deal of uneasiness, and inflict upon us hardships that we would have gladly avoided. About that time we were very much interested in knowing what position England would assume. We had not long to wait. The British government very plainly signified its intention of seeing fair play, and thereupon all the other nations of Europe were quite willing to keep their hands off. We were very grateful to England then, and there was much talk of the Anglo-Saxon alliance, and the bond of sympathy that united the English speaking people. Now England is engaged in a war with the Boers, a fanatical, unprogressive, ignorant people of South Africa, and in various parts of this country there are people loudly proclaiming their sympathy for Oom Paul and his followers. The Boers have not as clear a title to the territory they occupy as the Indians of this country have to American soil. What they possess they obtained by conquest, and they have not the inclination to develop their resources or to permit others to do so. Their country has no diplomatic relations with the nations of the globe, and there is no reason why we should concern ourselves about them. They will receive fairer treatment under British rule than they have been willing to vouchsafe to the English residents of the Transvaal. From a sentimental standpoint we should perhaps deplore the fate of the Boers, and deprecate England's imperialistic policy, just as people in England have sympathized with the Indians, and regarded as reprehensible our treatment of the Aborigines of American soil, but after all sentiment in such matters is largely fictitious. England is not any more cold-blooded than any other nation. The acquisition of wealth is the aim of every nation, for wealth

means prosperity and happiness, and in pursuit of those things all countries bend their energies. They are supposed to be guided in that pursuit by moral principles, but the conscience of a nation is more elastic than that of the individual. The conscience of a nation is expressed in public sentiment, and the sentiment of England is for the war in the Transvaal.

Affected Hysteria Over the Roberts Case

IT IS the boast of the press that the profession of journalism co-operates with the church in the uplifting of society. To that end the newspaper seeks to elevate the moral tone of its reading; in its columns violators of the law are excoriated, official corruption is exposed and denounced, acts of charity are commended, displays of public spirit extolled and wholesome advice gratuitously imparted. The moral mission of the press cannot be effective however, if it appears to have been promoted by the same sort of impulse that actuates the quack doctor who poses as the benefactor of the afflicted. The hypocritical press is as loathsome as the pulpit charlatan, and when its insincerity becomes manifest it excites contempt just as intense as that which the unclean minister occasions when his delinquencies are exposed. The insincerity of the newspapers of this country has probably never been better exemplified than by their attacks on Congressman Roberts of Utah, who has two wives and makes no effort to deceive either or the public. He is a polygamist and should never have been elected to Congress, but the hysterical and vicious attacks which have been made on him are not warranted by anything he has ever done. He is a Mormon and according to his religion he is entitled to a harem, and nobody has produced any evidence showing that he is an immoral man. Each of his wives is aware of the status of the other, and both are satisfied, for they believe that their husband has divine authority for his rule of conduct. As far as can be ascertained Roberts has always been satisfied with his wives, and has never coveted any other man's wife. He therefore has a much cleaner record than many of our surreptiously polygamous statesmen in Washington who are permitted to mingle with the wives and daughters of their associates. Even certain newspapers which are denouncing him most bitterly are edited by men who are notoriously loose of morals, and who evince the basest hypocrisy when they affect hot indignation over his election to Congress.

The Immorality of the Modern Drama

THE up-to-date dramatist continues to appeal to the prurient tastes of theatre-goers. Judging from the character of the dramas that find favor with the speculative managers of New York and London, modern theatre-goers enjoy nothing but salacity in stage scenes. Here is Henry Arthur Jones, with a new play written, of course, with an ear to popular demand, and it is peopled with characters who are immoral to the extent of ceasing to be human beings. The play is "Carnac Sahib" and the scenes are located in India among people who appear to be the offspring of a long line of degenerate ancestors. One of them, an army officer, expresses his sentiments in the following language:

"My son Richard, the philosophy of this matter lies in a nut-shell. Given any one of these divine creatures with beauty, the question arises, 'Hath she also virtue?' For then her beauty is naught; it is dead and cold; it hath no pulse or relish of life in it. But, given any one of these divine creatures with beauty, and let that beauty be easy of access, marketable, benign and of sovereign comfort to the wayfaring, rapscallion man (*pointing to himself*), then he is fired to his destiny. He hastens to be her slave, and goeth rejoicing to red ruin and blue damnation for her sake. Virtue, my son Richard, is a deadly and nauseous enemy to beauty. And for all our treble rhinocerous hide of damnable hypocrisy, we Englishmen know it. And act upon it! Tell me, my son Richard, who lies snuggest and warmest in the hearts of the English people, Nell Gwynne or Hannah More? Find me one tolerably attractive, virtuous women in all the roll-call of history, and I will own to you that in parcelling out the capacious freehold of my heart in small, residential plots for these divine creatures to build upon and inherit, I have made a mistake; and I stand before you at 55, socially, morally, spiritually and professionally, a failure, a ghastly and lamentable failure, a wreck and a ruin."

The dramatist professes that he is not in sympathy with these sentiments, but the speech is in harmony with the tone of the drama, and was undoubtedly introduced for the purpose of eliciting the approval of the morbid. The rule of conduct suggested by that bold and improbable speech is the keynote of the average modern society drama. The playwright of the Jones type seems to aim at convincing people that the prejudice against vice is being overcome by intellectual development, and that moral rectitude prevails only among people who permit themselves to be influenced by old fashioned notions. They cause virtue to appear ridiculous, and develop the comedy element by means of the portrayal of loose morals. But their characters are unhuman, and their dramas are a libel on society.

Book Prudes Across The Bay

"THE FOREST LOVERS" is tabu to the good people of Oakland who depend upon the public library for their supply of literary food, so we may expect to see that book heading the list of the best selling, here and about. To judge from the number of good books that find their way into the index expurgatorius from time to time, one must conclude that after all, education and a taste for reading have not proved the universal antidote for crime and the panacea for all woes. Just now there appears to be a fad for nosing out "immorality" and Mother Goose and all the old time fairy tales are forbidden fruit. Victor Hugo and James Lane Allen are alike under the ban, while Jane Eyre vibrates between the extremes of praise and blame until one can never say just where it is at any given period. We have seen Longfellow's "Building of the Ship" cast out into the darkness, and even Scott's novels hidden from the children. Some people are shocked at Washington Irving, and conservative folk make sure of their ground before mentioning Thomas Hardy. Even our own "McTeague"—My dear!—Once upon a time there was a harmless dialect song, very popular in its day, "Such a Joke on Schneider." It was sung in a private gathering, before a mixed audience, whereupon a virtuous mother and her two equally virtuous daughters indignantly left the room. Afterward they were

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under the painful necessity of explaining that they *thought* the song had reference to a risqué and racy story, which, it appeared, was their own private property. The majority of new books are not immoral, and their captious critics are unconsciously revealing their own inclinations when they set the seal of their disapproval upon them. Meanwhile one can but rejoice that increased sales mean larger royalties, whenever a really good book is condemned. Even Mother Goose appears to have profited by the recent tirade, for a Chicago publishing firm announces a new and beautiful reproduction of the original collection. with one hundred and fifty illustrations, as one of the most important of his holiday output.

A New Way of Spreading the Light

THE PRIESTS of the Sanseaze Temple at Haching turned Christian and sold the ancient temple with all its costly idols to Christian missionaries, who demolished the temple. The missionaries have now been ordered by the Governor of the Perfecture to restore the temple on pain of expulsion from China. The American and British Consuls are being appealed to.

This is a sample of the tactlessness displayed by these people in all their dealings with the "heathen." It never seems to occur to their minds that anything is due to those whose country they invade and whose people have been worshiping in their own way, at these temples, centuries before the special brand of Christianity professed by the missionaries was yet evolved from the brain of some malcontent of an American or European congregation. It is to be noted in the above account that the priests as usual, had due regard for the loaves and fishes. They *sold* the temple of which they were the custodians, apparently without consulting their constituents, and the missionaries are therefore in the position of receivers of stolen goods. One is at a loss to see why the American and British Consuls should interfere in their behalf, or why they should not be expelled. We shall probably soon hear of outrages upon the Christian missions elsewhere in the Orient, and the whole civilized world will be called upon to sympathize with them in their sufferings from "entirely causeless and unprovoked hostility," for, of course this little affair at Haching will be looked upon as to the greater honor and glory of God, who, according to the views of religionists, appears to be indebted to the missionaries for discovering the existence of these strange people who inhabit stray corners of the earth without His knowledge or consent.

Money for a Monument And a Mortgage

TWO prominent foreign gentlemen—the Mayor of Dublin and a member of Parliament—have come over to this country to get sufficient money to liquidate the mortgage on the ancestral home of Charles Parnell, and to erect a monument to that distinguished patriot in Ireland's principal city. They have already met with considerable success in New York where such distinguished citizens as Mayor Van Wyck and Dick Croker made handsome contributions and where they succeeded in extracting five thousand dollars from the pockets of a generous people. The mission of these fund-raising foreigners suggests the advisability of enacting legislation prohibiting such visitations. Some years ago when the Land League was flourishing its treasury was enriched by the liberty-loving people of this country who dealt out donations with prodigal hands to free Ireland. The servant girls of America and those politicians that coveted the Irish vote were ever ready to contribute to the campaign funds of the Land League. As the money was spent in a noble cause it was not begrudged, but in the course of time the fund collectors from the other side wore out their welcome. They appeared to be absorbing too much wealth in proportion to the amount of benefits secured for the green isle. Besides we had charities of our own at home. The American pocket book ceased to give up its contents. We were granted a long respite from the importunities of the fund-raising patriots, but they appear to have resumed business at the old stand. Now we are asked to pay off the mortgage on Parnell's home and to erect to his memory a monument in the city of Dublin. Evidently there is an impression abroad that we are lacking in heroes of our own. Perhaps they have not heard in Ireland about Dewey, and of the great difficulty we had in collecting money enough to erect a monument to Grant. We have just bought Dewey a loving cup and a home in Washington, and the people of New York would like to raise sufficient money to erect an arch in honor of the hero of Manila. Besides we are pensioning more heroes of the War of the Rebellion than were enlisted in the entire Union Army. How can we afford to liquidate mortgages in foreign parts and erect monuments that we may never see. The people of Ireland owe much to Mr. Parnell in gratitude and by way of apology for the way they treated him in his declining years, and they should be willing to wear the skin off their backs to save his home and raise a monument to his memory before appealing to foreigners for co-operation.

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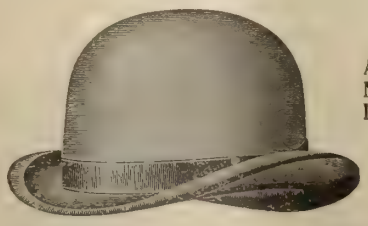

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WHEN STARS COME OUT

THE WORLD'S asleep. But up there in the far off places
Where lights are gleaming,
Wrapped in his trailing robes of night, an angel paces
And he is dreaming
Of tender things earth's children do, of sweet cheer spoken.
To souls down drifted;
Of simple cups of water given and by that token
The world uplifted.
The angel counts and, counting, smiles with tender pride
In that chaste glory—
His thoughts flash one by one on heaven's scroll, stretched wide,
And tell the story. L. CLARE DAVIS.

The Saunterer

HARMONY does not prevail in the Paris Commission, popular belief to the contrary notwithstanding. When the commission was organized people who thought they knew declared that it was a very happy family, and that the commissioners were destined to have an exceedingly nice time on the other side. "Ole Bill" Foote's friends declared that he was the luckiest man on earth in getting the appointment from a republican Governor, and that everything was coming his way as usual. And when Varney Gaskill was appointed secretary, nobody was surprised, for "Ole Bill" and Varney are great friends and the prospects for augmenting the happiness of the family seemed brighter than ever. What a gay time they will all have! Such was the prediction of the men about town. Mr. and Mrs. Runyon, Mr. and Mrs. Gaskill, Mr. Foote and Mr. Ben Truman—could a more congenial company of tourists have been selected? Well, hardly. But presently, a little friction was engendered, for Mr. Truman wanted to have his daughter appointed a clerk to the commission, and he could not work this plan to a successful culmination. Naturally he became sore. And then came a collision between the commission and Mr. W. H. Mills. Now Mr. Mills is going to have charge of the exhibit of the Southern Pacific company at the Exposition. The company has made a large appropriation for its exhibit and as Mr. Mills is a Californian who is proud of the state, he purposes to secure an exhibit that will advertise the resources of the Golden West. The state's official exhibit will be scattered all over that portion of the Exposition set aside for the United States, and as it will be in many sections it will not make a good showing, but the exhibit of the Southern Pacific company will be consolidated in one building secured for that purpose, in the central part of Paris, where it will be easy of access.

Mr. Mills has been busily engaged with a force of assistants for some time in gathering material for his exhibit, and he has clashed on more than one occasion with the commissioners. There is consequently a very bitter rivalry between the commission and Mr. Mills, and it is probably fortunate for the state that such is the case, for it stimulates endeavor. An effort was made to restore harmony some time ago by that very suave and diplomatic young man, Will Dargie of Oakland, and he went to the trouble and expense of providing a dinner for all concerned. His hospitality was accepted and the commissioners sat down with Mr. Mills and discussed their respective plans to the exhilarating music of popping corks with never a note of discord. "Ole Bill" was as genial as a confidence man trying to dispose of a gold brick, and Will Dargie was most skilful in applying thick layers of salve. It was a love feast that sparkled with camaraderie and bonhomie, but scarcely were the affectionate adieux spoken when out came the hammers and the entente cordiale was off. But the commission is not a unit in its opposition to Mills. Ben Truman is not in sympathy with Foote and Runyon and consequently he is persona non grata to his confreres, so you can imagine what a pretty mess has been stirred up. "Ole Bill" I understand is out for revenge, and so sore is he against Mills that he won't let the state's exhibit go east over the Southern Pacific's rails. He is going to ship it to Stockton and thence over the Santa Fe road. Meanwhile Mills is sawing wood, but when they all get to Paris what a time the gendarmes will have preventing bloodshed!

It cannot be a very satisfactory state of affairs for the tax-payers of San Francisco to know that the schools are without fuel, and that the children and the teachers are actually suffering from cold and damp and wet. Yet such is actually the case. On Friday a week ago the first rain of the season thoroughly drenched many who had far to go to their respective schools and not a few colds and some severe illness were the results of sitting in unwarmed recitation rooms surrounded by damp or wet clothes. In some of the schools the teachers clubbed together and bought coal for the day. Is it not a pretty thing for the city of San Francisco to witness its faithful teachers assessing themselves ten cents a day for coal to keep their shivering classes comfortable and well?

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Maud Knowlton, the leading lady of the "Brown's In Town" company, played in Woodland last Monday night without her stage costumes. She was in San Francisco the previous day with her trunk, having come hither at the behest of Editor Moore of the Call's Sunday supplement, who wanted her to pose before a camera so that he could obtain photos for a "sup" story. Press agent Phil Hastings hired an expressman to ship the trunk to Woodland, but it never reached the town. It was last heard from at Vallejo, and Miss Knowlton has had to play the one-night stands en route to this city in ordinary street costume. Those of us who remember Maud Knowlton in the days when hers was a familiar figure on the promenade know that in ordinary street costume she is not uninteresting, and that therefore the hayseeds of the interior were not deprived of their money's worth by her failure to connect with her trunk.

"I am engaged to a sweet young thing, and the other night when the gas was low I kissed her on the neck, and she demurred, saying that I must never do it again. Don't you think that I ought to call the engagement off?"

This was the palpitating question that came through the mails to the editor of the Heart to Heart Talks department of the Examiner's Sunday supplement.

Unfortunately it was Minerva's day off and the Sporting Editor was attending to the Heart to Heart Talks.

This was his reply:

"Well, it all depends; if the old man has put up a good purse you, perhaps, should be willing to bar the neck-hold until you get her into the marriage ring. Then you can be your own referee and chew her ear off if you feel like it."

This incident illustrates the absurdity of training journalists in one line of work, for every man has to take an occanal day off.

The rain kept from Native Sons' hall last Friday night a good many people who should have been there, for Stanford Parlor's entertainment was altogether too good to be wasted upon a small audience. It is to be hoped the affair will be repeated, for the program is well worth a repetition. With one exception, however. I refer to the monologuist who substituted for Tom Brown, the Orpheum artist who failed to appear. The substitute evidently mistook the affair for a function similar to those given by our yachting clubs, or at any rate a stag occasion, for his stories were most of them unfit for the gentler sex to hear. It was a most regretable circumstance that Tom Brown was absent.

The grand ballet was as cleverly executed a dance as I have ever seen outside of a college entertainment. It was arranged by August Schleicher, who danced a pas seul beside directing the ensembles. The participants wore regulation coryphée costumes of fleshings and fluffy skirts but their movements were not regulation gyrations of feminine ballet dancers. They thrust their legs and arms out angularly and as their can-can steps were not intended to be accomplished with grace the effect was most amusing. A vaudeville program had as its finale a cake walk in which the pedestrians were Miss Rose Simmen and Max Steinle, Miss Mae Hassett and P. Hirleman, Jr., Mrs. Emilie Parent and A. E. J. Nye, Miss Edythe Henderson and A. F. Schleicher. Of these special mention must be made of Mrs. Parent and Mr. Schleicher as distancing all the others in grace and originality.

I think there is something radically wrong in parents or guardians who permit stage children to give imitations of café chantant artists. Never did I so fully comprehend the coarseness of Anna Held's song as when hearing the version given by Little Elsie at the Orpheum. The fact that the audience did not approve of the imitation was evidenced by the very scanty applause awarded the number, while the child's coon song and graceful dances awoke much enthusiasm. But it was saddening to hear this pretty little girl, who should have been warbling nursery ditties, intone the suggestive words, with accompanying gestures, of "I wis' you'd come and play wiz me." I am not an organ for disseminating the doctrines of the S. P. C. A. and C. but I distinctly disapprove of permitting children to interpret risqué songs or to copy unsavory artists.

Though her name was not on the bill at the final performance of the Nance O'Neil company at the California, the part of Oliver Twist was taken by Miss Leila Hill, who very cleverly filled the role at short notice. Miss Hill has been on the stage for some months but this was her first opportunity to show of what she was really capable. She comes rightly by her dramatic ability, being the third daughter of Barton Hill, the old-time favorite of the famous California theatre stock company, and at present in Nance O'Neil's support. Leila Hill is as pretty as her name, and yet she is rather more than a merely pretty, refined girl of slender build. Her beauty is of the classical order, with expressive features, and she possesses a natural grace of manner and carriage. Miss Hill will continue with the Nance O'Neil company and there is no reason to doubt of her success in any important role assigned to her.

Mr. and Mrs. Jack Casserly have returned to town from Menlo. The E. W. Hopkins's will close their country place on the first and will return to San Francisco. The Joe Grants came up to town from Burlingame on Monday and will remain here all winter.

Those who see in Socialism the final end of all the woes and worries of the world might profitably turn their attention to the condition of the Pitcairn islanders. This little colony on a pin point island in the southern Pacific ocean, out of the usual track of vessels and practically cut off from communication with the world at large, has been from the beginning entirely socialistic. There have been neither masses nor classes. They have not been oppressed by the greed of monopolists and trusts, nor ruined by the cut throat policy of competition. There has been neither over-production nor under-consumption, neither plutocrats nor tramps. Illiteracy and over educators are both unknown. Neither free trade nor a protective tariff has played havoc with their political economy. They have not split on the rock of free silver, nor gone to perdition under a gold standard, nor have they been swamped by a tidal wave of paper money. Absentee landlords, excessive emigrants and other ills of that nature are to them unknown.

Engraved . . .
Wedding Announcements and Invitations . . .

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I can imagine Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin and Mrs. Paul Jarboe having a delightful time in New York, if they elect to stay there all winter, but I understand they intend to move on across the great pond. The daughters of the late General Dimond inherit from their father a knowledge of how to get the most enjoyment out of life. They are fond of outdoor sports, riding, driving, fishing and walking, and they also own to a sincere affection for society and its pleasures, such as balls, dinners and teas. If they enter the swim of New York—a path that will be easy walking for them, since their social position here entitles them to entrée into the inner circles of other cities without question—they will doubtless be very popular. Mrs. Tobin, particularly, should make a hit by reason of her exquisite taste in dress and her fine figure.

She was a demure looking, dimpled, doll-faced, dreamy-eyed damsel. She came in response to the artist's "want ad" in the morning paper.

"Have you ever posed before?" asked Dauber.

"Before my mirror," she blushingly answered.

"You have a good figure, I suppose."

"The best I can afford," said the dreamy-eyed damsel.

"You won't mind making a bare living for art's sake, I hope?"

"I am wedded to art," was the significant reply of the demure looking one, whereupon Dauber concluded that she possessed the necessary qualifications,and he proceeded to paint a landscape.

Mr. and Mrs. George Borrowe (Caroline Bosqui), whose marriage was one of last week's events in Sausalito, are enjoying a rather more extended wedding trip than falls to the lot of the average newly-wedded pair. They have gone to New York en route to Europe and the Boers' war makes it uncertain when they will finally settle down to housekeeping in their South African home. Another wedding trip containing some elements of novelty is that of Mr. and Mrs. J. Athearn Folger (Clara Luning-Cunningham). The bride and bridegroom have gone abroad and with them are the three children of the bride by her former marriage.

I have always supposed that John Philip Sousa was the scion of a Spanish family, but over in London, where the newspapers are publishing a great deal about the popular composer, they declare that he was born plain "So." That exceedingly brief and simple surname was satisfactory until he became a musician and joined an army band when he began signing himself "John Philip So, U. S. A." This combination of letters pleased the musician, and in the course of time, according to the London authority, Mr. So became Mr. Sousa.

I have not yet been able to discover whether Lotty, the dancer at the Orpheum, really knows how to dance or whether her poses plastiques are simply designed to show off her figure and so gain the admiration of the chappies. Lotty's dance can scarcely be termed a serpentine dance, though it was probably suggested to its inventor by the Loie Fuller skirt evolutions. There are few kinds of dances with which San Franciscans are unfamiliar. We have had Amelia Glover in her tambourine kicking exploits and the Fraulein Irmler and the other toe dancers. Carmencita has swayed her supple body for our admiration in the movements of the sensuous Spanish dances, and for our edification have wriggled Belle Baya, Little Egypt and the hula-hula dancers of Hawaii. We have seen Loie Fuller in her serpentine dances, and have seen them done much better by Loie's sister Mollie and Julie Kingsley. Papinta, the London Gaiety girls, the Parisian quartet with their wonderful split—what have we *not* seen?

Lotty is a rara avis. When she first throws open that enveloping cloak, you scarcely know whether to be shocked or to take the act from a purely artistic point of view. Lotty is a woman of massive build, particularly below the waist. There is nothing ethereal about her and no thoughts of angels come to distract the thoughts of the lookers-on from the "turn's" earthly aspect. Lotty is encased in white tights from head to foot, very much as Gladys Rankin Drew appeared at the Alhambra in her new version of the Galatea episode some seasons back only that there are no skirts to diversify the disclosed curves. Lotty is apparently corsetless, except for a Cleopatra-like arrangement for the bust that might better be omitted, for it detracts from the marble-statue effect. The orchestra plays soft music and the cloak opens and shuts, while the lime light man stationed in front of the footlights throws colored pictures upon the poseuse. Flowers, grain, leaves and banners come in rapid succession, the American flag being of course the climax that draws the biggest burst of applause. The general impression produced by Lotty, the limelight, the white tights, the cloak and the pictures is startling.

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The newspapermen engaged in reporting the Hite divorce suit have told a story of a sensational court-room scene which strikes one as highly incredible. They represented that Attorney Church hurled anathema and defiance at "Ole Bill" Foote, and dared that fire-eater of the democratic party to meet him on the field of battle; that little John Wall had the temerity to fling the lie into his teeth, and that even Charley Hanlon frowned on him, and warned him not to get too gay. And they tell us that Mr. W. W. Foote appealed to the court for protection. Now who that knows the belligerent old war-horse of democracy, the bald-faced eagle of the bar, the flaunter of the terrifying Index Digit, can believe that he permitted those men to address him as though they cared naught for his reputation as a gore guzzler? It would be easier for me to believe that Grove Johnson had ceased to regard weeping as a fine art, than to be led to the conviction that Billy Foote had permitted such men as Church, Wall and Hanlon to abuse him as though he were no better than a mere bluffer, without showing any more concern than such as a man might evince when he appeals for the protection of the court. Who ever heard of the fierce, fulminatory Foote seeking protection behind anything other than a weapon of defense? Why, Billy Foote has been stalking through the court-rooms of this state with a chip on his shoulder for years, and judges, lawyers and witnesses have trembled at his frown. He has been the bad-man-from-bitter-creek of the legal profession and no one dared say him nay. Whenever the services of a pugnacious attorney were required Bill Foote was always the man for the job. He occupied the place in late years that was filled by D. J. Murphy before a considerable quantity of discretion was injected into the latter's carcass through a hole bored by a bullet from the revolver of a bully-ragged witness. And now "Ole Bill," too, must take the background, for his bubble reputation has been punctured.

She was entertaining a returned Tennessee volunteer and he ventured to express an opinion upon a selection the stringed orchestra, concealed in the leavy bower, was playing.

"They don't put enough dash into that," he said, "I like 'When Dewey Marches Home' given with——"

"More spirit?" asked his hostess.

"I don't care if I do," he replied, "and if you care to know, I always tahe my whisky straight."

The faro bank is an institution that has been defunct in this city for a long time, for bucking the tiger is a diversion that has been tabooed by the police except in sporadic instances in which they have given certain pets the privilege of "running a nice clean game." But of late years the police have scarcely begun to wink at a faro layout when some newspaper called attention to the tiger rampant and the franchise was withdrawn. Why there should be such serious objection to faro is more than I can ascertain. It is undoubtedly the fairest of all gambling games when not conducted with what is known as a "cheating box," the very existence of which implies that there is such a small percentage in favor of the dealer that without it he cannot be assured of winning the stakes. There are so many forms of gambling permitted in this city at present, legitimate and other kinds, that I cannot understand why the line should be drawn at faro. And by the way, I believe that the line has been erased. Several days ago an option was obtained by several votaries of the green cloth pastime, on a lease of the old Dunphy residence in Mason street between Ellis and Eddy. It is to be fitted up as a club, the principal feature of which is to be a faro bank. I presume the police know all about it and I suppose they will wink at it, for the club promoters would surely not incur the expense of such an enterprise unless they received reliable assurance from headquarters. If they have no assessment to pay other than that on real estate and personal property, then I know of no reason why the game should not go on. If the lottery schemes and other and worse forms of gambling are permitted, then by all means let us have faro.

Since writing the above some more details regarding the character of the institution have come to light. It has been regularly incorporated under the laws of the state as a club, the idea having been suggested, no doubt, by the Chinese gamblers who thought they could evade the laws of the state against fan-tan and other oriental pastimes by engaging in them in rooms owned by a regularly organized club. The theory being that a man's club is his home, and the privacy of a home being sacred, the wily heathen thought that he could gamble to his heart's content providing he belonged to a club, but John failed to consult with the chief of police before engaging in his new enterprise and as a consequence, the minions of the law invaded the gambling dens just as they had done before. But the white gamblers have been a shade more cautious. Before incorporating they did a little negotiating and consequently they are not worried by grave apprehensions as to what might be done after they get everything into good working order. It is even rumored that the dailies are not going to molest them. The story as I am telling it has been narrated in more than one newspaper office, but the news has been suppressed. The old Dunphy residence is to be fitted up gorgeously for the new club. There are to be handsome frescoings, superb draperies, carpets that softly yield to the foot, and the various other luxurious appointments of a fashionable club In addition to faro, there will be the roulette wheel and other gambling devices that will combine to make the place a miniature Monte Carlo. The stock of the new club is appraised quite highly and some of it, I am told, has been distributed in places where it will do the most good.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this unsettled weather.

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James G. Fair, as was well known to all who tried to pump him for pointers, had a valuable gift of holding his tongue. Perhaps he would have been less successful in accumulating millions had he been otherwise. It is told in Virginia city that on one occasion some one inquired:

"What are they doing at the Sierra Nevada, Colonel? Are they still drifting north and south and sinking, or are they cross-cutting?"

"Well," answered the mine-owner, "it is pretty much as you surmise and I think it is about the best thing they could do at present."

The printers' craft has its full share of jokes and funny stories, few of which, however, make their appearance in type because of the technicalities of the language, which would need explanation in order to render them intelligible to the outside world. And a joke which calls for elucidation has ceased to be a joke. One which is not in need of translation tells of a certain foreman who was so extremely economical of type as to often embarrass work. One noon hour a "comp" returned to the composing room and found a fellow craftsman down on the floor evidently in search of something.

"What's lost?"

"Nothing; I was picking up sorts."

"What do you want?"

"Mostly h's."

"Well, go look under F——'s case; he's an Englishman; he drops them."

"Make-even" is a device well known to every American printer, though it appears to be as much of a mystery to the Englishman as the art of reversing in a waltz. By the aid of a little calculation and management a compositor is enabled to bring his work out so as to end in a full line, without reference to whether his "take" ends a sentence or stops short in the middle of the word, thus making it practicable for two or more hands to work simultaneously on a piece of copy which is not separated into paragraphs. An English compositor working on an American paper had his first experience with a "make-even," his copy, with the words "a hole as large as half a crown," coming to an end in the middle of the line. Not knowing what to do he carried his trouble to the foreman, who was kept waiting, and received the advice to "put in something and be quick about it," which advice John Bull proceeded to follow to his own satisfaction, at least, for his amended work read "a hole as large as two shillings and sixpence."

It was hoped that Mrs. Phœbe Hearst would take a house in town this winter, and give some large entertainments. Instead she has chosen to rent the Pennoyer place in Berkeley and will locate there for the season. The Pennoyer residence is situated on Channing way and is finely adapted for entertaining—but Berkeley is so far away. The students of the university, who are already deeply indebted to Mrs. Hearst, will be the gainers by her latest move, which no doubt means much future social pleasure for them.

Such an eminent authority as Max Junghaendel having declared that Bernard's plans for the State university buildings are impracticable, and that the competition through which they were obtained was a fake and that architects of ability were dissuaded from entering because it was understood that the award would be to a Frenchman, I suppose the regents will give the matter some attention. But in the end the plans with the modifications that are to be made by Bernard will be accepted. It may require thirty-five million dollars and one hundred years to complete all the imposing buildings provided for, but it is the plain duty of the regents to accept the plans. As gallant and courteous gentlemen they can do nothing else. Mrs. Hearst spent her time and money in the competition, and she purposes donating a few million dollars for the erection of a few of the buildings. It would be cruel, in the circumstances, to interfere with the pet project of this public spirited lady. I have no doubt that there are American architects fully as capable as Mr. Bernard, and I would have preferred to have seen the competition limited to the architects of America, but as Mrs. Hearst's money and brains were behind the whole scheme, it was proper that she should have her own way.

The "unpatriotic preference for foreigners," as Max Junghaendel expresses it, is altogether too common in this country, and particularly so in California. We have some very clever architects in this city, a fact to which many magnificent buildings bear testimony, but some of our rich men consider it necessary to send east for an architect whenever they decide to improve their real estate. And as a result we are confronted by such structures as that which bears the name of the lady to whom we are indebted for the Parisian plans of the State university. The eastern architect who designed the home of the Examiner undertook to produce something characteristic of California and he reared a building out of all proportion with the types which he sought to copy. He succeeded in building the most bizarre looking freak in town and yet it is from thence, from the attic of that monumental monstrosity, that emanate such critiques of the works of our local architects as suggest the arrogation of the rarest and best judgment of all that pertains to the fine arts. The other day plans were submitted by local architects for a County Hospital building, and they were all sneered at by the Examiner. There was no explanatiou as to wherein they lacked merit. They were the work of our local architects and it was therefore assumed that they were grotesque and inappropriate.

Swell turbans, dainty little bonnets, elegant dress hats. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

From New York comes the news that Willie Hearst has been deserted by his Fidus Achates, Sam Chamberlain, who was formerly managing editor of the Examiner. Chamberlain has always been acknowledged as the brightest newspaper manager on Hearst's staff of brainy men, and his loss will undoubtedly be felt. Hearst had great confidence in Chamberlain's judgment in all matters pertaining to news and its value, and besides they were on friendly terms and were intimate companions until a short time ago when Arthur Brisbane alienated the affections of the fickle Willie. I suspect Arthur McEwen of having enticed Chamberlain away from Hearst, for Chamberlain has transferred his services to John Wanamaker's North American magazine in Philadelphia, upon which Mr, McEwen has been employed for over a year at two hundred dollars a week.

And, by the way, Hearst was the man that recommended McEwen to Wanamaker. The latter sent to New York for an editor and Hearst was consulted on the subject.

"Who is the best editorial writer in America?" was the question put to Hearst.

The Journal's proprietor unhesitatingly replied:

"Arthur McEwen is the man."

McEwen was shortly afterwards offered the position and he declined, saying that he would not hire himself out to boom Hanna and the McKinley administration. Shortly afterwards he received a letter from Wanamaker informing him that it was not the policy of the North American to boom the presidential syndicate; that, on the contrary, he preferred to expose its shortcomings. McEwen then accepted the offer and has been in the Quaker city ever since.

Although Sam Chamberlain has been the managing editor of the Journal many people, even among the employés of the paper, thought that his position was of a subordinate nature. This wrong impression was due to the circumstance of Chamberlain's persistent refusal to hire or discharge a reporter or editor. He never would assume such authority because there was nothing more distasteful to him than the duty of discharging a man and he preferred to have it placed on some other person's shoulders. He was, many years ago, the editor of the New York Herald and the chum of James Gordon Bennett. He became his employer's double in walk, talk and prodigality. He spent money with a lavish hand and there was no raiment too expensive for him. He started the Morning News in Paris and every celebrated writer in Paris was employed on the staff. The paper collapsed.

Where is Baron von Schroeder? Surely that distinguished representative of the nobility is under the restraint of his friends, for I cannot believe that after all that has been written about him in the dailies he would not a-gunning go unless he were placed under duress. The baron is an aristocrat, proud and haughty, and his honor is as dear to him as his wife's wealth, and yet we are told that General Warfield surrendered his lease to the Hotel Rafael because the owner of the property insisted on conducting himself upon the premises in a way that gave the hostelry a bad name. General Warfield denies the story and Baron von Schroeder's friends are indignant. But how about the haughty baron? I never thought he was half so bad as he has been painted, and I cannot conceive of his having the entrée to the sanctum sanctorum of the smart set with its precious bevy of virtue, if his escutcheon were tarnished. I know he has a keen appreciation of beauty and that he is somewhat of a flirt, and that an affaire d'amour is not distasteful to him, but I never placed him in the same category with "Lucky" Baldwin as a destroyer of hotel fame.

The Examiner tells us that he sat up all night at the Hotel Rafael playing poker with a lady, but surely a nocturnal card game à deux may be tolerated in a hotel without injury to the reputation of the house. But the story is a trifle fishy, for there is nothing so dull as a two-handed poker game. A tete-a-tete dice game would be much more plausible. The Call's account of the surrender of the lease and its causes is more severe in its reflections on Von Schroeder than the Examiner's, and the incidental reference to the circumstance of the baron's brother being booted out of a local hotel was what what might be termed in the ordinary acceptation of the word, a sockdologer. It naturally revived gossip anent the episode to which I referred last week which caused such a sensation in San Francisco's most commodious hostelry. I heard that the day of the appearance of the Call's story Baron von

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LEGAL NOTICES

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM BACHERT, commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, F. W. DOHRMANN, Executor of the last will of ABRAHAM BACHERT commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of F A. DENICKE, Attorney at Law, Rooms 7, 8 and 9, No. 14 Sansome street, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco October 18, 1899.

F. W. DOHRMANN,
Executor of the last will of Abraham Bachert commonly known as and called August Bachert, Deceased

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Executor.

IN THE SUPERIOR COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

In the matter of the estate and guardianship of JOHN C. SIMONSSON, a Minor.

Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of an order of the above named Court, made on the sixth day of October, 1899, in the matter of the estate and guardianship of John C. Simonsson, a Minor, the undersigned, Guardian of said minor, will sell at private sale on or after the 31st day of October, 1899, at 12 o'clock M., to the highest bidder, for cash in United States gold coin, and subject to confirmation by said court, all of the right title and interest of said minor in that certain real estate, (being an undivided five-eighths interest) situate in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and particularly described as follows, to wit: Commencing at a point on the Easterly line of McCormick Street, distant thereon 94 feet and 6 inches Southerly from the Southerly line of Pacific Street, and running thence Southerly along said line of McCormick Street 26 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Easterly 58 feet and 6 inches; thence at a right angle Northerly 26 feet and 6 inches, and thence at a right angle Westerly 58 feet and 6 inches to the point of commencement. That bids or offers for said interest in said real estate will be received by said Guardian at the offices of Messrs Baldwin & Howell, No. 10 Montgomery Street in said City and County of San Francisco.

CHARLES S. HOFFMAN,
Guardian of the Person and Estate of John C. Simonsson, a Minor.

Dated Oct. 12th, 1899

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Schroeder was around town looking for John D. Spreckels with blood in his eye. The gore probably rendered him myopic, for he failed to see the commodore, and the following day the Call published an editorial stating that it is the duty of a journal devoted to the welfare of society to expose scandals when the persons responsible for them, by reason of their wealth and influence, have admission to the homes of the city. That is a sentiment in which TOWN TALK concurs.

The Hotel Rafael is not the only property that the Baron von Schroeder owns hereabouts. He has a ranch in San Luis Obispo county which he bought shortly after his arrival in our state, which happened so many years ago that I cannot give the date with exactitude. It was on this ranch, by the way, that the Baron von Schroeder caused to be made a large swimming tank, which may be there yet for all I know. The proprietor of the ranch and the tank is as everybody knows a very fine specimen of manhood, and nobody knows better than himself the perfection of his physique. Well, the story goes that when the noble lord desired to bathe, he issued orders à la Lady Godiva to his entire household for the menials and others to remain within doors. Then, clad only in his own beautiful white flesh, the owner of the ranch disported himself in the swimming tank. But it was through a Peeping Tom—of the feminine gender, I believe—that the bathing incident finally leaked out.

En passant, it may be of interest to state for the edification of those not au courant with the genealogical trees of our swim, that the title of Baron von Schroeder does not extend back into the mediæval period. Our baron is but the second of the title, his father having been a banker of great respectability in Hamburg. He was made a Herr Baron not only because of this respectability but because he had accumulated wealth to a large amount, which financial standing was sufficient to recommend him to a title. The son in course of time grew tired of the bourgeois atmosphere of Hamburg and, sighing for other worlds to conquer, came across the continent and bought the ranch in San Luis Obispo county. His fine figure and military bearing soon won him a place in the affections of a Californian heiress.

It was meet that the son of a banker should wed a banker's daughter. By a figure of speech one might call the late Peter Donahue a banker, though he began life as a laborer in a gas company and gradually worked his way upward until he owned the company in which he had made his start in life. Mary Ellen Donahue was a very fine looking girl, as behooved one of pure Irish blood. Her mother, you must know, was of the Maguires. When old Peter Donahue died, he was a many times millionaire and over the division of his property there was the inevitable contest. After the death of his first wife—the mother of Mary Ellen and Mervyn—Peter Donahue had married again, his choice being the sister of old Governor Downey. The contest turned out well for the Baroness von Schroeder and it was with her share of her late father's accumulations that her husband, I am told, purchased the fine ancestral estate he now owns in Germany. The baroness is at present in Europe with her children, who are to be educated abroad. Mervyn Donahue married Miss Belle Wallace, daughter of Judge Wallace; at her husband's death, she became the wife of Richard Sprague.

An idiosyncrasy of Taleisin Evans, who will succeed William Gifford Smith as chief editorial writer on the Chronicle, is that he never paragraphs his copy. When Evans was on the staff of the Oakland Tribune, this peculiarity was a great source of disgust to the foreman. But Will Dargie was equal to all emergencies when Evans' copy was under discussion. He simply took his blue pencil and marked paragraphs between every two or three sentences of the Evans editorials, irrespective of meaning. Then Evans rebelled and to get even with Dargie, he wrote an editorial that extended over a third of a column and was all in one sentence. This caused a laugh when it reached the composing room, but it was found that even here Dargie could not be worsted. Wherever there was a semi-colon he marked a paragraph.

The length of Taleisin Evans' editorials was also a source of horror in the Tribune office, for he is one of the most voluminous writers that ever wielded a pen. Dargie one day came in and saw Evans grinding out an editorial in his usual interminable style.

"That's too long," he said, "cut it short."

But the writer kept on writing and finally Dargie seized the copy and cut it in half. The half that was printed read all right and the other half went into the waste basket.

Mr. Evans has had a somewhat checkered career in the field of journalism. Many years ago he was on Deacon Fitch's salary roll, being the scissors wielder of the old Saturday Bulletin supplement. From the editorial rooms he drifted into the business office where he filled a clerical position and wrote star ads. Later on he became editorial writer for the Tribune, and still later he found his way into the business office of that paper. After severing his connection with the Tribune he joined the Chronicle's staff of editors, taking charge of the Sunday supplement. Apropos of the Tribune I see that it is now being delivered by carrier on this side of the bay, Mr. Dargie having decided to invade the local afternoon newspaper field.

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The good old days seem to have gone by when our daily papers considered the first night of a new production by a local author worthy of a page notice the following morning. Time was when the society reporter, the dramatic critic and the brightest news-gatherer of the local room were sent to "do" the first nights of new works, the same as at the grand opera, and the page of matter next day was worth reading. But how changed is the aspect today. For instance, on Tuesday morning what little space was accorded in the papers to the premier of "The Conspirators." This new opera, by two club men of prominence, Clay M. Greene and Dr. H. J. Stewart, should have been awarded at least two columns of comment; instead no paper gave it a full column. Of course the charter decision crowded out a great deal of matter that might otherwise have appeared, still it strikes me that it would have been much better to have cut down the reports of the other theatres, which were not giving novel performances, and to have given the space thus gained to "The Conspirators" premier in its aspect as a society event.

Another thing I must speak of in reference to this first night is the lack of dressing among the feminine portion of the audience. Surely this was an occasion when the best bib and tucker should have been brought forward. Au contraire, so far as I could see not even ordinary "best clothes" were worn, And, except for those in the boxes and the club men in the orchestra stalls, the men present were minus evening clothes. I do not wonder eastern visitors term us provincial. Our manner of clothing ourselves for functions at gala theatrical and operatic productions dubs us as of the provinces provincial.

Among those present in the very large audience were Judge Lawlor, Paul Cowles, Mrs. James Marvin Curtis, Amedee Joullin, George Maxwell and James McNab. The Hechts were in an orchestral loge, Paul Jarboe and J. R. Howell were in a box. James M. Hamilton and George T. Bromley were also in a box. Clay Greene, the librettist of "The Conspirators," and Dr. H. J. Stewart, its composer, with the latter's daughter, occupied a stage box. During the progress of the opera, a laurel wreath was handed to Dr. Stewart, who sat back in the shadow of the box and had to be dragged forward and made to go on the stage, where he gave voice to the usual speech of composers or playwrights upon such occasions.

Whenever one of Hoyt's plays comes this way, there is always someone to tell an apropos story about the playwright, who is not only an ex-Congressman but is probably one of the richest men in the United States. When the honorable Charles H. Hoyt took his first trip abroad, a New York friend asked him to be sure and write him his impressions of Paris. When the letter came, it read something like this:

You have been in Paris so I need scarcely write you anything about it. Instead I will tell you a story. A man arrived in heaven from Chicago. St. Peter greeted him cordially and said:

"How are things below?"

"Oh, very bad," replied the new-comer, "nothing but rains and floods."

An old man with a long gray beard, who had been standing by listening to the conversation, suddenly turned on his heel and walked away.

"Who is that?" inquired the ex-Chicagoan of St. Peter.

"That's Noah."

The beautiful combinations of colors in monogram stamping as executed by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show the very great superiority of their ability in this particular line.

The Call's map-maker, who so diligently applies himself to the task of revealing the situation of the troops in South Africa, ought to take a day off to perfect himself in flagology. I have noticed that he always uses the red ensign to designate the location of the British soldiers. As the newspaper maps usually serve only to distress those who inspect them, and are interesting only in the way in which an intricate puzzle engages one's attention, it is perhaps of no consequence whether the British troops are designated by a red ensign or a red bandana, but for the information of the Call's artist it is only proper to state that that particular ensign is used only on merchant vessels. The troops carry the Union Jack except when they are in battle, for be it known the flag is no longer fashionable in battle. It is worn on parade occasions, but as a means of inspiring troops engaged in conflict it is not considered the proper thing for it attracts the fire of the enemy. The battle-scarred flag will of course be mourned by those spellbinders who have always found in it an expedient for a rounded period.

Shows and art exhibitions continue on the tapis and in November there will be several important affairs of this nature. Following the lace and needle work show will come the doll show. The annual print exhibition of the California Camera club will be held in the club rooms from November fifteenth to December second and some fine work is promised. The Hopkins exhibition and that of the Sketch club, the California Ceramic and the Dresden Ceramic club's exhibitions are futures. At Vickery's Mr. McComas is showing an exhibition of his latest water colors. Miss Emilia Kalisher is arranging for her exhibition at her studio in the Rose building.

When Miss Sadie Huie was united to William Root Thompson last week in San Rafael, this marked the passing of another of the southern set. For by this marriage Miss Huie is practically lost to us as her future home will be in West Virginia. The bride is a member of that vast army of connections that includes the families of Thompson, Huie, Brooks, Creswell, Judge and Thornton. She is a first cousin of Mrs. Abbot Kinney. She is remarkably attractive and when the Reliance club used to hold its assemblies, a few years ago, she was one of the most popular of the pretty girls who danced at those functions. That club, it may be remembered, was an exclusive organization the members chiefly being the sons of our ex-southern residents.

A correspondent writes me from Seattle that there is little doubt that Miss Lorena Barbier is now in Dawson city, for she certainly went northward with that intent and must now have been, if meeting with no obstacles on her journey, at least a month in the Klondike. My Seattle correspondent further writes me that when Frank Ames went to Alaska he was accompanied as far as Seattle by his mother, and this affectionate attention was currently reported not to have been dictated so much by solicitude for her son's welfare as by a desire on the part of Mrs. Ames to outwit any attention of Miss Barbier to marry her son. The engagement entered into by the late Mrs. Emeric's pretty sister and the heir of the house of Ames was never agreeable to the heads of the family.

Swell turbans, dainty little bonnets, elegant dress hats. Mrs.S.R.Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

It has been wafted to me along the afternoon tea route that Miss Barbier's attack of nervous prostration was due to chagrin at the move of Mr. Ames' mother in guarding him so closely on his journey north. However, a young woman of wealth and beauty is never daunted by opposition. Instead of giving up the love chase, the spirited heiress fitted herself out with a magnificent trousseau, with dainty lingerie, hosiery, frocks and hats galore, and, attended only by her maid, went on an Alaskan trip. Young Ames is expected home next month and then all doubts as to his marriage will be set at rest.

Preparations are being made for a fancy dress party in celebration of the seventh anniversary of Las Lomas Parlor No. 72, N. D. G. W., to take place at Mission Parlor hall in Seventeenth street, on Friday evening, November tenth. The ladies in charge of the affair are Mrs. Arthur Coddington, Miss Mary Waters, Mrs. Sydney Daggett, Miss Rosa Bell, Miss May Laton, Miss A. F. Lacy, Miss Mattie Farris, Miss Jennie Dunn and Miss Kate Driscoll. The German Ladies' Benevolent society will give a ball tonight, for sweet charity's sake, the benefit of the poor and destitute. The ball will be given at Odd Fellows' hall and all the most prominent women in our German-American swim are interested in the affair.

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Sidney, N. S. W.

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For household use and the results will amaze you—very economical.

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The Laxative Liver Lozenge

PLEASANT
PURGATIVE
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This remedy has been used in the private practice of one of the most eminent professors of medicine in the city of Chicago for over twenty years. It has proved to be the most efficient remedy ever used in all derangements of the Liver, and kindred diseases, such as Constipation, Headache and Dyspepsia. Its action is very mild—no griping pains nor bad taste. It is like taking a candy lozenge. With children it is invaluable.

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RACING! RACING! RACING

California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900, Beginning SATURDAY, September 23, 1899.

Oakland Race Track

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday rain or shine

Five or more Races each day

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the rack in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President
R. B. MILROY, Secretary.

Dr. T. E. Shumate has returned from Europe and has moved his office to 794 Sutter street.

The plight of the predatory plutocrats of this borough is woful enough to make the angels—those that fell of course—weep copious tears, as the new police reporter loves to express it. The prospect of Mayor Phelan's re-election is most distressing to them. The Mayor has shown an exasperating indifference to their welfare. He made the Gas company lower its rates and he is in a great measure responsible for the prominence in official life of such a man as Dr. Dodge, who unlike the regulation assessor declines to be bribed and insists that the predatory rich must pay their just share of taxation. Their stocks and bonds which they have kept under cover so many years, and about the existence of which they have no hesitation in perjuring themselves, have been brought to light, and they are as mad as a flock of wet hens. The other day a number of these predatory rich who are pleased to be known as prominent citizens held a conference to discuss ways and means of preventing the re-election of Mayor Phelan. They decided that they should induce some very respectable citizen to make an appeal to republicans to stand together for Davis. They had some difficulty in determining the identity of the man who was so pre eminently respectable that nothing could be said against him. Several names were suggested and I am told that the discussion of the weak points of each would make very interesting reading. Finally the name of Louis Sloss was suggested. It was agreed that he would be the right man but it was thought that he would not sign the sort of an appeal that was wanted. "Well," said one prominent citizen, "he owes a great deal to the republican party. The party has done much for the Alaska commercial company, and I think we can get enough pull to work to induce him to stand in with us." A few days later the republican ad signed by Louis Sloss, calling upon all patriotic citizens to support Horace Davis in the interest of President McKinley, appeared in the dailies. It is the most amusing contribution to the gayety of the compaign that has yet been made.

"My husband will return from Manila next week," said Mrs. Pacific Heights, "and I want to celebrate his return by something absolutely surprising. What would you suggest?"

"I think a boy—or perhaps two," said the Audacious Man, "would about fill the bill."

Miss Keith and Will E. Keith were in London at last advices. They will shorly leave for Paris. Miss Lilian K. Slinkey left this week for a fortnight's visit at Pacific Grove.

News that will interest many is the marriage of Isabel Irving, John Drew's leading woman, and W. H. Thompson, of the Maud Adams company. There are many here who remember the divorce suit of Thompson. His ex-wife was Dollie Adams, a San Francisco actress, and the case was one that presented many interesting features. Miss Irving is a clever actress and her new husband ranks among the best of the "all-round" stock company actors.

MUSICAL NOTES

The following interesting report of a concert in Oakland last week has been communicated: A rainy night brought out a distinctly musical audience for the Hughes club concert; it was a large audience but for the first time the doors of the Sunday School room of the First Unitarian church were not thrown open to admit the crowd which generally overflows the church auditorium at these concerts. The nice discretion and enthusiasm of applause inspired the club to its best efforts, for rarely have the ladies sung better. Mr. Hughes's reception, as he came forward after the long summer vacation, was extremely cordial. The opening performance of the tricky, intricate little composition, Jack and Jill, (Caldicott) showed both the conductor and singers up to their best standard. Indeed the entire evening was full of charm and several numbers were insistently re-demanded. Ah! 'Tis a Dream (Hawley) was in every way beautiful and the delicacy of shading, together with the perfection of intonation in the rendition, was a triumph of Mr. Hughes' taste and conscientious work in drilling his singers. Major Scale's Courtship, a quaint conceit in poetry upon the Italian syllables Do Re Mi Fa, was well done. The Lost Chord, (Sullivan) was given a large, impressive and gorgeous rendition by the hundred voices of the club. The lovely alto solo of the middle portion of the song, and the closing climax with its stirring breadth and majesty of effect, were splendidly done. Notwithstanding the success of The Lost Chord, the palm for beauty of expression and finish must be given The Wish (Kucken.) The song is full of graceful refinement and the humming accompaniment of the voices was so delicately given as to sound as though they were outside the building, in the distance. Mr. Hughes was obliged to allow the club to repeat this entire number. The concerted numbers closed with that bit of Strauss' own vitality, The Blue Danube waltz, which the ladies sang with rhythm and spirit. Among the soloists of the evening were Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter, who sang a most difficult arrangement of fioriture, Che Gioja (Mattei). Mrs. Dexter's voice is naturally flexible and beautifully cultivated and she sang the aria with fluent ease, confidence and smoothness. She was fortunate in having Miss Helen Hager to accompany her. Miss Hager played with dash, yet with musical sensitiveness, and was a fine support to Mrs. Dexter's singing. Mrs. Dexter chose a very ugly Scotch song for her encore, Whistle and I'll Come to Ye my Lad, and it seemed hard work for the brilliant singer to make it go. Misses Florence and Marie Heine contributed three fine numbers Adagio Pathetique, Serenade Andalousa, (Godard), and Scenes de la Csardas (Jeno Hubay). Mrs. Carroll-Nicholson sang a lovely solo, Thy Name (Wood), with artistic feeling and conscientiousness. Miss Lillie Daly accompanied the club's numbers with taste, giving them artistic and sympathetic support.

¶ ¶

A series of six chamber music concerts under the direction of Mr. Henry Holmes has been arranged under the auspices of the following clubs: Ce..ary, Sorosis, California and Philomath of San Francisco, Ebell society of Oakland and Town and Gown of Berkeley. The quartet consists of Henry Holmes, first violin; Armand Solomon, viola, and Theodore Mansfeldt; 'cello.

IT'S THE BEST

It's ho! for the wine of princes,
And ho! for the wine of ton!
Society's call convinces
That all want *Jurancon.*
Behold the crystal glasses
Quaffed by fashion's regal fair—
To her lips the glass she passes,
And *Jurancon* is there.

CURTAZ
IS THE NAME WE ASK
YOU TO REMEMBER
WHEN ABOUT TO
PURCHASE A PIANO
16, 18, 20, O'FARRELL ST. S. F.

World of Politics

THERE ARE WAYS of advertising to get votes and there are ways of advertising by which you can lose them. A few of the latter ways have been adopted by the manager of the Horace Davis campaign. For instance, they put their candidate on a level with Dr. O'Donnell by resorting to the circus wagon with the ear-splitting bell that frightened horses and aroused the indignation of citizens. Then they secured from Mr. Vining the privilege of putting their candidate's placards in all the street cars. As it is well known that this is a privilege that is hard to obtain, many people are impelled to the conclusion that the railroad is making Mr. Davis's fight. And while the railroad can undoubtedly throw many votes to a candidate it has never been considered wise for a candidate to have it generally understood that he is having the active and open support of Mr. Vining, and the corporation, for of course there is some prejudice against those influences. The prejudice should not exist however in the case of Mr. Davis. The affinity between Davis and Vining is entirely of a sentimental character.

—o—

Another vote-losing method of advertising is that which involves the use of the fancy silk banner. It is such a costly banner that no candidate can afford to buy a sufficient number to hang one in every saloon in town. They are usually placed in the swell saloons down town, and a demand is created for them in the groggeries south-of-Market street and in the suburbs. When they are not forthcoming the autocratic grog dispenser far from the cocktail route concludes that the derelict candidate regards him as of no consequence. "I suppose

Patrick Boland

I'm not swell enough for that guy," is the way he generally expresses it. "He puts his banners in the joints down on Kearny street and he overlooks me like a white check; well I won't do a ting to him on election day." And hence the silk banner may be regarded as a hoodoo.

—o—

It is not only important that the people should elect a Board of Supervisors in harmony with Mayor Phelan, but they should also be careful regarding the character of the man that they select to transact the important duties of Public Administrator. The office of public administrator is one in which an incompetent or dishonest person can do a great deal of injury. Estates have frequently been looted by corrupt administrators and widows and orphans have been deprived of their legacies. Among the many good men on the democratic ticket there is none more entitled to the respect and confidence of the community than Patrick Boland, the candidate for public administrator. He is not a politician, but he is a business man, and he is the right man for the place.

William A. Deane

ONE of the few popular nominations made by the republican municipal convention was that of W. A. Deane, for County Clerk. The Wallace Bradfords of the convention were opposed to men of this type, but their opposition was of no avail, for the popularity of the County Clerk was too strong to succumb to the opposition of the narrow-minded element. Deane's nomination gave general satisfaction to the republican organization as well as to the active workers in the party, and they are making a gallant fight to continue him in the office which he now holds. Billy Deane has made such a splendid record as County Clerk that it would be an act of injustice to defeat him at the polls. But there is not much likelihood of his being defeated. He was elected County Clerk a year ago by the largest majority that was ever received by a candidate for a patronage office in this city. That circumstance was eloquent testimony of his popularity. His administration of the affairs of the office should commend him to the favor of the people. He has conducted the office on business principles, and at a very much lower cost to the taxpayers than was incurred by his predecessor. For many years the County Clerk's office has produced numerous scandals but under the Deane regime, it has been free from the disgraceful occurrences that marked former administrations. The jury box has been carefully guarded, documents have not been stolen, and discourteous political heelers have not been permitted to insult people who have had business relations with the office.

—o—

In the last campaign, William Clack, who had been feeding out of the public crib with both feet in the trough for four years, was against the democratic ticket. He was the under sheriff under Dick Whelan, and he owed his subsistence for four years to the democratic party, but he was imbued with the notion that the party owed him a living for life, and because it appeared as though he could not obtain a mortgage on a job under the organization, he decided to oppose the ticket. His opposition amounted to nothing and nobody cared whether he was for or against the ticket, but the spirit he displayed in view of his protracted salary-drawing experience at the City Hall caused him to be an object of scorn. After the campaign he went into the saloon business and he is still so engaged, but as soon as the present campaign opened he bobbed up as a domocrat again for he saw a chance to feather his nest. He is one of the principal supporters of Dennis Geary, the candidate for County Clerk. If Mr. Geary is laboring under the delusion that Dick Whelan's fidus Achates is a good man to make his fight, he is entitled to some sympathy.

—o—

In the first year of the operation of the new charter, the City and County Attorney will be called upon to perform most important duties. Efforts will undoubtedly be made to knock out certain provisions of the charter which are distasteful to practical politicians, and the City Attorney is the man upon whom will devolve the duty of fighting its enemies in the courts. It is therefore important that a man learned in the law and in sympathy with the provisions of the charter shall occupy the position of attorney for the municipality. It was with full knowledge of the importance of the office that the republican convention selected Charles H. Jackson to assume its responsibilities and fight the battle of the people. Charley Jackson is no novice at the bar. He has been practicing law in the federal and state courts for twenty years, and during all that time his reputation as a lawyer has never been sullied. He was for two years

Charles H. Jackson

assistant district attorney of the city, and as such he proved himself a terror to evil doers for he secured the conviction of many. Subsequently he was elevated to the position of deputy attorney general of the State, and he served with distinction. During his career at the bar he has written over four hundred briefs in the Supreme court and he has delivered half as many oral arguments in the same high tribunal. Mr. Jackson laid the foundation of his education in the public schools of this city. He went from primary to high school, thence to Harvard where he won high honors, and he finished his education in the law department of the University of California. He is a popular young man, and a ready impromptu speaker, and has made a hit on more than one occasion at felicitous post-prandial talking. That his character is held in high esteem by his fellow men is evident by his membership in some of the leading fraternal organizations He is in California Commandery of Knights Templar, Eureka Lodge I. O. O. F., and he has been a member of the Olympic club for ten years and also of San Francisco Lodge of Elks.

Dramatic World

THE SOCIETY REPORTER was rather disappointed when scanning the audience at the Grand Opera House last Monday evening during the first performance of Stewart and Greene's comic opera, The Conspirators. This disappointment was owing to the fact that only the gentlemen appeared in full dress, while the ladies' evening gowns shone by their absence only. From this we must conclude that it was a chappie night only, speaking from a social point of view. But the composer had no reason to be dissatisfied in regard to the size of the audience. There may have been an absence of décolleté, but there was instead culture and knowledge. The audience which attended that first night was an intelligent one, and knew when to applaud, so that it was easy to segregate complimentary applause from the approval of the public. A retrospective glance at the opera brings out the music as the really valuable feature The libretto stands as yet in the background because of its uncertainty—but of this later. Dr. Stewart's real talent lies in the direction of more serious music. He has an admirable conception of effective harmony and grasps important situations with rapidity and accuracy. The first time the music branches off its lighter vein is during the first act in the duet between Juanito and Don Fillipo. This duet is built upon a background of a chorus behind the scenes and the music is of the romantic or even sombre order, introduced, as a rule, on sacred occasions. It inspires the audience to applause, because it broadens and its melodious quality enhances its popularity. It is the gem of the opera. Another clever number in this act is a madrigal sung by five voices and the finale whose merry waltz strains are pleasing to the ear. A waltz finale is always effective and invariably receives curtain calls when well rendered. Among the other musical gems in the opera is a Spanish waltz song, with castanets effect, a ballad for the tenor—They Tell Me that I Cannot Love—and a duet between Juanito and the Queen, all in the second act. The third act contains a pretty ballet, a contralto solo and a comic duet between the King and the Queen. Surely an opera which contains seven or eight bright musical gems is successful from a musical standpoint. I cannot say the same of the librettist.

The plot in a nutshell is that Don Juanito has been confined to his room by his father so that he may not become acquainted with any of the fair sex. One day, however, a convent burns down in the neighborhood and its inhabitants seek shelter in the castle where Don Juanito is confined. He escapes from his prison, becomes acquainted with the convent girls and falls in love with all of them, and they become infatuated with him. Not satisfied with capturing all the girls' hearts, he begins a flirtation with the Queen. Here is a dilemma which could be worked out very humorously, but the librettist leaves this branch of the plot and picks up another thread consisting of a conspiracy against the King, which changes into a conspiracy against Don Juanito and then against the King again. The humor of this conspiracy lies in the fact that while they are all conspiring none of them knows exactly what they are conspiring for. The story ends by Don Juanito choosing the girl he saw first for his wife while the others also go back to their first loves. There are many comical situations which when properly worked out will be effective, but the trouble is there is no comedian. Every comic opera, be the same ever so unpretentious, must exhibit one character upon whose shoulders rests the responsibility to create a laugh. The comedian must stand out boldly. There cannot be any question about this. As the play now stands every one of the characters has some comedy, but none has enough And in fact the real humor is not introduced until the third act after the entrance of the King and Queen. We then discover that the Queen is the "comedian" of the play, but it is too late in the story. But this defect can be overcome by Wooley and Woolf interpolating or "faking" some comedy. Another drawback is the lack of a real tenor part. This is due to the fact that the title role is in the hands of a woman, but one or two more tenor solos should remedy this easily.

There is, however, one thing which together with the music will certainly keep this opera on the stage and this is its spectacular side. The manner in which the piece is mounted is certainly worthy of the greatest approval. Scenery and costumes were decidedly brilliant and elegant. No time nor money was spared to lend lustre to this end of the production, and stage manager Charles Jones deserves great credit for staging the opera in a tasteful and picturesque manner. In fact the stage manager and composer will succeed in making a hit which the librettist had almost spoiled by omitting to bring out his idea properly. I really believe that a few changes in the comedy element will retain the piece for some time. The first production was a distinct successs The principal characters were taken by Edith Mason, as Don Juanito, Arthur Wooley as Don Umberto; Nace Bonville, Friar Santal; Thos. H. Persse, Don Castanetto; Don Fillipo Cassanova, William Woolf; King of Spain, Winfred Goff; Queen of Spain, Bessie Fairbairn; Isabella Cassanova, Hattie Belle Ladd; Chona Malarin, Georgie Cooper. The opera will go another week.

On Wednesday of last week Leo Cooper gave the fifth lecture of his interesting series on the English dramatists. The subject was the Renaissance of the English drama and the lecturer touched lightly but surely the characteristics of such

Mathews and Bulger at the Columbia

playwrights as Robertson, Boucicault, Taylor, Jones, Pinero and Sidney Grundy. The reading consisted of scenes from The New Magdalen and The Shaughran.

Reginald Travers, now playing with the Frawley company in Los Angeles, is a Californian by birth, and a son of the late Charles M. Travers, a well known lawyer of San Francisco. Mr. Travers has decided dramatic talent and one feels assured hat he has a bright future before him.

Reginald Travers

California PEARL ANDREWS was but one among the many clever imitators of the supposedly inimitable Sousa. Burt Haverly is one of the best that ever tried to take off the great John Philip. In A Breach of Promise Haverly's imitation is really the cleverest thing in the show. There are many San Francisco favorites in A Breach of Promise, which is one of those whirlwinds of fun that make the audience laugh continously. Tomorrow Brown's in Town will be put on at this theatre. The production becomes of particular interest because of the presence of Maud Knowlton, a San Francisco girl and the daughter of Professor Ebenezer Knowlton, in the cast. Brown's in Town is built on the order of Why Smith Left Home, and kindred refined farce comedies. It is by a new author, is without a suggestion of vulgarity, is decidedly humorous and has been a success wherever presented.

Columbia I CAN say nothing new about A Milk White Flag. It will probably go on waving long after I am laid in my grave. A production of equal popularity is By the Sad Sea Waves which will open tomorrow night with Mathews and Bulger in the star roles. It is said that twenty-three entirely new musical numbers will be heard in this production, and of these My Japanese Baby has made a whistling hit at every town the company has played in. The Bride Elect, Why Smith Left Home—one of last season's pronounced hits—and The Christian are all billed to be given at the Columbia this season.

Alcazar OF COURSE the central figure of The Three Musketeers is D'Artagnan, that blunt and honest Gascon whose adventures have interested millions of readers. Ormonde succeeds in presenting a handsome and honest lad who is willing to lay down his life for any just cause. Unlike others who have played the part, he gives the comedy side of the character the second place and the earnestness of purpose and sincerity of intention the first consideration. This is as it ought to be. D'Artagnan was not a clown, but a fine young fellow whose sense of humor emanated from the heart and merely served to emphasize vigorous comments. Surely Mr. Ormonde's idea of D'Artagnan is a most laudatory one and proves him to be an actor of vast resources In fact all the members of the company contribute their share toward an excellent presentation of this effective play. Juliet Crosby makes a stately queen, Gertrude Foster is handsome as Lady de Winter and acts her role with the necessary emphasis and vigor. Blunkall essays the part of the King with much grace and delivers his lines with splendid dramatic execution. King is especially strong in the last act where the Cardinal accuses the Queen of unfaithfulness. His elocutionary powers come much to the fore in this scene. Bryant as Athos and Montaine as Porthos have not much to do, but the little is done well. Daniel Halifax does some of his best work as Jacques, the waiter. The mounting is luxurious and the costumes elegant. Owing to the success of the performance the management will retain the play for another week. Among the plays in preparations at the Alcazar are Nerves, My Friend from India, and Francis Powers' play, Mother Earth.

Orpheum THIS week the performance at the Orpheum was especially good and from all the good numbers I should choose Sada, the clever little violinist, as one of the best. The girl has decidedly superior talent and plays with such taste and refinement that one foretells an enviable future for her. This little artist is a pupil of Ysaye, who imparted to her a good deal of his own fiery temperament. Unfortunately she is yet too young to give full expression to this temperament as her physical strength has not yet reached that part of development where a vigorous and broad tone may be attained. But she will reach this within a few years. Wright Huntington and his company give an entertaining sketch. I like to watch the expressions on the faces of the Florenz troupe, as they perform their acrobatic gyrations and tumbles. That unfathomable smile of the boy who turns the double somersaults and lands on the others' shoulders—what does he mean by that smile? It is not the conceited smile of conscious superiority, but a pleasant, genial beam. The Florenz troupe is easily the cleverest aggregation of acrobats that have ever visited us. Among the new features next week will be Jack Norworth, singing and talking comedian; Hal Merritt and Miss Murdock in their pantomime sketch, Luncheon at Two; the six-year-old Lola Cotton in her wonderful exhibition of thought transference; Louise Dresser and her pickaninnies and the Biograph.

Tivoli I DO NOT THINK that the musicians and music lovers of San Francisco fully appreciate the good work done by the Tivoli management in behalf of music. Next week L'Africaine will be given in an elaborate and complete style. The San Francisco public has an opportunity to hear the best operatic works given in a manner that surpasses any attempts ever made at such reasonable prices of admission. With Salassa, Avedano, Wanrell and Miss Lichter there will be a performance of L'Africaine which will long remain in the memory. Alternating with L' Africaine will be The Bohemian Girl.

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NOTARY PUBLIC AND COMMISSIONER OF DEEDS
316 MONTGOMERY STREET, Bet. Pine and California
San Francisco, Cal.

Karma

I

MY WORLD has shrunk at last to this small room,
Where, like a prisoner, I must now remain;
I'd rather be a captive in the gloom
Of some damp dungeon, tearing at my chain,
For then, perchance, my freedom I might gain;
Ah God, to think that I must languish here,
Fettered by sickness and subdued by pain,
To die a living death from year to year,
Without one comfort left, one blessed hope to cheer.

II.

Yet these familiar walls do sometimes fade,
Then my faint eyes on fair horizons rest,
By Memory's distant lights I am betrayed,
And Hope a moment flutters in my breast,
Till I forget that I am all unblest;
My vagrant fancies wander far away,
Fond faces hover near, dear lips are pressed,
My stagnant pulses seem to leap and play
Anew with youth's wild heat and half revive this clay.

III.

I often think how once these stumbling feet,
That now can scarcely bear me to my bed,
Were swift to follow, as the wind is fleet,
The meteor gleam that to destruction led,
Till all at once the luring light had fled,
And on mine ears there broke the dismal roar
Of that black stream whose waters wail the dead;
Trembling and faint I sank upon the shore,
Where Charon in his boat now waits to row me o'er.

IV.

Thou domineering power! or love, or lust,
Or lechery, or whatso'er thou art,
How have thy crimson roses turned to dust,
And strowed their withered leaves upon this heart;
Though through my vitals now thy venomed dart
Strikes like a scorpion's sting, yet still I feel
From Egypt's flesh-pots it is hard to part,
And my weal wandering glances often steal
Back to sweet sinful things until my senses reel.

V.

Sometimes at night around my bed there rise
Fair faithless loves who in the past were known;
But now I look on them with other eyes,
The wanton witches I no longer own;
They come to mock me as they hear me moan,
And float a cloud of taunting witnesses;
Yet were there some whose arms around me thrown,
As in the olden days with soft caress,
Could make me half forget these hours of sharp distress.

VI.

I do remind me now of one whose heart
Has leaped against my own a thousand times;
And though we did not find it hard to part,
And years have passed, and now in different climes
Our lives asunder lie, yet could these rhymes
Bring back that woman and those youthful days,
I'd make their strains ascend where angel chimes
Ring forth glad pæans of eternal praise,
And from the dead cold past that matchless Rahab raise,

VII.

Could time have halted for us as the sun
Stood still on Gibeon while Joshua strove,
Ah no, the silver moon of Ajalon
Would have looked kindlier on those nights of love;
Little cared we for the sun or moon above,
Or for the gems upon the black-browed night,
We may have seen them through the heavens move,
But recked not, thought not of their wheeling flight,
Blinded, poor love-sick fools, by passion's dazzling light.

VIII.

I do not know how many nails or screws
May decorate the coffin that shall hold
This worn-out carcass, but I like to use
The metaphor, though it be rather old;
"To drive a coffin nail" is often told
As meaning that one's life has shortened been;
So when at last they throw me in the mould,
Remember what I say, my dark Faustine,
I might have still lived on if thee I'd never seen.

IX.

Thou wert but one of that ungodly throng
Whose name waslegion, but among them all,
To thee my best and brightest years belong;
Though there were others whom I can recall,
Who wove their shining threads through this dark pal
Long years ago in passion's panting loom,
Before life's honeyed cup had turned to gall,
Or yet the day had deepened to the gloom
That wraps me like a shroud within this living tomb.

X.

O Marah! Marah! as thy bitter stream
Was changed to sweetness by the magic tree,
So the dark current of my life doth seem
To flow, at times, in murmuring melody;
'Tis when, dear patient friend, I turn to thee,
Then the light laughing loves of other days
Hide their false faces, or like shadows flee;
Oft had I fainted in these cheerless ways,
But thou wert at my side to comfort and to raise.

XI.

Now though these limbs are cold and almost dead,
And torture runs through every sluggish vein,
Yet is endurance out of suffering bred,
And fortitude to triumph over pain;
The wasted body shrinks, but still the brain
Urges the palsied hand along the sheet,
On which, alas, tears often fall like rain;
But Fancy even misery can cheat,
And in the pain-born rhyme will find a refuge sweet.

XII.

But even there the Spoiler with his scythe
Torments the wasted sheaf he waits to reap;
His torturing reminders make me writhe,
Till mad with pain I beg the final sweep
That surely soon must come to give me sleep;
Still one retreat is left to which I flee—
Dark dreamy drug! in which I often steep
Body and soul, I turn again to thee
And drift down Lethe's stream out on Oblivion's sea.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Music World

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

A GREAT DEAL of the success of the present grand opera season at the Tivoli is to be accredited to Miss Anna Lichter, whose energetic, industrious and artistic efforts have earned for her the applause and affection of the theatre-going public I have heard a great many prime donne both in Europe and America, but I have found only a few whose work is so conscientious and careful that, no matter in what they appear, they are successful because of the neatness of their work. We have heard Miss Lichter this season as Marguerite, Leonora, Lucia, Aida, Juliet, Desdemona, Nedda, Santuzza, Elsa and in other responsible roles and no one who is just and unprejudiced can deny that Miss Lichter gave full satisfaction. I was right glad when she was presented with two laurel wreaths on Verdi night against one presented to the other principals, because she certainly did twice as much work as anyone else excepting perhaps Max Hirschfeld, the conductor. Miss Lichter possesses a very flexible and pleasant soprano voice of excellent range and timbre. Her colorature work is artistically flawless and her interpretation shows taste and intelligence. There cannot be any question in the mind of the refined musician that Miss Lichter is an artist who is an ornament to any company. And if any one is still in doubt let him ask Salassa, who asserts that Miss Lichter is the most conscientous and refined prima donna soprano he ever sang with. Salassa stands so high, both as an artist and judge of good music, that I would consider his indorsement as an indisputable proof of efficiency on the part of the recipient of such praise. Before coming to San Francisco Miss Lichter enjoyed a thorough stage experience, during which she was literally buried beneath praise and encouragement. Among the most prominent companies in which she achieved success in the operatic world was the Tavary opera company, with which she played two seasons with great success in Mexico, New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago and other cities: after this engagement joining the Castle Square opera company in Philadelphia, where she was applauded for two seasons. Thereafter she went to London with the Carl Rosa opera company and received flattering endorsements from critics as Felina in Mignon, Gilda in Rigoletto, Lucia, Queen in the Huguenots, Nedda in Pagliacci and many other difficult and responsible roles. After her London engagement she returned to America in response to an offer from the Tivoli. Her success in this city has been so great that she has become an invaluable acquisition to the Tivoli Opera House which appreciates her success to such an extent that it is unwilling to part with this able prima donna. Our theatre-goers have taken a particular fancy to Miss Lichter which is not only a result of her artistic qualities but of her charming personality, her attractive stage presence and her unassuming manner as well. Perhaps the best work Miss Lichter has done this season was her Desdemona in Othello, which was in every respect a most praiseworthy and able exposition of this role. Next week she will appear in L'Africaine and if we may take her past achievements as a criterion for her future work, I will not hesitate to assert that she will make as successful an Africaine as is necessary for a perfectly artistic production of Meyerbeer's great opera.

¶ ¶

The Oakland Enquirer of last Saturday published the following communication:

Anent the reprint in these columns of Alfred Metzger's remarks upon the obligation of musicians to the press, the Enquirer has received the following communication:

"In Town Talk of a fortnight ago, Mr. Metzger has started a subject which should be run to earth, viz., the relation between the advertisements of a newspaper and its serious columns.

Now the income of a journal is derived from its advertisements whi'st the serious columns render it of value as an advertising agent. The two portions of the paper support one the other. Improve the character and interest of its news articles and indirectly you improve its income.

But if a paper sells its serious columns to the highest bidder, what weight has it? Its days are numbered, and meanwhile where is the freedom of the press? Yours faithfully,

M GALE.

I have reason to believe that the above communication is anonymous, nevertheless I shall respond to it. In the first place a paper never sells its "serious" columns, nor would an honest writer who appends his signature to a "serious" column consent to having the work of his brain sold to the "highest bidder." Therefore I am not at all backward to accuse anyone of either falsehood or ignorance, if he make either positive statements or insinuations to the fact that any critic signs his name to articles in whose truth he does not believe. I do not think there is a critic in San Francisco who would praise a man and sign his name to a puff if he is not fully convinced that in his opinion the statement is based upon facts. However it occasionally occurs that paid articles, instead of being published separately, are included in the regular music department. The reason for this is merely a personal favor of the writer and there is no "sale" about the matter. The expression of personal opinion to which a signature is attached is more valuable than any other notice and it often occurs that a musician who desires a write-up asks a critic to express his opinion about him instead of having his notice in the advertising columns. If the musician is conscientious, able and deserving, this privilege cannot be denied him, but if he is unworthy of such notice the critic will refuse it every time. During my experience as a critic I have many times attached my signature to an article for which the business office received compensation, for it served as an advertisement. Let us say, for instance, I know a piano teacher whose work is superior to a great many of his colleagues; that he is a first-class musician; that he brings out very able pupils and that he is in every way entitled to appreciation. But he never gives a public recital and thus I am unable to call attention to his work. I cannot mention him without a cause for this would be an injustice to the advertisers of the paper. Now this piano teacher is anxious to have the quality of his work known among the public. He goes to the business office and pays for a notice so much per line. After that he comes to me and says:

"Please do me the favor of expressing your opinion about my work, you have often spoken of it as excellent, you know what I can do, you can write an article much better than I can and your personal opinion is of much more value to me as an advertisement than an unsigned reading notice. You have often said you wished you could tell your opinion about my tuition in public, now is your chance."

Would it be right to refuse him the privilege of a criticism, if he is deserving of it, just because he was fair-minded and appreciative enough to pay for the notice? Should a critic confine himself to those musicians who refuse to patronize the paper? The serious musical columns of a paper are not open to any one who does not deserve to be mentioned in them, not even if he pays for it and they are open to everyone who is deserving of honest praise whether he pays for it or not. The criticism above the signature of a critic depends solely upon the writer and not upon the business office and when I say this I speak from years of experience in this line of work.

¶ ¶

The San Francisco Philharmonic orchestra opened its second season on Thursday evening, October nineteenth. This opening concert showed a marked improvement in the ranks of this organization of ambitious musicians, who are earnestly endeavoring to bring out artistic works in a manner acceptable to the ear of the layman or student who thus may become acquainted with the greater compositions without too large an expenditure. Permit me to say a word in defense of the amateur orchestra I desire to call attention to the fact that the word amateur is too often misused. It is too often regarded as a term of mediocrity. This is assuredly a false conception. Amateur is a title to be proud of, for is it not that class of musicians who support and defend music? Does it not consist of that portion of the musical part of our community which supports and respects musicians? And, strange to say, musicians are the first ones who raise the cudgel of ire against them. The Philharmonic orchestra consists of amateurs, of people who are ever ready to contribute toward the prosperity of music, of young folks who have banded together to benefit by each

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other's work and who strive to progress by means of united efforts. Ensemble work is always conducive to the development of individual work. I admit that there were some irregularities, but I protest against and condemn the sneering and contemptible manner in which some selfish and uncharitable persons speak of an orchestra of this kind. When the members come forth and acknowledge their faults, when they do not class themselves among the experienced professional musicians, they should not and could not be compared with them. They stand on their merits. Taking this vein I believe the San Francisco Philharmonic orchestra a successful organization and James Hamilton Howe, its conductor, a factor in the progress of musical art in San Francisco. It is nauseating how some musicians who have achieved fame to a certain extent and who are considered pillars in the musical world laugh at the efforts of those who cannot possibly measure themselves with them. This mode of action reminds me of a prize fighter who would wreak his spite on a six-year-old boy. It is a nasty way of fighting.

¶ ¶

But let us see what the orchestra did. The strings are the strong feature of this organization. The first and second violins, 'cellos and basses, which were very good last season, have even improved this year; also the brass and wood-wind show some progress. However, I would suggest that the instruments be tuned more uniformly. This is always a weakness in an amateur orchestra. It is the duty of the concert-master to look to it that all instruments are in tune and this examination should take place before each new number. It frequently happens that the violins get out of tune after a selection and strict attention should be paid to harmony. Many a fault may be forgiven if the instruments correspond with each other. Mrs. C. Gruenhagen-Gwynn, the concert-master, is certainly an able musician, and it should not be difficult for her to watch this portion of the orchestra. The program was: Overture, Rosamunde, Schubert; selections from Martha, Flotow; waltz for strings, Volkmann, and Procession from The Meistersinger, Wagner. Bernhard Mollenhauer played the concerto in D minor, Wieniawsky; Serenade, Schubert; Berceuse, Sauret, and Elfen Tanz, Popper. Mr. Mollenhauer is a violinist of much force and individuality. His tone is large and commanding, his bowing is graceful and vigorous, his attack firm and clear and his interpretation effective. He is a thorough musician. Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley sang the aria, Jerusalem, from St. Paul and some songs by Hawley, Harris, Chisholm and Dr. Arne. Mrs. McCauley sings a ballad delightfully. She shades her recital delicately and brings it out with such daintiness that it is a veritable treat. I consider a vocalist who sings correctly and effectively a simple ballad artistically far superior to a dramatic singer who brings forth a vigorous composition. It is is much easier to sing dramatically than to sing sympathetically. I think if Mrs. McCauley would make a specialty of ballad singing she would be considered the leading espouser of this phase of vocal art on the Pacific coast.

¶ ¶

A reception was given in honor of President and Mrs. Daniel C. Gilman of the John Hopkins' university by the regents of the University of California at the Mark Hopkins' Institute of Art yesterday evening. An orchestra under the direction of Henry Heyman rendered an excellent program. The following invitational concerts are booked for Byron Mauzy hall: October twenty-seventh, Thirty-fifth Concert Music Teachers' Association of California, and lecture by Dr. H. J. Stewart; November second, recital under the direction of Professor Ernest Werner; November tenth, under the direction of Roscoe Warren Lucy; November seventeenth, under direction of Professor Barringer; November twenty-third, début piano recital, Miss Nellie Redinger; December first, under the direction of Robert Lloyd; December seventh, under the direction of Bernhard Mollenhauer; December fourteenth, grand Christmas concert.

¶ ¶

I am in receipt of the following from Berlin: "Teresa Carreño will be the soloist of the first of this season's Berlin Philharmonic concerts, which will take place on October ninth, under Nikisch's direction. Our countrywoman will perform on this occasion the Tschaikowsky B flat minor concerto and the program will consist further of the third Leonore overture, the Meistersinger Vorspiel, and, as a novelty, the D minor symphony from César Frank. Other novelties selected by Nikisch for an early performance at these concerts are Frank Van der Stucken's symphonic prologue to Heine's William Ratcliff, and Antonin Dvorák's latest symphonic creation, entitled Heldenlied (The Song of a Hero)." Where, oh where is that concerto of a local critic that Carreño promised to play in Berlin during her engagement with Nikisch? Perhaps it got lost on the trip.

If there is anything contemptible, scurrilous and scoundrelly in this world it is a critic who abuses his position to such an extent that he attacks members of the profession personally, branching off the beaten track of musical criticism and assuming the ignoble trade of public hangman. I have no respect for one who insults a woman, who makes merry of the appearance of a musician on the stage, who goes into personalities. And yet such an offender of all laws of decency is suffered to walk around the streets of San Francisco without being chastised When a man is so mean as to throw the misfortunes of a family into the face of a member of the same through a musical column he is a leper in the eyes of society.

¶ ¶

The first concert of the Minetti quartet took place at Sherman-Clay hall yesterday afternoon, too late for criticism in this issue. The following additional names were added to the subscription list: W. A. Boole, A B. Chittenden, Edward B. Taylor, Miss Elizabeth Wade, Miss Edith Bien, Miss Helen de Young, Mrs. A. Deane, Dr A. Barkan, A Calegaris, Mrs. E. X. Rölker, Mrs. D. Bull, Miss M. Bull, Dr. E. J. Wilczynski. There are now altogether one hundred and fifty season tickets sold. This is surely a good showing.

¶ ¶

A string orchestra has been organized by Peter C. Allen in which thirty of our talented society girls will participate. The purpose of this orchestra is to bring out the best music and further the musical knowledge and facility of its members by benefiting through enemble playing There will be two invitational and one paid concert. The orchestra meets every Saturday morning at Sherman-Clay hall parlors which have been kindly placed at their disposal by Sherman, Clay & Co., who always encourage movements tended to aid the musical progress of San Francisco. The membership of this orchestra consists now of Miss Jean Hush of Oakland, concert master; Misses Meta Asher, Nannie Van Wyck, Lipscher, Alice Greenbaum, Laura Taylor, Gladys Clement, Alice Chipman, Edna Cadawalader, Howlands, Kate Johnson, Ham, Bauers, Mary Donaldson, Bessie Fuhrer, Ethel and Estelle Bunemann, Mai Moody, Etta Crowe, Elizabeth Ames, Leah Beckhusen, Carol Wollner, Leslie Trowbridge, Anna Hadsell, Mrs. McDonald and Mrs. Van Buskirk.

¶ ¶

Valentine Abt, the well known mandolinist, will give two recitals at Golden Gate hall next Wednesday and Saturday. He will be assisted by Professor Graeber's entire mandolin and guitar class of one hundred members. The Musical Courier of January twenty-fourth, 1894, says this of Mr. Abt: "He is a violin pupil of Fidelis Zitterbart and brings to his mandolin work all the finish of that training with an unusual smoothness of the characteristic tremoloing which puts his mandolin playing up to artistic standards."

¶ ¶

A benefit concert tendered to Alfred Wilkie, after his long and dangerous illness, will take place next Tuesday evening at the First Methodist church, corner Clay and Fourteenth streets, Oakland.

¶ ¶

Phil Hastings has received notice that Vladimir de Pachmann will play here on the afternoons of Tuesday, Thursday and Friday, December twenty-sixth, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth. The New York Tribune, where Krehbiel rules in the music column, had this to say of De Pachmann: "M. de Pachmann is an artist of superlative powers. His revelation of the beauty that belongs to the higher walks of piano playing is unlike that of any other performer now to be heard. His

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illumination of the music that comes under the witchery of his fingers is full of lights and shadows of its own, and in the field that he has appropriated to himself he is an absolute master."

¶ ¶

W. J. McCoy recently gave a pupil recital in Oakland during which the following program was rendered: For violin and piano: Concerto E minor, Mendelssohn; Fantasie Stuecke, op. 73, Sdhumann; Elegie (Spohr's intrdduction), Ernst; Prayer, Bloch; sonata, A major, Haendel. Piano solos: Bouree and Sarabande from French suites, invention in three voices, A minor, Bach; Gallathea, Jensen; Polonaise, A flat. Nocturne, F minor, Chopin; Elegie, Rimsky-Korsakow. It was an interesting affair and exhibited the intelligence of the pupils.

¶ ¶

Madame Genevra Johnstone Bishop has been engaged by the Philharmonic society to sing at a special concert some time next week. During her last visit here the lady was indisposed and could not do herself justice. She has now fully recovered and the music lovers will have an opportunity to hear one of the foremost exponents of oratorio in America.

¶ ¶

Eugene Carlmueller, the able conductor and voilinist, has been appointed concert master of the Tivoli orchestra. Inasmuch as he occupied this position before to the satisfaction of everybody, it is but natural that he will be again a fine acquisition to the orchestra.

¶ ¶

The San Francisco Conservatory of Music, E. S Bonelli, director, will give its regular pupil recital at Metropolitan hall on November tenth. Past affairs of this kind have proved that Professor Bonelli's work is worthy of attention, and some of his pupils exhibit facility far ahead of the average student.

¶ ¶

Cantor E. J. Stark has moved his studio from the rear of the fourth floor of the Kohler-Chase building to the front and now occupies sunny quarters which he has furnished very tastefully.

¶ ¶

Some time ago Cantor Stark inserted an advertisement in TOWN TALK asking for a tenor, but making the condition that the tenor must be able to read at sight. This was evidently a scare-crow for our youthful soloists for despite the fact that many expressed themselves privately to the effect that they would be only too glad to sing at Temple Emanu-El they were afraid of being unable to read at sight. Now I am sure that if some would but try they could read. It is surely not courageous to stay away from Cantor Stark's offices because you are afraid you cannot read as well as he might expect. It is no shame to admit that we are short on tenors in San Francisco. There are other cities in the same predicament. Now this very

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fact should inspire the few tenors we have with more confidence, because we need them with all their shortcomings and if they are afraid of being unable to read properly, they could at least make a bluff at it. It is really a pity that our best musicians are the most timid. This condition of things is deplorable for the result is that the inferior talent being more brought into public notice it creates a belief that these are the most prominent musicians. Because of this state of affairs I mean to discourage all mediocre concerts and encourage all good ones. It is far more beneficial to hear half a dozen good concerts than a hundred bad ones. And here we have arrived at a point that needs ventilating. Some of our concerts are regular farces, because the performers are so awed by their own importance that it is impossible to convince them of their unfitness to appear in public. Some are inspired by the idea that we are fools here and they can make us believe that they are great. Surely they will soon change their minds and when they do find out that their opinion was a false one, they console themselves with the flimsy consolation that our criticisms here did not amount to anything anyway for we do not know anything. The reason why we are so critical is because we are not overburdened with fakirs. We get only the best of artists here, because it costs too much railroad fare to risk mediocre talent. Hence hearing only the best our ears become sensitive to musical vulgarities and woe to the imposter who dares to think that he can catch us napping.

¶ ¶

Miss Flora Bauer, sister of Miss Emelie Frances Bauer of the Musical Courier, is at present visiting friends in this city. Miss Bauer is not only musical herself, but expresses herself most accurately and convincingly about musical affairs. From her ideas it is evident that she is a born critic Now I do not think it is good taste to draw a young lady's name into print without her permission, but it is so seldom that I find people whose ideas about music and musicians are healthy and to the point that I think it excusable to make public mention of an accomplishment so rarely found. Miss Bauer resides in Portland, Or., and says that musical circles are wide awake in that city. In fact Portland is a musical town and a great many musical people here can testify to that fact. We really ought to hear more about Portland music than we do, and, furthermore, we ought to be more interested in it.

ALFRED METZGER.

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World of Letters

THOUGH THE SCENE of A Modern Mercenary is laid in the imaginary kingdom of Maäsau, it might readily be understood to be in any one of the small kingdoms or duchies of Europe which, while they have kept an independent government, have served as bones of contention between the teeth of their more powerful neighbors. The story is bright and the movement is rapid without being hurried. The air is charged with plots and political machinations, woven about an attractive love story. John Rallywood, who gives the title to the romance, is an Englishman serving in the army of Maäsau. He is a fine type of both man and soldier, and deserves better of fortune than the trials which are meted out to him, for he finds how little private justice counts for in opposition to public policy. He is forced to make choice between his honor to his soldierly oath of loyalty and his natural attachment to his native land—a feeling which appears to be stronger in the Briton than in any other race. As to which claims his fealty, and what the outcome of his decision is, one must leave to the reader to discover. Coming from the press at the close of one war and in the thick of the preparations for another, with the Dreyfus court martial still an important question, A Modern Mercenary ought to meet the temper of the time. It is well written, a wholesome, healthy story which can be read with pleasure, if not profit, by young and old. There are many quotable paragraphs:

"The Fates shuffle, and men handle the cards, but God cuts," says Councillor, the English diplomatist.

"The peculiarity of our (English) army is that it is always at war. In this way we escape the dangers of theory and get practice, with something for our money into the bargain."

Compare this with Kipling, in the much absurd Drums of Fore and Aft.

"About thirty years from this date, when we have succeeded in half educating everything that wears trousers, our army will be a beautifully unreliable machine. It will know too much and it will do too little."

It is worth while to set both of these quotations against that of Thomas H. Wilson in The Trumpeter of the Troupe:

"Some day, when the politicians get through experimenting with the (American) army, we'll go back to the old system which had the one great advantage of turning out soldiers."

The authors of A Modern Mercenary, for the book is the result of a collaboration, give us something new in the way of literary partnership, for they are a mother and her son, E. and Hesketh Pritchard, who have produced some very readable stories under the pen names of "E. and H. Heron." The book is from the publishing house of the Doubleday & McClure Co., and is gotten out in their usual excellent style, in clear type and on good paper. The cover design is appropriate, a gold sword entwined with wreaths, surmounted by the title. This publishing house has devised a system by which people living out of reach of a bookseller, may have the opportunity of examining their books. This volume will be sent postpaid on approval, to be paid for if satisfied, or returned, if not desired—a plan which practically brings the bookstore to each farmer's door yard and removes the necessity for either doing without books for lack of opportunity to make a selection, or purchasing what may prove undesirable.

———

The Chronicles of a Highway, the concluding paper of which appears in the California Sunset for October, is the best brief account of the Missions of California that has ever been presented. The author, William B. May, has made no attempt at "fine" writing or rhetorical flourish, nor has he marred his work by sectarian bias or belittlement, but has presented a calm, dispassionate statement of facts. At the same time, the work is as far as possible from being dry and statistical; on the contrary, it forms a most interesting and pleasing narrative. Mr. May has succeeded in including all and omitting nothing that could be of value to anyone but a historian. It is to be hoped that these papers will be collected and placed in more permanent form. The Chronicles of a Highway, with its Spanish sub-title, El Nuevo Camino Real, illustrated with the photographs which have accompanied the articles in the Sunset, would make a desirable Christmas volume. It would be an ideal souvenir of our state, and would quickly displace the host of cheap and trashy attempts with their gushing Oh's! and Ah's! and florid descriptions that describe nothing. That such a book is called for is self-evident, when one considers the poorly written, biased and inaccurate article on the subject of the Missions which made its appearance in a late number of Self-Culture.

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Voice from the Clouds:

From God he's a backslider;
Of ways he loves the wider;
With wickedness a sider,
More venom than a spider.

In sin he's a confider
A make-bait and divider;
Blind reason is his guider,
The devil is his rider.

Magic potion; i. e., le vin.

Clouds lowering threateningly. The youth is enveloped in them.

Miracle! he turns into an angel and falls into a gentle slumber.

Discordant noises heard. * * * The sleeper starts. * * * Retires to his tent and—dreams.

Midnight: Fight between imps and angels. Imps vanquished.

Chorus of Angels:

"Though sin at first its rage dissemble may,
'Twill soon upon thee as a lion prey;
'Twill roar, 'twill rend, 'twill tear, twill kill outright;
Its living death will gnaw thee day and night.
Thy pleasures now to claws and teeth it turns;
In thee its tickling lusts like brimstone burns,
Wherefore beware, and keep it out of door,
Lest it should on thee like a lion roar.

Day dawn:

The youth starts out of his dream. * * * sees crawling things. Grasps his aching head with both hands, starts and cries:

"Give me another! . . . Bind up my head! . . . Where is the ice? Have mercy! . . . Soft! I did but dream. Oh, coward conscience, how dos't thou afflict me! . . . The lights are gone Thank God! 'tis morning. Cold, fearful drops stand on my trembling flesh. What! Do I fear myself? There's none else by."

Falls back. The youth awakes.

Noon:

The youth speaks:

"I shall swear off from this time henceforth."

Grand intermission of five days.

Day following.

Voice from the clouds:

From God he's a backslider
Of ways, etc., etc., etc.

Same old story. Same old oath. Same old dream.

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Its stripes laid away with the summer done;
For October's shadow crept over the bay,
And winter was not very far away.

Then its stripes of red and its stripes of blue,
With its stripes of pink, green and many a hue
Began to droop, in a mournful way,
Till across one another's necks they lay.

They wept and wailed with impending doom,
Till their snowy ground was a ground of gloom;
And the stripes of blue and the stripes of red
Were swollen and sad with the tears they shed.

Then a storm arose with relentless heart
And began to tear them apart, apart—
They shrieked and fled, with each thread alert—
And awoke from the nightmare a swell plaid skirt.

THE MODISTE.

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TOWN TALK

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OUR OPINION

The Contest over the Mayoralty

THE municipal campaign now drawing to a close is the most remarkable in the history of San Francisco. Never before did the predatory plutocrats show their hands so boldly or array themselves so fiercely and impudently against the people. All the evil agencies that have ever engaged in the business of corrupting the city government, are allied together in the great struggle for the defeat of the man who has steadfastly championed the cause of the people. The combinations now engaged in trying to prevent the government from being elevated beyond the reach of the bribe-givers of the corporations is the most powerful that has ever been effected in California. The slave drivers of the corporations who have hitherto acted as the autocratic owners of our city officials, realizing that under the new charter a Mayor who is not in sympathy with their sordid aims will have the power to render their corrupting influences ineffectual, are now engaged in whipping into line behind the Davis band wagon every individual and firm that can be made to feel the dread of their disfavor. They know that the coming election marks an epoch in the history of San Francisco; that if the machinery of the new charter is started by clean hands, and under the auspices of the men who have been selected to assist Mayor Phelan in wresting the government from the blacklegs and thugs who have infested the City Hall for so many years, that there will be small chance of their ever being restored to power. That their influence is far reaching and their power mighty is evident when they can force a respected merchant to sign an appeal to voters which not only makes him ridiculous in the minds of intelligent people but removes him from the proud position which he has hitherto held as one of San Francisco's most independent citizens. The robber barons of the gas company who "move in good society" despite the infamous record of their corporation, and the other predatory rich who are striving for the election of Horace Davis are not appealing to men's heads in this campaign; they prefer to direct their arguments at men's purses and they are finding that a more effective method. When threats and coercion are of no avail they resort to insidious cajolery. The eminent respectability of Mr. Davis is pointed to by way of persuading voters to believe that as much confidence may be reposed in him as in Mr. Phelan, but the people are not so easily deceived. Mr. Davis is eminently respectable judged by the ordinary standards. He would not swindle his fellow man in a business transaction and he has always borne an excellent reputation for decency and sobriety, but Mr. Davis must not object to being judged by the company he keeps. Experience has taught that there is no better way of estimating a man's worth. The republican candidate's, sponsors, mentors and associates since entering upon the ordeal of this campaign are men who have always been recognized as enemies of decent government. He has been cheek-by-jowl with the blacklegs of the republican party and he is obligated by reason of their financial and immoral support to the slave drivers of the corporations. He says he has made no promises but in the face of the enthusiastic support he is receiving from those whose only interest in politics is that of securing the election of men whose itching palms are always stretched out in eager expectation, it is not unfair to assume that they have been given some sort of pleasing assurance. Unfortunately for Mr. Davis, the exigencies of the campaign have subjected him to contaminating influences and TOWN TALK respectfully submits that at this important period in the history of San Francisco, just as the taxpayers are about to relieve themselves of the shackles of bossism, it would be unwise to experiment.

Milligan and the Californian Pioneer

WHAT California needs more than a quarantine against eastern consumptives is a quarantine against eastern preachers, though in all probability the former would answer both purposes. One Milligan, who has been in the state but seven years, thus emulates the long-eared quadruped.

> I say, and say fearlessly, that one of the best omens for California in the days to come, that one of the omens for the grand future development of our state, is the fact that the old pioneers are passing away, going under the soil, and with them the condition of things that make reform work and Christian work and even educational work of the higher type so difficult

"Our" state! Now what does he know of the pioneers and their times, and wherein is California lacking in "reform work and Christian work and even educational work," unless it be in not keeping the tar kettle and feather tick handy for such as himself? Doubtless the good little man has read Bret Harte's stories and made his tour of the tenderloin. He does not know that in those dreadful early days when San Francisco was a city of tents a man's possessions were as safe outside as they were elsewhere under lock and key. Of course he has never heard that until the transcontinental railroad brought us a flood of the

more civilized easterners who were reared in the fear of God and the shadow of the church steeple, a woman could go on foot from one end of San Francisco to the other at any hour of day or night without fear of molestation by word or deed. Did Rev. Milligan ever hear of the reform work of the Vigilantes—away back in the '50's? Did any one ever happen to mention Gridley's Sanitary Sack of Flour in his presence, or a few other little items that we leave the rest of the world to mention for us? Does he know that indecent dramas which play long engagements to crowded houses in the moral eastern cities are not wanted here at all, and that even as far back as 1850 a troupe of "model artists" who established themselves in San Francisco had to close their doors for lack of patronage? The Pioneers of California were not plaster saints by any means. They lived close to the earth and saw things as they were. They were not given to prudery and had not the habit of peeping through a crack to catch a glimpse of what could not be seen in the open. There were both good and bad amongst them and some of the worst were of Pilgrim and Puritan stock, godly New Englanders who were smuggled aboard an outbound ship to keep them out of the home jail, with a parting prayer of "God bless you and devil miss you," and a hope that the coast might prove too far away for them or their misdeeds to ever be heard of again. And of all the undesirable additions to our populations, many of our eastern preachers have proved the most objectionable. The surviving pioneer is proud of his past, and it is not pleasant for him to hear that his passing away is the cause of jubilation. Reverend Milligan's principal objection to him is that he is not a cheerful giver to the treasury of the Foreign Missionary society, and that he has grown tired of being sandbagged by preachers who want money to build more churches though they are not able to fill those that already exist, their lack of drawing power being due to the quality of the religion they seek to propagate. The old Californian and his descendants have grown tired listening to political lectures and appeals to their pocket-book from the pulpit, and hence the lack of enthusiasm which is no doubt largely responsible for the Milligan diatribe.

Pedagogic Prudes in Lake County

THE Lake County Teachers' Institute assembled at Middletown last week, discussed the question whether the children under their charge should be permitted to read "Tom Sawyer." What next? If there is any boy whose dear little morals are apt to suffer from reading "Tom Sawyer" or anything else of Mark Twain's there is not enough good red blood in his body to make it worth any one's while to bother about his loss or salvation. Kipling once wrote an allegory on the subject of the puppy dog, the shaving soap and the boot blacking, which is commended to the perusal of these good pedagogues. It can be found under the title of "Thrown Away" in "Plain Tales from the Hills," but then perhaps the good teachers of Lake county are afraid of risking the contamination of their own morals by reading Kipling, though after having anathematized "Tom Sawyer," the Institute was bold enough to permit itself to be entertained by Joaquin Miller in his Klondike costume and specialties. With all the directing and supervising and doing and don't-ing that school boards take upon themselves in these days one has to wonder if they expect children ever to grow up and assume responsibilties for themselves. The country boy who at twelve or fourteen years of age can drive a four-horse team over the mountain roads of Lake county and hire himself out to plow or work in the harvest field is not to be placed in the same category with "Little Lord Fauntleroy," who wears knickerbockers and paper curls till he is old enough to shave, and if he must not read Mark Twain under the eye of a schoolma'am the chances are that he has read a great deal worse without accounting to anybody. It is not so many years ago that the District Libraries of Lake county were stocked with such ponderous lumber as Bancroft's "Native Races," Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," Grote's History of Greece and other standard works, utterly useless to children who, for six or eight months in the year, painfully spelled their way through the second and third reader. Meanwhile families of "literary" inclination subscribed for the *Fireside Companion* or the *Saturday Night*, and such of the offspring as took to reading could follow the fortunes of "The Missing Bride or Junie's Lovers." If the school libraries of Lake county number "Tom Sawyer" in their lists of books they have made a decided advance upon the condition of things a few years ago.

A Perpetual Copyright

AN EFFORT to have copyright made perpetual is on foot, and the chances are that Congress will be numerously and persistently petitioned to that end during the coming winter. The question is an old one and it is not likely than any new grains of wheat will be brought to light through the threshing of the old straw. Our laws now practically make copyright perpetual, so far as the author is concerned, being for twenty-eight years with the privilege of renewal for fourteen years. Few authors survive for forty-two years after they have acquired the ability to produce a work, and there is no good reason apparent why the reading public should be called upon to pay royalties to their descendants, who in all probability would be incapable of writing anything themselves. Imagine, for instance, paying an increased price for Shakespeare or any of the Elizabethan writers, in order that their obscure and far-off connections might today reap the benefit of the accidental relationship. Not only that, but copyright, being property, can be sold, mortgaged or otherwise disposed of, and the result of its perpetuity would be not to the advantage of authors and their families, but to that of publishers and dealers. At the present stage of the world writers are still regarded as impecunious bohemians and their bones are left in peace when they have cast off the burden of the flesh, but let a man write two or three successful books with perpetual copyright and the next thing would be as many widow claimants as one looks for with a Californian millionaire. There seems to prevail

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an opinion that authorship is a highly remunerative profession, and that if the advantages could only be secured in a succession like real estate or personal property more and greater books would be written. As to *more*, the gods forbid! and for greater, neither Shakespeare, Bacon, Milton, nor any one else knew of such security before the comparatively recent day of Queen Anne, and they are yet the literary giants. In order to secure the advantages to the family of the writer, it would be necessary to enact strict laws of entail, a something we are not quite ready for in this country, and after all was done—how very few books would be worth all the trouble? Not one in a hundred now reaches a second edition and not one in a thousand is remembered a generation after it is written.

A Costly Kiss in Connecticut

THE Blue Laws of Connecticut are not all dead. We have been accustomed to think of them only in connection with the early history of the state in which they were enacted and as evidence of the ridiculous rigidity of the morals of the people who settled that part of the country, but we have assumed that they were long since wiped off the statute books. It appears, however, that they have only been slumbering, and that there are judges on the bench in Connecticut ready to enforce them. A Yale freshman and a young woman of New Haven have been committed to the workhouse for a period of fifteen days, for having dared to violate the law prohibiting kissing on a public street. They were hauled into court by an argus-eyed constable who caught them red-lipped in the very act of osculation on the curbstone, just as the sun went down. The young freshman, thinking perhaps that the quality of mercy in the nutmeg state is of the right sort, decided to make a clean breast of the affair. He pleaded guilty, and the upright jurist promptly sentenced the young man and his accomplice to the work-house. The sentence of the court undoubtedly meets with the approbation of every blue-nosed theologian and antique spinster within the confines of Connecticut. The incident proves that the sentimental passion is still frowned on in the blue-law-ridden town of New Haven. The judge that sentenced those young people to the work-house for permitting mutual affection to manifest itself in the gloaming by an act denoting the ascendency of the flesh over the soul, is fired by the same holy impulses that prompted his forefathers to enact legislation in restraint of marital felicity on the Sabbath. No bridal party should include New Haven in the itinerary of a honeymoon trip. It is a good place to stay away from unless the groom has schooled himself against the promptings of a tender passion.

The Fake Campaign Circular

WHEN the campaign is over the republican leaders should reflect upon their blunders and try to figure out which particular sample of idiotic mismanagement was responsible for the loss of the greatest number of votes. After mature reflection they may be better equipped mentally for directing future campaigns. It will certainly occur to them that such methods as they have pursued are not conducive to the welfare of a candidate. From their brief experience as political generals they will learn that the weapons which they regarded as the most effective, partake of the nature of boomerangs, and should be handled with extreme caution. Those weapons have been called into requisition in various parts of the country and have almost invariably proved disastrous to those that used them. They are the weapons of cowards and vile wretches who delight in assassinating character providing it can be accomplished by the lying-in-wait system. They act upon the theory that the public is easily imposed upon, and that it can be deceived by the patent fake circular purporting to have been issued in the interest of the man for the defeat of whom they have conspired. This is of course one of the most contemptible and cowardly devices that could be invoked. It is so transparent that even the grossly ignorant to whom it appeals are seldom deceived by it. It inspires disgust, awakens resentment and results in injury to the person whose shallow-minded followers were responsible for it. It was thought that the fake circular had long since been tabooed by the skulking politician, but the republican leaders had recourse to it a week ago, and it will undoubtedly have an effect quite different from that which its authors intended.

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OUR Heavenly Father, unto Thee we pour
Our constant prayers, and bless Thy hallowed Name
Come in Thy Kingdom, God, and now proclaim
The Age of Peace, to last forevermore.
In every clime, from distant shore to shore,
Through all the earth Thy blessed will be done,
As where in Heaven before Thy shining throne,
Thy saints and seraphs ceaselessly adore.

Give us, O God, each day our daily bread,
Forgive us now, as others we forgive,
Guide our weak feet that they may never tread
Temptation's path, and teach us how to live,
That—by Thy power—we from the tomb shall rise,
And share Thy glorious kingdom in the skies.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

LIKE Professor Lathrop of Stanford, who has been hired to write book reviews for the Call, I never encourage the industry of the bookmith of the period. Life is too short to waste any of it in trying to find the wheat where there is so much chaff, but occasionally an author like Mr. Stephen Crane attracts my attention long enough to give one of his books a cursory glance. He has the reputation of being a "fine writer" and he makes a desperate effort to live up to it in "Active Service." I suppose that what will be regarded as the finest bit of writing in the book is his description of a scene in an old harem in the East where Nora entertains Mr. Rufus Coleman. The light was "amber-like shadowy," which according to Mr. Crane is the sort of illumination that pleases the gentler sex. Nora wore a gown of such fine silk that you could pull yards of it through a ring. She had a "pearly rounded forearm" and when she gazed at Rufus it was with a pair of "azure-purple" black eyes. After they had got away with four quarts of champagne and unlimited brandy Rufus soliloquized softly as follows:

"To go to the devil—to go to the devil with this girl is not a bad fate—not a bad fate—not a bad fate."

While Rufus was thus reflecting Nora was doing a little cogitating too.

She knew that through half closed lids he was looking at her in steady speculation. She knew that she was conquering but no movement of hers betrayed an elation.

How is that for fine writing? It's a fair sample of the trash that finds favor with the magazine editor of the period, and I know many school girls who enthuse over it, and who consider Dickens and Washington Irving very dull, and there are book reviewers who praise it.

But to return to Nora, as portrayed by Crane. With subtle art she was still dallying with poor Rufus. Reinforcing her "pearly rounded arm," with a revelation of the glories of a statuesque neck, and all in the manner of a "splendid and fabulous virgin," whatever that means, she fairly overwhelmed the poor man. Incidentally Crane tells his readers that her stockings were of black silk, a circumstance of which Rufus was not in ignorance, but notwithstanding the stocking, the pearly rounded arm and the statuesque neck Nora spoiled it all even after a "fervid" caress by remarking:

"Sweetheart * * * don't you think I am as nice as Marjorie?"

Nora presumed on masculine weakness too far, for the question knocked all the romance out of Rufus, he came back to earth and the "fabulous virgin" like the villain in the play was foiled.

George B. Heazelton is building a handsome home on the Coleman track in San Rafael. It is to be of the Spanish style of architecture. It was not so many years ago that Mr. Heazelton was City Hall reporter of the Chronicle but now he is a capitalist. He was a clever reporter and was regarded as the star man of the Chronicle staff. He had a wide acquaintanceship with men about town and leading politicians and he developed into a first class legislative correspondent at Sacramento. Subsequently he became Washington correspondent of the Chronicle and later he bobbed up as proprietor of the Post. But money did not come fast enough in the newspaper busines to satisfy Heazelton, and he retired from the editorial chair to engage in speculation in the stock market. I believe he got some tips from Rudolph and Gus Spreckels that prompted him to purchase sugar stocks and his investment proved profitable.

Heazelton is one of the best groomed men in town and even in his journalistic days he was never of bohemianesque appearance. On the contrary he always looked the part of Beau Brummel, and there was more than one woman with a fat bank account

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whose hand he could have had for the asking, but he was true to his first love, the daughter of Congressman Butterworth, who became his wife. Mrs. Mabel Treadwell had so much confidence in him that she appointed him guardian of the estates of her minor children, and Bob Hastings' widow, who is now Mrs. Daniell, is said to have entertained for him somewhat of a tender feeling at the end of her mourning period.

"Who peached on Davis?" This is a question that bids fair to excite as much speculation as that famous query regarding the identity of the chap that smashed the renowned Billy Patterson. I have it on good authority that the expose of the Davis–Kelly tenderloin assignation was not the result of systematic shadowing by journalistic hawkshaws, but that the *Examiner* was given a tip which it promptly availed itself of. Now the question arises whence came the tip. Mr Davis does not know whom to suspect, but I believe that he has been told that four of his confidential republican advisers were seen in an elevator in the Hearst building, and that the whole matter has resolved itself down to the question as to who reached the editorial sanctum first. I believe that the only persons who knew of the assignation are X. Y. Z. Dodge, A. Bouvier, A. J. Martin, Martin Kelly, Phil Crimmins, Captain I. W. Lees and T. V. Cator. Now there's a nice combination! I'll give you just seven guesses and if you don't name the man I'll give you up as a hopeless case.

"Who do you suppose peached on Davis?"

"I don't know, but I'll bet it wasn't Andrew Jackson Martin. I've heard him say a hundred times that he refused twenty-five thousand dollars to fall down on John D. Spreckels, and I'm sure nobody would offer him twenty-five thousand and one to give Davis the double cross."

Some weeks ago I took occasion to explain why I deplored the candidacy of Mr. Davis. I stated that in luring him into politics his friends were spoiling a good Sunday school teacher; that while he attended to his Bible class duties nobody had reason to doubt his sincerity, but that his conduct on the stump was suggestive of hypocrisy, and I added that when the hypocrisy of a Sunday school teacher is exposed it causes a shock and promotes sneering and scoffing among the irreligious. Some of Mr. Davis' friends thought that my remarks were unwarranted. I am glad to know that subsequent developments have shown that my judgment was correct, although I regret that the scoffers have been afforded another opportunity to sneer.

As a disseminator of moralities Mr. Horace Davis has a very queer way of imparting an object lesson. He seeks to extenuate his faux pas by pleading that "no man in the republican party should be denied a hearing." What sort of a hearing, I should like to know. Mr. Davis has been making nightly appearances on platforms, at public meetings, expressing his views on political issues and prepared to answer such pertinent questions as any one might desire to ask. Surely when he accepted the nomination for Mayor he did not understand that it became his duty to keep clandestine engagements with political thugs and blacklegs in the seclusion of a tenderloin resort whose atmosphere is redolent of debaucheries and diversions of erubescent tinge. As a disseminator of moralities, he could not conscientiously accept the nomination if he believed that it entailed such a proceeding. When Mr. Davis met the unspeakable Kelly it was for but a single purpose, and that was to assure him with his own lips, that if elected the blackleg bosses would not be overlooked in the distribution of patronage.

"I do not like that gown," said Mr. Prude, who was running for supervisor; "it is cut entirely too low."

Mrs. Prude gave him a smile of tender sweetness as she replied:

"I know it is, my love, but it is for party purposes."

Next Wednesday evening, at the Berkshire, the Pacific Coast Women's Press association will entertain Howard Malcolm Ticknor, M. A., the distinguished critic of Boston. Mr. Ticknor likes this part of the world so well that he has about decided to remain here all winter. His lectures delivered in the Channing Auxiliary course have attracted much attention from the cultured portion of our community. Personally, Mr. Ticknor is a most interesting man, a delightful talker and a sympathetic listener.

The newest wrinkle in silk waists is just what its name implies. The back, to be up to date, must be one vast substantial wrinkle. When I first saw one of these creations I thought the affair was a misfit, and I wondered how its wearer, a woman who poses as a leader in style, could have permitted herself to appear in such a garment. However, when I found other fashionable women wearing duplicates of the wrinkled waist, the error of my first assumption became apparent. The new mode of waist fits tightly in the arm seams but the silk is wrinkled across the back very much in the style of a mousquetaire glove.

I hear that Mrs. Dorsey, formerly of Chico, who is in Paris with her little daughter Gladys, is making great strides in her chosen art. She had two pictures accepted by the Salon last year and feels much encouraged to proceed in her studies.

Mrs. White, widow of Dr. S. S. White of the U.S. Navy, has returned to San Francisco. Dr. White, it will be remembered, died at the naval station at Sitka.

One of the jolliest affairs ever given in Sausalito's merry-go-round of pleasures was the country dance on Tuesday night at one of the yacht club-houses. Being Hallowe'en the function was of course mysterious in many of its features, very mild mysteries it is true but provocative of much enjoyment. It was a bal masqué and all the dancers were disguised as country bumpkins. A somewhat similar ball was given last year.

Brown: I see that the people of England are highly elated at our enthusiasm over the gentlemanly conduct of Sir Thomas Lipton.

Cynicus: Well, I think that they should resent our enthusiasm, for it seems to me to be eloquent of our surprise at finding that it is actually possible for an Englishman to be a gentleman.

A recent traveler in Japan speaks of Lafcadio Hearn as the only foreign teacher now employed in the schools of that country, and says he is in dress and appearance as much Japanese as American. Lafcadio Hearn married a Japanese lady many years ago and is probably much more at home in that land than he ever was in this. A reference to Hearn as teacher in the Japanese schools reminds me that one of the first foreign teachers employed by that progressive government went from our own city. Marion M. Scott was a young man, vice-principal of the Horace Mann (then Valencia) school in 1871, when substantial overtures were made to him which resulted in his accepting a prominent position in Tokio. He remained there for many years at the head of the public school system. Though Mr. Scott's connection with the San Francisco school department was brief, his influence was extensive. He was the first to advocate and introduce a system of semi-military drill, and also the first to substitute the drum as a means of marking time in place of the bell-clapper, or the wearying "left, left, left, right, left" of the unfortunate yard teacher. He was also the first to do away with the folding of written exercises, and a dozen other of the trifles which make up the eternity of school work. He was far from being a faddist and all his reforms, once suggested, carried on themselves by the force of the simple common sense that prompted them. Though he would be the first to disclaim the title he was an educator in the best sense of the word, and it is probable that the efficiency of the school syetem of Japan is owing, in its greatest measure, to having early secured Mr. Scott's services.

"I see that Laura is engaged again. Do you think she will ever be married?"

"Not if the engagement is long enough to enable her fiancé to get thoroughly acquainted with her."

The re-appearance of Jim Budd, late Governor of the state, at Charles Wesley Reed's ratification meeting Thursday night inspired a large audience with a great deal of enthusiasm. The meeting was a testimonial of the high esteem in which Mr. Reed is held. Apropos of the ex-Governor, I am reminded of an incident at the Palace grill the other day. Several politicians were indulging in reminiscences of the Budd administration, in the presence of the ex-Governor, and Bank Commissioner Barney Murphy was an interested listener. They talked of the distribution of patronage, and how Budd was cursed up hill and down dale every time he disappointed one set of his friends by conferring an office on another set.

"Do you remember," said Jim O'Brien, turning to Barney Murphy, "the day we held the cabinet meeting and every man took his turn at calling Budd a —— ——?"

Mr. Murphy, as everybody knows, is a very suave and discreet gentleman as well as a most conscientious one. He is grateful to Budd, his gratitude dating from the close of the Budd administration when he was appointed a bank commissioner. He declared that he could not remember the occasion.

"Why," said O'Brien, "you were there and you joined with us."

"No," Murphy protested in that characteristic drawling away; "no—Jim—I didn't join with you—I might have sat idly by while you—"

At this point Mr. Murphy was greeted with a roar of laughter, and Budd seemed to relish the situation more than anybody.

Pedestrian: Why don't you stop? You've just knocked a man down.

Scorcher: Well, I'm not a doctor.

George S. Nixon, the Nevada banker, capitalist, politician and bon vivant, is a familiar figure about the Palace hotel where he makes his headquarters when in town. He is really a Californian, having been born in this state. Few persons to look at him would suspect that, as a Nevadan puts it, "he owns half of Nevada and runs the other half." Yet a half dozen other distinguishing tags than those enumerated might be trailed after his name, for he has some cattle ranches, owns and sells a mine now and then, is proprietor of the Winnemucca "Silver State," and dabbles in other enterprises, and generally with success, for Nixon has a fine line of luck in his hand. I first knew him when he was studying telegraphy and railroading at the little Placer county station of Newcastle on the Central Pacific line. His first station was at Browns, out in the Nevada desert, where swarms of gnats are a man's closest friends. When he reached Wadsworth in progressing along the line he left the railroad company to accept a position in a Reno bank.

A pretty little Sunday-school story went the rounds about his having found a pocket-book full of bank notes, of restoring it to its owner who, to reward

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honesty gave him this position. The story is true up to the reward point. Mr. Nixon declined to accept money as a reward and the owner of the pocket-book, an eastern gentleman, gave a letter of credit on himself to Mr. Nixon to be presented if ever in need of his influence or assistance. The letter has never been presented, but reposes in the Nevadan's pocket.

Mr. Nixon has done a lot of campaigning ever since he became identified with Nevadan interests. He is a close personal friend of W. J. Bryan, did active work for the silver cause and managed Senator Newlands' last campaign. He tells with gusto a little story of his early campaigning which is funny because true. Being younger, slight as well as short, and smooth of face he looked like a boy when he first interested himself in Nevadan politics. He was billed for a speech at a little town along the road, arrived on schedule time and was the only passenger that left the train at that point. A committee of representative citizens delegated to meet Mr. Nixon looked him over doubtfully, took another squint at the train, then approached him with:

"We are looking for a man named Nixon; see anything of him?"

"That's my name," responded the young stump speaker.

Another anxious look at the boyish face, another look at the train, then:

"Er—er—did your father come?"

SCENE—HOTEL NYMPHIA.

Visitor: Is this where the literary bureau of the republican county committee is located?

Editor of Bureau: Yes sir, what do you want?

Visitor: A job: I served time in San Quentin for sending indecent matter through the mails, and I was formerly a reporter on the *Daily Sewer* of Paris.

Editor of Bureau: You're on; sit down and write a circular on the advantages of being a Sunday school teacher, and then dash off another charging the democratic candidate for Mayor with any old thing.

Miss Florence Morrison left this week for New York, where she will visit her sister, Mrs. Addison Niles. Miss Mollie Morrison, the younger of the sisters, was married on October fifteenth to Edward Rodda, a brother of Mrs. William E. Jackson, and has gone to Central America to live.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. James S. Spilman was last month brightened by the advent of a little daughter, and the young attorney of the Mills building is now the happiest man in town. Mrs. Spilman was Miss Elizabeth Brewer before her marriage and is a daughter of Dr. Brewer, the dentist.

One of San Francisco's most noted visitors this week was W. J. Arkell, son of the founder of *Judge*, and one of the best known publishers in New York. Mr. Arkell is said to be an even cleverer "funny man" than his famous father. He is not very imposing in appearance and lacks the well-groomed air of the typical New Yorker; nevertheless what he lacks in style he makes up in the genuine quality of his humor. Arkell the elder, it may be remembered, began life as a farmer in the interior of the state of New York. He later went to New York city and founded *Judge*. The building where the celebrated weekly is published, and from which also emanates *Frank Leslie's Weekly* and other publications, is one of the tall structures of New York.

While en route Mr. Arkell made the acquaintance of a young man named Fritz who represented that he was a horse jockey. Now Mr. Arkell is an enthusirstic horseman and the proud possessor of a stable of fast runners. He naturally took an interest in his railroad train acquaintance and when the latter stated that he was on his way to California to find employment, Arkell questioned him as to his ability and experience, saying that he was surprised that he had never heard of him being familiar as he was with the name of nearly every jockey that ever rode in this country and England. Fritz confessed that his experience was brief but added that he had been very successful. Arkell being favorably impressed decided to hire the young man and agreed to start him with a salary of fifteen hundred dollars a year. After reaching this city they met at the Palace, where, to Arkell's surprise, Fritz was stopping. His surprise was still greater when he learned that the young man was the brother-in-law of James L. Flood. He realized that he was the the victim of a joke.

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GERMEA
THE
KING
OF
BREAKFAST
FOODS

By a recent letter from one of the newspaper fraternity in New York I am informed that there are only three of the original Californian coterie left in the *Journal* office. Charley Michelson, "Cosy" Noble and George Palmer Jr. are all that remain on Mr. Hearst's pay-roll. Even George Pancoast, who was Will Hearst's private secretary for years, has deserted. He is now with the American Lithographing company and looks more prosperous than ever. Business Manager Palmer is no longer with the *Journal*, but George Palmer is still one of the leading lights of the art room. George Palmer is one of the veterans of the *Examiner's* art staff. In fact, Palmer is the man who introduced art into the *Examiner* office. He came to San Francisco in 1886 as the second mate of a sailing vessel and drifted into the old *Examiner* office in Sacramento street below Montgomery where he became the amanuensis of Clarence Greathouse, who was then the nominal editor of the paper. He knew nothing about art and had never drawn a picture since his school-boy days in Liverpool. But in his spare moments he used to visit a zincographer in Commercial street and watch him making newspaper cuts, and one day he rigged up a crude plant in the *Examiner* office and proceeded to practice. When young Hearst came out from Harvard he took a fancy to Palmer, bought a good plant for him, encouraged him and later on sent him to New York to study newspaper art in the *World* office. Now Palmer is the autocrat of the *Journal* art room. He is a hard worker. As he expressed it to a visiting Californian, he lacks but four hours of being a perfect man—his usual working day consists of twenty hours. The colored Sunday supplement is his especial pride. His only recreation is boating and whenever he feels like taking a sail he borrows Hearst's private yacht.

Mrs. John Pettee has issued invitations for a social gathering at her home, 2505 Leavenworth street, this evening, when the Order of the Golden Links and its friends will be entertained.

Mrs. Langtry-de Bathe's volume of reminiscences is not to appear after all. She was offered one hundred and sixty thousand dollars for the book and also one hundred and ten thousand dollars for the American rights, but she has refused both offers. As the Lily has always been industrious about gathering in the shekels, the inference is that H. R. H. has intimated his wishes in connection with miladi's advent into the field of literature—at least that particular corner of the field.

At the Bohemian club jinks last Saturday night William Sproule imparted some wholesome advice to the members and I understand that there were some who thought that his very amusing paper should have been edited and certain passages which offended them eliminated. Surely the bohemian epidermis is getting exceedingly thin. There was nothing in Mr Sproule's paper in my opinion that could be criticised on the score of bad taste. What Mr. Sproule said about the tendency of certain members to regard the club as a mere convenient resort for lounging and eating purposes was all very true. He urged that there should be more of that spirit which had made the club famous; men of literary ability should write, and men that can paint should paint, and men that can play and sing should exploit their talents. He contended that the club's jinks were not what they were in ye olden time and that their comparative tameness was not due to a scarcity of talent. There was nothing which should have been regarded as offensive in the paper and I am surprised that it provoked adverse comment.

The Cincinnati Inquirer of a week or two ago displayed the headline, Cats Kill Deer, and after all, it wasn't a story of the strength and ferocity of the felines, but a bit of bad spacing above a commonplace description of Catskill Deer.

The Examiner's story of the all-night poker game at the Hotel Rafael has promoted speculation as to the identity of the lady who made it so interesting for Baron von Schoeder. My only purpose in referring to the subject is to correct a false report involving a young married woman, whose indiscretions have made her the subject of much gossip. It is unfortunate that she has been mentioned as the Baron's opponent in the card game, for I do not believe that she has ever done anything so reckless as to sit up all night and gamble with a married man. She is somewhat of a flirt, and her little husband has not always received her undivided attention, but despite her indiscretions she is not insensible to her marital obligations and it is unfair to involve her in a scandal. The woman of the poker episode has had her name in print so often that notoriety no longer affects her feelings. She has recently been reunited with her husband after having tried to break away from him, and the poker chips have engaged her attention a great deal of late. It would probably be more agreeable to her to lose her money at poker than to have it absorbed by her husband.

"I consider Soak the happiest man I know," said the benedict.

"Why is that?" asked the stranger at the club.

"Well, he doesn't have to make excuses to himself every time he desires a cocktail."

"And the reason of this?"

"Oh, he has a wife who would drive any man to drink."

In looking over an article on the subject of playwriters and play-producers, I came across this statement: "Dion Boucicault has far greater repute, among the coonorcenti, as a dramatic expositor than as dramatist." Since TOWN TALK does not offer prizes for puzzle guessing, I shall have to explain that it is another bit of brilliant proof-reading, (or lack of it). The author, of course, wrote *cognoscenti* the compositor did his best with an unusual word (to him), a foul case, and a lack of understanding, while the proof reader who is supposed to go over his proofs with the aid of a microscope and a fine tooth comb, apparently did not know anything at all. Coonorcenti is about as good an addition to the language as iconodinis, which is the amended form in which iconoclasts once made its bow in print.

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and Invitations . . . ✱
ROBERTSON'S
126 Post Street

Miss Dillon—Kathryn Dillon, I believe, is the way she writes her name—is going in for entertaining on a large scale this winter. Miss Dillon is the fortunate young woman who inherited wealth from her uncle, Charles McLaughlin, the bulk of the latter's estate being divided between his nieces, one of whom was formerly Miss Ives and is now Mrs. Henry J. Crocker. Miss Dillon has spent several years in Europe and she is now going to liven up things a bit in the local swim, the entrée to which will of course be accorded her. She is an athletic girl with a fondness for the golf links and the rapier. I believe that a grand ball is among the functions that she intends to give during the winter season.

Miss Dillon was one of the débutantes at the first ball of La Jeunesse, the subscription dancing club, last Friday evening. The dance was held at Cotillon hall and was under the management of the veteran Edward M. Greenway. There was quite a bunch of débutantes, beautifully frocked and presenting a most appétissante appearance. Miss Ethel Hager is the third of the daughters of the late Judge Hager. Society delights are not exactly novelties to her, as she has spent several seasons at the Hotel Rafael and Del Monte where "Emilie's clever little sister" was always a favorite with both sexes.

Miss Georgia Hopkins bids fair to become as popular as are her two elder sisters, Helen and Edna. The mother of the Hopkins girls is not one of those matchmaking mammas whose aim is to keep the younger daughters in the background until the elders are disposed of. She believes that the time for true enjoyment is youth. Mrs. Hopkins' health has not been perfect for a long time and her illness last season prevented Helen and Edna from going about, and entertaining at home as much as they would have wished. The family has just returned from Menlo park for a winter in town.

Miss Leah Shingleberger is probably one of the richest of the season's many richly endowed débutantes. She is a granddaughter of the late Dr John Morse, one of San Francisco's pioneers who was associated with Flood and Mackay in early days. After the death of her parents, which sad event occurred when Leah was a little girl, she went to reside with her aunt and uncle, Mr. and Mrs. Gustav Niebaum. The Niebaums own one of the most artistic houses in San Francisco, at Hyde and Sacramento streets, and the famous Model Farm in Rutherford, Napa county, is the property of Mr. Niebaum.

The two Voorhies girls, Anna and Leila, are among the season's débutantes. At the dance of La Jeunesse the railroad set was much in evidence. The pleasantest feature of the affair was that there was no lack of dancing men—not beardless boys, either, but men who may be classed among the eligibles.

Piquant Laura Burt, the erstwhile idol of the chappies of New York, has been entertaining Orpheum audiences during the past two weeks and more than one clubman who knew her when she was the queen of the vaudeville stage of Gotham has been attracted to our local music hall by the presence of this dashing soubrette. That Miss Burt is no longer the favorite of the chappies is not due to any loss of the charms of person that are so essential to success on the vaudeville stage. She is still the same piquant damsel that she was when she tripped her way into the affections of the audiences at Koster & Bial's, but the chappies no longer interest her. She much prefers the admiration of the more mature clubman. The brainy soubrette always tires of the chappie when she gets out of her teens and Miss Burt is no exception. She is a versatile young woman and has not spent all of her time on the vaudeville stage, for she has been in comedy drama and I understand that she soon intends to star in a play which has been written for her by Charley Trevathan, who was a horse reporter on the *Examiner* staff until he attracted attention to himself by writing "The New Bully" for May Irwin. Since then he has been writing southern dialect stories for eastern papers with some success. I predict that if the play has merit Miss Burt will make a success of it. In her monologue turn at the Orpheum, which is marked by extreme refinement, she shows that she is a very bright and talented young woman.

Someone has said that to worship a man is a great mistake; they are not to be too much loved.

A young man who saw the portrait of Miss Mary Bell Gwin, painted by Clawson and shown at the Hopkins Institute exhibition of portraits of women some seasons back, said that he considered it the portrait of the most charming type of womanhood he had ever seen. It is personal charm rather than mere beauty of feature that Miss Gwin possesses. She is a thoroughbred, and by right of birth is numbered among our "best" people. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William M. Gwin. Two of her aunts, Miss Carrie Gwin and Miss Sallie Maynard, are popular in society, and the former's name is always identified with events given for charity. James H. Follis, the fortunate man who has gained Miss Mary Bell Gwin's heart and the promise of her hand, is a nephew of the late James Flood. He belongs to the "new" people but is a young man of fine education and of a genial disposition. If more of our wealthy youth would unite themselves with those young women of the swim who possess the sangre azul there would be a larger percentage of ideal marriages in our midst.

Gordon Grant, once of the *Chronicle's* art staff and later of the New York Sunday *World*, has gone to the Transvaal for *Munsey's*, on which magazine he has lately been working. So many of San Francisco's newspaper artists have met with pleasing success in the broader fields on the other side of the "rockies" that I am surprised that more of them do not reach out for fame and fortune.

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——ALL GROCERS——

The alumni of the University of California had a good time the other night at the dinner they gave to their new president, Benjamin Ide Wheeler. By the way, as all professors are given nicknames by the chosen, the new president is called "Banjo-eyed Wheeler" to distinguish him from Charlie Wheeler, who is "Cross-eyed Wheeler." One of the guests was Father Ramm, once irreverently styled "Charley Ramm." He is a Roman Catholic priest now, though he was once a Protestant. He was a lively young man, too, and was suspended during his sophomore year because he would not give away a hazing scrape. He took no part in it, but the ringleader took refuge in his room and there was caught by "old man" Burke, who arrived in a state of deshabille. Ramm spoke not and the blow of authority fell upon him.

Father Ramm and young Brewer sat together at table and were soon engaged in confidential conversation. So much so that they attracted the attention of E. S. Heller, who left his seat and had the two separated, saying:

"Here, this won't do. You fellows are talking shop."

"Shop" to a priest!

I have seen nothing in any of the dailies about the marriage of Miss Ursula Greene and Houghton Sawyer, which occurred last week, yet both bride and bridegroom occupy positions of social prominence. The latter is a clever architect who, in his spare moments, devotes himself to yachting. When he was a student at Stanford his room was the talk of the university, it was so artistically furnished with rare draperies, cushions and bric-à-brac. His bride is about six years his junior. She is a niece of Clay M. Greene and is a very charming young woman. Her father, Harry Greene, is blessed with eccentricity, a quality that runs in the Greene family. He is one of Pacific Grove's plutocrats and he distinguished himself by a marriage with his housekeeper. Monterey, which has been kept in a state of liveliness by Harry Greene's movements, said that this last act was the best thing he ever did. The Greene residence, halfway between Pacific Grove and Monterey—outside the deadline where no liquor is allowed to be sold—is a Turkish affair with all sorts of crescents and stars outside and bizarre effects within.

The work of J. F. McComas, as shown in the exhibition of his later works, done in Monterey and Mill valley, shows the artist in his brightest, happiest moods. The exhibition has drawn many interested visitors and I understand has been financially very pleasing to the exhibitor. The Evening studies appeal particularly to the thoughtful person. In these the prevailing tint is blue and the treatment of the subjects is full of poetry. Mr. McComas' work exhibits many eccentricities, especially in such studies as "Bolinas," showing the ridge as many of us have seen it, a "Cypress" and "Every Day Hath Its Night." There is a something almost Whistlerian in "Monterey's Blue Bay," and "Spring in Monterey" and "The Castro House" are blithely, gayly suggestive of the season represented. A "Blossom" sketch makes us think of Japan, though it was sketched in California. A charming work is "The Hawkesbury River, New South Wales." There is a serious simplicity about the whole exhibition that is most captivating and shows, perhaps, better than anything else could do, its genuine artistic quality.

Mrs. Valentine Snyder's portrait was the centre of attraction at the Bohemian club "ladies' day" on Wednesday. Mrs. Snyder is the second of the three Torbert sisters and by many is considered the most beautiful of the trio, though I always considered the youngest, Mollie, the most attractive. The portrait of Sheda, Mrs. Snyder, was painted by Theodore Wores. The artist has changed his style since he painted that first famed work, "Juliet in the Friar's Cell." His work is broader, the natural outcome of experience, and with his realism he mingles considerable poetry and imagination. There are many fine canvasses among the sixty or more shown in his present exhibition at the Bohemian club, which will end today. The club has bought "The Fisher Boy."

"That was a sure thing bet that Charley Noodle made the other night—that no woman could ever make a fool of him."

"Why is it a sure thing bet?"

"Why, nature having accomplished it already I don't see how any woman has any chance."

They are telling this story on a man who is now a candidate for re-election, and it is true. After his election last year a gentleman of one of the professions applied to him for the position of assistant in his office.

"Get a petition signed by as many prominent men in the party as you can," said the official.

The applicant did so and he was appointed. A few days later each man whose name was signed to the petition received a personal letter from the official informing him that Mr. Blank had been appointed on his recommendation and requesting him to treat the matter as confidential. Each of the recipients of the letter felt complimented upon learning that his recommendation had so much weight, but some weeks later a few of the petitioners met and during a conversation the whole matter leaked out. They now agree that the official is a very foxy politician, but they have not the confidence in him that they formerly had.

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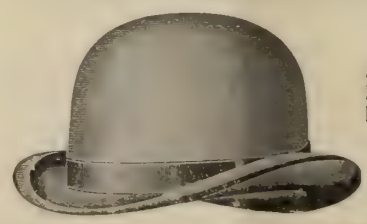

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One of our dailies in commenting recently upon international matrimonial alliances mentioned some that in the opinion of the article's writer were not brought about through a mercenary reason. Among these the marriage of Anna Gould and Count Castellane was mentioned as being a pure love match. Possibly on the part of the American this may have been so but my Parisian correspondent has told me that the husband in this case is the talk of tout Paris for his amours. He makes no secret of the fact that he prefers the society of other women to that of his wife —and such other women! His companions are even less that vin ordinaire; they are the dregs of the cafès chantants. Of course Count Castellane drives in the Bois every afternoon with his wife, but this duty over he permits himself other divertisments for the remainder of the day.

As for Anna Gould, she could not marry for anything but love and I have no doubt that she sees in her husband the idealization of her youthful dreams. Anna Gould was always looking for heroes. It was when engaged in such a quest that she became affianced to the actor, Harry Woodruff, whose wealth of blond curls and pink and white skin made him look even younger than his twenty-four years. Anna Gould fell in love with Woodruff and expressed her intention of marrying him after he had undergone a course of Yale. Au reste, the determined opposition of George Gould to his sister's following his own example and marrying into the dramatic profession finally broke off the match. That Anna Gould's heart was not deeply involved in this affair was proved by the result.

Another one of those cases that should receive the attention of the moribund Bar association is that of Ernest Wakeman, the attorney, who has proved himself a Past Master in the sleight-of-hand art. By his prestidigitation the remnants of the fortune of his cousin, "Lady" Mary Leilah Kirkham Yarde-Buller, were made to disappear, and futile have been the efforts to cause them to materialize again. Not satisfied with being the lady's cousin, Mr. Wakeman persuaded her to make him the trustee of her estate. That was a few years ago. Now the lady has no estate. Lady Yarde-Buller is a weak minded woman whose eccentricity has won for her international notoriety. She should have had a guardian appointed about the time that Wakeman became the trustee of her estate. He ingratiated himself into her confidence and accompanied her to Europe ostensibly for the purpose of recovering certain property for her. They got separated in Paris, Lady Yarde-Buller having been escorted to a mad-house where she remained until her affectionate cousin returned to America, and then she made her escape.

Court proceedings have since revealed the fact that Wakeman invested some of his cousin's money in a race track book and lost it, and he admits that she made him a present of twenty-three thousand dollars worth of bank stock. He states that although she was ill about the time of the gift, and that her mind was unbalanced at times, she was in her perfect senses when she handed him the bank stock. To be sure she was. I suppose that before he accepted the stock, he subjected her to examination by medical experts so that he could conscientiously avail himself of her generosity. It just happened that she enjoyed a lucid internal long enough to transfer the bulk of her estate to her highly esteemed relative. Perhaps Mr. Wakeman had a right to accept the stock and perhaps he was justified in speculating on the race track with property held in trust; nevertheless I should like to know whether his conduct meets with the approval of the Bar association and if not, why steps are not taken to dissuade other attorneys from following his example.

Long immunity from arrest appears to have encouraged the scorcher to scorch to his yellow heart's content regardless of the rights of pedestrians or anybody without a wheel. I should like to know why the police permit this dangerous nuisance to infest the public highway. Almost every day men and women are knocked down and injured on crowded thoroughfares by the reckless anthropoid of the wheel, and seldom is he forced to ponder on his misdeeds behind prison bars. If the police decline to take cognizance of the scorching of the scorcher, then I consider it the duty of pedestrians to discourage him by knocking him down with a club every time the opportunity presents itself. That sort of thing may promote a breach of the peace, but why have peace if our personal safety is to be constantly menaced by these unnecessary wheelmen? One of the latest victims of the malevolent scorcher is Joe Mansfield, city editor of the *Call*, who while riding slowly along Golden Gate avenue behind one of his fine pacers the other day, collided with a hog on a wheel who was scorching down grade as fast as he could scorch. Joe is now in bed with a broken ankle, a fevered brow and a neatly stitched hole in his face for which he will never have any use. Meanwhile Joe's pacers are suffering from ennui in their sumptuous box-stalls.

The dailies were somewhat short of details in the story of the row at the French hospital which culminated in the demand for the resignation of Dr. Oscar Mayer. There has been a great deal of maneuvering for first place on the medical staff, and Dr. Mayer and Dr. Dudley Tait were the leading opponents. In the skirmishing before the Board of Directors Dr. Mayer was worsted and now various are the stories of how he was out-generaled. The one that is more generally accepted than the others relates to the interest of Arthur Legallet in the controversy between the medicos. Mr. Legallet is a Jean Crapaud of the first water and though he lives in far away California his thoughts are ever with his beloved France. So, like most enthusiastic Frenchmen, he aspires to the ribbon of the Legion of Honor. And like many others he relies in a great measure on journalistic aid, though doubtless prepared, like most everybody else, to denounce journals and journalists when he has attained his end. It happened that the proprietor of the Paris

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123 Stockton St.

Figaro is very friendly with him and is pushing Mr. Legallet towards the coveted honor. Now the man who owns *Figaro* is related to Dr. Dudley Tait; and there you are.

Apropos of the row at the hospital, I am reminded of a story that was in circulation in the medical profession not long ago. The story is that a certain physician who was lately connected with the hospital resorted to all sorts of means, some years ago, to obtain the position of chief of the medical staff, and that in order to effect the dismissal of the man whose position he coveted, he tried to bribe a steward to use infected gauze and cotton in operations performed by the intended victim. I believe Dr. Tait was the man whose removal the schemer sought to effect. Dr. Tait is not a popular man in the profession but his ability is unquestioned. His aggressiveness has aroused the enmity of his rivals who like to talk about his retirement from the Waldeck and also from the French hospital years ago, but unprejudiced members of the profession say that he is a skillful surgeon and a gentleman. By way of illustration of the sort of yarns that are circulated to injure him I will repeat the following:

SCENE—FRENCH HOSPITAL. Enter Small Boy with festered finger.

Small Boy. Is Dr. Mayer in?
Attendant: What do you want with him?
Small Boy: I want him to lance this finger.
Attendant: Well he's not in but Dr. Tait is in; you can see him.
Small Boy: Not much; he'd cut my arm off.

The members of the Mizpah Charity club, which has done so much to relieve distress among the poor and destitute, are selling tickets for a benefit to be held at the California theatre on Tuesday and Wednesday evenings, November fourteenth and fifteenth, when the play will be "Why Smith Left Home." The Mizpah holds its meetings every Monday afternoon at 1624 O'Farrell street and its officers are Mrs. A. C. Rulofson, president; Mrs. H. Newell, vice-president; Mrs. R. H. Countryman and Miss M. L. Elliott, secretaries; Mrs. J J. Spieker, treasurer.

It was a clever act on the part of Miss Anna Klumpke to cheat the newspapers out of their expected sensation. It was a gracious act for Miss Anna Klumpke to divide her property acquired through the will of Rosa Bonheur and so defeat the lawyers in their desires for a will contest. It has only lately been made known through whose instrumentality Anna Klumpke was made acquainted with Rosa Bonheur. The introduction was made by John Arbuckle of coffee fame. Mr. Arbuckle presented Rosa Bonheur with a valuable American wild horse for her use as a model, and the artist was most grateful to him. When the New Yorker went abroad some time after sending the horse to Miss Bonheur, he boarded at the pension in Paris where resided Mrs. Klumpke. The artist desired to meet Mr. Arbuckle and sent for him to visit her at Fontainebleu, Anna Klumpke being invited by the gentleman to go with him as his interpreter. And it was from this circumstance that the two animal painters became acquainted, and an affection was engendered in the elder woman's heart that led to her generous bequest to the younger woman in her will.

Dr. T. E. Shumate has returned from Europe and has moved his office to 794 Sutter street.

I must chronicle the arrival of three former residents of San Francisco who recently wended their way eastward to locate permanently in this city, writes my Chicago correspondent. They are Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Sargeant and Miss Beresford Joy, the contralto. Mrs. Sargeant (Geneve Rixford) intends to open a studio, while her husband will connect himself with a department of a well known insurance company. Mrs. Sargeant has made rapid strides in her work since she first began exhibiting canvases at the spring exhibitions of the Art Institute and Sketch club, of which she was one of the earlier members. Both she and her sister Carrie are numbered among the most successful of San Francisco's younger artists; some consider the latter the more original in her conceptions. The Rixfords, by the way, are an interesting family. Emmet has a magnificent bass voice and might have made a fortune as an oratorio and concert singer, but he chose to become a physician; and a very successful practitioner he is, I hear.

My Chicago correspondent further writes me: We have also had another popular insurance man with us, Charles J. Okell, and he will undoubtedly have many pleasant things to tell his friends regarding our autumn festival, which eclipsed anything Chicago ever attempted heretofore in that direction.

Is it true that the strongest and finest natures have the sharpest contrasts in their characters?

The most elegant of the many handsome gowns seen at the reception to President Daniel C. Gilman of the Johns Hopkins university, and Mrs. Gilman, at the Hopkins Institute last Friday evening, was worn by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst. It was of brocade, gray velvet on a white satin ground, and was profusely trimmed with jeweled bow-knots. The gown was cut extremely décolleté and a string of pearls, of many strands, concealed the wearer's throat.

General Shafter attracted fully as much attention at this reception as did the guests of honor, Mr. and Mrs. Gilman. Of course the general would attract attention anywhere. He seems to get stouter as years go by. I was much surprised to see General Shafter at the reception because he has never cared for this sort of thing. Indeed, it was formerly said that he was one of the few army officers who were personae non grata to polite society owing to their habit of garnishing their speech with expletives of a character more suitable to the camp than the drawing room. But the general has lately been educated in the language of diplomacy, and he now reserves his picturesque phrases for stag affairs.

In regard to the Pitcairn islanders, the socialistic community I described last week, I am told that in spite of immunity from the ills of civilization the colonists have degenerated mentally, morally and physically to such an extent that the British government is casting about for ways and means by which the entire population of the island may be transferred elsewhere, in hope that new environment may check the deterioration. Quite a number of the younger generation of Pitcairn islanders have been educated at the Seventh Day Adventist college at Healdburg, in this state, and though they admit that they could live at ease with much less exertion in their own home, they seem to prefer life in the world where there is something doing, to mere existence and stagnation.

Echoes of the Campaign

A BRIEF but very bitter campaign is drawing to a close. When it is over the whole community should heave a sigh of relief. The politicians of the republican party have acted as though the people of San Francisco were hayseeds always ready to be goldbricked, and they have sought to take advantage of the supposed credibility of the taxpayers by issuing circular after circular informing them that it would be treason to the administration at Washington to vote for Mayor Phelan. Surely the taxpayers of San Francisco are not to be deceived by such rank nonsense, and dissuaded from electing men to give them an honest administration of the city government. They would be guilty of treason to themselves if they failed to elect a Board of Supervisors consisting of men whose honesty and integrity are above reproach. Surely they are not going to overlook such men as James P. Booth, Joseph Tobin, John Connor, Charles Wesley Reed, M. J. Fontana, Dr A. A. D'Ancona and Thomas Jennings. I have already told of the qualities of the men on the democratic legislative ticket that commend them to the support of the people of this city. Not a man concerning whom there can be a doubt of his integrity is on that ticket. And en passant I wish to call particular attention to men like John Connor and M. C. McGrath, because while they are conspicuous in the business community for their high character, they are probably not quite as well known as some of their fellow candidates This circumstance is due to their modesty and their reluctance to assume positions of prominence. Mr. McGrath is the proprietor of the Central hotel, and he is known as an ardent and fearless advocate of honest government. Mr. Connor is in the insurance business and has an enviable record for integrity.

M. C. MCGRATH

—o—

It is to be earnestly hoped that the coming election will remove the police bench beyond the influence of the push. I would like to see four independent and fearless police judges, and I know that if George H. Cabaniss is elected we will have at least one. Mr. Cabaniss is a native of Yreka, and has been a resident of this city nineteen years. He received his education in the public schools and graduated from the Hastings Law college. He was for two years a prosecuting attorney of the police court and he has had the experience which qualifies him for the duties of police judge.

GEORGE H. CABANISS

—o—

L. G. Carpenter is another man who should receive the support of all decent citizens who are in favor of removing the bench from the unwholesome influence of the push. He is a veteran uewspaper man, and the journalists of the town are united in their support of him.

It has probably not occurred to Mr. Martin Fleming that he has made a fool of himself. Mr. Fleming was sore because M. J. Haley was not nominated for County Clerk, and he has permitted himself to be used for campaign purposes. Such conduct as his usually excites contempt. Mr. Haley is a good man who made an excellent official, and it is unfortunate that he should be injured by a display of sore-headedness on the part of his principal supporter. Even though Major Geary had not been nominated for County Clerk, the nomination would not have been given to Haley; not because the latter is not a worthy man but by reason of the temperament of the convention

GENERAL BIFF.

THE MAN FOR SHERIFF

If long and faithful service is deserving of the gratitude of the people, then the tax-payers of this city should be grateful to John Lackmann, and should be glad of the opportunity to reward him at the polls next Tuesday. Mr. Lackmann is an humble grocer who has proved to the satisfaction of all that no influence can tempt him to violate his pledges to the people. The best and greatest compliment that was ever paid to a public servant was vouchsafed John Lackman when the democratic municial convention, placed him on the democratic ticket a year ago. It was the desire of Mayor Phelan and the democratic leaders to reward an honest supervisor and they were of the opinion that his record was such that he should have no opposition. Now he is the candidate for sheriff, and there is no reason why he should not receive the support of taxpayers regardless of politics. There is room for reform in the Sheriff's office, and Mr. Lackman is the man to institute it. *

CHARLES J. KING

Charles J. King, republican candidate for Supervisor, is a man who enjoys the confidence of the commercial community. He is a son of James King of William the first editor of the Bulletin, whose assasination in 1856 led to the formation of the Vigilance commitee in that year. He was born in the District of Columbia, and has resided in this city since 1851. He was the founder of the canning firm of C. James King of William company, the house that was the first to insist upon the employment of white labor. He is secretary of the Pacific Vinegar and Pickle Works and that he has the confidence of his friends is evident from the number of offices he has held in various fraternal orders and commercial bodies. *

OPENING OF TANFORAN

Tanforan, the new home of the Western Turf association, will be opened to the public today and there is no doubt but that a large concourse of people will be attracted by the inaugural races. Tanforan is located near San Bruno on the line of the Southern Pacific company, and is one of the most elaborately equipped tracks in the country. It's location is one of the most desirable in the peninsula having been selected on account of the particularly favorable climatic conditions that prevail there, and its picturesque surroundings. The card for the opening days races has many attractive features, the entries being of an exceptionally interesting character. The preparations for the opening day have been most elaborate and the events were selected with a view to making the affair a great success. During the season the Southern Pacific company will dispatch trains to San Bruno from Third and Townsend at 10:40 and 11:30 A. M. and 12:40, 12:50 and 2:45 P. M. Individual round trip tickets are sold for forty cents, and to include admission to the track for $1 40.

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Mr. Clancy Discusses Davis

"POL'TICS, Barry," began Mr. Clancy, "pol'tics, as William Shakespeare, author of that schweet song, 'The Bells iv Shandon,' once remarked, "makes strange bed fellows, an' he niver sed a throoer thing in th' whole course iv his life. A few short months ago the raypublican leaders were dinin off wan another's faces like a lot iv Kilkenny cats. Me frind Jawn Shpreckels was raisin' a divvil iv a row because Dan Burns was thryin' to break into th' Sinat. So anxshis was he to save th' shtate fr'm disgrace that he consumed wan hundred hogsheads iv printer's ink f'r th' purpose iv provin' that Burns was a blackguard an' to convince th' people that iv they sent him to the Sinat he'd shteal th' Washington monymint an' anything else that he could find lyin' around loose. An' th' same time Editor De Young who had no magnolya iv a repyatashin himself whin he tried to go to th' Sinat, was lambastin' th' colonel an' ivry frind that th' colonel had. An' both Shpreckels an' De Young were hammering the railroad and occasionally shwatting Sinator Perkins f'r thrying to boost Useless Grant iv San Diego, an' guyin' ole Irving M. Scott f'r havin' th' gall to think that there was a chanst f'r him to wear th' toga. It reminded me iv an Irish Fair, so lively were they all with their shilailies, but it's all off now, Barry. Pol'tics is pol'tics the wurruld over, as Shakespeare sez on another occasion, an' you can't be fightin' the same man all th' time. It grows monotonis. The raypublican leaders held a little peace conferinse th' other day an' decided that they owed a juty to their party. They agreed that iv they kept on fightin' among thimselves, James D. Phelan would be illected Mayor under th' new charter, an' that in th' course iv time, their gas shtock an' water shtock would get down to its proper valyuash'n an' their bonds an' their other personal property would be taxed up to their proper valyuashin, an' it would be harder than iver to make a dishonest dollar. So they all shook hands with Burns, and then they shook hands all around, but th' glad hand iv th' conferinse was not th' genuine article. It was what a play acther would call a property glad hand. It was wan iv those papyer mashay articles that they use ostensibly, as they say it in th' pa-apers, f'r th' purpose iv savin' th' nashin, but on the levil, to skin th' public. They're all great pathrites now—Scott, Burns, Shpreckels, De Young, Perkins and Martin Kelly. There's a great combinashin f'r you—all worried to death about th' Philipeens an' th' American flag. 'A vote f'r Davis,' sez they, 'is a vote f'r th' governmint an' expanshin,' sez they. 'A vote f'r Phelan,' sez they, 'is a vote aginst th' Constichusin an' th' Declaration of Indepindinse.' Iv they were tellin' us th' truth, Barry, what a terruble shtate iv affairs it would be. The governmint at Washington would shtand shtill in fear and thremblin over th' illickshin in San Francisco. Th' fate iv th' nashin would dipind on ole Flour Davis who was sint to Congriss twenty years ago, an' who voted aginst th' Chinese. If he'd voted any other way th' people out here would a-torn down his ole flour mill an' he would niver have dared to come back to th' shtate. Those were th' days, Barry, whin no man went to Congriss fr'm California who didn't first go to Fourth and Townsend shtreets and have a talk with Creed Haymond, so you can guess how old Horace Davis got there, an' why he's now th' chice iv all th' raypublican leaders includin' Dan Burns and Martin Kelly. He's a fine harmonizer, so he is, an' bechune you an' meself, Barry, he's a clever man in passin' th' goold brick. Sez he to Jawn Shpreckels, 'Iv I'm illected Mayor I'll help send you to th' Sinat,' so Jawn is heart an' soul f'r th' ole man, ackchuated be nothin' but pathriteism. An' sez Davis to Burns, 'Daniel, yer th' the logical man f'r sinator,' an' th' colonel is f'r Davis first, last an' all th' time because he wants to save th' Phlipeens. An' sez he to De Young, 'Mishhell,' sez he, 'this gloryus shtate can niver be properly represinted,' sez he, 'till you are warruming a seat in th' upper House,' an' th' Chronicle is f'r Davis in th' inthrist iv th' embammed beef administrashin. An' sez he to Scott: 'Irvie,' sez he, 'th' man that built the Oraygon an' made a prisint iv it to th' counthry through pure pathriteism should be rewarded with a seat in th' Sinat,' an' Scott, pathrite that he is, favors th' illection iv Davis on th' ground that if he's defeated there won't be any governmint to build ships f'r in th' near future. An' sez he to Martin Kelly, 'Martin,' sez he, 'I'm ferninse bosses,' sez he, 'but if I'm illected,' sez he, 'I'll make no appintmints without your permission,' sez he, 'an' you and ole Lees,' sez he, 'can do business with th' faro clubs to your heart's content, sez he, 'so long as you don't let me Bible-class know about it,' sez he.

"So you can see, Barry, he's no novice in the art iv pol'tic."

"What chanst has he iv bein' illected?" asked Barry.

"The same chanst as an Irishman has iv becomin' King iv England, or a cat has in the lower raygins without claws."

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this unsettled weather.

Those Ruby Lips

SHE RAISED her veil and a pair of most exquisite lips were revealed together with a mouth that was the verification of the curves in Cupid's famous bow. She dropped her veil and I saw the beauteous vision no longer.

But days passed and I could not forget those lovely lips. I dreamed and in my visions impressed rapturous kisses upon that ruby mouth. I lived but to meet the owner.

One night I went to a masquerade ball. It was the Mardi Gras of the art students. And beneath a half-masque that concealed the wearer's eyes and nose, again I saw the ruby lips that had so long enchained my fancy. I vowed within myself that I would meet the owner, and before the night had passed would have tasted the sweetness of those lips. But the evening went by and my opportunity had not come. The owner of the perfect mouth could not be found. I looked among the dancers, I searched among those in the supper room and among the many enjoying flirtations in corners and on stairways. She was not there. Again I had lost her!

One day I idly wandered into the morgue. The body of a drowned woman had just been borne in and laid upon a slab. The body had not long been in the water and, as is often the case with drowned persons, the flesh tints were still almost natural in hue. A faint flush glowed in the cheeks and the lips were still red.

There was something reminiscent to me in the contour of the chin, the shape of the mouth. I looked more closely. Yes, there could be no doubt. The lips were those I had so long sought—the veiled lady of the car, the masque of the Mardi Gras.

What had been her history? Those lips would carry the secret to the grave.

But I had found what I had so long sought. And I pressed passionate kisses upon the lips that could not respond to the pressure of my own. THE ARTIST.

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Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA. "By the Sad Sea Waves"—anything and everything but what its name implies.

CALIFORNIA. "Brown's in Town"—he's so jolly, it's a pity he can't make a longer stay.

ALCAZAR. "The Three Musketeers"—Dumas should be here to see his heroes in the flesh.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE. "The Conspirators"—one of the biggest successes San Francisco has ever seen.

TIVOLI. "L'Africaine"—Salassa is the star.

ORPHEUM. Vaudeville—all good but Laura Burt is the favorite.

AT LAST the critics of New York have found a man who is able to parry their thrusts and it becomes quite a source of enjoyment to find these mentors possessed of exactly those defects which they applied so cheeringly to their colleagues in other parts of the country. For years these gentlemen of the pen have sneered at outside writers, for years they have adhered to the rule to censure every play or opera which had its first production outside of New York, and while we of the far west watched with amusement these vain efforts to monopolize criticism our patience has at last been rewarded, for the censure of the Zangwill has been succeeded by an exposure of infamies which will leave henceforth a bad taste in the mouth of respectable writers. It is now *our* time to boast and claim that such a thing could never happen outside of New York. The fact alone that the play was highly recommended by the critics of Washington, Baltimore and Philadelphia should insure it a standing among literary men, no matter what the New York critics may see fit to think about it. Criticism must have descended to a very low level when a writer lowers himself so far as to ridicule and belittle an author personally. Clement Scott may be a great literary man—a splendid scholar—but he forfeits every claim to the title of gentleman when he ridicules the man instead of criticising the author This mode of criticism is characteristic of pigmies, not of dignified writers.

But the reader may see for himself the grandeur of Zangwill's works by reading his answer to his accuser—or, shall I say, "abuser." This is what Zangwill has to say in his defense, after eulogizing Scott as a critic:

"This, sir, is what I fondly imagined until I read your first criticism after your arrival on these shores—until I saw your raptures over *Zaza* and *The Rounders*. But my shock at finding that you were not shocked by *Zaza* and *The Rounders* is as nothing to my shock at finding that you were shocked by *Children of the Ghetto*. And why were you shocked? Because of 'comic illusions to the Messiah, the Paschal Lamb, the Passover?' But really, sir, a man of your intelligence should have known that these words in a Jewish play have none of the associations with which Christianity has invested them. To Jewish thought the expected Messiah is merely a man; the Paschal Lamb merely a shadowy survival of the ritual offering of the national assemblage at Jerusalam on the Passover. And these words, moreover, are in my play put into the mouths of the Atheists, who are stricken to shamed silence by 'Reb' Shemuel. Often on the most sacred fast of the Jewish year—the Day of Atonement—the freethinkers and socialists of the London Ghetto outrage their orthodox neighbors by feasting—and on pig. And it was this double current in the life of the Ghetto that I tried to represent, this jangling note of unfaith, and such sharp dramatic contrast with Reb Shemuel's rigidity that wrecks his daughter's life and David's. * * * Incidentally, let me say that to me the stage is as holy a pulpit as any in cathedral or synagogue. There is no reason for separating life into fragments. Wherever an honest man stands, there is holy ground. * * * You say the details of Jewish life do not interest you. Well, that is your misfortune. 'Nil humani a me alienum puto' is the motto of a higher, a broader humanity. You watched *Zaza* with intense earnestness, every word, every scene, every movement, although it deals—like this letter—with 'the seamy side of an artistic profession,' about which you could have had little to learn but the true panorama of orthodox Jewish life so misrepresented throughout the ages; this representation of a tragedy, which actually occurred in the London Ghetto during the present century; this gave you 'an evening of boredom and astonishment.' You would not be interested, then, to learn that in Hester street in this very city, the *Get* (divorce) is given every day exactly as in my play. My details are 'unnecessarily realistic and consequently vulgar.' That 'consequently' is deliciously inconsequential But the details of *Zaza*—her seminudity in the first act for example are 'necessary.' The mere unsavory detail so absolutely unnecessary in the 'degenerate plays' is as absolutely necessary in *Zaza*. Well, well, I suppose mine is one of the 'degenerate plays' while *Zaza* is one of the re-generating plays. * * The comic Hebrew—Pinchas—also offends you. You thought 'we had banished him from the stage forever.' Alas! sir, you have still much to learn of the New York stage. But Pinchas is not the 'stage Hebrew' you dub him. A Hebrew on the stage is not 'consequently' a stage Hebrew. This is Pinchas' first appearance on any stage. Pinchas does none of the usual stage things. Comic of course he is—where he is not pathetic—but shall you have a panorama of Jewish life—or of any life—without comedy? Because the Jew has been caricatured as an incendiary and a swindler, is there no real comedy left in Israel? And to balance the sordid and the comic against the sublime and the spiritual, is that to exaggerate either at the expense of the other?"

California THERE are few plays that contain so much cleverness in three acts as the comedy *Brown's in Town*. The situations are comical and full of humor. There is not a nonsensical phrase in the book; every word has some meaning. The characters are natural and while some of the situations may be somewhat unusual they are made so striking that they become realistic for the time being. The play is written to reach a certain climax, and in consequence every act ends in a manner that rivets your attention upon the action that follows. Each act contains new surprises and the end comes when it is least expected. Maud Knowlton, the

Miss Laura Burt, at the Orpheum

San Francisco girl, does excellent work. Her acting is of the quiet, unassuming class which because of its abhorrence for bombastic deportment becomes artistically refined. Miss Knowlton creates the impression that she devotes much time to the study of her role. She expounds it with the care and exactness of the conscientious artist. Her Letty is a woman who lives. She does not become a raving maniac when confusion upon confusion is crowded over her head, but she is only distressed and looks rather than speaks the misery that tears her heart and it is this very look that creates a laugh every time and exercises a most humorous influence over the audience. I doubt not that Miss Knowlton will ere long be much sought after by the leading dramatic organizations of the country. This and tomorrow afternoon and tonight *Brown's in Town* will be repeated. Tomorrow night Nance O'Neil will once more appear and will remain through one week of nine performances. Her first appearance will be as Nancy Sykes in *Oliver Twist* and on Monday night she will produce for the first time on any stage *The Shadow*, a play of intense dramatic interest, by Dr. Paul Lindau a well known playwright. The plot is laid around a young actress and much is said in defense of the professional woman. Miss O'Neil is said to be very strong in the leading character of this play. *The Shadow* will be repeated Tuesday and Wednesday evenings and at the Saturday matinee. Thursday afternoon will be a special matinee when *The Jewess* will be given, Thursday night *School for Scandal*, Friday night *Magda* and Saturday night *Camille*. Harry Corson Clarke in *What Happened to Jones* will come next.

Tivoli THERE seems to be no limit to the popularity of Salassa and Avedano, for during the four performances of *L'Africaine* this week the theatre was taxed to its utmost capacity and the volume of applause bestowed upon these two singers was indeed deafening. So much praise and comment has been written about these two artists as well Anna Lichter and G. S. Wanrell that it will do no harm to say a few words about the Tivoli opera season in general. Students returning from abroad say a good deal about musical atmosphere without being exactly able to define this term. There are two forces which create this musical atmosphere, one that comes from within the life of the community—the home circle—and the other which comes from without, the opera or concert. In order to introduce an appreciation for good music into the circles of home life it is necessary to give sufficient inducements to the people to practice the art. In order to acquaint the general public with the better class of music, or in other words, to popularize music, institutions are necessary which present musical works in such a manner as to impress them upon the mind of the public, and there is no institution better adapted to further this object than the theatre where the picturesque as well as the artistic exercises a beneficial influence. The public at large will sooner imbibe musical knowledge through the opera than the concert. Hence the Tivoli in presenting the best operatic works acts as a musical educator of tremendous influence. But the production of an opera has no value to the public at large if the admission prices do not permit a general attendance. In this the Tivoli accomplishes a great mission. *The Bohemian Girl* alternated with *L'Africaine* this week. Next week *The Three Black Cloaks* will be given with *L'Africaine*.

Orpheum THE CHAPPIES have been enjoying a feast for for some time past at the Orpheum with such a galaxy of beauty as Lotty, the Hawaiian Queens, Laura Burt and other feminine stars. Next week they are promised another beauty in Mademoiselle Marguerite Cornille, comedienne. She is said to be absolutely beautiful, is only eighteen years of age, and this is her first appearance in America outside of New York. Jerome and Alexis, the human frog and lizard, and Leo Carle, lightning change character artist, will be on the bill. Lola Cotton, child mind reader, and the biograph with new scenes, will complete the program, added to Frank Norwoth, Louise Dresser, Hal Merritt and Florence Murdock, retained from this week.

Grand Opera House ON Monday night it looked like another "first night" at the beginning of *The Conspirators'* second week. The audience was very large and fashionable, The opera grows upon one at a second hearing. If it were the policy of the theatre management to run any attraction over a fortnight *The Conspirators* could run on indefinitely, but pursuant to the idea of short runs the Stewart-Greene opera will be taken off after tomorrow night. *The Merry Monarch*, Francis Wilson's most pronounced success, will be given next week, and I expect to hear everybody humming, on Tuesday morning, "I'm a King with a Capital K."

Columbia SOMETIMES one song makes the success of a piece. If there were nothing else in *By the Sad Sea Waves*—and there are over twenty novelties in the musical line—Mathews and Bulger's ragtime ditty *You Told Me that You Had Money in the Bank* would crowd the house every night. I thought there was nothing further to be evolved in the coon line, but there was, and that something is *You Told Me that You Had Money in the Bank*. The piece will run another week, when will come *Why Smith Left Home*. When presented at the California the latter made a hit among the best class of our theatre-goers, and it will likely draw as well again.

Alcazar THEY will take off *The Three Musketeers* after tomorrow night, though the romantic drama has made a great hit. Next week *Nerves* will be put on. It will be remembered what a success this clever farce achieved at the Alcazar last season and also at the Baldwin some eight years ago, when the leading roles were taken by Georgie Cayvan, Effie Shannon and Herbert Kelcey. *My Friend From India* will follow *Nerves*.

In his course of instructive and entertaining lectures on the English drama, now in progress at Saratoga hall, Leo Cooper devoted Wednesday afternoon of last week to Gilbert and his plays. A clever and concise biography of the dramatist was succeeded by the reading of *Daniel Druce* in its entirety. The different characters were well rendered by Mr. Cooper who displayed as usual great versatility and power of characterization. Daniel Druce, the misanthropic blacksmith, was a most successful portrayal, as was also Reuben Haynes, the royalist satellite. November first was devoted to Charles Reade's adaptation of Tennyson's *Dora*. Mr. Cooper was most happy in the rendition of the lines of Farmer Allen. Next Wednesday the reading will probably be Henry Arthur Jones' latest success, *Carnac Sahib*, around which criticism rages so fiercely.

Rita Rovey has made a success with the German company at the Comedy and tomorrow night will appear in the title role of *Fraulein Doctor*.

Mrs. Ada Clark, the veteran dancing teacher, has by special request of Western Addition residents, decided to extend her field of work to that section. She has opened a new class of adults at Devisadero hall, in Devisadero street near Page. The class will meet on Friday evenings at half past seven o'clock.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM BACHERT, commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, F. W. DOHRMANN, Executor of the last will of ABRAHAM BACHERT commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of F. A. DENICKE, Attorney at Law, Rooms 7, 8 and 9, No. 14 Sansome street, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco October 18, 1899

F. W. DOHRMANN,
Executor of the last will of Abraham Bachert commonly known as and called August Bachert, Deceased

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Executor.

Regret

[TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH BY M. C. L.]

IT IS a sad autumn day. The leaves fall softly in the rain, like another rain thicker and slower. M. Saval goes from his fire-place to his window, and from his window to his fire-place. Life has some sombre days, but for him there can be few more, because he is sixty-three years old. He is alone, an old bachelor, without a soul around him. How sad it is to die thus!

He thinks of his existence, so bare, so empty. He remembers the past, now so far away, his childhood; the house with his parents; then the college, the graduation; the time when he was a law student at Paris; then the illness of his father, his death. He had come back to live with his mother. They had lived together happily, but she had died, also. How sad life is!

He was left alone. And now he will die soon in his turn. He will disappear and it will be finished. What a horrible thing! Other people will live, will love, will laugh. Yes, they will amuse themselves and he will exist no longer! Isn't it strange that one can amuse himself, can be joyous with the eternal certitude of death? If it were only probable that one would die, one could have hope, but no, it is inevitable, as inevitable as the coming of night after day.

If only his life had been filled! If he had had adventures, great pleasures, successes, satisfactions. But no, he had done nothing, never anything but to get up, to eat at the same hours and to go to bed. Thus had he come to the age of sixty-three years. He had not even married like other men. He could have done so, for he possessed quite a little fortune. Had he lacked the opportunity? Perhaps! But one makes opportunities! He had not cared, that was it. "Not caring" had been his great misfortune, his fault, his vice. How many people had spoiled their lives by not caring. It is so difficult for certain natures to get up, to move, to take new steps, to talk, to study questions.

He had not even been loved. No woman had given herself to him in the utter abandonment of love. He had not known the delicious agonies of waiting, the divine touch of a hand pressed tenderly, the ecstasy of triumphant love. What superhuman happiness must inundate one's heart when for the first time the lips meet, when four arms clasped make of two beings one at least deliriously happy.

M. Saval had seated himself, his feet towards the fire. Certainly his life had been spoiled, certainly spoiled. Yet he had loved! He had loved secretly, sadly and in a nonchalant way, as he did everything. Yes, he had loved his old friend Madame Sandres, the wife of his old comrade Sandres. Ah! if he had known her as a young girl! But he had met her too late; she was already married. Certainly he would have asked *her*! How he had loved her, however, without respite, from the first day he had seen her! He remembered his emotion every time he saw her, his sadness on leaving her, the nights when he could not sleep for thinking of her. But in the morning he always woke up less in love than in the evening. Pourquoi?

What a pretty, sweet, pink, curly-haired, laughing woman she was then! Sandres was not the man she ought to have married. Now she was fifty-five. She seemed happy. Ah! if she had loved him, then; if she had loved him! And why would she have not loved him, Saval, since he had loved her so much?

If only she had guessed something. Had she guessed nothing, seen nothing, understood nothing? Then what could she have thought? If he had spoken what would she have said?

And Saval asked himself a thousand other things. He relived his life, tried to seize again a crowd of details.

He remembered all the long evenings when he played écarté with Sandres, when his wife was young and so charming. He remembered the things she had said, her intonation, the little silent smiles which signified so many thoughts. He remembered their walks, all three together, on the bank of the Seine, their luncheons on the grass on Sundays.

And suddenly the vivid remembrance came to him of an afternoon spent with her in a little grove on the margin of the river. They had left in the morning, taking their provisions in packages. It was a brilliant spring morning, one of those days that intoxicate.

After luncheon Sandres went to sleep.

"The best nap of my life," he said, on waking up.

Madame Sandres had taken Saval's arm and they had gone for a walk on the river's bank. She leaned on him, she laughed and said:

"I am intoxicated, quite intoxicated!"

He looked at her, trembling even to his heart, felt himself grow pale, fearing that his eyes were too bold, that a tremor of his hand would reveal his secret. She had made herself a crown of long grasses and water-lilies and had asked him:

"Do you like me thus?"

As he did not answer—because he found nothing to reply, he would have sooner fallen on his knees—she began to laugh, a discontented, unhappy laugh, and said, looking him full in the face:

"Great boor. Can't you even speak?"

He had almost cried without even then finding a word to say. All that came back to him now, just as it had happened on that day. Why had she said that: "Great boor! Can't you even speak?"

And he remembered how tenderly she had leaned on him. In passing under a low-grown tree, he had felt her ear brush against his cheek and he had started back brusquely in the fear that she should think this touch voluntary. When he said: "Is it not time to go back?" she gave him a singular look. Yes, she had looked at him in a curious way. He had not thought of it then; and now he remembered it.

"Just as you wish, dear friend. If you are tired, let us return."

And he had replied:

"It is not that I am tired; but perhaps Sandres is awake now."

And she had said, shrugging her shoulders:

"If you are afraid that my husband is awake, that is different; let us return!"

Returning she remained silent and she no longer leaned on his arm. Pourquoi? That "why" he had never asked himself before. Now he seemed to see clearly this thing that he had never understood. Could it be?

M. Saval blushed and he arose as much moved as if, thirty years younger, he had heard Madame Saval say to him: "I love you!"

This suspicion which had just come into his soul tortured him! Was it possible that he had not seen, not guessed? Oh, if it were true, if he had passed the happiness by and had not seized it!

He said to himself: "I want to be sure. I cannot remain in this uncertainty. I *must* know!"

And he dressed himself quickly. He thought.

"I am sixty-two, she is fifty-five; I dare to ask her that now."

Sandres house was on the other side of the street, almost opposite to his own. He went there. The little maid opened the door. She was astonished to see him so early.

"You already, M. Saval; has some accident happened?"

"No," Saval replied, "but go and tell your mistress that I wish to speak to her immediately."

"You see, she is making preserved pears for the winter and is in the kitchen, and not dressed, you understand."

"Yes, but tell her it is for something very important."

The little maid went out and Saval began to walk up and down the parlor with long nervous strides. He did not feel at

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all embarrassed, however. Oh, he was going to ask her this thing as he would have asked her for some recipe. Heavens, was he not sixty-three years old? The door opened; she came in. She was at present a stout woman with full cheeks and a sonorous laugh. She walked with her hands held far from her sides, and her sleeves rolled up, showing her bare arms, moist with sugary juice.

She asked uneasily:

"What is the matter, friend; you are not ill?"

"No," he replied, "but I wish to ask you something which has for me much importance, something which tortures my heart. Will you promise to answer frankly?"

She smiled.

"I am always frank. Tell it me."

"Well, I have loved you ever since the first day I saw you. Did you suspect it?"

She replied, laughing, with something of the intonation of the past:

"Great child, I *saw* it from the first!"

Saval began to tremble. He stammered:

"You knew it? Then—"

He was silent.

She asked: "Then, what?"

He replied: "Then what do you think? What—what—what would you have answered?"

She laughed louder. Drops of syrup dropped from the ends of her fingers upon the floor.

"I—but you asked me nothing. It was not for me to make you a declaration!"

Then he made a step towards her.

"Tell me—tell me—Do you remember that day when Sandres had fallen asleep on the grass after luncheon—when we had been alone together, up by the turning?"

He waited. She had ceased to laugh and was looking him full in the eyes.

"Most certainly, I remember it."

He said with a tremor: "Well, that day—if I had been—bold—what would you have done?"

She began to smile again with the smile of a woman who regrets nothing, and she replied frankly in a clear voice in which there was little irony:

"I should have yielded."

Then she turned on her heel and fled towards the kitchen. Saval went out again into the street, as much upset as if some great disaster had befallen him. He rushed on in the rain, descending toward the river, but thinking not whither he was going. When he arrived at the bank he turned to the right and followed it. He walked for a long time as if pushed by an instinct. His clothes were soaked with the rain, his hat, shapeless and wet as a rag, dripped like a roof. He went on, however, going straight, straight ahead. And soon he found himself in the place where they had lunched on that day, so long gone by, the memory of which was torturing his heart. Then he sat down under the leafless trees and wept.

Music World

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

GIACOMO MINKOWSKY has at last achieved fame. His opera was produced for the first time at Waterbury, Connecticut, recently, where it made such a hit that the wires were kept warm between that town and New York so that the metropolitan press was able to publish the cordial reception tendered the young composer. Not less than twelve times was he called before the curtain, and the intermezzo, a gem of dazzling beauty, was redemanded six times. In fact every number was enthusiastically recalled. There are a great many people who will question this tremendous success because it occurred in a town of only fifty thousand inhabitants. Others will be skeptical because they think the Bostonians paid for "puffing." It will do no harm to show why these assumptions are radically wrong. In the first place a new opera played at a small town where the composer has no friends is hardly ever received warmly. Secondly, if the audience became wild with enthusiasm there is always some cause for it. As to the other doubt, the Bostonians can only buy advertising space to a certain limit. Anyone acquainted with the rates of the New York press know that it costs a mint of money to buy so much space in the news columns of a daily paper as was accorded Minkowsky's opera. And then this success would not be recorded by telegraphic dispatches of a column length except there was some good reason for it.

¶ ¶

However, if there are still doubters let them peruse the Brooklyn papers of last week and note the success that attended the production of the opera in the church city, where the house was packed to the doors each time the opera was given and the enthusiasm of the audience was at fever heat. And while I am at it permit me to quote a few paragraphs from Curtis Dunham's criticism in the New York *Journal* which may be found on the editorial page of that paper of October twenty-fourth:

"Giacomo Minkowsky in his opera, 'The Smugglers of Badayez,' has composed arias for soprano, contralto, tenor, baritone and basso in phrases so romantic and yet so spirited in their movement that the audience—really a charmed audience—is only dimly conscious of the clever book and lyrics of Frederick Rankin. * * * The Journal having already told the story of 'The Smugglers of Badayez,' chief interest in this enterprise still centers in Minkowsky and his music. The aspect of the audience defines their quality. Why do these farce-comedy pampered patrons of De Wolf Hopper, Frank Daniels and Thomas Q. Seabrooke sit breathless for a quarter of an hour while Barnabee, their master, is estopped by a ballad for the contralto? It is not the remarkable beauty of Marcia von Dresser, for the women, too, are breathless. It is not the poem, for these Bostonians are song birds, who seem to feel the need of words about as much as do those that chirp under my window at sunrise. The answer is that this audience is sister to the one that listens to the intermezzo of Mascagni. * * * Though their methods are similar, comparisons between Minkowsky and Mascagni will have no value until the Russian has found a subject worthy of the treatment of a 'Cavalleria Rusticana.' The similarity at present lies in the ability to compose phrases ardently dramatic that are preserved in ozone instead of syrup of sugar. All the moderns know what this means—Verdi grafted on Wagner, Bellini on Brahms, Donizetti on Grieg. The product is apparent in Minkowsky and other light opera composers as well as in Mascagni, Leoncavallo and Puccini. * * * Before the end of the overture last night it was plain that the Brooklyn audience was grateful to the Bostonians for investing in the talents of Minkowsky. Early in the first act it began expressing its gratitude with a sincerity and spontaneity that could not be mistaken. There were recalls for nearly all of the principals. 'The Smugglers of Badayez' is understood not to be due in Manhattan until quite late in the season. That is a pity—but it is worth waiting for.

¶ ¶

And now since this opera has proved such a decided success I believe myself entitled to some credit for having been the first to speak at length in eulogistic terms of Mr. Minkowsky's excellent work, in TOWN TALK as well as the *Musical Courier*. H. M. Bosworth, critic of the *Examiner*, and myself continued to sound the praises of the opera until the Bostonians came along and put a finish to the "boom" by buying the work. It was then when a certain critic with his usual vindictiveness abused the composer because he did not come to him for advice and it was then that it was insinuated that Mr.

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Minkowsky was unable to write his own orchestration. It may be interesting to those who doubted this ability to discover that Minkowsky did orchestrate his work himself and that his orchestration is receiving the highest praise. No one can imagine the satisfaction one experiences when facts bear one out in exclaiming: "I told you so," and when one is able to punish the jealousy of certain people by pointing to facts. Next April the opera will be produced at the Columbia theatre.

¶ ¶

The Music Teachers' association of California gave its thirty-fifth concert at Byron Mauzy hall last Friday evening. The lecture by Dr. H. J. Stewart on *Music and Musicians* in San Francisco had to be postponed because of pressing duties connected with the production of Dr. Stewart's opera. However it will be delivered at one of the next meetings of the society. The following program was rendered: Remarks, Madame Ellen Coursen Roeckel; Instrumental Barcarolle, Frederic Hermann, T. D. Herzog's Ensemble club, Marie Abeille, Annie Benson, Minnie Van Doren and Charles Cerrau, violins, Geddes Lyle, viola, R. C. McLean, 'cello; Ave Maria (diatonic), Ave Maria (chromatic), Ave Maria (pentatonic) by Joseph Roeckel, interpreted by Miss Ger.rude Powell, Mademoiselle Elena Roeckel and Madame Roeckel; piano, Lortzico, (Air Basque), Habanera (Cuban Dance), Santiago Arrillaga, Señorita Elena Arrillaga; vocal waltz, Parla! Arditi, Miss Ida Valerga; sacred song, The Lord is my Shepherd, A. O. Eckman, Mrs. Alice Eckman-Cramer; duo (two pianos) Capriccio Brilliant, Andante—Allegro con fuoco, Mendelssohn, Master Eugene Blanchard and Professor F. Katzenbach; vocal trio, Could I Betray? Roeckel, from first act of La Melomanie, Mrs. Bert Adams, Mademoiselle Roeckel and Herr Edward Lotz. Among the vocalists Miss Elena Roeckel is particularly worthy of mention because of the brilliant quality of her voice. She possesses a distinctly valuable organ and has the making of an excellent vocalist in her. Continued study will no doubt land her in the front ranks.

¶ ¶

As the season advances, the lectures of Mrs. Mary Fairweather seem to gain in interest. After having given a complete review of the development of the Greek and Oriental music the last lecture was devoted to Roman music in particular and the rise of Christian music. Grecian, Hebrew and Persian influence, establishment of Christian ritual, Antiphony, Aniborsian chants, Gregorian influence, liberation of tone from speech quantity. The following illustrations were given by students of the school: Gregorian Chants; Ave Maria, Cherubini; Ave Maria, Schubert, Miss Florence Boston; choruses from a convent mass by Rossi. For next Monday's theme the music of mass in particular will be the theme (motet sequences etc), For this a special program of illustrations has been prepared by Mrs von Meyerinck consisting of the Benedictus from the famous mass of the Pope Marcellus, Palestrina; Quis est Homo, duet from Stabat Mater, Rossini; Dies irae, from Requiem Mass, Mozart; Zion spreadeth her hand for aid, from Elijah, Mendelssohn; aria from Stabat Mater, Pergolesi; selection from Passion of Christ, Perosi.

¶ ¶

The opening concert of the Minetti quartet chamber music series took place at Sherman-Clay hall on Friday evening of last week. There was as large an audience present as that which greeted the Kneisel quartet. This is not only a sign of the Minetti quartet's efficiency, but it means that chamber music has not yet lost its grip on our musical people and that they still flock there where they are sure to be treated to the best in art. The subscription list has now reached such proportions that the subscribers alone will make a large audience and that only a few seats are unreserved. While the matinees are well attended, the evening performances will no doubt be the most successful as far as attendance is concerned, for there are a great many people who like chamber music but are unable to attend matinees. The Minetti quartet plays with much taste and artistic finish. It is easy to see that every member is an artist who both in individual and ensemble work is well able to go on his merits. The ensemble work of the Minetti quartet is polished and the uniformity in playing a pleasure to witness. The artistic finish of quartet playing may be judged by the attack. If the attack is accurate and clean, it is safe to assert that the quartet meets all the requirements demanded of it. In this, too, the Minetti quartet gives full satisfaction. It is easy to see that its members work with conscientious energy and ambition, that they are musicians through and through and that their concerts form important factors in the advancement of musical science in San Francisco. As to the program, the Bazzini quartet in D minor op. 75 No. 2. was the new feature. It is always gratifying to find something new on the program. The gavotte movement in the form of an intermezzo was perhaps the prettiest part of this quartet. Its calm character and airy quality exercise a pleasant influence upon the listener, who does not revel in the heavy classical works even if he does enthuse over them. Of course the Haydn quartet in G minor op. 74 No. 3 with its bright minuet was as delightful as ever and the imposing Beethoven quartet in B flat op. 18 No. 6 put the finishing touches to a concert whose refining influence and educational value cannot be too much over-estimated. The members of the quartet consist of the following gentlemen: Giulio Minetti, first violin; Eugene Carlmueller, second violin; Charles Heinsen, viola; Arthur Weiss. The next concert will take place Friday afternoon, November seventeenth, at a quarter past three o'clock when the following program will be rendered: Dvorak, quartet in F major (by request); Bach Chaconne, violin solo, Giulio Minetti; C. Frank, piano quintet, (first time). The quartet will be assisted by Otto Bendix, pianist. I should advise every music student to make a note of this concert for it will be very instructive.

¶ ¶

The value of a vocal teacher may be gauged by the manner in which his pupils accept his advice. If they prove by the manner of their singing that they have imbibed the instructions of their teacher, that they have grasped his ideas and execute them with unerring accuracy, then we may depend upon the value of that teacher for he proves himself thus eligible to the rank of musical educator. These thoughts came over me when listening to the song recital of Edward Xavier Rölker at Sherman-Clay hall Thursday evening of last week. What struck me most at that concert was the healthy ideas of execution which every pupil seemed to possess; that execution which makes even voices of not a strong character pleasant and agreeable; that execution which can only permeate the soul of the artist par excellence and which only the honest artist is able to transmit to his fellow beings. After all it is not so much what you sing as how you sing it which constitutes the mystery of vocal art, and it is not so much the quantity of your voice as the quality which stamps you a musician in the eyes of the connoisseur. Mr. Rölker has proved beyond doubt that he is entitled to the highest praise and esteem not only as an instructor but as a vocalist. His tenor is of refined and dainty quality. As soon as he opens his mouth you become convinced that he knows how to sing, that the intricacies of vocalism are an open book to him. He is a singer who inspires confidence and who by his care of execution, admirable diction and complete knowledge must be classed among the promoters of the highest ideals of the art. It is usually not my custom to criticise pupils. It is unfair and may serve as a discouragement. However, I cannot omit to call attention to the voice of Miss Reine Harden-Hickey, the timbre and quality of which make it admirably adapted to operatic work. It is a healthy, well cultivated voice which will make its mark one of these days. Miss Harriette Simons' facility lies in the direction of colorature work. She has a splendid idea of the exactness with which technical difficulties should be overcome. Mrs. Pierre Douillet has improved remarkably since last time, which shows that progress is one of the traits of Mr. Rölker's tuition. The other soloists, each of whom did remarkably good work, were Miss Delia S. Griswold and Miss Edith Hanks. Miss Constance Jordan accompanied in a finished manner.

¶ ¶

Samuel Savannah and Arthur Fickenscher gave a successful violin and piano recital at Century hall last Thursday afternoon. Both these gentlemen are able artists and belong to that category of musicians whose zeal, energy and sincerity make them invaluable to the musical portion of any community. The program was: Allemanda, op. 26, Franz Ries; Petite Suite, César Cui; two ballades, Johannes Brahms; sonata, César Franck.

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Among the latest acquisitions to San Francisco musical circles is Samuel Bollinger, late director of the Bollinger Conservatory of Music, Fort Smith, Arkansas. Mr. Bollinger was obliged to resign from the conservatory because of his health which began to fail him and having previously benefited by California's climate he again chose this state as his place of residence. Among the great artists who appeared at the Bollinger conservatory was Godowsky, who played among other compositions Mr. Bollinger's Romanz Lamentoso which received the highest praise from the pianist. The young musician is a graduate of the Royal conservatory in Leipsic and besides being a pianist is a composer of merit.

¶ ¶

I have before me a neat composition by F. G. Rohner. It is entitled *The Picture in My Heart* and embraces that class of music which the unprofessional calls "simple" compositions. It is melodious, somewhat romantic in its quality and has a text wherein lies a great deal of poetry although it touches a theme that has often been dwelt upon—love. The words are by Samuel M. Peck.

¶ ¶

G. C. Santisteban and pupils gave a successful musical evening at Association hall Thursday. They were assisted by Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto; J. H. Desmond, tenor; Vincent Arillaga, pianist; William Wertsch, 'cellist; Emilio Cruells, accompanist. ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

The Pupils' Evenings which take place each month at the studio of Percy A. R. Dow, teacher of the voice, were resumed for the season last Thursday evening. This was the first of the third series of these pleasant and interesting events, whose popularity is attested by the goodly number of pupils in attendance, among whom are several having voices of fine quality and great promise. The musical portion of the evening was occupied by the following. Qui Sdegno (Magic Flute), Au Chloe, Mozart, Mr. Dow; La Primevera, Rotoli, and The Lament, Chadwick, Mrs. Monges; Ti Saluto, Nevin, and Donna, Vorrei, Tosti, Mr. A. Y. Wood; A Winter Lullaby, DeKoven, Miss C. Gyle; Lascia li dir, Tosti, Philip Koch; Lascia chio pianga, Handel, Miss A. Monges; The Spirit's Song, Haydn, Miss W. Koenig; Nymphs and Shepherds (Old English), Miss M. Gray; Total Eclipse (Samson), Handel, H. B. Monges; Proposal, Walter, and Vainka's Song, Von Stuzer, Miss F. Chittenden. Following these was a resumé of the composers critically studied last year during these "evenings," including Bach, Handel, Mozart, Gluck, Piccini-Cherubini, Rossini, Haydn, in which the salient points of the lives and the works and style of composition of these masters were noticed. The next Pupils' Evening will be devoted

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largely to a topical study of Beethoven and his works. Several songs of the great master will be heard in connection with this analysis.

¶ ¶

Financially and artistically the benefit concert given to Alfred Wilkie on Tuesday evening at the First Methodist church was most successful. Mr. Wilkie has just recovered from a dangerous illness and this concert was in the nature of a welcome back to health as well as a testimonial to his popularity. The program was a delightful one of eleven numbers, contributed by Mrs. Susie Hert-Mark, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Clement P. Rowlands, Putnam Griswold, R. Fletcher Tilton, Llewelyn Hughes, the Temple quartet—Ben Clark, H. A. Melvin, Alfred Wilkie and George H. Carleton; Mrs. Willard Batchelder, Mrs. Margaret Cameron-Smith and Miss Elizabeth Westgate, accompanists. By special request Mr. Wilkie sang *The Message*, receiving a rousing welcome of applause that contiued for some time after he made his entrance. A large audience of representative society and musical people attended the concert.

¶ ¶

Madame Alice Waltz will leave on Tuesday next for Toronto, where she will remain at least a year. It was in Toronto where Madame Waltz made some of her greatest successes as a church choir singer and in concert. She is one of the most popular of San Francisco's sopranos and her loss will be felt in musical circles. One of the concert compositions that owes its vogue to the fact that Madame Waltz has sung it so often in concert is the beautiful aria, *Palace of Light*, by A. A. Batkin and which was dedicated by the composer to the soprano.

¶ ¶

A new rag-time composition is *A Southern Jamboree*, by J. W. Lerman, composer of the *Kaya Kaya* dance. It has been dedicated to Thos. F. Shannon and was introduced by him and his famous Twenty-third Regiment Band, N. G. S. N. Y. Mr. Shannon was formerly manager of Sousa's band.

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Valentine Abt, the mandolinist, gave a successful recital at Golden Gate hall on Wednesday evening, assisted by Professor Graeber's class of one hundred members, when an interesting program was rendered. Mr. Abt is to the mandolin practically what Alfred A. Farland is to the banjo, and understands how to bring out the most delicate shades of meaning from the strings of his instrument. The many students of mandolin and guitar in this city and across the bay will be interested to learn that a second recital will be given today by Mr. Abt at Golden Gate hall.

Henry McCauley of Chicago arrived here some weeks ago and intends to settle in this city. Mr. McCauley's advent in this city is of importance because he possesses a tenor robusto and being rather short on tenors at present our musical contingent is right glad to welcome this new acquisition. Beside possessing a voice of remarkable range and power Mr. McCauley has a good deal of taste and is musical. He will be better known to a portion of the musical people on this coast when it is known that he is the husband of Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, whose concert tours through this state have always been unqualified successes.

A grand church and orchestral concert will be given by the students of the Conservatory of Music at the University of the Pacific under the direction of Pierre Douillet, next Wednesday evening. The following program has been prepared for the occasion: Hallelujah, chorus from oratorio, Messiah, Handel; concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra, Schumann, Mrs. Flora Cooper; Serenade, Schubert, Estudiantina, P. Lacombe, Chorus; concerto in F minor for piano and orchestra, Chopin, Miss Minnie A. Tuck; grand march from Tannhauser, Wagner.

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World of Letters

THE PLOT OF *An Eclipse of Memory* is not strikingly new, nor is the story particularly well constructed, Jack Oswald, a young society man-about-town, marries Clare Lawrence who "was but nineteen years of age, but had the repose and self-poise of an older woman." Since girlhood Clare had been in French, German and English schools abroad. She had studied voice culture with Marchesi and drawing and painting in Julian's studio in Paris. As she had only returned to America the year before after eight years' absence, she knew nothing of Jack excepting that he was widely popular, well born and educated, and possessed to a marked degree of "what is ambiguously called personal magnetism." Notwithstanding the "repose and self-poise," however, four months after her marriage when a variety actress, a former flame of the husband, presents herself and a forged certificate to the wife, without giving Jack a chance to say a word for himself, or even time to return from his hunting trip, she packs up and goes home to her mamma. "Under the circumstances, a separation is the only course;" and mamma, of course, asked no questions. Inside of a month, the wicked actress developed consumption—also remorse—and sent a letter asking for an interview, but the letter was dropped into the fire by the agency of the "dainty brass tongs," and no answer vouchsafed. Clare is ordered abroad by the doctor and in the mail which is delivered to her as the steamer leaves is another letter making known the deception which has been practiced—of course, too late. A ship-wreck and disappearance dispose of Clare for awhile and one goes back to Jack Oswald, who makes a brave start on the path to the devil, but is pulled up short by a full confession before her death of the cause of all his woes by the wicked Kitty St. Clair. The wife being reported drowned and no tidings of her ever received, Jack naturally concludes that he is a widower, and contracts a second alliance, this time with a young lady who had not the slightest intention of depriving herself of lovers simply because she had taken a husband, and he thought she would "preside at his table with dignity and attract his friends to his home." The honeymoon, in which, however, there developed a decided lack of honey, was spent as members of a yachting party on an extended trip to Egypt and up the Nile, but long before they reach that part of their itinerary, Oswald has concluded that the only thing is "to live apart when we get back." Amongst another party of tourists Jack Oswald recognizes his first wife who, however, does not know him. She had been picked up after the wreck, by Sir John Wittshire, but as the result of injuries received, her memory had been completely blotted out. This discovery of the fact that his first wife is living looks like the beginning of a serious complication but the difficulty is smoothed away by the drowning of the second wife, which accident occurring in the presence of Number One is the needed shock to restore her dormant memory, and from thereon the end is obvious. There is another love story which progresses quietly between times, and much description of the show places of the Nile, but none of it is out of the commonplace. The conversations are not bright, and the efforts at wit are disheartening. When a man has risked his life to rescue a drowning man, one would expect even a society belle who has married for ambition and who is still in the early stage of the honeymoon period to show a little more emotion if only for the benefit of onlookers than this: "Katherine Oswald stood at the side of the couch, and, as Jack regained consciousness she took his hand, patted it and said: 'Brave Jack.'"

One cannot get up much sympathy for any of the characters, all of whom lack life. The book is badly in need of revision. The grammar, considering that people are all educated, the men graduates of Yale and Harvard, is execrable. The steamer El Capitan is referred to as *the* El Capitan, a bit of unnecessary repetition, since El is the Spanish for the; the half-hour is always thirty, four-thirty, six-thirty; lunch and luncheon are both used in the same paragraph. The typography also leaves something to be desired. It may be a matter of taste to capitalize such words as Street, Mamma and Mother, but it should also be a matter of consistency. A style once adopted should be maintained throughout the book and it is in particularly bad taste to use both the abbreviation St. and the full word Street within the compass of a few lines, as well as to use the abbreviation Gen.—Gen. Gordan. To one who has practical knowledge of the mechanical side of book-making, however, it is a question whether the blame for such imperfections should be with the author or the publisher. A competent publisher knows what is right, but oftentimes an author thinks he knows better, and he may insist in marking back on proofs what the compositor has avoided. The book is prettily bound, and the type large and clear. For that much at least, the Frederick A. Stokes company deserves a meed of praise. It will probably receive a fair demand in San Francisco where the author, Dr. Morton Grinnell, is well known and widely connected.

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The critic who has produced nothing is a coward, like an Abbé who courts the wife of a layman. The latter can neither retaliate nor fight with him.—*Mademoiselle de Maupin*, Theophile Gautier.

It always pleases a man to tell him he knows women. It's like complimenting some people on their appreciation of Botticelli or their understanding of Wagner.—*A Wave of Life*, Clyde Fitch.

Boys are selfish, and the stronger the boy's nature the less he thinks of others, till there comes the softening touch which makes the man.—*This Son of Vulcan*, Besant and Rice.

A philosopher: "A man up in a balloon with family and friends holding the ropes which confine him to earth, and trying to haul him down."—Louisa M. Alcott.

"There exist in society three men who cannot possibly esteem the world: the priest, the doctor and the lawyer. They wear black, perhaps, because they are in mourning for all the virtues and all the illusions."—Derville in *Colonel Chabert*. Balzac.

Men hug the fond illusion that they never grow old—women live in dread of it—and men are the wiser.—*A Strange, Sad Comedy*, Molly Elliott Seawell.

There is no one so great as not to have some littleness more predominant than all his greatness.—*The Disowned*, Lord Lytton.

A self-glorious man is the biggest fool in the world.—*Handy Andy*, Samuel Lover. —THE COMPILER.

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THE LEADING WEEKLY OF SAN FRANCISCO

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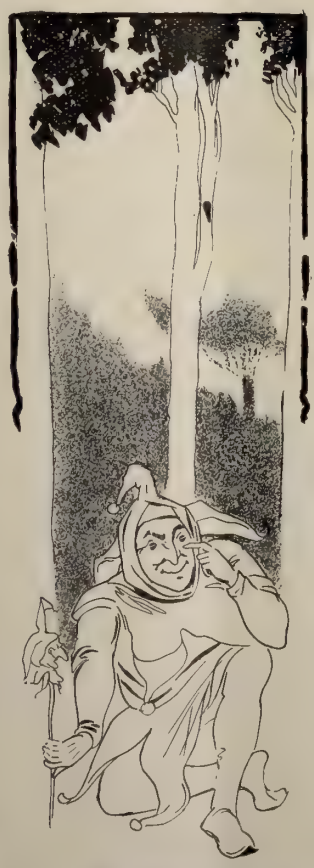

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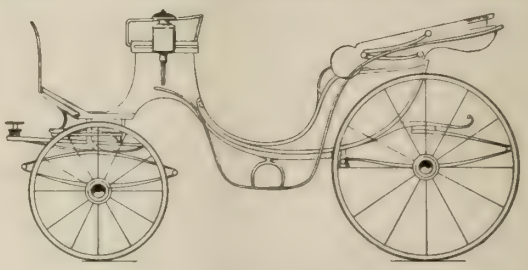

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, November 11, 1899

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor

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OUR OPINION

The Intelligent Voter Won the Day

THE REPUTATION of the city was at stake last Tuesday. She was put to a test and scored a glorious victory. Her skirts are clean and the men that tried to besmirch them were administered a rebuke that has brought them to a realization of the contemptible character of their methods. Posing as gentlemen and reformers, they proved to be blacklegs and frauds. Their methods were indecent and they conducted the nastiest campaign in the history of San Francisco. They concentrated their efforts upon the office of Mayor and by coercion, fraud, misrepresentation and deceit sought to elect Horace Davis. If they had succeeded this community would have fallen in the estimation of all intelligent people. Horace Davis is a reputable citizen who has always enjoyed the respect of his fellow-citizens, but his election would nevertheless have been a grave misfortune for it would have been tantamount to a victory of corruption over righteousness. It was unfortunate for Mr. Davis that he permitted himself to be misled by the enemies of good government, and that in his old age he should become identified with the influences that conspired to defeat the purposes of the people who have been struggling for years to escape from the thralldom of bossism. The election has demonstrated that the intelligent and clean voters of San Francisco are in the majority and that is a circumstance upon which the city is entitled to felicitation. Although the democracy lost several of the patronage offices, the result showed that the intelligent voters discriminated in favor of those men who were candidates for offices that directly concerned the welfare of the city. They testified most emphatically to their gratitude and loyalty to Mayor Phelan and Assessor Dodge, and in electing nearly all the democratic nominees for supervisors they attested to their confidence in the men that named the ticket. There is no longer any doubt that the charter will be put into effective operation.

An Effort to Discourage Immoral Plays

THE INDECENCY of the drama in New York has been a theme of discussion for many months. The theatrical syndicate which has supreme control over the stage in New York and neighboring cities has been catering to the depraved taste of degenerate theatre-goers by producing plays whose salient features were of the salacious type. Their aim has been to appeal to the prurient appetite and after surfeiting their patrons with one form of indecency they have had to resort to another to avoid giving what might be regarded as a tame performance. What was considered deliciously risqué some months ago would now be regarded as dull and stupid. Theatre-goers become blasé, and to hold their attention the manager must make each new production a trifle more daring than the last. "Zaza" and "The Turtle" were sufficiently vivid in their realism last season, but they would bore a New York audience now. As a consequence the performances have become so lewd that the New York *Journal* has decided to make war on the syndicate. The *Journal* was very slow in discovering that indecent plays are being produced, but having made the discovery it is making a big sensation out of the crusade against the immoral performances. It has undertaken to correct the evil by having one of its female reporters describe minutely the salacious details of the performances. The readers of the *Journal* are told exactly what Josie Hall does in "The Girl from Maxims" and when Miss Hall is on the stage, immodesty is rampant. They are also told what Minnie Seligman does in "In Paradise." Her principal scene is one in which she tries by suggestive pantomime to seduce a lion-tamer. And they are given full details of the conduct of Mademoiselle Fougère in vaudeville. She is described as chic, piquante and svelte and her most interesting appearance is in a gauze garment. In exploiting the nastiness of these performances the *Journal* has greatly increased the box office receipts and now it threatens to publish the names of reputable persons who are discovered in the audiences at indecent shows. As the New York theatres derive their patronage largely from the floating population they will not be affected much by the threat.

Football as a Counterfeit Pastime

THE football season has been in full swing for several weeks and only one man has been killed. This is a somewhat remarkable record for a game that causes more casualties than all other athletic sports combined. The players have been unusually fortunate this season; many eastern college men have been temporarily disabled on the football field, and there have been several serious fractures that may impair the usefulness of limbs for life, but the organic ailments resulting from rough usage will not trouble their victims until they have had time to develop. Meanwhile the sport is receiving the encouragement of

college presidents and others interested in the promotion of higher education. But why football should be regarded as a beneficent stimulant to college rivalry, and a wholesome aid to the development of mental faculties it is difficult to understand. Physical exercise is undoubtedly benefical to the students, and college rivalry is a good thing, but why they should be encouraged at the risk of men's lives and limbs and future health, particularly when there are many less hazardous athletic sports that might be advantageously indulged in, it is difficult to understand. As a means of entertainment football is a success only by reason of the circumstance of its being a contest for supremacy. Its fine points are not visible to the naked eye, but the team that wins is supposed to excel in them. Still victory may be largely due to the preponderance of brute strength combined with the usual measure of luck that enters into nearly all contests. The science of the game is fictitious. There are some features of the game that involve skill but they are seldom exploited. The spectators enjoy the kicking of the ball, but it is kicked sporadically with a wide hiatus between kicks. It is more frequently under cover than open to public inspection, and when it is revealed to the spectators they generally express their gratitude in glad shouts. That brains are not essential to the proper exposition of the game was made evident in the east the other day, when a college team was defeated by eleven Indians. Some day a clever manipulator of automatons will match eleven wooden Indians against either Harvard or Yale and make the long-haired collegians look like pigmies.

The Press and Pugilism

TOWN TALK desires to call the attention of the dear public to the columns of space which were devoted by the local dailies last week and the week before to gossip, of the prize ring, and to accumulative descriptions of a fight between two beetle-browed bruisers with canine instincts. A few months ago those same dailies affected great indignation over the acquiscence of our city officials in the promotion of the pugilistic industry. They were impelled to drastic denunciation of the demoralizing diversion, by the sudden and violent removal of a wholly unnecessary member of the community. The circumstance of his having been actively engaged in the performance of what he deemed his duty at the time of the curtailment of his career, occasioned much agitation in the newspaper offices. They deprecated most bitterly the ripeness of a sentiment by which such shocking affairs were encouraged. Yet it does not occur to them that by publishing columns of information about the doings of the exponents of pugilism they cater to that same vulgar and degrading sentiment. They seem to be blissfully ignorant of the fact that when they treat a prize fight as the event of the day, of paramount interest to the armed conflict between two nations and to the impending contest over the management of the municipality, they imply in the strongest manner possible the belief that it is of the greatest interest to the greatest number of people. If they did not think so they would have subordinated it as a news item to matters which are absorbing the attention of the public. If they really believed that prize-fighting were demoralizing, and were sincere in their display of virtuous indignation some months ago, then their turpitude in promoting the degrading business is greater and more disgraceful than that of the ignorant brutes who are pedestaled by them for the admiration of the public. The newspapers are responsible for the prosperity of such men as Sharkey and Jeffries and have made it possible for them to attract throngs of people to the ringside. To be consistent they should refrain from sermonizing on the demoralizing influence of the prize-ring.

A Gentleman Leading The Boers

IT IS CONCEDED that the Boers of South Africa are not a cultured people. They have no Four Hundred and they prefer beer at all hours to tea in the afternoon. The Bible is the most risqué volume in their libraries and it has no rivals. They are a coarse people and higher education has no charms for them, but notwithstanding their lack of culture and their contempt for refining influences, their character is not devoid of the element of gentleness. Their commander, General Joubert, is a type of the kind of men that grow up from the soil of South Africa. Since the opening of hostilities he has on more than one occasion shown that he has the instincts of a gentleman and that they are even more highly developed than those of some of the blue-blooded officers of the British army. His message of regret to Lady Symons, widow of the late British General, was characteristic of the man and not a play to the galleries as might be supposed by those who do not know him. He is a large-minded, liberal and courteous gentleman and there is a good deal of the milk of human kindness in his bold spirit. The British officers will never excel Joubert in what are known as the amenities of war. His first act after capturing General White's battallions was to send to Ladysmith for surgeons to attend to the wounded. Imagine General Buller or General Kitchener evincing such concern for the enemy!

A Suggestion to Exterminate Criminals

FOR YEARS it has been the fad of the psychologist and criminologist to advocate the softest rose water treatment for the poor, unfortunate criminal who has been represented as the victim of circumstances, of society, of heredity, of anything and everything but his own innate devilishness and lack of restraint, internal and external. During the term of his incarceration he has been fed, clothed and housed far better than his honest and hard-working brother on the other side of the walls; he has been taught trades and sent to school; priests and preachers have devoted their time and attention to him—not to mention the fool women, and associations have been formed for the sole purpose of watching over his welfare and helping him along when he is liberated. Actuated by their desire to promote joy in heaven, those good people strive to make

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penitents of the jail-birds while neglecting the sufferings and sorrows of the innocent. This is in accordance with the teaching of the Bible, but as heaven is a place where there is nothing but joy, a little more or less should not be of consequence, and there is really no need of fostering it by a lax administration of affairs in such a place as San Quentin, where apparently prisoners have no difficulty in obtaining opium, whisky and weapons. Despite kind treatment the convicts are not regenerated, and within the last year or two there has been a modification of opinion as to the efficacy of the sugar-coated methods of our penologists. All over the land there has sounded a call for the whipping post and at a recent meeting of a Chautauqua Circle in Newburgh, N. Y., the Reverend C. F. Wixon, an elderly clergyman, declared himself in favor of exterminating criminals. When asked how this could be accomplished he answered: "I believe that when a man is twice convicted of a grave crime he ought to be exterminated, because crime is hereditary. I don't like the guillotine; it's too bloody. I don't like hanging; it's too violent. I don't like electrocution; it's too uncertain and expensive. I'd chloroform them. I don't believe in saddling the expense of maintaining 100,000 criminals on honest people." And therein he displays his common sense.

The Agitation Over The Roberts' Case

THAT Roberts' case is the greatest godsend that ever befell the women's clubs of these United States. It has given them an endless topic to discuss and resolute over, to condemn, and declaim and petition. The latest report is that seven million signatures have been attached to petitions asking that the polygamist be kept out of Congress. If this represented seven million voters or seven million women who had attained an age which might be considered that of reason, or even seven million distinct individuals who were capable of understanding what the rumpus is all about it would be a matter for serious consideration. But petitioners are not at all particular with regard to how names are obtained. Swell the list at all hazards, is the cry and one, at least of these enthusiastic anti Roberts' clubs calls upon everyone, regardless of age, sex, race, color or previous condition of servitude, to sign—sign this, no matter how many other lists may have been presented. One cannot but wonder how many of these virtuous wives and mothers have any actual guarantee that they are not themselves practically plural. Men who are not Mormons appear to have little, if any, difficulty in persuading women to marry them without taking special pains to make sure that there is not a previous legal claimant. A man who has only two or three extra wives is hardly of sufficient importance for a local paragraph. One with eight or nine may rise to the dignity of a page in a Sunday supplement, and just at present Chicago is slightly exercised over an individual who has accumulated forty-two without preliminary divorce. The Californian rule is to wait till a man dies and then the number of widowed claimants is in proportion to the size of the estate. If none but the strictly monogamous are to be considered eligible to a seat in the National Legislature, there would not be enough members to transact business. The Mormons that practiced polygamy gave all their wives a standing in the community; they regarded all their offspring as legitimate and supported all their families. Did they have foundling asylums, aid and relief societies, rescue homes and such other institutions to aid them in shifting private burdens to public shoulders? A certain prominent member of the Church of the Latter Day Saints once sized up the situation by remarking that the only difference between Mormons and the rest of the world lay in the circumstance that the Mormons drove their wives abreast, while the others drove them tandem.

Necessity for Brutal Frankness

IN DISCUSSING the Harper-McClure combination, the *Overland* affects to see danger of a magazine trust. "The young poet, the beginner at story writing, the aspiring illustrator, find it none too easy now to see their work in print and get the benefit that comes from trying their early efforts on a public, no matter how limited. And what of the multitudes who live on the results of modest achievement in conducting, writing for, editing, or illustrating the minor magazines?" The *Ceutury* on the other hand, wants "A Retiring Board for Amateurs." "We have had occasion heretofore to comment on the extraordinary ease of access to print which is afforded to writers in this country. * * * The publisher's pilot boat is in every offing in a perpetual race for the coming prize. The press, also, is on the qui vive to recognize whatever may be admirable or novel in each new volume.'' It is comparatively easy for a writer of small merit but a "taking" style to obtain a vogue. Flippancy, or audacity serve to attract attention, and slip-shod grammar and rhetoric are passed over by the reader. Superficial success breeds a contempt for style which is looked upon as quite unnecessary. The same state of affairs exists with regard to painting and music. Small and very ordinary talent joined to application which is encouraged by flattery immediately takes rank as genius. Every little girl who, at ten years of age, has mastered scales and finger exercises, is spurred on to appear at concerts and musicales, teachers are importuned to give free lessons for the sake of reflected honor and glory; people of means are harassed by applications for assistance to send the prodigy abroad for finishing, and after all there is evolved not a musician, but a mere player upon some instrument. Youths of both sexes who have merely a knack at drawing spend years of semi-starvation and hardship in Europe dragging themselves about from one art centre to another often a drain on the slender resources of the family at home, too proud to acknowledge defeat, or too blind to admit their own shortcomings; and when, at last the truth is forced upon them that they are failures, they are utterly unfit to take up the other work that might have been theirs. It has been truthfully said that "what is needed is more brutal frankness toward mediocrity, and a studious exclusion of the idea that there can be any higher or more honorable service than the joy-giving performance of the duties that lie nearest one's hand."

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FOODS

THE ROCK OF AGES

I AM THE BABE that in the manger lay,
The mystic offspring of the Mother-maid;
I am the Christ whose pale and suffering clay,
Was the great price for man's salvation paid;
I am the God to Whom a world has prayed
For nineteen hundred years. I am the Way,
The Truth, the Life, the comfort and the stay,
To Whom despairing mortals look for aid.

Faith faggots, kindled in the furious light
Of bigot hate, like wrecking beacons gleam
Across the crimson waves that beat time's shore;
But through the wildest storm and darkest night,
I stand the Rock of Ages, and my beam
Leadeth and saveth those whose hearts are pure.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

The Saunterer

WHEN I called attention, two weeks ago, to the establishing of a gambling club in Mason street, under the auspices of Chief of Police Lees, I did not expect to precipitate a spasm of virtuous indignation in the daily morning newspaper field. I supposed that gambling had become one of the recognized social diversions of this up-to-date community, and that the rake-off was regarded as a legitimate perquisite of the police department. It now appears that I had a wrong impression. All forms of gambling prohibited by statute are not tolerated in this community; only those forms that produce a rake-off for the dailies are considered "good form." Lottery, for instance, is good form. The dailies get their rake-off over the advertising counter. They get the highest advertising rates for publishing the winning numbers. They charge higher rates for that sort of advertising than for any other kind, presumably for the reason that they take a chance in violating the law and because they are put to the trouble of changing their forms for the accommodation of Uncle Sam; for Uncle, be it known, declines to wink at the lottery evil and would severely punish a newspaper proprietor for sending his paper containing the winning numbers through the mails. The dailies are therefore compelled to publish one edition for the interior without the winning numbers, and one edition for their city subscribers with the winning numbers.

The directors of the Mason street gambling club are wotully lacking in discretion. It was not sufficient for them to make their peace with the police. They should have inserted a half page ad in each of the dailies calling attention to the location of their faro game, the size of the bank-roll, the sumptuousness of the accommodations, and the facilities for acquiring wealth by means of a flirtation with their well-fed tiger. They are guilty of almost criminal negligence. They should have hired a press agent after the style of the dog-race promoters and instructed him to get in occasional reading notices informing the public how Rube Hayseed visited their club with only two one-dollar bills on his person and went away with enough money to liquidate the mortgage on his farm. That sort of judicious advertising would enable them to declare a dividend three times a day and after awhile they could ignore old Lees and rely entirely on the moral support of the dailies.

I hope that it is not too late and that the California club directors will act in accordance with my suggestion. Prudence may still avail. And I am sincere when I declare that I think faro inflicts no evil upon a community like ours where facilities for gambling are not suppressed. There are men in this city who are bound to give rein to their gambling passion, and in permitting them to do so at the faro-table, the effect is not one-tenth so demoralizing as it is in places where laboring men and women and youths of both sexes are publicly engaged in frittering away their small earnings. I hope the dailies will abandon the crusade against the tiger, for as a newspaper man it grieves me to find the great metropolitan exponents of journalism engaged in emphasizing their hypocrisy.

"They must do a lot of fasting for their sins in New York."
"Why do you think so?"
"There was a dispatch in the *Examiner* last Sunday stating that Mrs. Oelrichs had just given the first dinner of the season."

Another San Francisco girl has decided to become a professional. Miss Maude Fay, a pupil of Madame Anna von Meyerinck, is this city's latest contribution to the world of song. Miss Fay has an established reputation in local musical circles as a singer of exceptional promise, and competent critics who have heard her rare soprano at concerts, have given her most enthusiastic praise. Mr. Alfred Metzger, TOWN TALK'S critic, who is regarded as the leading musical authority in the city, declares that she has a voice of remarkable purity and sweetness, with that carrying quality which is always so effective. He adds that her fine presence is an advantage which assures success on

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JOHN CAFFREY, Pacific Coast Representative

the concert stage. Other critics who have heard her in selections from "The Flying Dutchman" and "Tannhauser" have declared that her powerful soprano is admirably suited to the intensity of the operas, while Oscar Weil, the composer, who is an old stager and hard to please, said after hearing her in Schumann's "Moonlight" that he had never heard it done better even by celebrated artists. So after such testimony I am sure that Mr. Herbert Kidder, the impresario, who has induced Miss Fay to enter the profession as a member of his select concert company, for a subscription tour, should be congratulated.

In person Miss Fay is an ideal Elsa and Elizabeth. She is tall, with a fine dignity of manner and a graceful carriage. When she comes upon the stage you are at once impressed with a feeling of confidence in her ability. You feel that she will sing to please you, and that she will sing well. At the sale of cushions given for sweet charity's sake at the residence of Mrs. de Young last season, and at other functions, Miss Fay was among the vocalists volunteering their services, and those who heard her sing expressed in particular their admiration of her simple, unaffected manner. She is a very charming young woman and the fact that she is an accomplished French and German scholar naturally adds to her ability in interpreting gems of song by foreign composers.

Mildred cast herself down on the divan, plunged her head into the cushions, and wrestled with her indecision.

"Tell me," she said to Laura, her dearest friend, "how to decide. I have just had two offers of marriage, one from Old Millions and the other from his son. I love neither."

Laura took no time for deliberation.

"It is merely a question of money, then," she answered, "and of health. Take the one who looks nearest his grave."

Charley Dryden, the Examiner's humorous special writer, has returned from his home in Chicago whither he went for brief respite from newspaper labor. When asked how he managed to while away the time in the Embalmed Beef burg he replied that he spent most of his time on the lake shore listening to the incompetent, immaterial and irrelavent sayings of the waves. He visited the newspaper offices to renew old acquaintances, and found Sockless Harry Tod, who was President of the San Francisco Press club, some years ago, acting as night editor of the Chronicle. It was pay day, and Sockless Harry having drawn his princely salary was as independent as a pork packer. Something had occurred that didn't please him, so he resigned and left for parts unknown. Tod has been resigning and vanishing ever since he has been in the newspaper business.

The people of England do not keep pace with the evolution of the English language. A London weekly recently offered a prize for the best list of ten strong words and the following won: Hate, blood, hungry, dawn, coming, gone, love, dead, alone, forever. Those are undoubtedly strong but the list seems incomplete without such eloquent words as "nit" and "rubberneck" which contribute so greatly to the strength of the mother tongue as she is spoke on this side of the pond.

Charles H. Shinn had in a recent number of the *Forum* an article on the subject of "The Literature of the Pacific Coast." Mr. Shinn is well qualified to speak upon this particular subject and his paper, though brief and necessarily somewhat statistical, is one of the most accurate and comprehensive that has appeared. Another name which might appropriately have found mention amongst Pacific Coast authors is that of Ella W. Peattie, whose story in the September *Atlantic*, "The Man on the Edge of Things" is not only one of the best short stories that has appeared in a long while, but is a truthful, if somewhat ghastly tale of the lonesomeness of a sheep ranch. Many years ago, I happened to be the only English speaking resident of a region in the southern San Joaquin valley, which was given over to sheep farming. Several evenings of each week, a young man used to walk miles to the ranch house ostensibly for a supply of milk for himself and his two Mexican herders, but really, as he put it, "to curse sheep to someone who could understand him." He had invested all his savings in a herd of "wooly idiots," as Roosvelt calls them, and then started out to learn the business. The tales he used to tell of the monotonous weariness of watching the herd day after day, the utter stupidity of the creatures, and, it being the time of one of the worst drouths our state has ever passed through, the discouragement of seeing one's whole capital melting away at the rate of three dollars a sheep and often twenty sheep in a day, were a revelation to me, who had had heretofore only the city idea of gentle and innocent white lambs sporting on green hill sides, and beautiful theoretic notions of the joys of a pastoral existence.

"So you intend to commit suicide if I don't let you marry my daughter," said the rich banker.

"That's what I said," was the firm response.

"How do you account for this passionate love?" asked the father.

"It's hereditary," was the reply; "both my father and mother were in love, and, besides, my grandfather on my mother's side was very wealthy; so it's very easy for me to love your daughter as ardently as I do."

Whereupon the banker declared that while he approved of ardent love he had serious objection to the introduction of the suicidal mania into his family. And he displayed so much feeling at the close of the interview that the young man was considerably moved, taking his regrets with him.

Miss Eliza D. Keith gave a lecture on "David Harum," with illustrative readings, on Monday afternoon at the Hotel Berkshire. The lecture was so interesting that Miss Keith will probably repeat it in the near future, in the evening so that more will have the opportunity to attend.

New "Pompadour Turbans," new picture hats and dainty, dressy little Bonnets. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

On Thursday evening Madame Genevra Johnstone Bishop will make her re-appearance in San Francisco, this time under more favorable circumstances than two years ago, for while at that time she was somewhat indisposed because of weary travel and the climate, she is now in excellent health and voice. Her Los Angeles concert having created much enthusiasm, it will certainly be fair to give her another chance to make herself worthy of the reputation which endorses her as one of the foremost exponents of oratorio in America. Inasmuch as a number of prominent society women have interested themselves in this coming event it is safe to predict that it will be a fashionable as well as an artistic affair. Madame Bishop will be assisted by Frederick Mollenhauer, the able violinist, and the San Francisco Philharmonic orchestra under the direction of James Hamilton Howe.

Mr. and Mrs. John Hays Hammond are at the Hotel Ritz, Paris.

A serial romance running daily is now a feature of the *Evening Post*, and it is attracting considerable attention. Editor Hume suggested this new departure the other day, and City Editor Carroll selected Charley Ulrich of his very capable staff for the task of inventing the romance and turning out the copy. Mr. Ulrich is a booksmith of wonderfully fertile imagination. He wrote a series of thrilling stories of the French Revolution for the *Bulletin* several years ago, and he has made a reputation as a dramatist with such works as "The Celestial Maiden," a Chinese play, and "Robespierre" which was accepted by Lewis Morrison. After fifteen hours' notice Mr. Ulrich turned in the copy for the introductory chapters of his thrilling local romance of love, intrigue and anarchy, entitled "When The Storm Breaks." The story has caught on in a way that has increased the demand for the *Post*. How long Mr. Ulrich will keep his readers in suspense I have no idea but they will surely follow the fortunes of Madeline Forbes to the closing line. One of the features of the story is the character of Chief of Police Jones which is recognized by Chief Lees as a faithful portrayal of himself.

Chico, which is the hotbed of sensations, has been treated to a very large one during the past fortnight. This is the case of Dr. J. Ellis Rodley, whom one John Garner recently accused in open court of perjury. Dr. Rodley was once mayor of Chico and is very prominent in Butte county's professional and social circles. After Garner made his statement, which was in fact a confession in which he implicated himself with Dr. Rodley, the physician was placed in jail on ten thousand dollars bonds. The alleged perjury was committed in the Fuller will case. It is expected that before this case is ended, many other important developments will be made. Dr. Landis, another of Chico's well-known physicians, has a little side issue in dispute over a fifteen thousand dollar promissory note that is said to be due him from the Fuller estate.

Apropos of the Salisbury–Keyes marriage, which was the prominent event of the week though a home function, a constant reader of TOWN TALK, who is well versed in the Almanach de Gotha of this part of the world takes occasion to correct a wrong impression regarding the cerulean hue of the blood that courses through the veins of the Keyes' and Loughboroughs. While they are thorough aristocrats in the sense in which the members of our somewhat newly rich are accepted, yet according to my correspondent they do not trace their lineage back without a break to the Mayflower period. The late General Keyes married a Mrs. Bissell, whose maiden name was Loughborough, and who was once a nun in a convent. The great-grandfather of the Misses Loughborough, on the maternal side, was a successful butcher of Martinsburg, West Virginia. He was a model good man in every way, but he did not belong to the swim of his town. His son, Alexander Loughborough, the father of the present generation of Loughboroughs, was given a very liberal education, and at the time of his death was one of the most eminent and reputable lawyers of this city.

Now that the war in Africa has made the word "Uitlander" familiar to newspaper readers it may be well to explain that it is synonymous with "carpet-bagger."

Our own troubles engage our attention so constantly that we have no time to devote to those of others. We have supposed that our maladministration of municipal government was so outrageous that it could not be matched anywhere on this coast, and it may therefore afford some consolation to know that the people of the little town of Santa Cruz have been up against the real thing in municipal mismanagement. Think of a tax rate of over four dollars on every one hundred dollars of assessed valuation! That is what they are paying in Santa Cruz. They own their own water works to be sure, but what a costly investment it was! They issued over three hundred thousand dollars worth of bonds to buy the works, and were afterward goldbricked into refunding the bonded debt by a firm of shrewd New York brokers who failed to cancel the old bonds, and after selling the new ones went through bankruptcy. Now the people of Santa Cruz have a bonded debt of over six hundred thousand dollars on their hands. No wonder that Santa Cruz property has depreciated to less than half its value. A citizen of the town has informed me that you can buy the Sea Beach hotel property for thirty thousand dollars including the furniture. The property cost seventy-five thousand dollars and the owner refused fifty thousand dollars for it two years ago.

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The people of Santa Cruz have some little satisfaction in the reflection that as F. A. Hihn, the millionaire, owns nearly all the property the burden of taxation falls on him somewhat heavily. "Old" Hihn, as they call him, is the power behind the throne in the surf-side city, and the people seem to think that he is responsible for much of their troubles. He has lately been trying to sell them his water works, the pipe line of which parallels that of the city's works, and he offered to part with them for five hundred dollars a month for thirty years, the people to keep them in repair for that period. The deal was almost consummated when Editor Taylor of the *Surf* cut the strings of a bag that contained a large feline. He pointed out that the Hihn pipe line consisted of old logs bound together with iron bands, and that as they had been in use a quarter of a century were in a fine state of decay. To keep the line in repair meant to renew the entire system. I believe that Editor Taylor caused the city officials to hesitate and that the deal is now in statu quo.

Mr. and Mrs. Desire Fricot, of Stockton, who left for a European tour in June, are sojourning in Italy now after extended visits in France and Switzerland. They contemplate a cruise about the Mediterranean and a trip to England after which they will probably return to Paris. Paul Eichelroth, brother of Mrs. Fricot, who accompanied them to Europe has settled at a Parisian suburb where he is studying French and mathematics preparatory to entering the State university for a special course in mining engineering.

So many good things are promised when the millennium comes that I suppose it will not be until then that candidates for public office will decline to be sandbagged by the pestiferous plunderers of the hand-to mouth press. A species of blackmail is practiced in every campaign in this city by a horde of harpies sent out by weekly papers, certain dailies published in foreign tongues, trade sheets of all descriptions and even religious publications, to prey upon timid aspirants for office. Where merely legitimate advertising is sought there can be no objection, but in many instances the support of the paper is bartered and it is plainly stated that unless it is purchased the other fellow will get its support. This contemptible business if practiced by a religious publication smells to heaven. The organ of a religious sect wields a powerful influence upon its readers, who subscribe for it because they regard it as the mouthpiece of their church or synagogue. It is not fair to them to conceal from them the fact that its eulogy of a candidate was inspired by hard cash.

Ugo Talbo, the well known tenor who died in Stockton and was interred in San Francisco this week, was a greater man than most of us knew. He had sung in opera before most of the crowned heads of Europe. He won favorable notices from the musical critics of England, France, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and even captious Italy that holds the heart of music in her hand and is rather chary of praise. He sang with the best artists of their time and in a repertory wide in range and exacting in its demands. He had heard the plaudits of the world ring in his ears and—irony of fate—he died with no relative near to close his eyes. Ugo Talbo knew the world's censure as well as its praise, for, as often happens with men of special gifts. his strength was counterbalanced by a weakness and this was his undoing. The first time I heard Ugo Talbo sing was many years ago at the Baldwin, at the benefit given to Joe Grismer. He sang "La Donna è Mobile," and his great tenor was then marvelously clear and even in tone. I heard him at his last public appearance a month ago when he sang in St. John's Episcopal church of Stockton, selecting by premonition "Watchman, Tell Us of the Night," with the melancholy line, "The shadows of death encompass me."

There is joy in the swim for Miss "Attie" Murphy will be back next month, and it is expected that she will have some fine tales to tell of the doings of London's smart set. Miss Murphy had the privilege of being presented at court and though it was not a drawing-room of vast proportions, with all royalty present, still it may be counted better than no drawing-room at all. Miss Murphy's presence will give life to what promised to be a rather dull winter. She is a vivacious young woman, petite of figure and of brisk and agile carriage. With Mrs. Sam Buckbee, who has always been her close friend, she is counted among the most favored guests at dinner, tea or ball.

I am glad to see Robert B. Murdoch, cashier of the Bank of Commerce, at his duties again. Mr. Murdoch has been very ill, though his complaint was chicken-pox, not small-pox as reported in the daily papers. His only regret is that his convalescence was not more rapid, so as to permit him a chance to cast his vote on Tuesday, but he was not pronounced cured until the election was over.

When William De Mott Dressler, better known as "Jake," went to the polls on election day to cast his little vote he was told that his name was not on the register. Now Jake is a pessimist of the most uncompromising type, and he is known in the *Examiner* office as "the man with the hammer." Here was a chance for him to wield his favorite instrument, and he did so. He told the election officers that he knew his name was on the register. It was put there by Registrar Steppacher, and therefore it must be there. A bullet-headed German looked carefully over the register and finally he discovered the name of William De Mott Russell.

"That was intended for my name," said Dressler.

"Bud it vos somebodies elses isn'd it?" queried the election officer.

Dressler tried in vain to convince the man that it was a mistake and insisted upon his right to vote, but he would not be permitted to do so. Finally he started off to the City Hall where he told his troubles to the Registrar. Back he went to the booth armed with a certificate signed by the Registrar and an order directing the election officers to accept his vote.

But the bullet-headed German eyed him suspiciously and told him that it didn't go. Another appeal was made to the Registrar, A deputy was seni to the booth to straighten out the difficulty, but he too failed and Dressler was finally compelled to retire. Now he declares that the election machinery of San Francisco is worse than that of a backwoods' village.

New "Pompadour Turbans," new picture hats and dainty, dressy little Bonnets Mrs S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny Street.

The *Capital* of Los Angeles keeps a close watch on the newspaper writers of San Francisco. In a recent dramatic criticism which appeared in the *Examiner* the writer assured the public that "no young man need blush to take his father to see the play." "Brother, brother," says the *Capital*, "bury that stolen epigram. You have used it three times in the past year, and each time without giving credit to the author." The *Capital* man has evidently some very puritanical ideas on the subject of literary piracy. Does he not know that to quote a familiar epigram is unnecessary, and bad form, and that it implies a lack of confidence in one's readers? To use a borrowed epigram three times in one year, however, is almost as bad as deliberate plagiarism. But perhaps the *Capital* man is mistaken. Perhaps two other writers on the *Examiner* staff made use of that epigram. I am reluctant to believe that Mr. Ashton Stevens would press the limit in such matters. Surely he has a few original epigrams up his sleeve, with which to vary the monotony of dramatic criticism.

New Saleslady: Are we much pressed here during business hours?

Second Saleslady: Not so much now as formerly. Our new floor-walker is the soul of discretion.

I saw a late picture of Bob Davis and his pretty bride, who was Madge Lee Anderson and known to San Franciscans, the other day. Bob has taken on dignity and twenty additional pounds of flesh since he left us for the New York *Journal*. The spectacles which were only an occasional indulgence have become a habit and add immeasurably to Bob's good looks. Mr. Davis is now assistant Sunday editor of the *Journal*, I am told, and his jokes help the other Californians of the original coterie from becoming homesick.

Will Hearst is no longer the only high bidder for journalistic talent. When he went to New York he made things hum in newspaper circles by rounding up all the best talent that could be lured to the *Journal* office by glittering offers. He made old Pulitzer and Bennett squirm by raising the standard of wages and depriving them of their brightest men, but now old Wanamaker, who has gone into the newspaper business in Philadelphia, is taking a hand in the game, and threatens to play havoc with the *Journal* and *Examiner* staff. He began by securing Arthur McEwen, and later on he lured Sam Chamberlain away from Hearst. Last week he began negotiations with Bob Edgren, the *Examiner's* leading cartoonist, offering him seventy-five dollars a week to join the *North American*. Edgren wired that he wanted more money, but the reply came back that seventy-five dollars was the limit. Then he wired his acceptance and asked for transportation for two. He was subsequently informed that transportation would be sent by mail, so Bob Edgren will probably soon be competing with Davenport in the broader field of national politics.

First Maiden School Teacher: After all, Judge Seawell did but half his duty when he said we might retain our places and our husbands.

Second M. S. T.: You are right. He should have told us where to find the husbands.

Maude Granger is another of those actresses who would better have retired forever from public life than have allied themselves with unworthy productions. Maude Granger has not outlived her usefulness. She has sunk her ambition, but her talent still remains. A little energy is all that is needed to enable her to climb the dramatic ladder upon whose higher rounds she once stood. She never reached the top of that ladder—but she could have done so. In the minds of most of us Maude Granger lives as the sweet, ingenuous Dora of the star "Diplomacy" cast, that star cast containing Harry Montague and the only Zicka, Jeffreys-Lewis. Perhaps that "Diplomacy" would long since have been forgotten, for we have had other plays presented here with all-star casts, but that the tragic death of Harry Montague made an impression upon our theatre-goers that could not soon be forgotten.

Treasurer of the Ladies' Benevolent Society: I don't see what in the world we are to do with all this cash in hand.

New Member: What is the matter with giving it to the poor and needy?

Treasurer: Oh, we have given flannel night-dresses to all on our list who need them.

President: I move, then, that we spend our surplus in giving a grand charity ball.

And they all fell to talking about what they would wear at the function.

It is worthy of note that the lovely gowns worn by Nance O'Neil in "The Shadow" were made by a San Francisco dressmaker. The most striking of the frocks is the brown cloth worn in the last act. The skirt is cut after the latest Parisian pattern and is of the clinging style. The lower part of the skirt is of appliqué, to match the trimming of the waist. In the third act Thérèse Duliamel wears a gray gown of cashmere or Henrietta or some similar clinging material trimmed with iridescent passementerie. Nance O'Neil's large and nobly built figure is well adapted to display to advantage the modern trained gown with its severe hip lines and yet abundance of drapery. But what I meant to lay stress upon is the fact that an actress need not go abroad to have her stage costumes made when such exquisite creations as those worn by Nance O'Neil in "The Shadow" can be designed and made by a local modiste.

First Chappie: Silly Soubrette is the dearest girl I ever met.

Second Chappie: Yes, I never knew a dearer—too dear for me.

Mary Van Buren made a hit at the tournament of the Los Angeles Country club last Saturday that duplicated any of her stage successes. Miss Van Buren appeared upon this occasion in the role of Werther's Charlotte but instead of bread and butter she cut a cake. The cake was the prize given to the ladies making the poorest gross score. The Frawleys, by the way, are made much of socially in Los Angeles and Miss Van Buren is one of the greatest favorites. Another pet of society is young Reginald Travers. Mr. Travers can sing coon songs with anybody and has such genial manners that he is naturally a favorite everywhere.

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Wedding Announcements and Invitations . . .

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Now that the election is over and the wise men of the republican campaign committee have had time to reflect on their misdeeds, they have probably concluded that the interests of Mr. Davis could have been much more advantageously conserved by less questionable methods. The campaign served to introduce Mr. Zenas U. Dodge to the people of the city, in the role of a political leader, and to thrust into prominence such men as Mr. Alex Truman the well known dog fancier, and Mr. True-to-his-friend Martin. They were the guiding spirits of the G. O. P., and what a sorry mess they made of it! They lured poor Mr. Davis from his Sunday school to the Poodle Dog to commune with the penitent Martin Kelly, and they sought to educate the public through the medium of a literary bureau whence emanated the most remarkable circulars that ever made their appearance in a campaign. They gave circus performances in many rings and featured A. P. Van Duzer as the star clown. Mr. Van Duzer contributed to the gayety of the G. O. P. by assailing Mayor Phelan, and thereby swelling the latter's majority. From the beginning to the end of the campaign the so-called reform managers blundered, made themselves ridiculous and aroused the indignation of the community. They estranged the decent element of the republican party, and proved themselves utterly unfit for the task they had undertaken.

In pleasing contrast to the plan of campaign adopted by Dodge and the other artful dodgers of the republican county committee was that of the men who guided the destinies of the democratic ticket. The executive officer of the campaign committee was Mr. Louis Bartlett who was at his post from the opening to the close of the campaign, and although he never had any previous experience in that line of work he proved himself a most clever, energetic and faithful manager. His only advisers were Charles S. Fay and Gavin McNab, and their wise counsel was made manifest by the promptness with which they checkmated the enemy.

"No," said Maude, as she turned the cards for her most persistent suitor, "you will never marry the woman you love."

However, the sweet smile with which she punctuated her words was turned to a heavy frown at the interruption of her thirteen-year-old brother:

"Say, sis—

"'Did yer ever hear of Captain Baxter,
Whom Miss Biddy refused before he axed her?'"

A correspondent writes me from Japan that one of the most popular members of the American colony is Mrs. Strahle, a former San Franciscan. Mrs. Strahle is best remembered here as May Stone, daughter of the late Dudley C. Stone, the pioneer educator, who died a few years ago. Miss Stone married a wealthy German, a silk manufacturer, and they live in excellent style in Yokohama. Their residence, one of the handsomest in the Japanese capital, was formerly the property of Mr. Robinson, the Englishman who gained post-mortem notoriety of worldwide extension through the manner of his taking off. He was shot, it will be remembered, by Lieutenant Hetherington, the United States navy officer, who accused him of being on too friendly terms with his wife. It afterwards appeared that the Englishman was not one-half so much to blame as the American lady, who had begun the flirtation and did not keep it within the bounds of propriety.

See our beautiful November "Dress Hats" new, elegant and becoming. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

General Harrison Gray Otis, the rubiconhero of the Philippines, recently entertained the members of the Ebell club of Los Angeles with a harrowing tale of the moving incidents of field and flood in which he figured in the Orient. As the Ebell club consists of ladies the general must have made a very deep impression. They asked him all sorts of questions about the scenes of carnage in and around Manila, and he answered them with becoming modesty, using the personal pronoun apologetically but frequently, and resorting to the second person when convenient.

"And now, if you don't mind," said one of the fair dames," will you please tell us how a *hero* feels when in the midst of battle?"

General Otis blushed like a gallant soldier leading a german. Would he mind telling her! Certainly not, or perhaps nit, for he is too true a hero to refuse sweet femininity anything within reason.

"I have heard it said of certain soldiers," he began, "that they did not know fear; that they went into battle not appearing to heed the showers of shot and shell that rattled around. Of such a man I should simply say that he was frenzied. Any man that goes into battle with a clear head, does realize his danger. He cannot help it. He does not go forward because

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Estate of ABRAHAM BACHERT, commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, Deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, F. W. DOHRMANN, Executor of the last will of ABRAHAM BACHERT commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of F A. DENICKE, Attorney at Law, Rooms 7, 8 and 9, No. 14 Sansome street, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco, October 18, 1899.

F. W. DOHRMANN,
Executor of the last will of Abraham Bachert commonly known as and called August Bachert, Deceased

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Executor.

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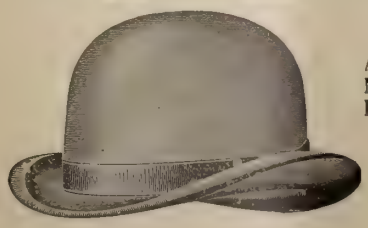

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he is oblivious of his peril, but because he believes it to be his duty to do so.''

There you have it in a nutshell. General Otis always went into battle with a clear head in addition to his typewriter. He realized his danger, for if he did not how could he be brave? They are only fools who rush in where angels fear to tread, and the rubiconhero is no fool. He went forward to the banks of the Rubicon conscious of his peril, and he crossed, in response to duty's call, from the other side. There are no flies on the military escutcheon of General Otis.

Mrs. Louis Weinmann gave a tea at her residence in Alameda last Friday afternoon in honor of the Executive committee of Laurel Hall club. Fifty ladies were delightfully entertained with games of Shakespearean quotations, some wonderful conundrums, recitations by Mrs. Ella Sexton and Mrs Harry Powell, and several Irish and Scotch ballads by Mrs. J. M. Pierce. The prize—a beautiful cup and saucer—for the greatest number of correct answers, was awarded Mrs. Sexton. The consolation prize—a bonbon box—was awarded to Mrs. Finnie. Delicious refreshments were served, the dining-room being elaborately decorated, as were the other rooms, with palms and chrysanthemums. Mrs. Weinmann's three nieces assisted her during the afternoon. The hostess was gowned in a most becoming crème organdie trimmed with pale lavender. There were many beautiful autumn costumes worn by the guests.

Scribbler: I suppose you like problem stories?
Miss Gideigh: No; I never was any good at mathematics.

The many friends of Miss Carolyn Boyan will be pleased to hear of her success in securing the position of solo contralto in Grace church of Providence, R. I., where she began her services last Sunday. Miss Boyan returned east a month sooner than she intended, in response to a telegram from her teacher—Anna Miller Wood—to try for a position; she sang three songs in the vast auditorium of the church to the committee of judges and was engaged at once. The position is the finest alto position in a musical, financial and social way, in Providence and commands a salary of five hundred dollars a year with a month's vacation in summer. The choir is composed of a solo quartet and chorus. Miss Boyan had sung at two large musical affairs in Providence during the summer and has already a large class in sight reading and several private pupils there. She will, however, continue to reside in Boston, where she assists Miss Wood in her teaching.

News comes from Boston of the engagement of Miss Bessie Lincoln of that city and Murray Anthony Potter, formerly of Berkeley and now a professor at Dartmouth. Miss Lincoln is the daughter of Solomon Lincoln, one of Boston's most prominent lawyers. Mr. Potter is a son of Ed. E. Potter, the insurance man of this city. Though not yet thirty years of age, he has already won name and fame. One of his younger brothers, Clarence, was a student at Stanford and is now enrolled among the medical fraternity of San Francisco. The Potter boys are related on their mother's side to the Anthonys of Oakland and are well known on both sides of the bay.

One of the members of Peter C. Allen's orchestral society composed of thirty young society women is Miss Alice Chipman of Red Bluff. She is the daughter of General and Mrs. N. P. Chipman. The family came down from their northern home some time ago to spend the winter in town, and will remain here until February.

The name of Fougère, the music hall singer now pleasing the salaciously inclined New Yorker, revives memories of the famous cork room at Koster & Bial's, which was destroyed some years ago, thereby cutting great holes in the hearts of Gotham's gilded youth. Eugenie Fougère, with Carmencita, Dorothy Denning, Marie Vanoni, Madge Lessing, Pacra, Paulus, Marie Lloyd and Jennie Joyce were a few of the names spelled out in corks on the ceiling and panels of the cork room. The room was not very large—only ten feet wide, twenty feet long and eight feet high—but it was full of memories and forty thousand champagne corks were used in the dados and frescoes. Among the famous men who at different times drank champagne in Koster's & Bial's cork room, which a spasm of virtue on the management's part caused to be eliminated from the show-places of New York, were Thomas A. Edison, Welhelmj the violinist and another violinist, Remenyi, Richard Mansfield, Joe Emmett Sr., Gilmore the band leader, and Levy the cornetist. It was Edison who invented the electric lights held in a hand-grasp which, after the cork room was destroyed were transferred to the bar at the front of the place. The arms and hands are fac similes of Edison's own.

Dr. T. E. Shumate has returned from Europe and has moved his office to 794 Sutter street.

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LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

The provincial aristocracy of Oakland is very easily shocked. To hear the gossips across the bay discussing the little tilt in the household of one of the first families you would think that something dreadful had occurred. In Newport, where the élite of the nation commune in social revel, they attach not the slightest significance to the circumstance of a gay young matron's attending a place of amusement and sipping wine with a gentleman of her set. It is considered vulgar in Newport to gossip about a young matron's flirtation, and why should it not be so on this edge of the continent? The affair that is causing so much talk across the bay occurred in a Mason street restaurant in this city, which contains curtained rooms and a very bad orchestra. It was an unfortunate coincidence that the husband should wander into the place while his wife was seated with her cavalier, but there was nothing in the incident to shock up-to-date people. The wife was guilty of neglect in having failed to acquaint her husband with her intention to accompany the young Oakland attorney to this city, but surely she committed no serious breach of the proprieties as they are understood by the advanced set. According to the very latest amended social code, the only grave indiscretion was that of the husband in exhibiting displeasure in a public place, but I believe that it is denied that he did so. Likewise is the story denied that a divorce suit is impending and that the wife is home with her aristocratic mamma awaiting developments.

They say they're very haughty,
Those dames across the bay,
And that they're never naughty
Yes, that is what they say.
Their love is all platonic,
E'en though it's in the dark.
They flirt just for a tonic;
There's nothing in a lark.
So why should hubby get hot in the collar?

Oakland is altogether too prolific of gossip. The town is just small enough to make private affairs common property. The whispering habit is infectious over there. It was this predilection for whispering that drove poor Alexander to suicide. If his friends had known of his embarrassment he would have been quickly relieved, but when he learned that he was being "whispered," he became frantic and ended his life. The young woman who is said to have figured in the Mason street episode is such a vivacious young woman and so popular that she has on more than one occasion excited the envy of the tabbies. I believe that she was one of a party that went on a tug excursion, some years ago, which was talked about for many weeks. It was whispered about that they ran the tug into a secluded cove and went in swimming, but not having started out with that intention it was necessary to improvise bathing suits. The newspapers told the story of the affair and all Oakland was shocked.

When the next, or rather the Board of Supervisors elect, is inducted into office there should be appropriate ceremonies by the University club. Whether there are or not I feel quite certain that when Mayor Phelan calls the eighteen legislators to order for the first time, the chambers of the board will contain a sprinkling of the fashionable set, for there will be considerable curiosity at Blingum and on Pacific Heights as to how our jeunesse d'orée who have turned statesmen will conduct themselves upon assuming their official responsibilities. There never were so many university graduates in a Board of Aldermen as there are among the eighteen supervisors just elected. Jim Booth, Thomas Jennings, Joe Tobin, Dr. d'Ancona, R.P. Hotaling and Chas. Wesley Reed are all university men. Their election certainly bespeaks a wholesome influence in municipal politics. I have been waiting for somebody to dub it the dude board or the dandy board, but whatever appellation is applied to it I predict for it a record that will convince tax payers that it is advisable to search elsewhere than the slums for public servants.

The younger branch of Sacramento's swim will miss a popular member this winter in Miss Alice Dray, who will leave tomorrow for New York where she will visit her sister, Mrs. C. S. Culver. Miss Fannie Danforth will leave today for New York but will return before the holidays.

A very charming little "afternoon" was given last Saturday by Miss Camille Bley at her parents' residence in Eddy street. There were about twenty present and the game played was "quotations." Handsome prizes, in leather work, were given the fortunate ones who made the largest number of correct guesses, in filling out the quoted lines, while dainty souvenirs were presented to all the guests.

Gonzales Rivas, the impresario of the Filipinos who were brought from their native islands to exhibit their accomplishments at the late Mechanics' Institute fair, is in trouble. It is not so much financial worry that presses upon the stranded impresario, but the thought that he may have to part forever from the girl he loves, Oliva Muyot, the slack wire artist. When Rivas first came here and when he was drawing a princely income for his Filipinos from the Mechanics' Institute directors, he lavished his money freely upon Oliva, who lived like a queen surrounded by luxury. Rivas spent at one time seventy-five dollars with a local photograph gallery for pictures of Oliva in every imaginable pose. He gave the girl diamonds, a valuable watch and plenty of spending money. That he later took back these gifts need not be laid to his discredit. He fell upon hard luck and who but his chère amie was there to help him out? During the time he was receiving money from the Mechanics' Institute, Rivas was the prey of all sorts of adventurers. He could not keep a cent in his pocket, but bought everything that fakirs pressed him to buy, and agreed to every proposition, no matter how absurd, suggested to invest his cash. He can only speak French and Spanish and consequently the financial deals had to be made through an interpreter, thus giving opportunity for the latter,

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

Hair Dressing
is not worth more than
25 cts.
That's why I charge no more.
G LEDERER
123 Stockton St.

also, to make something out of the impresario. I have no doubt Rivas wishes he had never come to San Francisco, especially since now a French wife is being urged upon him with a consequent separation from his adored Oliva.

The "Jack" Casserlys will soon receive an invitation to a wedding in Omaha, Nebraska, for the engagement has been announced of Miss Edna Cowin of the Nebraskan city to Mr. "Jack" Cudahy of Chicago. Cudahy is the brother of Mrs. Casserly. He is a handsome fellow and is very popular in the windy city. About two years ago it was rumored that he was engaged to a young woman in Chicago but he was sent off suddenly by his father to Omaha to take charge of the Cudahy plant there. Last summer he was very attentive to Miss Kennett, and the news of his engagement to Miss Cowin is said to have been unexpected and surprising.

Mr. and Mrs. Phil Armour Jr. of Chicago are due in this city shortly. They are traveling in a private car and purpose making an extensive tour of the country. Although they have been married ten years, and Mrs. Armour is a great favorite in Chicago's rich and swell set, her husband has such a contempt for social functions that to please him she refrains from going into society to the extent that her fancy dictates. By reason of her comparative seclusion it has been hinted that Phil Jr. was easily irritated by the attentions which his charming wife attracted, and that he therefore denied her social privileges, but that is of course mere idle afternoon tea chat. The Armours are as devoted to each other as though they were married but yesterday, and their trip to the coast will be like a bridal tour.

San Franciscans will be interested in the announcement of the engagement of Marie Burroughs, the actress, to a wealthy citizen of Indianapolis, Dr. A. E. Sterne. Marie Burroughs, which is the stage appellation of Lillie Arrington, a former Sacramento girl who later lived in Oakland, was once the wife of Louis Massen. Their sensational divorce suit, which received such a setback because of an alleged collusion between the supposedly estranged husband and wife, is still remembered here. Marie Burroughs is still a beautiful woman, though not so lovely as when she was girlishly slender, and she has made some notable stage successes. Her first appearance here was in "The Rajah" at the Baldwin, but she was then an immature actress only remarkable for a pair of fetching eyes and an expressive voice. When she later appeared here as the star of E. S. Willard's company in "The Middleman" and other plays, she had developed into one of the best actresses on the American stage. Willard and Marie Burroughs finally concluded to part company and the latter starred in "The Profligate" with J. E. Kellerd as her leading man. She is very popular here and belongs to the pioneer clique. Old "Nick" Arrington was her grandfather, and the Lindleys of Sacramento and the Quints' of this city are her cousins.

Berkeley, as well as Sacramento, Oakland and San Francisco, lays claim to Marie Burroughs, for nearly thirty years ago the Arrington family lived in that classic region, neath the shade cast upon the lesser hills by Grizzly peak. Lillie Arrington had two sisters, Lucy—who was older than she—and Alice, the youngest of the trio. Old residents of Berkeley say that little Lillie always had a desire to be an actress and when a mere child used to pore over Shakespeare. It was not, however, till she took part in the famous first Authors' Carnival in this city that Lillie's desire for a professional career was really brought to a focus. She was in the Egyptian booth and among all the beautiful women in that booth Lillie Arrington's beauty shone supreme. She was told that she must be an actress, which declaration fell directly in with her own line of thought. Her subsequent career is public property. The youngest sister, Alice, married a painter of Oakland, William Farrington, but later secured a divorce from him and went on the stage.

I hear that upper middle-class circles may shortly be treated to the details of a divorce suit, the recital of

(Photo by Taber(

Mrs. Gertrude Powell

Contralto, of Portland, who is pursuing her vocal studies in San Francisco

which will draw tears for the plaintiff and frowns for the defendant. It is one of those cases where the wife's friends say: "I told her so in the first place. Why did she ever marry him?" The husband has always been a gay young fellow about town, and is a descendant of one of San Francisco's pioneers. His first wife died after a very brief married life, which had been rendered unhappy because of the husband's predilection for other women's society. The second marriage proved even less productive of happiness to the young wife, for the husband added intemperance and failure to provide to his other faults. The wife has for some months past been living with her parents and it is said a legal separation will be the outcome of this step.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this unsettled weather.

World of Law

I AM IN POSSESSION of a story which has already been hinted at in the newspapers but the details of which have not been made public. It is about that charter decision in the Supreme court and shows up the state of affairs existing upon the seventh floor of the Parrott building. It is strange that strife shall exist in the realms of the mighty, but so it is; and this appears to be an instance where the bitter feeling known to exist between two members of the tribunal of last resort was responsible for considerable delay in the adjustment of the people's rights. It appears that as soon as arguments were concluded on the twenty-eighth of last September in the case of Fragley vs. Phelan et al., the case which struck at the very vitals of the charter, Mr. Justice Garoutte made up his mind that the charter must stand. Two other justices agreed with him and he went to his chambers and wrote an opinion. This was typewritten and signed by Mr. Justice Garoutte, and concurred in by Justices McFarland and Van Dyke, before the court went down to Los Angeles, on September thirtieth. There is, however, a feud between Justice Garoutte and Chief Justice Beatty and the latter was furious that his enemy should have taken the law into his own hands when he, the Chief Justice, had the sole privilege, as Chief Justice, to assign a case to whatever Justice he chose. And he did not choose Mr. Justice Garoutte. The result was a delay of seventeen days and a second opinion written by Mr. Justice Harrison and concurred in by the Chief Justice and Mr. Justice Henshaw. The two options were filed simultaneously.

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It is a pity that any quarrel should rage in the Supreme court. For Chief Justice Beatty is a man of splendid ability, of unimpeachable integrity and of the closest devotion to business and the welfare of the community. Mr. Justice Garoutte, too, while a younger man is one who has won fame throughout the United States through the clarity and sound reasoning of his decisions. They have a pretty fine bench up in the Parrott building just now. And with all the kickers and grumblers and growlers bellowing around town, the honesty of the court's decision in the two cases affecting the charter has never been questioned. A rumor was started that an attempt would be made, in the event of the defeat of the republican party at the polls, to take the charter question to the Federal courts. It was also said that the law firm of Rodgers, Paterson & Slack had agreed to undertake the litigation on behalf of the disgruntled ones. I am, happily, able to inform my readers that the rumor, so far as the law firm is concerned, is untrue. Judge Slack told me himself that there was no foundation in the rumor and that neither he nor either of his partners would have anything to do with any such suit. The decision of the Supreme court of the state is considered good enough for all law-abiding citizens.

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E. D. Crawford, the well-known ex-newspaperman who studies turnips while he practices law in dreamy Gilroy, is in town for a couple of weeks' rest. He has disposed of his newspaper at Gilroy to another San Franciscan, Jack Milnes, and now depends solely upon his legal practice, which is flourishing. From all accounts the practice of law in Gilroy is pretty much the same as in other parts of the world, so far as the all-absorbing capacity of the lawyer is concerned. Mr. Crawford tells the following story of the eagerness of two country yokels to get into litigation, with its disastrous consequences to both:

"A man who keeps a resort near Gilroy sued a client of mine the other day for twenty-five dollars; said he owed it him for refreshments provided. My man said he didn't owe twenty-five dollars though he did owe something, offered to compromise but the other fellow wouldn't, though he must have known the five dollar law, and they went to court. My man paid me twenty dollars to defend him, while his opponent paid his lawyer fifteen dollars to prosecute the action. Besides he had put up four dollars for costs.

"The case turned out as I had advised my client. The judge decided that under the law five dollars was all the other man could collect. My client paid the five dollars, which, with the twenty dollars he paid me, made twenty-five in all, while the man who sued him received five dollars to pay a bill of nineteen dollars with. But they will go to law, you know, in the country as well as in town."

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Among the attorneys of this community there is one who bears a time honored name, McGregor. He is not, however, Rob Roy of that ilk, but Frederick, plain Frederick McGregor. He is a lawyer of parts, the Almighty having endowed him with brains to make up for his very diminutive stature. It fell to the lot of Frederick McGregor the other day to defend a coffee-colored gentleman of the name of Melrose Johnson. Mr. Johnson, who is a big coon of the dude order, thunder-and-lightning shirt and collar, white spats, and so forth, had the misfortune to be hauled up before a police judge for burglary. His crime was a justifiable one, however; he had broken through a neighbor's fence to secure a dog which belonged to him and which had strayed. With the valuable assistance of Mr. Frederick McGregor, Mr. Melrose Johnson succeeded in demonstrating his innocence of burglarious intent and he was triumphantly acquitted.

The case over, Mr. Melrose Johnson turned with an affable smile to Mr. Frederick McGregor and said: "Boss, we won all right, didn't we? I guess I just about owe you ten dollars for yo' trouble."

McGregor bowed his acknowledgments, forbearing to say something about their being "no time like the present," and the two went their ways. But, although many times afterward did Mr. Frederick McGregor encounter Mr. Melrose Johnson in the street never a word did the colored man utter anent the payment of his obligation. Finally, McGregor made up his mind to brace Johnson. He did so, but without result. Johnson always had an excuse; and one day it occurred to McGregor that his client was having fun with him. So, small as he was, he determined to have it out. He sought Johnson and accosted him with:

"Say, you blankety blank dashed copper-colored coon, when do I get that ten?"

Johnson saw his legal adviser meant business and he pondered deeply. Finally, his face lit up a bit and he said.

"Say, boss, times are awful hard just now. Now, de whole trouble rose over a dawg. S'pose you take the dawg?"

McGregor thought half a loaf better than no bread and agreed. Johnson escorted his attorney with ceremony to where the animal was chained and, wiping a tear from his eye, said:

"It's mighty hard to part from a friend. But take him, sah, he's yours."

McGregor advanced to claim possession, when to his surprise the hitherto docile canine showed fight. His teeth gleamed white and his bristles stood up He growled ominously and crouched as if for a spring. McGregor spent some minutes in alternate abuse and cajolery and then made up his mind to withdraw. Then Mr. Melrose Johnson advanced, and patting his dog's head, remarked with the utmost suavity to McGregor:

"Boss, it 'pears to me as how you and the dawg don't seem to be on the best of terms, nohow."

Mr. Frederick McGregor and Mr. Melrose Johnson do not speak as they pass by. The ten is still in the air.

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On another occasion McGregor was prosecuting a gentleman accused of stealing a game chicken. All was going along swimmingly when Mrs. Finnegan took the stand for the defense. The good lady swore positively that the chicken belonged to the prisoner at the bar and that she had given it to him when it was young. Mrs. Finnegan was cross-examined by McGregor, who asked:

"How long did you have the chicken before you gave it to the defendant?"

"Ever since it was pupped." was the reply.

"Did you have it around the house?"

"Indeed I did that. It used to play in the back yard and would shkip the rope wid the children."

"Oh, yes; very good indeed," remarked the little attorney. "Might I ask you how big it was then?"

"Certainly," returned the unabashed female. "You're nearly as big."

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The sick list still contains some prominent names. Marshal B. Woodworth, Assistant United States District Attorney, is the latest addition. Mr. Woodworth was thrown from his horse a week or so ago and broke himself somewhere He has been laid up in bed for repairs, and has contracted rheumatism in addition to his other woes. His condition, however, is not serious.

Judge Hebbard is slowly struggling back to life at St. Mary's hospital. The pneumonia has vacated the region of his chest but he still suffers from his head. At one time he was quite out of his head, and even now he has fits of aberration which make him an invalid requiring careful watching. "Jack," as his friends love to call him, must have a powerful constitution to go through such an illness. More than once he was given up and the doctors held many a grave consultation by his bedside. A bright fellow and a good, square judge, he is one of the most popular men in town and his return to the busy world will be hailed with glee by many hundreds of people beside yours truly. The City Hall atmosphere is not conducive to rapid recovery; so it is not surprising that both Judge Belcher and Judge Bahrs are still complaining. Both have stomach trouble.

THE COURT REPORTER.

AN ODDS ON FAVORITE

Rah! Rah! Rah
Also,
Hurroo!
And who are, who are, who are we?
The real thing!
We're it.
A little rusty in our vocal chords,
But still—
It!
Did you see Jim Phelan
Hit the ceilin'?
Well I guess
Yes!
That's the Looloo I tipped.
Did old Van Dooze,
Full of booze,
Give you cold feet?
When you hear this mug shout,
Spout or throw out a
Good thing,
Get wise
Quick!
Don't wait for the odds
But put your money on.
Don't rest
Till you soak your little red vest,
And your best ruby,
And your ticker;
Then dicker
With the bookie.
Davis?
Old Horace?
He's a dead one.
Carried weight for age.
Couldn't beat a poodle
Dog!
He's running yet.
Never did win a bet.
Picked up a nail,
At the Post.
Pocketed on the rail
At the start.
And then—
Well then,
He went to eatin' grass!

THE TOUT.

A LOCAL ROMANCE

YOUNG BILLY loved a maiden sweet,
A maiden young and fair;
With him it cut no figure that
Her father's a millionaire.

Billy belonged to a baseball nine,
And he knew how to twirl;
And every Saturday afternoon,
In the grandstand sat the girl.

Bill loved her for herself alone—
An easy thing to do;
But her father thought love was a fake,
And he knew a thing or two.

So the father packed his daughter's trunk
And sent her to New York;
Hoping the change would effect a cure
And of Bill there'd be no talk.

But Bill was equal to the task,
For a twirler great was he,
And he hired himself to an eastern nine,
That played in New York city.

The old man found that his ruse had failed,
So he brought his daughter back;
And he coaxed, wept, pleaded to change her mind,
And set her on another tack.

In vain, for persistent Bill returned,
And laurels adorned his brow;
His victories softened her father's heart,
And the maiden is happy now

THE JINGLER.

"Did old Millions give young Penniless his blessing when he came and asked him for his daughter?"

"I didn't hear about the blessing—but Penniless got the girl."

A MOMENT OF SUSPENSE

THE morning is dark. It is raining and the downpour is depressing to one of nervous temperament. I look out of the window. A thought strikes me and the very marrow of my bones is frozen within me.

I go to my closet and look in.

The agony congealed within that look would be a fortune to a tragedian. My heart almost stops beating.

Yes, they are all there. But—the overcoat—have I hidden it somewhere where it will be impossible to find it? I cannot see it in the dim light.

Again, my heart leaps into my mouth. The overcoat! If I do not find it, I am lost.

Ah, here it is! It was hidden beneath my evening suit. I take it to the light and examine it carefully. A red glare blinds me—it is a rush of blood to the head. For a moment I fear that I am fainting.

But it was only a momentary weakness. I had feared—oh, how had I feared that I should not find the overcoat. And now it is found, I must examine the lining, the sleeves—mercy! I shall go crazy if this is what I feared to find!

* * * * * *

The suspense is over.

The gods be thanked!

There are no moth bites and I can wear my old overcoat this winter.

THE IMPECUNR.

AT THE NEEDLEWORK SHOW

[The plaint of a young man who accompanied his fiancee to the exhibition of laces at Maple hall Palace hotel, yesterday afternoon, but lost her in the crowd.]

My sweetheart's face
I sought to place
Amid that crowd of graces.
'Twas a hard race
I tried to pace
Adown the aisles of laces.
My courage oft' I had to brace,
In seeking of her hat a trace,
Then gave it up—a hopeless case!

AU REVOIR NOT ADIEU

With the passing
Of the
Summer girl, goes the
Shirtwaist!
The thought so saddens me
That I
Cannot stay my tears.
Pretty shirtwaist,
Pink and
Blue
And white and green—
Plain, pleated, tucked or ruffled
However made, however cut,
Always
Charming on a
Slender girl.
So much before the eye
Revealed; so much
More left to the imagination.
Deceptive?
Perhaps, but deception is not a
Sin when it pleases.
I mourn the departure of summer
Solely because with it
Goes the shirtwaist!
What! No? Not gone?
Is it so?
Can I believe my eyes?
A window full of shirtwaists!
All colors, light and dark,
Lace-trimmed and plain,
Tucked, pleated and ruffled,
In silk, velveteen, appliquéd,
Taffetta, flannelette and plaids;
But surely,
The same old fascinating, charming
Shirtwaist!
Thank the fates!

THE MASHER.

The beautiful combinations of colors in monogram stamping as executed by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show the very great superiority of their ability in this particular line.

Dramatic World

PROFESSOR LINDAU, like most of the German playwrights who have acquired prominence, takes as the motive for The Shadow the social hardships to which an actress is subjected, because of the narrow conventionalism in Europe which puts the social ban on every woman who devotes her life to the stage. We find this same motive in Sudermann's Magda, and a great many other German dramas. But while in Magda, whose place of action is Germany, the heroine is the independent and rather free character and the others more constrained and conventional, we find in The Shadow exactly the reverse. The story occurs in Paris and hence the characters around the heroine are not so strict, while Therese suffers from conscience. Instead of being entitled a drama in four acts, The Shadow should really be divided into a prologue and three acts. The first act is almost a play in itself in which a complete dramatic action occurs, and the following acts are consequent rather than subsequent to this prologue. We have in this first act a young actress whose past (a favorite theme of the German playwright) is not spotless. On the other hand we have a young man who stande high in social as well as official life. While these characters cherish a deep affection for each other, neither is anxious to don the fetters of matrimony. But one day an intimate friend advises the young man to marry the actress in order to strengthen his position as a public official who cannot afford to be the cause for slander or gossip. Hence he acknowledges the wisdom of this suggestion and proposes to the beautiful woman only to be rejected, much to his astonishment. Further developments show that the rejection emanated from a noble soul, inasmuch as the actress scorns to accept the proposal without having told him frankly of the errors of the past. Here, as in Magda, this confession plays a prominent role and Nance O'Neil has grasped the character correctly, for instead of becoming passionate she recites her story with a resignation deeply touching. When it becomes obvious that the young man's affection is so sincere and his confidence in his sweetheart's integrity so firm that despite all her errors he persists in making her his wife, she responds finally to his entreaty with the significant words: "Until death." This is in short the first act, or what I would call more appropriately the prologue. Thus Lindau presents to us an actress with a conscience, a soul and nobility of action. In fact I dare say the professor created a character much too good and noble to be a true portrait of life. For instead of confiding in her husband's love (which she retains notwithstanding her confession) she worries constantly about the fact that she is not a fit wife and dreads a meeting with the man who betrayed her. It seems as if Providence wishes to punish her for her mistrust. Through force of circumstances the dreadful meeting finally occurs and from that moment the poor woman becomes more miserable every day until she seeks peace in suicide. It is a strange character, this Therese of Lindau's, a character that is just created for a Nance O'Neil and in which the young tragedienne's dramatic temperament and queenly appearance are quite apropos. But it is also a character which this world rarely, if ever, produces. For there is scarcely a woman who, having gained a position, a loving husband and admiring friends, would still persist in the wretchedness of her life and commit suicide for no other reason than the imagination that she is not a fit companion for her husband.

Of course Therese and her husband are the leading characters of the play. But while Nance O'Neil understands her role to perfection and acts it accordingly, her side partner is about the poorest excuse for a leading man I have ever come across. He emits his lines with the monotony of a hand otgan and has no more declamatory ability than the proverbial cat in the back-yard. This lack of dramatic training and stupidity of conception is so much more painful because one is forced to compare him with Nance O'Neil, who is the strongest where he is the weakest. In the second act he has the line: "I am in a fever of anxiety." Instead of exclaiming these words with the utmost impatience and even passionate anticipation of impending evil, he utters his line with such unconcern that the audience is compelled to laugh derisively. Such utter disregard for the spirit of the words is so idiotic that it becomes humorous and only the sadness of the case prevents one from indulging in a guffaw. Frederic Vroome ought to abandon the stage and resume athletics. Barton Hill's portrayal of the good old general was one of the gems of the plays. This refined actor plays with a care and energy which earns him the title of finished artist. Owing to poor translation and a company whose conception of the characters is entirely false—excepting of course Nance O'Neil and Barton Hill—the play, as presented at the California, becomes tedious. But even from this presentation it may easily be gleaned that the original drama is a work of much merit, containing grand thoughts and accomplishing a certain mission, as it presents to the world a class which suffers a great deal of injustice from the world at large. It would be a good idea to have a new translation made of this play, from which Pinero's The Second Mrs. Tanquaray is said to have been taken. The Pinero play, by the way, was even duller than The Shadow.

Tomorrow evening the popular young comedian, Harry Corson Clarke, will begin a week's engagement at the California. During this appearance he will present What Happened to Jones. Yon Yonson will be the next attraction at the California, and after that the Frawleys will come, strengthened by the addition of Mary Hampton.

Alcazar A MANAGEMENT that pleases its patrons to the extent of running a farce on top of a romantic drama deserves encouragement, and a company that can spring from romantic drama to farce with only a day's break certainly deserves commendation for its versatility. This leap was accomplished by the Alcazar company on Monday night when Nerves was put on. I have never seen Miss Foster more at home than as Mrs. Armitage in Nerves. She gives the role all it calls for in the way of life and sparkle. Miss Foster's improvement since her last engagement with the company is marked. She is now one of the most valuable leading women of a stock company that any manager could desire. She seems to have grown handsomer and more graceful during the months she was absent from us. She has certainly studied hard and her ambition will some day bring her to the top of the ladder. Miss Knowles, a new addition to the company, does excellent work. My Friend From India, the funny farce that once kept Baldwin audiences in a roar of laughter during a fortnight's engagement, will be the next attraction.

Columbia MATHEWS AND BULGER might stay on indefinitely, if their engagements permitted, for By the Sad Sea Waves has emphatically caught on. Their happy coon song about the money in the bank has been whistled over town for the past fortnight. Why Smith Left Home will be very eagerly welcomed as next week's attraction. No farce comedy ever produced in this city has drawn larger audiences of the best class of our theatre-goers than did Why Smith Left Home during its former visit. The autocrat of the kitchen, who has visiting cards and a calling list, is a picture that one could never forget.

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Grand Opera House

IF I were not opposed to drawing comparisons between artists I might be tempted to mention Francis Wilson when speaking of The Merry Monarch now being presented at the Grand Opera House. But I am content that every artist should stand on his own merits and that comparisons should only then be drawn when they are unavoidable. So when William Woolf proves satisfactory as the merry monarch he is entitled to all the credit for his satisfactory performance and to compare him with anyone else would be unfair. The opera as presented at the Grand Opera House is very attractive and artistic. It is a one character piece as the whole action seems to resolve around one personage, that of the merry monarch. In order to do justice to this role a comedian must possess quick wit and a talent for what is professionally known as "low comedy." William Woolf is particularly strong in these matters and hence his impersonation proves decidedly successful. His monologue evokes much laughter and his song about the wise ostrich who knew it all brings him several encores. Mr. Woolf in a role like that of the Merry Monarch is a comedian of no mean ability and as such is entitled to all the praise that can honestly be bestowed upon him. Edith Mason is surely a very pretty Lazali whom it would be a pity to kill and her solos are rendered with a dainty grace and vocal accomplishment that entitle her to some of the honors of the evening. Hattie Belle Ladd makes a hit with the pretty song entitled When I was a Child of Three and Bessie Fairbairn, Winfred Goff and Arthur Wooley contribute their share toward the smoothness of the production. The stage management is flawless and Mr. Jones with his unsurpassed facility to keep the stage alive throughout the presence of the chorus should be called before the curtain for his circumspection and good judgment that is apparent in every scene. Surely The Merry Monarch is one of the most fascinating and comical performances given here for some time and it is but fair to acknowledge its excellence. In order to meet the demands of the public the management has decided to keep The Merry Monarch reigning for another week and then it will be followed by a magnificent production of Rice's extravaganza Evangeline. Monday evening every lady in attendance will be presented with a handsome souvenir.

It is a good company that is playing Mlle Fifi at the Alhambra, but the play is salacious and it seems a pity to see Maude Granger, Harry Allen, Mamie Gilroy, Theodore M. Brown and Pearl Evelynne playing in such a production.

Harry Corson Clarke, at the California

Tivoli

The Three Black Cloaks brought out Alf. Wheelan's versatility and proved that in him the Tivoli has made a good selection. The phlegmatic but not so very stupid miller received a splendid portrayal from him. Mr. Wheelan seems to study his characters thoroughly as he knows their strong and weak points and hence never fails to emphasize the humorous situations. In the first act of the Three Black Cloaks he is simply inimitable. This success is largely due to the fact that a part like Dromez must be played with bombastic display; and Mr. Wheelan being an artist he naturally is more successful in refined comedy parts than the coarser class which latter seems to misfit him at times, but to which, thanks to his versatility, he may resort without incurring any great injuries. Ada Palmer Walker by means of clever acting and also by reason of the lighter vein of music showed to much better advantage than in any of her previous roles. In fact, in order to be altogether unbiased I must confess that in this part alone Miss Walker proved herself entitled to the most complimentary approval and Girola was well essayed by her. Tom Greene is one of those magnetic tenors who attract your attention and retain your interest as long as they are on the stage. He, moreover, is in possession of a tenor voice the excellent quality of which makes it very much liked by the patrons of the Tivoli. Mr. Greene also sings with much taste and intelligence, at times becoming even dramatic in his execution. All this goes to show that Mr. Greene is a tenor worth hearing. William Schuster's make-up as Don Jue is deserving of special mention. It was done particularly cleverly and its semi-ferocious appearance gave it quite a humorous aspect. L'Africaine was given with the same ideal cast as last week and the two stars of the season received their nightly applause. The comic opera for next week will be Gilbert and Sullivan's Patience. The piece is too well known to need any further recommendation. It will be presented Monday, Wednesday, Friday nights and Saturday matinee. On Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday and Sunday evenings Verdi's particularly masterful opera, The Masked Ball will be given. Those who have heard Salassa in this piece before claim that it is his strongest work and that in this he eclipses all previous efforts. Surely this means a great deal and the theatre ought to be packed on the strength of it.

Orpheum

MARGUERITE CORNILLE has disappointed those who expected to see in her another Anna Held, Yvette Guilbert or Josephine Sabel. She is pretty and has a mass of reddish hair, but she is not at all risqué. Her French songs are well done and her coon song pleases the gallery. The phenomenal Lola Cotton, ætat six, mind reader, is uncanny. I do not like to see a child do this sort of thing. It is too much like poor little Gertie Cochrane and her brother, the large-headed youngsters who spelled long words, answered questions in geography, figured up mathematical problems and rattled off dates in history. The infant phenomenon does not interest me, and I presume many in the audience felt the same. Next week will come two lively comedians, Ryan and Richfield, in a lively sketch, A Headless Man; Cheridah Simpson, singing soubrette and said to be a beauty; Burton's six acrobatic comedy dogs; Vinie De Witt, cornetist.

Charlotte Thompson is writing criticisms and interviews with stage stars for the *Dramatic Review*. THE PLAYGOER.

NO CHILDREN WANTED.

Jones: So yon have returned to San Francisco. What was the reason—too high living in New York?

Brown: Not exactly, but the flat system is too hard on men with families. I was afraid the name Brown would become extinct. —THE STATISTICIAN.

The Parting

SHE LEANED BACK uneasily in her chair and clasped her hands over her head. His eyes followed the movement of her arms and then rested on the dainty fingers. He thought of their soft caresses and how good it had always felt to have them run through his hair. Ah well, this was the last night and why not think of the past, live over again the happy student days? Why think of the morrow, of the one waiting across the sea, of the 'guv'n'r" who had arranged it all and whose summons to come home must be obeyed.

He looked into her eyes and laughed and she laughed in return. A tear rolled down her cheek and she bowed her head so that he would not see.

"Mon bien aimée, we act like children, do we not?" she asked gaily.

"Like two little fools," he replied. "Let us not think of anything but the past—of tonight. We will listen to no song but Omar's until the morning. Let us be happy as long as we may."

"Now, Edouard, you talk like yourself. We will not think of the morrow for it has not yet come."

She had moved over to the mirror at the end of the room as she spoke and let loose the glorious folds of her hair. When she turned, the mistiness had disappeared from her eyes. He held out his arms to her and with a glad cry she ran to him and knelt at his feet. She drew his head down and caught her fingers in its curls, those soft auburn curls which had belonged to her alone for three long years. He stroked her cheeks and pressed kiss upon kiss on the full, red, clinging lips.

They were disturbed by the knocking of the maitre d' hotel who brought the supper and wine that Edouard had ordered when he came in. And what a feast it was. The quaint Japanese tête-à-tête table on which so many had been spread before was drawn out of its place in the corner. Edouard had his coat off in an instant and busied himself helping Jeanne lay the cloth and arrange the dishes. They chatted and laughed light-heartedly over the latest escapades and naiserie of the Quartier. When he lighted the skull lamp and made it the centrepiece they sat down.

Strange ornament for that board. It was the skull of a beautiful young waif of the Seine whose body had gone to the college. Edouard was in the bloom of the morbid, brutish first days of a student and he stole the head and worked many nights preparing it when he should have been with his books. Jeanne had seen it in his rooms when they met and he gave it to her because she fancied it.

Never had Jules' cooking such a relish before nor had the wine tasted so good. Edouard saw that the glasses were filled to their brims and kept up a steady recollection of the happy days he and Jeanne had spent together. Both forgot in the abandon of the moment that the end was at hand.

"Mon bien aimée, do you remember the day you first came to the Quartier? What a greeny you were. I was sitting for Jones' 'Wood Nymph' and because my shoulders were bared and I looked at you too long you blushed like a boy. Then when we came to know each other you would not let me go to his studio anymore and Jones had to give up his picture. You thought he liked me too well and you wanted me all for yourself. Eh, mon bien aimée? You got mad when he came to see me and in your foolish way you punched his nose. Ha, ha, ha! Was it not funny that day? But it was not strange for you to act that way; all men are the same."

The steeples pealed out the stroke of two. The conversation stopped. Jeanne looked across the table at Edouard. All the laughter died out of her eyes.

"At three o'clock you go," she said.

"Ma chère Jeanne, remember your promise. We part as if we were to meet again tomorrow."

"Mon bien aimée, do you think I would cause you pain? I remember. Look out and see if it is raining. I thought I heard the patter of drops."

He walked over to the window and pulled aside the draperies.

The sky was overcast and threatening and a blackness hung over the boulevard, making mirrors out of the panes. The light from the lamp reflected in them distinctly every object in the room.

Edouard saw Jeanne rise from her seat and go hastily to the escritoire near the fire place and take from a secret drawer a vial filled with a watery looking fluid. She returned to the table, watching him all the time, and poured half of its contents into her wine glass and the other into his.

"Mon bien aimée, is it raining or was I mistaken? Come, do not stand there. The timber grows short. Let us drink a toast to the parting"

"The sky threatens rain, but has not yet fallen, ma chère," he said walking back to the table. "Do you propose a toast and I shall drink to it. Let me fill the glasses."

The wine sparkled and snapped as it ran into her glass.

"Is that the sound of rain?" he asked as he raised his own to fill it. Jeanne ran to the window and looked out. The moment she turned he smelt the liquid in the glass and smiled. He turned it out and poured the wine.

"Come my loved one, your toast," and she came back to the table and they raised their glasses.

"Mon bien aimée, it is this:

"To the past, to those who have gone, to those who are to come, to the Quartier, to the one across the sea, waiting to become your bride, and to you, my beloved, our love and the beyond, drink!"

She drained her glass and threw it from her with a shriek. She tried to reach Edouard, but her strength failed and she fell. He had quaffed the contents of his glass and laughing looked down at the beautiful form lying at his feet. He stooped after musing for a moment and picking her up placed her on a couch.

"Well, sir, for once in your life you did something right. What an ass you would have been to have given her prussic acid just because she asked for it. Edouard, I am quite proud of you; really proud of you."

He was talking to himself as he put on his top-coat and adjusted it. He turned down the light and bent over the couch. Jeanne was sleeping heavily.

"Good-bye, Jeanne, my dear little one. It would have been very bad taste for us to have shuffled off under these circumstances. Don't you think so? Your pulse is strong and the heart beats good and you'll get up tomorrow feeling quite well. I thought yesterday that there was one woman in this world who had some sense, but you're all alike, little one; all alike. Good-bye, Jeanne. We have had many pleasant days together and I shall always think of them."

He kissed her and went out.

WILLIAM B. MELONEY.

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Music World

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

THE San Francisco Musical club had its November meeting on Thursday morning of last week. The subject was: Music Study at Home and Abroad. Inasmuch as this club contributes more toward creating a musical atmosphere in this city than any other institution, because its work is done from the home circle whence it branches out, I have dedicated to this club the following thoughts on Musical Study at Home and Abroad:

One need not be very intimate with musical conditions in America to discover one weakness which is constantly preventing a broader recognition of American music abroad. This obstacle may be sought in the inexplicable European music worship. It is strange that a country which brings forth so many patriots who would gladly shed their heart's blood for the welfare of their country, possesses so few who would lay their head on the block for their art—that is to say for the art of their country. Of course there was a time when American music meant European music, and when musical conditions were so scanty that musical education at home was an impossibility. It was at that time when America sent forth its sons and daughters to sip the wine of musical knowledge so that they might become the fathers and mothers of American music and musical history. That these first pilgrims have done their duty well is amply demonstrated by the fact that music has now reached such a height in this country as to make it unnecessary to seek instruction outside of this continent.

¶ ¶

Let us look around and see what we have in America. We have the Boston Symphony orchestra, an organization which is not equaled by any European institution of this kind. Then there is the Kneisel quartet, which, with the exception of the Joachim quartet, does not have its peer anywhere. At the Metropolitan Opera House in New York you will find the best production of operatic works in the world. And the New England Conservatory in Boston or the National and Lampert conservatories in New York are institutions of which any country may be proud. It is needless to enumerate the many efficient vocal, piano, violin and other music teachers who may be found in any part of this country. In fact Boston and New York are two music centres which to visit is even better than a European trip for you have there a freedom of thought and liberty of action which Europe with its narrow conventionalities can never equal. Now then I have enumerated the fundamental requisites for the establishment of a musical atmosphere, the pre-eminent promoter of musical education. If your surroundings are thoroughly musical and you are susceptible to that which is going on around you, you will naturally imbibe musical knowledge with ease. Thus I claim that musical education at home is not only to be obtained with ease, but it is superior to a European education inasmuch as it is divested of all conventionalism and dead letter issues. It is the free, unhampered liberty of thought in music which brings forth the apostles of this art.

¶ ¶

But musical institutions alone are not sufficient to entitle a country to a musical reputation; it needs also composers. Herein, too, America has no cause to complain. It has two composers of whom it may well be proud, namely, Foote and MacDowell. These have laid a foundation for distinctly American music upon which will be erected more ambitious and grander structures in the future. I have thus shown the advantages offered a student in America and I will add that he has no more abroad. The question now arises, why do American pupils (by American I do not mean those pupils born of foreign parents) go to Europe to study? Is it because they actually learn more there? No, because ninety-nine out of every hundred return without showing much improvement. If you ask these worshipers at the shrine of Europe why they go there they will tell you that the atmosphere is more congenial to their musical development. And if you ask them what they understand under atmosphere they do not know, for as a rule they consider concerts and theatres the musical atmosphere of Europe. And, by the way, there is a musical atmosphere in Europe which America has not yet acquired. It is the home circle, which even in the village understands the beauty of music. This is due to the length of time in which music is practiced and America can only obtain this atmosphere after many years. But let us ask, can the American student benefit by this home atmosphere. Not very well. In order to do this he must know the language thoroughly, and as most American students return just about the time they begin to understand the language it is impossible for them to gain any benefits. And even if they would be able to benefit by this atmosphere, it would not be of any avail when returned here, for the musical atmosphere of America does not restrict itself to the home and folk lore but branches out into the opera house and concert hall. In other words the American is willing to pay for his musical education.

¶ ¶

No one has any idea how difficult it is for a musician to make a living in Europe. He hardly receives any compensation for his services and when a conductor receives eight hundred dollars a year it is a large salary. While this is hardly enough, it tends to lowering admission prices and yet you cannot visit a good concert in Germany for less than fifty or seventy-five cents, yea, even a dollar, which in German money is a great deal. America is more liberal in its reward of artistic accomplishments. What is the result? All great artists make America their aim, because they know they are best paid here. Now then, we have not only excellent institutions and composers, but we have an opportunity to hear all virtuosi. Still we have not found a solution for this European music worship and especially for this longing for a European education. I believe it is more due to a fad than to actual love for music. Of course there are some exceptions, but, as a rule, an American student goes to Europe in order to tell that he has been there, or if he should teach, that he may gain pupils on his European career. It is more a matter of speculation than artistic achievement that influences some American students to seek education abroad.

¶ ¶

The trouble is there is too much prejudice in favor of European instructors. Of course there are great masters, but they do not accept everybody, especially not beginners; so that it becomes totally futile for any student to go abroad for his foundational work. In fact, it is injurious. Let us see why. Before going to Europe a student spends several years in study at home. As soon as he arrives abroad the pedagogues there shrug their shoulders and sneer. "My dear friend," they say, "do you call this playing? Bah! You have no teachers in your country. If you want to study with me you must first unlearn everything you have learned." And forthwith the student must begin anew and he is charged from three to five dollars per lesson (one-half hour). And his study consists mostly of tedious exercises which are crammed into his head for years and in most cases the student is unable to continue his studies and returns laden with exercises, which he could just as well have learned here.

¶ ¶

Now I do not like to be understood as saying that it is not beneficial to a musician to visit Europe; not at all. I mean to say that it is not necessary nor beneficial for an American student to go abroad to study. Let him be thoroughly educated here and if after the completion of his musical education he is desirous of making an observation tour of Europe, well and good. He may thus acquire a polish which can do him no harm. But the autocratic and narrow mode of tuition prevalent in Europe will never have a beneficial influence on the mind of young America.

¶ ¶

A concert was given Tuesday evening of last week by Hother Wismer at Sherman-Clay hall which proved an artistic success. The program showed the excellent taste for good music which Mr. Wismer has cultivated. His playing shows a marked improvement in breadth of tone and forceful execution. It is

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evidence of the fact that the young man is studying earnestly and that he is not one of those who pretend to know it all. It is from such material that artists are moulded and no one will deny Mr. Wismer recognition as being a splendid musician. The Grieg sonata op. 45 C minor was played with much spirit and excellent interpretation. Fred Maurer had an opportunity to display his talent which ranks among the superior quality. His technic is fluent, his attack rigorous and his execution intelligent. Another enjoyable number was the Spohr violin duo op. 153 in C major executed with daintiness and taste by Hother Wismer and Armand Solomon. Mrs. Mathilde Wismer and Mrs. Alfred Abbey were the vocalists. The latter's voice is remarkable for its dramatic quality.

¶ ¶

It will no doubt be gratifying news to music students and those interested in the art of music to hear that Robert Tolmie will give a course of three illustrated lectures on Music and its Relation to Other Arts. They will take place at one o'clock in the afternoon of Saturdays November eighteenth, December second and sixteenth. Mr. Tolmie decided to give these lectures after being overwhelmed with requests. Mr. Tolmie's university experience will be of much value as to the intelligent perusal of this subject, and it is the idea of the lecturer to give his discourses like those given at the University of California. These discourses will be similar to a course of light lectures given by Mr. Tolmie at the residence of Mrs. John Jarboe some time ago.

¶ ¶

The Vested Choir association of San Francisco and vicinity gave its seventh festival at St. John's church on Wednesday evening, November first, in honor of the Feast of All Saints. The participants were of the choir of St. Mark's (Berkeley), St. Paul's (San Rafael), St. John's (Oakland), St. John's (San Francisco), Christ church (Alameda), Good Samaritan and St. Luke's of San Francisco. There were altogether two hundred and twenty voices, all boys and men. This association is deserving of hearty encouragement as its ensemble work is exceedingly effective. Notwithstanding the fact that many untrained voices are to be found in an organization of this kind, the various songs and anthems are rendered with an enthusiasm and spirit that never fail to carry out the purpose of sacred music. After all, a chorus of two hundred male voices has something imposing about it and even if raw material forms part of such a body in a case of this kind, quantity assists in obtaining quality.

¶ ¶

Naturally when mention is made of the Vested Choir association, attention is directed toward Wallace A. Sabin, to whose energetic and able circumspection the society owes much of its prosperity. He has directed this organization for the last five years and succeeded in obtaining results which many another would not have accomplished with the material at hand. Mr. Sabin deserves to be heartily congratulated. The program consisted of the following numbers: Magnificat Nunc Dimittis in F, G. M. Garrett; Anthem, What Are These, Sir J. Stainer; Anthem, Send Out Thy Light, Chas. F. Gounod, and Vesper Hymn by Theodore Vogt, director of the Vested Choir association 1893-1894.

¶ ¶

The following program was rendered at the last meeting of the San Francisco Musical club: The MacDowell club and its Amateurs, Mrs. Maurice Liebman, (this paper contained some healthy ideas and showed plainly the intelligence and discriminative powers of its compiler—A. M.); piano (a) Song, Sea Pieces, (b) Improvisation; (c) Shadow Dance, MacDowell, Mrs. Maurice Liebman; (a) Arabian song, Godard, (b) The Maiden and the Butterfly, Eugene d'Albert, Mrs. John D. McKee (the last song was executed with particuiar delicacy in execution); piano solo, Etincelles, Moszkowski, Miss Estelle Brinn (Miss Brinn possesses a splended technic and clear execution); paper, Music Study at Home and Abroad, Alfred Metzger; Song, Since First I Met Thee (Rubinstein) Mrs. E. H. Palmer; piano solo, Polonaise op. 45 No. 1 Moszkowski. The program was arranged by Mrs. Frances B. Williams.

¶ ¶

The second concert of the Minetti Chamber Music quartet will take place next Friday afternoon at a quarter after three. The program will consist of Quartet in F major, Dvorak (by request); violin solo, Bach-Chaconne, Giulio Minetti; Piano Quintet, C. Franck (first time). The quartet will be assisted by Otto Bendix, pianist. There are several reasons why our music students should attend this concert in a body. First of all the artistic finish and thorough conscientiousness with which the Minetti quartet renders all of its selections proves a great attraction. Then there is the variety in the program which is quite a refreshing feature. Giulio Minetti, who ranks now as the leading violinist on this coast, and who because of his temperament and excellent judgment regarding interpretation may aid a student considerably and will delight even the mature musician. In the Franck piano quintet we have a novelty which is worth while to hear It is a composition of great artistic value and anyone interested in music should not miss hearing it. Furthermore Otto Bendix, whose reputation as a pianist is indeed flattering will assist in this quintet. A glance at this program insures its excellent quality and a glance at the names of the participants insures its artistic success. Surely an earnest musician could not fail to partake of a musical feat that offers so many delicacies as the second chamber music concert to be given by the Minetti quartet at Sherman-Clay hall next Friday afternoon.

¶ ¶

The Holmes quartet gave its first concert at Century hall last Tuesday evening before a large audience: The program consisted of works of those old masters—Schumann, Mendelssohn and Haydn—and consequently was of an artistic excellence the quality of which could not be regarded with disdain. Considering the fact that the quartet appeared for the first time it must be conceded that the gentlemen played well together. Their attack was good and the ensemble work worthy of the highest comment. But some improvement is necessary in the violins. The tone is not sufficiently smooth or mellow for chamber music. The defect might be easily remedied inasmuch as both Mr. Holmes and Mr. Wismer are good musicians. Perhaps it is the fault of the instrument. The best work done by the quartet was the Mendelssohn Fragments of a String Quartet.

¶ ¶

In this number Mr. Holmes showed his executive ability by investing the andante sostenuto with that effective vigor necessary to make it impressive. The scherzo was also prominent because of the delicate manner of interpretation with which the quartet rendered it. The Schumann quartet was the best number from an artistic standpoint, but I am afraid it was too ambitious a work for a quartet which plays together only a few weeks. It is an exceedingly difficult composition and gives even experienced quartets much trouble. The adagio movement is certainly one of the grandest works in musical literature. The Holmes quartet consists of Henry Holmes, first violin; Hother Wismer, second violin; Armand Solomon, viola, Theodore Mansfeldt, 'cello. The vocalist of the evening was Mrs. Charles Olcott Richards, who rendered Schubert's Mignon's Lied and Geheimes and G. B. Bassani's Dormi Bella, Dormictu. The pre-eminent advantage of Mrs. Richards' singing is the excessive care of executive and splenid method. There is art in every tone and no doubt whoever taught Mrs. Richards is a teacher of no mean ability. Her voice, because of her exemplary execution, becomes very agreeable and magnetic. Mrs. Richards is a fine illustration of the truth that voices may be built. There is but one defect which Mrs. Richards should overcome, so much more because she would thereby become a singer of note and pure refinement in expression. This complete purity of intonation may only then be attained when she aquires perfect diction. In order to reach this aim she should refrain from covering her teeth, and thus sing with relaxed lips.

¶ ¶

Eva Carolyn Shorey has returned from New York after more than a year's study with A. Girard Tiers, and Oscar Saenger. Judging from the flattering testimonials she possesses the young lady seems to be an efficient reader. She will give her first concert at the First M. E. church, Oakland, next Friday evening in which she will be assisted by John W. Metcalf, pianist, and the Stewart string quartet. The event promises to be a successful one, especially as the program is very choice.

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A welcome addition to musical ranks is Mrs. Gertrude Powell, who sang last evening at the concert given by the San Francisco Conservatory of Music. Mrs. Powell is a recent arrival from Portland, Oregon, and comes to this city for the purpose of studying the voice with Madame Ellen Coursen-Roeckel, with view to a professional career. She is the wife of T. E. Powell, Portland's tax collector, and is prominent socially in the northern metropolis. She made her début here in the spring at a concert given by Mr. Bonelli's conservatory, winning many kind words from the press. Shortly afterward she was called home owing to a death in her husband's family, but returned here a few months later. Last week she sang before the Music Teachers' association. Mrs. Powell's voice is of a broad contralto quality, mellow and smooth. She is personally very charming and has a magnetic and graceful stage presence. Having been raised in Boston, among the most cultured musical people of that city, Mrs. Powell is naturally steeped in music to her finger tips.

The recital given on Thursday evening of last week at Byron-Mauzy hall by Ernst Werner's ensemble class drew a large audience. The program was interesting and well arranged. The number attracting the most attention, though all of the pupils acquitted themselves with credit to themselves and teacher, was Mendelssohn's Rondo Capriccioso, brilliantly played by Maurice Eliaser. The kinder symphony was a particularly pleasing number. The program in full was: Duet, Overture de Tancredi, Rossini, Misses Etta Becker and Viola Goodell; Septuor, Beethoven, arranged for two pianos, eight hands, Misses Edith Decker, Minnie and Emma Becker and E. Werner; soprano (a) Ungeduld, Schubert, (b) selected, Miss Metta Gallahorn; Rondo, concerto in B flat major, op. 19, Beethoven, Maurice Eliaser and Mr. Werner; Wedding March, Mendelssohn, arranged for two pianos, eight hands, Misses Gallahorn, Irma Roth, Florence Holt, Maurice Eliaser; piano, Rondo Capriccioso, Mendelsson, Mr. Eliaser; Children's Symphony, C. von Holten, piano, Miss Edith Decker; violin,

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¶ ¶

A new arrival in musical circles, and one promising to become a valuable addition to the field of vocal teachers, is Mrs. Jenny Twichell Kempton, contralto. Mrs. Kempton has studied with the best teachers—Madame d'Angri of New York, Romani and Vannucini of Florence, Sangiovanni of Milan, Duprez of Paris, Garcia and Arditi of London. She has had practical experience in the oratorio and concert field and in opera, at the Grand Opera House, Milan, and in English opera in New York, Boston and Philadelphia. During her residence in Chicago she ranked with the best teachers of the western metropolis, receiving the endorsements of Mrs. Potter-Palmer, Theodore Thomas and others. In Los Angeles she repeated this success and comes to San Francisco with the highest credentials. Mrs. Kempton has located at The Strathmore, No. 20, 207 Larkin street, and is prepared to give instruction in the formation of the voice, English and Italian opera, oratorio and ballad singing. She makes coaching a specialty.

¶ ¶

On Saturday night Valentine Abt gave his second mandolin recital at Golden Gate hall, Professor Graeber's Mandolin club assisting, when a large audience enjoyed the following program: Selections by Professor Graeber's Mandolin club, of sixty-seven members; andante concerto, op. 64, Mendelssohn, Valentine Abt; soprano solo, Miss L. Gilligan; Souvenir de Posen, Wieniawsky; Pizzicati, Delibes; Cavatina, Raff, and Fantasia, Abt; Mr. Abt; Kinawiak, Wieniawsky, Serenade Badine, Gabriel Marie; Intermezzo, Mascagni; Valse Brilliante, Mr. Abt.

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World of Letters

ACCORDING to the London correspondent of the New York Times, there has been a great and sudden "slump" in the works of Robert Louis Stevenson in that market. This is attributed to the over-puffing, and more especially, to the policy which has been pursued of making copy of every school boy scrap and piece of nonsense verse that could be come at by hook or crook, until the public has become both "satiated and nauseated." It is no more than was to be expected, and those who have regard for Stevenson as either author or individual cannot but rejoice that the end of the exploitation is at hand. No sooner had the breath left his tired body than the family began the process of coining every fragment. His unfinished books were published as a matter of course. That was only right and just, but immediately thereafter came his letters to his publishers, letters to his step-grandson, letters to Tom, Dick and Harry. The family made haste to leave Samoa, to be near the commercial marts, and we had reminiscences and recollections, facsimile reproductions of pages of his rough draughts—and the idle pencilings on his margins, photographs of the superscripture upon envelopes which he had directed; photographs of every street and city where he was known to have tarried; entthe presation copies of his books which belonged to his mother were put up for sale at the London book auction; even the house in which he was born was hurried into the market while the name of Stevenson had power to draw money; editions de luxe and editions anything but de luxe were all forthcoming. We had hints broad enough to walk upon of the propriety of a public subscription to raise a monument over his grave in Samoa. In all probability it would have proved too expensive an undertaking to have heeded his own life-longing "to be buried in good Scots clods." Mrs. Strong is about to tour the country lecturing upon "Stevenson in Samoa," a distinction lacking a difference, and add to all this, if there is a single individual of the Caucasian race who ever met Stevenson under any circumstance or condition who has not turned his experience to account as the subject of a newspaper or magazine article, he deserves to be immortalized along with the man who never published reminiscences of Grant. This commercialism is, naturally, injuring Stevenson's reputation as an author. Years from now he will attain his proper place in literature but not until all of this ephemeral gush has sunk into oblivion and the tons of ill-considered and ill-written adulation and gleanings from the rag-bag and lumber room have been again reduced to blank paper. This modern system of vicarious authorship is worth the serious consideration of those living writers who may have regard for the opinions of posterity. During the now all but forgotten investigation of the great beef scandal it leaked out that the heads of the big meat combine had instructed their subordinates to use the telephone whenever practicable, instead of mail or telegraph, for the obvious reason that the telephone left no record. It is worth bearing in mind.

The value of a name in current literature was never made more obvious than in the October Century wherein Tudor Jenks has a short diologue entitled On the Doorstep. The scrap (it is nothing more) is far below the standard of even a ten cent magazine, and certainly would not be looked for in the Century, outside of the Lighter Vein department, where it would have been bad enough, but worse still, if it is neither fresh, bright nor original. It is the old hackneyed story, long ago shelved by the comic journalist—two women each in a dreadful hurry, yet standing on the doorstep and discussing the interminable problems of servants, children, etc., and finally returning in doors to finish their conversation.

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Musical Notes

The concert of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music took place at Metropolitan hall last night. too late for detailed criticism this week. I will mention this affair more extensively in the next issue. * * * Miss Belle Wilson of Fayettesville, Ark. and a pupil of Samuel Bollinger, is one of the latest additions to our musical cult. The young lady is said to be very accomplished. * * * Among the songs rendered at the Sorosis club last Monday afternoon were compositions by Arthur Fickenscher and W. A. Sabin. * * * An invitational musical evening was given by Mrs. Carrie Brown Dexter and Llewelyn A Hughes at the First Presbyterian church, Oakland, last Tuesday evening. Mrs. Dexter is a conscientious singer whose care of execution reveals the artist. Mr. Hughes is a talented violinist who will ere long make a mark in the music world.

—o—

A correspondent across the bay sends me the following account of the Dexter Hughes concert, which drew an audience which filled to overflowing the largest church in Oakland, the First Presbyterian. Mrs. Dexter was in brilliant voice and it is only just to say that no one—outside of the operatic stage—has ever sung music of the colorature style with more finish and purity of execution in our city than Mrs. Dexter. Proch's "variations" and the bolero from the Sicilian Vespers were both given with limpidity and exquisite finish. In Fair Springtime Beginning (Saint-Saens) and in Gounod s Ave Maria Mrs. Dexter's beautiful phrasing and sympathetic interpretation were charmingly displayed. Miss Helen Hager accompanied Mrs. Dexter with excellent taste and good technic. Young Mr. Hughes was in fine form on Tuesday evening and by his repose, his enlarged tone and beautiful bowing showed that he is steadily going forward in his chosen profession. Mr. Hughes père at the organ in the closing number and Mrs. Cameron-Smith at the piano in each of Mr. Hughes' solos lent beauty and support by their dignified musical culture.

—o—

Miss Isella Van Pelt has been appointed contralto of the Calvary church choir. Miss Van Pelt being a diligent student and the possessor of a rich, clear voice, it is gratifying to find her accomplishments recognized. The young lady received her entire musical education from Mrs. Marriner-Campbell, who ranks high among our vocal teachers. Mrs. Campbell has organized a ladies quartet whose title is the Colonial quartet. I heard a rehearsal of this organization and must confess that the ladies do not only sing well together, but that each of them possesses a naturally good voice which she understands well how to use to good advantage. The members of the quartet are: Misses Alma Berglund, Isobel Kerr, Zena Roberts and Isella Ven Pelt.

—o—

Mrs. Emma Frost Dunnells gave a most delightful "Informal" in the parlors of the Stewart last Monday after-afternoon. The affair was a Brahms' recital and the hostess read the paper delivered by her before the San Francisco Musical club last spring. The assistants were Mrs. Van Benson and Miss Maude Fay, who illustrated the lecture by rendering some Brahms' selections in a praiseworthy manner.

—o—

The fourteenth year of the Byron Mauzy Musical Evenings opened last week with the concert of the Music Teachers' association. This week Roscoe Warren Lucy gave a pupils' recital. Next week Professor Joseph Beringer will give a pupil recital of his conservatory. For every week for several months concerts by various teachers have been booked. These concerts are all invitational and tickets can be had at Byron Mauzy hall.

—o—

James Hamilton Howe went to Stockton last week to direct rehearsals of the Mendelssohn Hymn of Praise. The work was produced last night with orchestra and organ accompaniment. Miss Gertrude Elliott, one of Stockton's most accomplished musicians, prepared the chorus and soloists for this rendition.

—o—

Those musicians who are constantly complaining of the fact that the daily papers are unwilling to pay attention to concerts not advertised in their columns will be interested to know that the *Call* will report in future all concerts of true merit irrespective of advertisement. A. M.

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Some Writers' Observations

A great sorrow has often compensations that do the heart no good at all at the moment; but time reveals their importance, and that they would have been comforts at the time, could the sufferers have foreseen what was coming.—*Single Heart and Double Face*, Charles Reade.

The guilty who have much to conceal are often more discreet than the innocent who have nothing to fear.—*Self Raised*, Mrs. E. D. N. Southworth.

We worry about not carrying out our plans—the large plans we make for our own lives. But it really matters very little what comes of our plans if only we do what God marks out for us. A successful life in the end is one which has done that for which God created it.—J. R. Miller.

"Sermons are like Scotch bagpipes. They sound very well when one doesn't hear them."—Mr. Anerley in *In Silk Attire*, William Black.

It is well when a face has its share of pride in the nose. Then the lips can give themselves solely to sweetness and archness.—*John Brent*, Theodore Winthrop.

"One who is really a man will never do again that which once done he afterwards repents of."—The High Priest in *An Egyptian Princess*, Ebers.

It is good history, as well as good morals, that no man can play a part absolutely and always. If he be acting he will sometimes forget his rôle, and we shall catch him. If he is never inconsistent, then he cannot be making believe.—*The Awakening of a Nation*, Charles F. Lummis.

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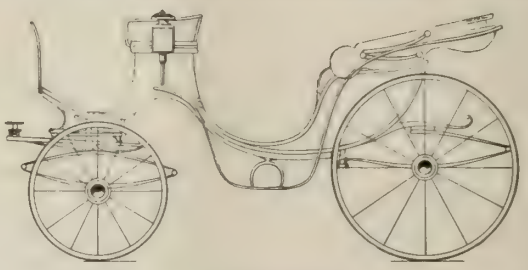

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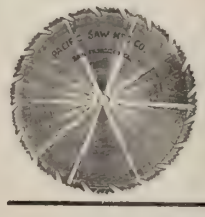

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San Francisco, November 18, 1899

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OUR OPINION

Expose the Author Of the Circular

THE authorship of the fake circular which made its appearance during the late campaign should be fixed. Those that are most interested in learning the identity of the vile scoundrels by whom the contemptible trick was perpetrated, should offer a reward for information as to the sourse of that cunningly devised piece of campaign literature. As the circular plainly emanated from the enemies of the democratic organization the leaders of the party should interest themselves in the matter and endeavor to fix the responsibility. Its publication was a felony under the laws of this state, and the criminal courts should deal with the perpetrators. The purpose of the circular was not only to defeat certain candidates for office, but also to fan the flame of bigotry in this community. The man that would seek to advance political interests by such a cowardly device, should not be permitted to roam at large. The moral obliquity that would prompt such campaign strategy is bred in the bone and should not be permitted to fructify. To trace the authorship of the circular should not require the most subtle detective skill. The members of the Typographical union would no doubt be willing to render assistance, and the offer of a reward would probably bring speedy response, for the people who would engage in such an enterprise are devoid of even the honor that is sometimes found among thieves. And by the way it should not be unreasonable to expect valuable suggestions from those leaders of the republican organization who were interested in the scheme to publish a circular purporting to contain the *Monitor's* endorsement of Horace Davis. During the campaign an advertisement exploiting the virtues of Mr. Davis was inserted in the *Monitor* at the regular advertising rates. The wise men of the regublican machine evolved the notion that, by printing it in circular form under the caption "What the Monitor Has to Say About Horace Davis," would lead people to believe that the organ of the Catholic church had endorsed the republican candidate. The circular was taken to a dingy establishment in Clay street where it was printed, and whence emanated nearly all republican campaign literature. The plan was to distribute the circular in front of all the Catholic churches on the Sunday immediately preceding the election. The editor of the *Monitor* learned of the intended ruse and notified Mr. Zenas U. Dodge that if the circular were sent out it would be denounced as a bald fake. The entire edition had been struck off but Mr. Dodge wisely decided to have it destroyed, and it never saw the light of day. Now there is surely not a vast difference between trying to deceive the public by falsely representing that the organ of the church had endorsed the candidacy of Mr. Davis, and seeking by a fake circular to spread the belief that a religious organization was appealing to religious bigotry in the interest of certain members. The republican leaders have repudiated the fake circular, but they should also seek to expose its authors. Some of them pretend to believe that it emanated from the democracy, but in view of the sentiments expressed by republican orators during the campaign their pretensions appear absurd.

Theo. F. Bonnet.

Legislation Against An Obnoxious Fashion

APPEALS to the finer feelings of women in the hope of discouraging the trade in bird-plumage for millinery purposes have totally failed. The strong-minded agitators of the gentler sex who have made their influence felt in the affairs of men, have tried to dissuade their weaker sisters from wearing hats ornamented with birds or feathers and have met with no success. The crusades of the gentler sex appear to be effectively waged only against the objectionable frivolities of the male biped. Organized femininity is impotent when its efforts are directed against feminine shortcomings. The slaughter of birds continues for the purpose of decorating the hats and pampering the vanity of feather-brained damsels and the tyranny of fashion is so complete that nothing short of legislation can restrict the objectionable traffic. It is no longer mere sentiment that prompts solicitude for the birds. Birds accomplish an end in the economy of nature and the threatened extermination of many species has occasioned such anxiety that the South Australian government has taken action for the suppression of the traffic. A bill is before the legislature which imposes a penalty for the killing of plumage-birds in any season of the year. Some sixty species are scheduled for protection. The rapid decrease in the number of swallows that visit England from the Mediterranean coast countries is becoming serious, involving as it does an increase of noxious insects of many kinds, and the question of the advisability of protecting birds is being agitated in Europe. Despite the dictates of fashion the bird-killing industry must cease, and it would probably be well if many of the women who are now engaged in trying to freeze Mr. Roberts out of Congress would save their energy for expenditure in a better cause.

A Bubble Reputation Somewhat Hard to Prick

MR. WILLIAM MCKINLEY is very much elated over the republican victories in certain states of the Union. He is pleased to regard them as compliments to his administration, deliberate endorsements of his policy, and requests from the people to prolong his stay in the White House. TOWN TALK has no intention of disputing the accuracy of the President's judgment, for there is no doubt that he has successfully deluded a great many people in all parts of the country. Moreover, it would be absurd to deny that the war has given great impetus to the McKinley-Hanna presidential boom! Many loyal Americans believe it to be their duty to support the administration at the polls by way of expression of their patriotism, and their enthusiasm is such that they will refuse to listen to adverse criticism or even enter into a discussion of the merits of the claims of Mr. McKinley and his boomers. They are so well satisfied with our victories and the consequent prosperity of the country and they are so disgusted with the efforts of certain blundering politicians to create alarm by warnings against the threatened development of imperialism, that they have made up their minds to stand by the War President at all hazards. That the present administration is the rottenest in the history of the country it would be difficult to convince them, for so palpably unjust have been many of the attacks on the President that the average citizen is prone to regard even the truth as fiction when it reflects on his integrity or the sincerity of his motives. It is Mr. McKinley's good fortune that the next campaign is not farther away, for so brief is the period that shall elapse before election that it will be difficult to expose his selfish, gulping hypocrisy. He came into the White House as the agent of prosperity, and by happy fortuity the country has become prosperous. Who cares to weigh the fortuitous circumstances? It suffices for most to know that hard times have passed, and that Mac is King. Why should they care whether he came into power as the tool of a political trust? It matters not to them that he began his official career under the eye of Mark Hanna, or that he bribed old John Sherman in his dotage to leave the Senate for the State Department to make room for Hanna, and then drove poor Sherman into obscurity to create a vacancy for John Hay, and thereby pay his campaign debts to the Western Union. It does not even interest them to know that he drove the Postal Telegraph company from Cuba to give the Western Union a monopoly, and thereby cinch the public, or that he made Wilson Agricultural Secretary at the behest of the Beef Trust whose wares his department had to inspect, or that he called Gage to the Treasury at the request of Kohlsaat whose paper had shortly before borrowed four hundred thousand dollars from Gage's bank. These are affairs of the President with which the average voter does not care to concern himself while prosperity reigns supreme. They give him credit for having delayed the war upon the theory that he is a strategist and was killing time to save Americans in Cuba, and now that it is known that he was being importuned by many millionaire friends who were heavily involved in Spanish securities, they are loath to accept the story that disparages his motives. They would probably discredit the records which show that Sigsbee's dispatch accusing the Spaniards of blowing up the Maine was suppressed in the Cabinet, and that a fictitious one was given to the public, and furthermore, that the whole administration clique sought to prove that the sailors of the Maine were responsible for the wrecking of the vessel. It might even provoke their indignation to learn that the war was declared by democratic resolution—Turpie's—and that the American holders of Spanish securities were very grateful for the twenty million dollars paid to Spain for the Philippine islands after Dewey had added them to American territory. Prosperity covers a multitude of presidential turpitude, and such is the loyalty of Americans to the man who happened to be President when we licked Spain, that they are quite willing to draw the mantle of charity over his shoulders even when he was showing his unappreciation of the dignity of his high office by making stump speeches in Ohio on the eve of the recent election.

A New Competitor In The Magazine Field

ANOTHER monthly magazine is threatened, this time a very superior production, *East and West*, "a monthly periodical of letters" which shall contain none of the objectionable journalistic and pictorial features," but which is to be literature pure and simple. The promoters of this enterprise offer as guarantee of their fitness to undertake the regeneration of literature "those masters of style who constitute the English instruction corps at Columbia college," and they further assure us that a special effort will be made "to bring before the public the work of those who as under graduates have done the most to raise college literature to the grade of excellence it has attained in late years." *Munseys'* says: "Sad indeed it would have been had pure literature remained confined to the college papers. Joyous news is it that from the study halls and recitation rooms a band of capped and gowned students will pour to give the world a periodical supply of it, untainted by any suspicion of base present interest or special knowledge. Perhaps, after all, there is, as the young editors say, room for such a magazine. But there are times when their friends must fear that pure literature may prove to be, like the 'general horse' of the logicians, an airy abstraction about which much discussion may be had, but on whose back no one may ever ride." It is quite a matter of course for youths and maidens just emancipated from the schoolroom to set about regenerating the world in short order. The *Centurion* is their model and they apparently have no idea that anything more than an imperative order is required. The A. M. of a college has usually absorbed the opinion that all literature is condensed into those two letters, and that his academic degree is proof conclusive of his ability. It is in the regular course for these youngsters, as well as the professors, to make facetious remarks upon

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"newspaper English," and "reporters' English," but when these exponents of "pure literature" are tried by the reporter's standard they are found sadly wanting. It is one thing to sit at ease in a well furnished library or study, and write leisurely upon some subject of special interest, with opportunity for copious revision and copying. It is quite another matter to take an assignment, rush out after information, make hasty and perhaps illegible notes, and then sit down in a crowded and noisy room and write as fast as pencil can travel over paper, with a copy boy ready to snatch the sheet as soon as it is written. Many a column is rushed into print literally as fast as it is written and the reporter rarely sees his work as a whole till the paper is issued. He makes mistakes in his grammar, his rhetoric is often in violation of rules, his style is faulty, but the wonder is not that he does so poorly, but so well. No college student, no college professor could step into his place. We have had an abundance of college journals in this land of ours but no common, ordinary everyday reporter who would hand in such poor stuff as fills their columns could expect to be retained on the staff of any live, go-ahead paper. If the aspiring young editors of *East and West* wish to enter the field of magazine literature, there will be plenty of room at the bottom. They are not apt to do much harm with their new plaything, and they are certain to learn a lot.

The Saunterer

EVERYBODY is earnestly hoping that "Lucky" Baldwin will be compelled to sell a good slice of his hotel site to James L. Flood and the outcome of the existing controversy will be eagerly watched. Baldwin's disinclination to sell at the figure originally fixed as the price of his property reminds me of a somewhat similar incident of his career. Several years ago a well known horseman visited his famous breeding farm and having taken a fancy to a fine colt offered to purchase the animal.

"I don't know what he's worth," said Baldwin. "My manager attends to those matters; ask him the price and whatever he says goes."

The horseman followed instructions and the manager fixed the price at seven hundred and fifty dollars but when Baldwin was seen again he said that he had looked up the colt's pedigree and found that he was worth fifteen hundred dollars. The horseman went away disappointed, but returned the next day and agreed to pay fifteen hundred dollars for the colt.

"Well," said Baldwin, "I've been thinking the matter over and I've come to the conclusion that I couldn't let the colt go short of twenty-five hundred dollars."

By this time the prospective purchaser was thoroughly disgusted but he decided to see just how far Baldwin would go, and the old man never stopped till the price had been raised to four thousand dollars. The sale was not made and a few months later the colt was sold for five hundred dollars.

Mr. Flood is having the same experience with Baldwin as Baldwin had with the man from whom he purchased the greater part of his hotel site. The hotel was built on leased ground, and under the terms of the lease the lessee was entitled to purchase the land at its expiration for a stipulated figure. During the life of the lease the property more than doubled in value and when Baldwin offered the stipulated price he was told to go to the demnition bowwows. He preferred to go to court and he eventually won his suit. And, by the way, it is not the first time that Tom Magee has slipped up after making a sale. I believe he once sold a piece of property belonging to a woman in Los Angeles for eighteen thousand dollars, she having stated that she would not accept less than that amount. While the deal was being negotiated a rival real estate agent sold the property for nineteen thousand dollars. Magee tried to compel her to accept eighteen thousand dollars but the court found that the law was against him. The case, however, is not analogous to the Baldwin–Flood affair, for it appears that Magee held Baldwin's power-of-attorney.

"I am come to ask you for aid for a poor young girl," said the Solicitor for the Charitable Society.

"Certainly," replied Miss Luxury, "is she tall or short?"

"Tall and thin—thin because she does not have enough to eat," said the Solicitor for the Charitable Society.

"Well, then, I have just the very thing for her," said Miss Luxury with a beaming smile, as she took from a top shelf a pair of the new style corsets, "I have grown so stout I look like a fright in them myself."

Which shows that the old saw about its being an Ill Wind that Blows Nobody any Good is still in good working order.

Considerable interest is manifested by the members of Sacred Heart parish in an amateur production of "Pinafore" which is to take place at Native Sons' hall next Thursday evening. Inasmuch as the participants in this affair have frequently appeared in public with much success there can be no apprehensions as to the first class quality of the performance. In an affair of this kind the performers' ambition spurs them to do their very best. The cast will be: Howard Dumont, Sir Joseph Porter; Will Jacobs, Captain Corcoran; Al Nowlan, Ralph Rackstraw; Dennis Sherrin, Dick Deadeye; James Maguire, Boatswain; William Breen, Boatswain's mate; Miss Etta Welsh, Josephine; Miss Kittie G. Allen, Buttercup; Miss Emma Niccoli, Cousin Hebe. Tom Nowlan will be the director and as his musical ability is conceded to be of a high order much may be expected regarding artistic execution. The proceeds will be donated to the Sacred Heart church fund.

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Maude Berry Fisher, whose stage appellation is Maud Lillian Berri, has been engaged by the New York Castle Square opera company and will appear at the American theatre this winter. Barron Berthald, William Mertens and other San Francisco favorites are members of this company. Mrs. Fisher was with Francis Wilson last season. Though well spoken of by the critics she did not make a pronounced hit. Her voice and appearance were classified by one writer as "large and pale." The fault of Mrs. Fisher that was always noticeable was her lack of personal magnetism. She is beautiful and her voice is of fine quality but she seems lacking in dramatic expression. Possibly with more experience this lack may be filled and Maud Lillian Berri's singing and acting will no longer be commented upon for its pallor.

If San Franciscans would like to sit down and figure it out they will find that our city may claim relationship with Admiral Dewey's bride. If not blood relations of Mrs. George Dewey, we are at any rate distant connections by marriage. And this is how it happens. Mrs. Dewey's brother, John R. McLean, married a Miss Beale, whose father, General Edward F. Beale, was once prominent in republican politics here. He owned a large ranch which after his death, I believe, reverted to his son, Truxton Beale. The latter is very well known here in society and clubdom, and the circumstances of his marriage to Miss Hattie Blaine, and subsequent divorce, are still fresh in our memory.

[A ten-year-old local Alfredaustin is responsible for this]:

There was a little boy and he had a little wrinkle
Right in the middle of his forid
When he was cold he was very, very cold
And when he was hot he was torrid.

It makes a big difference whose ox is gored. A few weeks ago, when the hello girls, the aristocracy of the female working world, complained of their hard treatment which, summed up, was that they had to work for their wages, nearly every paper in town devoted a page or so to helping them in their bewailment. They were not allowed to use the telephone for their private conversations, to talk in work-hours, or receive callers, etc.,etc. Poor things! When it is discovered that other girls are working in fruit-packing establishments for Chinese bosses and at rates which the Chinese themselves will not accept, the matter is worth a single short paragraph. Apparently like eels, these girls are supposed to be "used to skinning." It is to be noted in this particular, that though very young white children are forced into such employment, Chinese children are never found in canneries, factories or fields. It is also worth remark that though white children are continually pushed, slapped and reprimanded in public whenever they are in charge of nurse or parent, no one ever sees little orientals hustled or abused. True, the little yellow babies are much better behaved on the whole, but ill temper, like other vices, is contagious, and also far too often the child is made the victim of the parents' peevishness.

In one of the city hospitals is dying a woman whose eventful life-history could rightfully be included as a chapter in the annals of our swim. Some years ago she was numbered among the most beautiful blondes in San Francisco. Her father was, and still is, a millionaire. Everything that heart could wish was lavished upon the girl but the social routine palled upon her and she sought less conventional associates. In a clever coterie of bohemians, men of talent in arts and letters, she found her fate. He was a man who wrote for the papers, that is he was not exactly a newspaper man but he wrote articles. He was connected in some way with theatricals and was usually found hanging about the theatres. Against her parents' wishes the girl married this man.

She went away with him and I believe they were afterwards separated. Anyhow they drifted apart and she went to Japan. This was about four years ago. She led a gay life in the orient and became, I have been told, one of the noted figures in the half world of the Japanese capital. Ruined in health, the victim of incurable consumption, a few months ago she returned to San Francisco. She is now dying, as I said before. Her father knows where she is but refuses to look upon her face again. When she married against his will he banished her from his heart.

After an election always comes conjecture as to how it all happened. Even the man who takes his defeat philosophically likes to figure out how the other man managed to win, and he tries to find solace in the reflection that the public blundered. He is seldom willing to confess that the blundering was all on his side. A. P. Black, the republican candidate for District Attorney, is an exception. He admits that a circular issued in his behalf calling attention to the many criminals that he had successfully prosecuted did more than all else to effect his defeat. The circular showed that he was a most industrious prosecuting attorney, but the hundreds of relatives of convicted men resented the dragging of the family name into the glare of publicity in the interest of a candidate for office. They did not relish being reminded of the disgrace brought upon them in the criminal court, and they waged a bitter fight against Mr. Black throughout the campaign. It is only fair to him to state that he was not responsible for the circular. I believe that it was his zealous friend Martin Stevens who was guilty of the fatal faux pas.

One of the most philosophical of the defeated candidates is Charley Jackson, who appears to have been laboring under the delusion that he was running for City Attorney. Mr. Jackson is a popular young man of ability but he was handicapped by the circumstance of his opponent being so closely identified with the charter fight. At a late hour on the night of the election he stood in front of a bulletin board in Market street watching the returns, and about the time that it became apparent to him that the repub-

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lican ticket was swamped an alarm of fire sounded. He turned and saw the engines dashing down Market street toward the corner of Grant avenue.

"I hope it's the Phelan building," he exclaimed and then he walked away.

A sample of the sort of egregious blundering that sometimes makes a candidate ridiculous and estranges voters, was that given by a certain candidate for supervisor who did not think that he could be defeated but was. He was among the speakers invited to address the members of the South End Boating club one afternoon during the campaign and he introduced himself in this style:

"I have heard it said that I should not be elected supervisor because I haven't any sense. Now I think I have sense. I show that I have sense by coming here today because there are voters here."

The speaker meant to be humorous, but he was taken seriously and many people walked out of the hall while he was talking.

Count Artsimovich having returned to town in time to congratulate his friend Mrs. Webster Jones on her return to single blessedness, it was believed by some of their acquaintances that there would soon be an announcement of an engagement. The count, it will be remembered, started for Russia about the time that Mrs. Jones left for Santa Barbara where she established a residence for divorce purposes. But I understand there was no significance in that coincidence or in that of the count's return contemporaneously with the divorce proceedings. The count has always been an admirer of Mrs. Jones in a polite, diplomatic sort of a way, and rumor has lately credited him with being a suitor for her hand, but now that she is getting alimony she does not need a husband.

Admiral Dewey evidently believes in short and decisive engagements, both martial and marital.

Bob Edgren has changed his mind. Last week I reported that he had accepted an offer to cartoon for the *North American* of Philadelphia, and the statement was correct, but there is many a slip between a newspaper artist and a new job. If Wanamaker had not sent transportation Edgren would probably be journeying eastward. Will Hearst was notified somewhat speedier than post-haste of Edgren's contemplated change of base, and he lost no time in convincing the Davenport of the Pacific coast that he should stay where he is. Edgren made a hit in the recent campaign with his pen satires on the Poodle Dog episode which pegged him up considerably in the estimation of Mr. Hearst.

The sudden activity of the Police Department shown by the raid on the Mason street gambling club occasioned a deal of surprise and stimulated speculation as to the cause thereof. A somewhat amusing report which has gained currency is that one C. A. Buckley has been pointing with pride to himself as the man that prodded the police to action. As I have become somewhat familiar with the odors of his mephitic political carcass, I have found it difficult to dispute my senses and give credence to a rumor which necessitates the assumption that vitality has been restored even after decomposition had set in. But the rumor will not down. Buckley, so the story goes, has a grievance against the promoters of the Mason street club due to their refusal some time ago to do business with his cousin and partner-in-crime, William Harrison, who recently "welched" in New York. And now he declares that he has revenged himself by prompting the raid of the police.

It appears that, although Buckley is politically dead he is still accumulating money by false pretenses, for there are fools with money who are qualifying for admission to one of the state asylums by supplying him with funds for campaign work. When not engaged in politics he devotes his time to gambling, with his cousin as his principal agent, and I understand that he is largely interested in the new coursing park. It has been rumored that he contemplates driving his rivals of the Union coursing park out of business by bribing the supervisors of San Mateo county to order the extension of streets through the enclosure in which the objectionable competition is maintained. If this scheme is contemplated it would be interesting to know what portion of the sack Buckley will contribute. Will he assess himself for his full pro rata, or will he hold that out and use only the money contributed by his partners? Imagine Buck giving up some of his own money to a supervisor!

"Here's where I foil you again," said the hero in stentorian tones as he grasped the villain by the throat.

"The thirteenth time in four acts," exclaimed the villain.

Marie (the heroine)—And now, Clarence dear, I am yours for life!

Villain (sotto voce)—Don't be in such a hurry; can't you see I'm not dead yet?

And it was ever thus in good old fashioned melodrama. The villain would not be despised so heartily if the gallery knew how punctilious he was in stage business.

Arthur M. Lewis has collected his Rag Tag pictures and published them in a volume which he appropriately dedicates "To that Prince of Holy Terrors, the American Small Boy." The Rag Tags, who are own cousins to the Brownies, made their first appearance in the Sunday edition of the San Francisco *Chronicle*, where they were the delight of the little people of the family. They took part in all the fads and excitements of the day, golf, football and everything, and of course set sail for the Klondike and the Philippines. The book, published by A. M. Robertson, is gotten out in their usual good taste and excellent style and contains several colored plates. It is sure to be appreciated by the "holy terrors" for whom it is intended, and will make an appropriate holiday gift for any little boy, and especially for those too young to read without assistance.

Bailey Millard has discovered another new poet for the *Examiner*—Caroline Rice Shaw. That makes at least three during the past year.

The Sacred Heart church will be the scene of a very pretty wedding, with all the regulation paraphernalia, on Tuesday evening, November twenty-first, when Miss Marie Louise Kugelberg will be united to Robert E. Fazackerley, of Baldwin & Howell. The bride-elect is a young and charming girl and is the eldest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kugelberg. She is a niece of G. W. Ebner, who married Judge Cooney's daughter a few years ago.

Kipling has again proved himself a godsend to the female penny-a-liner. This time it is Eugenia Kellogg Holmes, who has the biggest part of a page in the Sunday *Examiner*, because Tessie McFarland, whom she identifies with Kipling's "dive girl,' has "gone dead again." The paragraph out of which Miss Holmes makes a page is quoted, as the old theologians used to put it, "like the devil quotes the Bible," that is divorced from context and surroundings. Item, a girl in a "dive," blessed with a Greek head, and eyes that seem to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world. But woe is me! She has no ideas in this world, nor in the next, beyond the consumption of beer (a commission on each bottle), and protests that she sings the songs allotted to her nightly without more than the vaguest notion of their meaning." In the original it is one of eight paragraphs following: "Besides, I am hopelessly in love with about eight American maidens—all perfectly delightful until the next comes into the room." This latest addition to the *Examiner's* female journalistic corps is a little worse than the usual rank and file. She has discovered that "the accredited staff correspondent of the Allahabad *Pioneer* did not, when here, confine his visits to Nob Hill and the newspaper offices. He went where all, or nearly all Bohemian tourists, globe trotters, sailors, soldiers, reformers and close students of humanity go. He went to the theatres, music halls, vaudevilles, the dens and dives of what is called the under world," all of which was very wicked of the young gentleman, when he could have attended mothers' meetings and kindergarten clubs.

No doubt Eugenia Kellogg Holmes would be deeply shocked by a sight of underground life, but really, did she suppose that the author of "Plain Tales from the Hills" had spent all his time in a monastery? Kipling in his description of his "dive girl" expressly states that she had nothing but her face to recommend her—that she professed to have only the vaguest notion of the meaning of the songs she sang—but the Sunday *Examiner* "actress," represented in a Scotch costume abbreviated at both ends, "knew songs which the Highlanders sing in their native heaths, and she sang them in sheer relief to her tense soul." This Little Saint Elizabeth, of course, could find no employment except as a dive waitress, and there the wicked Kipling discovered her and did his best to corrupt her innocence with a yarn about an Indian marriage, "without benefit of clergy," and so on, and so on ad nauseum. And Kipling went away, and she died—not from love, but from consumption. Donald Ross, by the way, is guilty of the illustrations. What is his conception of the meaning of "a Greek head and eyes that seem to speak all that is best and sweetest in the world?" If the fool killer would make a tour of the newspaper offices of San Francisco, it would be an enormous benefit to our reputation with the world at large.

"The baker, after all, is the man to be envied most in this world," said an ex-supervisor. "He has got his hands in the dough."

Mendelssohn's oratorio, "The Hymn of Praise" as given in the First Presbyterian church of Stockton last week, under the direction of James Hamilton Howe of San Francisco, was a success musically and in point of attendance. But the triumph of the singers and the church does not hide an undercurrent of bitterness that is afloat. There is a sort of rivalry, of jealousy between the Presbyterian and the Methodist churches so strong that it is whispered the pastors of these two congregations scarcely speak as they pass by. And now the Methodists are saying that they had secured the music for this same oratorio, purposing to give it in their handsome church; that the Presbyterians knew this and rushed their preparations to get in ahead and have the entertainment first. The Presbyterians as stoutly deny this, saying their plans for giving the oratorio dated from the time Miss Elliott accepted the position of organist and musical director in the church. The outcome promises to be a second rendition of the beautiful hymn, with another stage setting, for the Methodists say they will go ahead and give it just as if the Presbyterians were not and had not been.

The Presbyterian church, which was Dr. Mackenzie's charge before he was spirited away to San Francisco, is known as having a congregation exceedingly hard to please. I doubt if anyone who has served them, excepting Dr. Mackenzie, would draw a corporal's guard if he came back to talk to them. But they have a young pastor now in the Rev. J. W. Lundy who seems to please the majority of the people well and judging by the spirit displayed by one woman at a church meeting the other night they should soon recover from the financial depression which attacks any church which has been unhappy over its pastors for any length of time. It seems the brethren had been considering ways and means to efface the church debt and had comfortably settled that a committee of ladies should be sent out to solicit subscriptions. They waited on the ladies to inform them of this arrangement when one sister, with Scotch-Irish blood in her veins and the courage of her convictions ever hovering on her tongue's tip, rose and said:

"I'll have you to know, gentlemen, that I will no longer be one of a lot of 'old hens' to go out and do this work. Let the men of this congregation shoulder the business of the church as they ought to do, leaving the women to do woman's work and the church will be lifted out of debt and grow. A church that must be upheld by women deserves to go under the hammer."

It is said that not a Presbyterian there thought of quoting St. Paul about "letting the women keep silence in the churches."

They never blackball a candidate at the Pacific-Union club. They have a more polite way of main-

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taining the exclusiveness of their membership—a curiosa felicitas, by which the persona non grata is turned down without that wound to his feelings which is always inflicted when he is blackballed. They suggest to his sponsor that his name be withdrawn and thereupon he ceases to be a candidate. Instead of being kicked out he is merely pushed gently aside, which latter, I believe, was or is to be the experience of Mr. Buckley-Johnson. If you are in the swim you have undoubtedly made the acquaintance of the gentleman with the hyphenated cognomen. He is an Englishman who came hither from Victoria, B. C., some months ago with sufficient endorsement to gain the entrée to our highest toned society, and he has been cutting a broad swath ever since in a dolce far niente sort of a way. He is a tall, well-proportioned man, with blond locks, and is patterned after that most approved British type of gentleman with the patronizing air who finds that Americans are somewhat interesting and worthy of encouragement. His business is that of a promotor, but he is both a barrister and an avocat by education, having been admitted to practice in the courts of England and France. Though mining development is what he seeks to promote for a living, since his advent here he has promoted nothing but the game of poker.

And Mr. Buckley-Johnson is "a dead game sport," as they say in turf circles, for he is quite an easy loser, as was made evident the other night at the University club, where he played poker with several young men with expressionless optics, who reduced his pile to the extent of fourteen hundred dollars. The most successful player in the game was Billy Bourne, who can draw a full hand to a pair without blinking an eye. Mr. Bourne was richer by over one thousand dollars when the game broke up. Mr. Buckley-Johnson has played poker at a professional club in Pine street and he has handled the chips in the Pacific-Union while enjoying temporary membership, but he will dally there no longer, unless a change comes o'er the spirit of certain members. The objection to the Britisher is due to a report that he made a disparaging remark concerning the gentler sex as he knows it in the swim of San Francisco. How accurately he has been quoted I do not know, but the gist of what he is reported to have said involves the inference that he has been vouchsafed a too bountiful hospitality. Herman Oelrichs heard of the offensive utterance and he declared that he would resign from the Pacific-Union if the author of the remark were admitted. So it was decided that the name of Buckley-Johnson, which had been proposed for permanent membership, should be withdrawn.

There is a possibility of an injustice having been done Mr. Buckley-Johnson, and if so I shall be very glad to give publicity to a denial from him of the statement which has occasioned so much adverse criticism. Flippant remarks are not only often misconstrued but frequently misquoted. Mr. Buckley-Johnson has been such a favorite in the smart set, particularly with the matrons and belles, and he has been shown so many courtesies, that it seems unlikely for him to have given expression to such a boorish remark. He could not have been shown more atten- if he were a prince, but that is the one great fault of our Californian aristocracy. It has a tendency to slop over and there has been a great deal of slopping in the case of the gentleman from England, via Victoria, As a consequence his attitude has been that of a lofty superiority. During his temporary membership in the Burlingame club he took occasion to write to the directors complaining of the service, and the directors fell over one another in their haste to provide against complaint in the future. Now I regard such conduct on the part of a temporary member as grossly presumptuous, but I suppose Mr. Buckley-Johnson had the impression that he was at Blingum in the role of a censor. I understand that he is a married man and that his wife and child are coming hither from England.

The theatrical managers of San Francisco have organized a society whose duty it shall be to aid members of the theatrical profession who through unforeseen circumstance have become destitute or are unexpectedly deprived of their positions. Incidentally this society will serve as a mutual protective organization. In order to acquire a fund for this purpose the managers besides contributing toward the undertaking have decided to give a monster benefit performance at the Orpheum, Thursday afternoon, December fourteenth. It will be managed in the same way as that immensely successful affair by which the fund for the reception of the California volunteers was swelled. Inasmuch as the managers and mummers are always ready to give their assistance in charitable enterprises, the public should be prompt in responding to their appeal. The congenial sentiment prevailing among our local managers is very commendable. This is the first time in America that the managers have banded together for this sort of charitable purpose. The officers of the society are: Morris Meyerfeld, secretary, W. H. Leahy, treasurer, Melville Marx, secretary. The theatres to be represented at the performance are: Columbia, California, Tivoli, Grand Opera House, Orpheum, Alcazar, Alhambra, Chutes, Olympia. Phil Hastings is the permanent press agent of the organization.

Most women who have withstood temptation in its mildest form think that they are heroines. They never become interesting until they have discovered their error.

It is said that the reason Superintendent of Schools Webster has been trying so many courses of study on the schools is because he listens to everybody's advice and tries to take it all. He acts on impulse rather than after careful meditation. When Mr. Webster was a teacher at the Lowell High school he was always very exacting with his pupils and the reason of this was that, being himself a student who could grasp every new idea quickly and a particularly clever mathematician, he naturally fancied all others possessed of equal qualifications. And that is why he cannot now understand that the courses of study he is urging on the grammar schools are too hard for the less talented students to grasp.

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Frank Norris again comes in for extended notices in the November magazines. The *Bookman* is particularly generous. Beside several paragraphs in the "Chronicle and Comment" there is a considerable article entitled "Frank Norris, Realist," by Frederick Taber Cooper, with portrait illustration reproduced from the painting by Ernest Peixotto. Norris has evidently made a big black mark on the literary page of the latter part of the Century.

An interesting bit of engineering and forestry has been carried out at the Mission during the past week, where a great China pine tree, some forty feet in height, has been prepared for removal to Golden Gate park. The old Whittier residence, at the corner of Twenty-first and Howard streets, has been sold and the site of the house and grounds is to be occupied by flats and stores. The tree, which is a rare specimen, was donated to the park by the purchaser and now lies boxed ready for removal. The problem was greatly simplified by the fact that a change in the grade left the garden several feet above the street level and the work has been accomplished perfectly, not a branch being broken.

They had had a tiff.

He (in injured dignity): "I go."

She (willing to compromise): "Oh, no," Then, frightened at her own temerity, "That is, I only referred to another town in Shasta county. Your mentioning one merely recalled the other."

But he refused to be convinced, and it took at least an hour for the demonstration.

It is generally supposed that being born partakes somewhat of the nature of a lottery, and that a person must make the best of such parents as chance has provided him with, but we are perhaps to see a new order of things. Cannot the world-reformers arrange things so that poor innocent babes shall no longer be compelled to belong to parents who are poor, uncultured, and perhaps drunken or criminal? Why should a child through no fault of his own have a father who drinks when he would prefer one of strict temperance principles? And think of a dear little cherub whose mother takes in washing and who would rather have had a materfamilias that adorned woman's congresses or advanced clubs. The old commandment, "Honor thy father and thy mother," is almost on the point of being replaced by a new one, "Parents apologize to your children for your shortcomings and gratefully acknowledge the honor they confer upon you by condescending to belong to you."

San Franciscans have always felt that they had a certain claim to Mrs. Richardson Clover, who has usually paid annual visits to her mother's ranch in California and thus, though her home has been chiefly in Washington, D. C., since her marriage to the naval lieutenant, she has not been wholly lost to us. But I fear it will now be many a month before Mrs. Clover comes this way. With her husband, Commander Richardson Clover, she will shortly leave for London where it will be necessary for them to take up their residence, owing to the former's appointment to the position of naval attaché at the United States Legation. Mrs. Clover is the only daughter of the late Senator John F. Miller and as Dora Miller she was a most popular girl. Her two little daughters are said to have inherited their mother's winsome manner. As they are both pretty and will inherit the Miller millions, with the prestige of their father's position, their attractions will naturally be manifold for heiress-hunting foreigners. The Clovers have the art of entertaining down to a fine point and have given many notable functions at their home, corner Q and Eighteenth streets and New Hampshire avenue, at the nation's capital.

A writer in one of the advanced magazines discourses on the right of every child to be well born. Somebody should now continue the subject and instruct the world on the duty of every child to choose proper parents.

Is San Francisco becoming less bohemian as she grows more cultured, or are our artistic tastes becoming more pronounced with the development of our bohemian instincts? These are questions which have lately engrossed attention in club circles. It has been noted that people of bohemian instincts are no longer indifferent to their surroundings. There was a time when a French restaurant which has always been the favored rendezvous of bohemians was unpretentious in everything but the menu. Any old ramshackle building was good enough for the so-called Parisian rotisserie. The floors were bare and cheap lithographs adorned the walls. The private rooms were uninviting and everything on the premises was cheap and cheerless. But how different now! All the old-time restaurants are housed in new and sumptuously furnished buildings. The Pierres and the Constantines have kept pace with the march of culture, and have provided their patrons with pleasing and artistic surroundings. The upper floors of our French restaurants are now almost palatial in the completeness of their appointments, and yet the atmosphere is as deliciously bohemian as ever.

No, we are not less bohemian than we were in the old days when we dined in the dilapidated Poodle Dog, or sipped our beer in Harry Grim's saw-dusted cellar, but we have been getting a little more esthetic. Our German friends have been cultivating our taste for music and we like to linger over our beer at Zinkand's while listening to the melodies wooed by Stark and his confreres. The atmosphere is the same as at Grim's but the surroundings are different. And so it is with the rotisserie of the tenderloin where we get the atmosphere of the Quartier Latin tempered with a sufficient air of refinement to make it wholesome. And speaking of the tenderloin rotisserie reminds me that the demand for sumptuousness has resulted in the complete reconstruction of Tortoni's in O'Farrell street. It is now the swellest restaurant in San Francisco. Several local artists have used their brushes to splendid effect on the walls of the dining-room, and it would be difficult to imagine anything more alluring than the rooms above. What with Tortoni's and the rest, kitchen French should soon become the popular tongue of that portion of the swim that enjoys petits diners and petits soupers at restaurants.

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In Harry Corson Clarke's company is a young woman who possesses all the elements necessary to make a successful actress. Her type of beauty is brilliant and unusual, she is talented, and she has already to her credit the marriage and divorce that are generally understood to be factors in promoting advancement on the stage. I refer to Madeline McKisick Bruguière. who has the part of Marjorie for which Miss Minnie Smith of Portland was originally cast. Barring a lack of knowledge of the art of makeup and a propensity to sprint and jump instead of taking her paces easily, Mrs. Bruguière's initial effort as a professional may be considered as an auspicious start up the road to fame.

When Madeline McKisick was about fourteen or thereabouts she made a public appearance in the character of a danseuse. It was at the Grand Opera House at a charity entertainment. At this same affair in the character of the Queen of Hearts in the game of Living Whist appeared Mabel Love, who is now a popular operatic prima donna. Miss McKisick danced a pas seul with grace and an abandon unusual in so young a girl. In the same manner that she flung off conventionality in this dance, Judge McKisick's wilful daughter later flung off formality in the matter of her marriage. But it did not surprise pretty Madeline's friends in Oakland when she slipped off to San Francisco one day, ostensibly to take a singing lesson but really to marry young Pedar Sather Bruguière. That was a long time ago. The happy pair went to live at a smart family hotel in Sutter street and their romantic marriage promised to turn out better than does the average runaway alliance. However, Pedar is now studying medicine in New York and Madeline is acting in "What Happened to Jones" at the California.

Another débutante of the week is Miss Sannie Krueger, widely advertised by her press agent as a near relative of Oom Paul. Miss Krueger is a native of the Transvaal and if she is an average specimen of the young girls of that section of Africa they are not a very robust set of feminines. Sannie, who made her début as Lady Saphir in "Patience" at the Tivoli on Monday night, has a sweet voice and is tall and as thin as Bernhardt was once upon a time. Miss Krueger is in direct contrast to little Julie Cotte, who is plump and brunette with a pair of beautiful dark eyes and a fetching manner that is sure to catch the chappies when they grasp the fact that such a star is shining at the Tivoli. Miss Cotte is full of that personal magnetism that Charlotte Beckwith, with all her beauty, lacks.

Manager Kirkpatrick of the Palace resolved the other day to erect a screen in the rear of the hotel court-yard, to protect from a draft those guests that are accustomed to loiter at the tête-à-tête tables. He invited several architects to submit plans and estimates, and they did so. Now Mr. Kirkpatrick thinks that every man should be his own architect. He was telling a friend about the contemplated improvement a few days ago.

"After looking over the plans," he said, "I found that in order to have the screen erected it would be necessary to tear down half the hotel for the sake of harmony. The architects insist that the screen should harmonize with the surroundings, and to get harmony it would be necessary to remodel the building. So I've decided to hire a carpenter whose ideas of harmony are of the ragtime order."

The gentleman who enjoys the distinction of being the father of Justice of the Peace Barry, like his worthy son, moves in a judicial atmosphere. He occupies an exalted position on the top floor of the Parrott building, his duties being to discourage weaving spiders in the Supreme court library, and to keep the rooms spick and span. Being a patriotic Irishman, Mr. Barry père takes an interest in the Boer war, and the other day when reading his morning paper in the clerk's office he fervently expressed the hope that the downtrodden Boers would wipe the British off the face of the earth. His remark was overheard by a warm blooded Englishman, a reporter on the *Bulletin*.

"You fool," he exclaimed. "Don't you know that a man of your religion can't live in South Africa; that the Boers hate Catholics?"

Barry did not know it, but during the day he inquired into the matter, and received corroboration of the reporter's statement. Later on he was heard to express the hope that the Dublin Fusiliers would drive the Boers out of Africa.

In a recent *Examiner* war bulletin from Manila the startling fact is recorded that the insurgents are beginning to plant infernal machines and that two have been found. "The first was discovered by the patrol of the 10th Infantry under a culvert and the second machine was discovered by the patrol of the 16th Infantry under Captain Huston." Narrow escape, that, for the gallant captain.

Miss Bertha Crouch has announced her wedding day. This word comes direct from Los Angeles, where it occasioned much surprise. Though Miss Crouch's engagement to Martin Chase was announced some time ago, nothing was then said about a speedy wedding day. Miss Crouch is one of those pleasure-loving young women with whom one never connects in the same breath such dry details as domesticity presents. Because of her popularity and social prominence in Oakland, her former home, in Los Angeles and Santa Monica, Miss Crouch has many times been announced as having accepted this or that man who has paid her pronounced attentions. All of these rumored betrothals finally resolved themselves down to one bona fide affair, with Mr. Chase of Riverside as the happy man. And Wednesday, December thirteenth, has been fixed as the date when the weddiug will come off.

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At the Press club Smoker on Tuesday night Captain O'Brien of the Tennessee regiment was called on for a few remarks, and he took occasion to deny that the soldier boys from Tennessee were as bad as they had been painted. He said that the misdeeds of representatives of other regiments had been saddled on the Tennessee organization and he related that one morning, just before the start for Manila, he visited the city prison to secure the release of two members of his company who had been in jail all night, and he found that there were about thirty volunteers behind the bars representing half a dozen regiments, all of whom declared that they were of the Tennessee command. The captain admitted that the boys from the home of the Moonshiners were not all Sunday-school graduates.

There is one somewhat remarkable feature of the Tennessee regiment and that is the perfect harmony existing between men and officers. The Tennessee soldiers are the only volunteers who have returned from the Philippines without a grievance against their officers. This exceptional amity of relationship, however, bespeaks a lack of discipline, for the esprit du corps is altogether too pronounced for military purposes. The privates and officers mingle as though they were all on the same footing and the deference due from one to the other is never manifested. A returned volunteer told me of an incident that he witnessed at Manila, which illustrates the remarkable indifference of the Tennesse private to the military proprieties. One day he encountered a Tennessee soldier doing sentry duty and he engaged him in conversation. The Southerner stopped and rested on the muzzle of his Springfield. Presently a Tennessee officer put in an appearance and the narrator of the incident called the attention of the sentry to the approach of his superior. He expected to see the private hurriedly raise his rifle, but the soldier made no move. When the officer came within hailing distance the sentry asked him for a chew of tobacco. The officer took out his plug, cut off a piece, handed it to the sentry and passed on. When the observer of the incident expressed surprise the sentry said that he did not know that his conduct was unusual.

"Did you notice,'' he said, "that he cut off the piece of tobacco and handed it to me?"

"Yes, I noticed that," was the reply.

"Well," continued the sentry, "he knew if he gave me the plug he wouldn't get it back.''

From New York my correspondent writes me that the sensation of the week in art circles is the exhibition of Charles Rollo Peters' pictures. The exhibit is held at the Union League club and there were two "ladies' days,'' on Friday and Saturday. This is the first time the Union League has given up its rooms to an exhibition of one artist's works, the former custom having been to show the pictures of many artists. Mr. Peters' works are not unknown in Gotham for several clubs own specimens of his art, but this exhibition has gained so much comment from the press that the public's attention has been drawn to its excellence. Of the painting of "Camp Merritt, Lone Mountain," the camp in the moonlight, the *Evening Sun* says: "This will at once draw the eye, not alone because it is one of the most attractive subjects, but because of the genuine dexterity with which the conflicting lights are blended into a reposeful harmony." Another critic selects "Deserted" as the finest canvas. Mr. Peters is accredited with poetic feeling and sincerity of purpose, and I think he may justly feel pride in the kind comments of the New York art critics, who are usually very hard to please.

Dr. Stallard, who died at the Bungalow, Menlo Park, this week was a unique character, and one of the best known physicians in this city. He was an exceedingly fastidious old gentleman, and was one of the most interesting figures in the local medical fraternity. He was the first man in San Francisco to ride in a hansom cab, and there was no more familiar sight in the streets of this city than the companion pictures framed in the hansom cab's windows, of Dr. Stallard's kind face and that of his shaggy coated Scotch terrier. The two were inseparable, and the imperturbable countenance of the doctor, fringed with white Burnsides, seemed to have been specially designed for companionship with that of the shaggy canine.

There will be room for another to win the golf championship, now held by Miss Alice Moffitt, when this charming young Oakland girl fulfills her intention to marry George Doubleday of New York. The engagement announcement of Miss Moffitt and the New Yorker was one of the week's sensations across the bay, and considerable regret has been expressed that California's golf champion is to be lost to us. Though the date of the marriage has not been set, it will likely take place in the near future.

Patriotism is not entirely dead in the Newport set. Anglophobia has been epidemic among the multi-millionaires of the effete swim of the east for so many years that the impression has been created that love of country had been completely destroyed. So strong is this impression that everybody believes that Mrs. Oliver Perry Belmont made a grand stand play a short time ago when she refused to contribute to the fund being raised in England by Lady Randolph Churchill, for a hospital ship to be sent to South Africa. Mrs. Belmont declared in her cabled letter that Americans should first take care of the wives and children of our soldiers in the Philippines. Such a sentiment has the true ring of patriotism, but in view of the fact that Mr. Oliver Perry Belmont hopes to get the democratic nomination for the vice-presidency his wife is suspected of "doing politics." I am curious to know how the newspapers got hold of Mrs. Belmont's private communication to Lady Randolph Churchill. Was it sent in for publication?

Mrs. Belmont very properly remembers that we have soldiers of our own and that charity should begin at home, but she added, unnecessarily, that she did not believe in interference in international quarrels. But surely no one would accuse her of an attempt at interference for contributing to a fund for the relief of wounded soldiers. And as there are no strings on her purse she could render charitable aid to Tommy Atkins without depriving Uncle Sam's soldier boys of monetary assistance. While it is pleasing to know that patriotism is not dead in the Newport colony, I am nevertheless sorry that its first manifestation should be accompanied by such claptrap as Mrs. Belmont has indulged in. There is a bond of

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

sympathy between this country and England and there is nothing quite so vulgar as an effort to disclaim it for political purposes. That Mrs. Belmont should send such an offensive reply to Lady Randolph Churchill's appeal for charity is most surprising in view of the fact that the patriotic American lady is the grandmother of two bouncing Britishers.

The sensation of the week in Jewish social circles was the announcement of the engagement of Miss Nora Bachman to J. M. Loewe of the well known wholesale wet goods' firm of Wilmerding, Loewe & Co. Joe Loewe's friends have been regarding him as a confirmed bachelor and they had not the slightest suspicion that he contemplated matrimony. Miss Bachman is an accomplished young woman and she has the entrèe to the inner circles of Jewish swelldom.

The Misses Perkins—Mae and Pansy—are soon to make their début among the elect of Washington, D. C. They will leave for the east in about two weeks with their father, United States Senator George C. Perkins, and during the holidays they will visit Chicago, Boston and Philadelphia. Miss Mae Perkins, who is a popular member of Oakland society, will spend the winter at the national capital and it is her intention to plunge, as the society reporters say, into the vortex of social gayety. Her friends predict that she is destined to become one of the Washington belles. The daughter of a United States Senator is always vouchsafed a certain amount of deference in the diplomatic push of the Capitol, and when she is original and charming, as Miss Perkins is, she is bound to create a sensation.

Mrs. Annie Hendry and her niece, Miss Whitlock of Belvedere, left for the east on Thursday evening. They will visit the principal cities and will sail for Europe December second, to be absent two years.

The Entre Nous Cotillon club has again proved my assertion of a few weeks back that as an assistant to Hymen it is superior to a matrimonial bureau. The latest couple among the Entre Nous to join hands in holy matrimony were Miss Emma Prosek and W. B. Meckfessel, who were united on Tuesday evening, Reverend Dr. MacKenzie performing the ceremony.

The death of young Andrew Martin so soon after the expiration of his honeymoon, invests the closing chapter of his career with an element of most pathetic tragedy which is intensified by the knowledge that on his wedding day his friends and relatives and even his bride were aware that not many weeks would pass before he received his summons to join the innumerable caravan. During the past year the uncompromising bacilli of consumption made rapid progress in his system but he never realized how serious was his condition. His marriage to Miss Genevieve Goad was a love match and the bride has been most devoted in her attentions to her unfortunate husband.

There are "good things" in Sacramento as in all other small towns, notwithstanding the number of San Francisco politicians that have done business there. A tramp strolling past the Golden Eagle hotel one afternoon lately was stopped by a gay drummer who pretended to know him and introduced him to a newspaperman named Rutherford as Juan Romero, the cattle king of Fresno. The tramp quickly saw the joke and accepted the introduction. The drummer departed and Rutherford introduced the pseudo cattle-king to Frank Gray the proprietor of the hotel. Guests being somewhat scarce Gray proceeded to ingratiate himself into the friendship of Juan Romero. Well, it is a long story but the various incidents may be easily imagined from the sequel which developed in the police court the following day, Romero having been arrested for obtaining goods by false pretenses. The testimony showed that the defendant had obtained over one hundred dollars worth of wine and other good things from the Golden Eagle without exhibiting a five cent piece.

"Why did you represent yourself as a cattle-king?" asked the judge.

"I didn't," was the reply.

"Is your name Romero?"

"No."

"Why did you say it was?"

"I didn't; Mr. Rutherford's friend said that was my name and he said that I was a cattle-king. I didn't care what he said I was. When I wanted to go on about my business, Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Gray insisted upon my staying, and as the house seemed to be wide open and my credit unlimited, why I just showed them how to be a good fellow."

The case was dismissed.

"I am so glad, Miss Hayseed, that you have come to town for the winter," said Mrs. Pacific Heights, shaking hands with her husband's rich young relative from the north, "and I hope we shall see a great deal of you during your stay."

"I'm afraid you won't," returned her caller who, though from the rural districts, was not deficient in intuition, and she had been somewhat startled by the appearance of her hostess in evening dress.

The second meeting of the Alpha Cotillon was held at Century hall last Friday evening. The german was led by Henry Clapp assisted by Miss Cathleen Booth. November being the football month the football figure was made a feature of the dance and the Stanford and Berkeley colors were used Those in the first set were Miss Gertrude Burnett and Richard McGinnis, Miss Mabel Handy and Dr. Charles Roese, Miss Hallie Moulton and Mr. Beasom, Miss Mattie Spencer and Victor Seawell, Miss Ruth Jackson and Donald Spencer. The December cotillon will be led by Mr. Chase.

A pretty morning wedding, at the hour of ten o'clock on Wednesday, was that of Miss Florence Bridgman and Otto H. Heyneman, at St. Paul's Episcopal church. Though a quiet wedding, with only relatives and intimate friends present, the church presented a most attractive appearance, by reason of the elaborate decorations of white chrysanthemums. Mr. and Mrs. Heyneman will reside in this city after their return from Los Angeles, the objective point of their wedding tour.

The reported engagement of Edith Hall to Supervisor-elect W. N. McCarthy does not appear to be well founded. Mr. McCarthy will neither affirm nor deny the report—which in my opinion was given currency for theatrical advertising purposes. Miss Hall

is the soubrette of the "Yon Yonson" company which begins an engagement at the California theatre Sunday night and of course the announcement of her engagement to a wealthy yachtsman will make her the object of more than ordinary interest. I know that Mr. McCarthy has taken an interest in Miss Hall ever since she first began to attract attention at the Tivoli, and that he boycotted that house when she lost her soubrette job because he thought she had not been fairly treated, but the gallant sailor has taken an interest in soubrettes before without falling into the matrimonial snare. He is a kind-hearted young man, is Mr. McCarthy, and he sympathizes with soubrettes in their trials and tribulations. The sympathies of some people are aroused by the poor heathen in foreign parts; those of Mr. McCarthy go out to the poor soubrette, but as the sympathetic missionary finds it unnecessary to engage in entangling alliances, neither does Mr. McCarthy consider it incumbent upon himself to annex a stage favorite. And, by the way, what has become of Fannie Liddiard, the comic opera comedienne? Mr. McCarthy sympathized with her once upon a time, but they were never married.

First Soubrette: I believe he will marry her, his devotion has been so marked during her engagement at the Vaudeville.

Second Soubrette: Not half so marked as hers. Why, he had face powder enough on the lapel of his Tuxedo the other night to fill a flour-barrel.

It is not a Christian custom, nevertheless it is one that is much practiced by residents of our Christian country, to jump on a person who has once received censure. Give him one blow seems to be the rule, and then if that knocks him a trifle off his axis, follow it up with hits of all kinds. It is this variation of the golden rule that has been used in the case of Rounseville Wildman, the United States consul-general at Hongkong, whose official actions have lately been under criticism. Mr. Wildman has been held up to public view in an unpleasant light ever since the rumor first gained ground that he was to be recalled from China. The eastern society papers have even been attacking his wife in small, maliciously feminine comments on her alleged love for cosmetics, her style and her clothes. Mrs. Wildman, as San Franciscans know, for she used to live here both before her marriage and afterwards, was a noted beauty when as Letitia Aldrich she decided to go upon the stage. She had previously made a hit here in an amateur production, as Galatea, her statuesque form lending itself artistically to the classical draperies of the character. In Washington, D. C., where she went with her father, the late Judge Aldrich, she made her dramatic début.

Stories of her success as a professional reached her western friends but early in her career as an actress she renounced the stage in favor of matrimony, and became the wife of Rounseville Wildman. Mr. Wildman, who had held an official position at an Asiatic capital, later came here to live. He was then the editor of the *Overland Monthly* and had written a successful novel of considerable dramatic interest.

I have never seen in this city à studio containing more interesting objets d'art than that of Miss Emelia Kalisher, in the Rose building. Miss Kalisher spent three years abroad, studying in Paris at the Julian and Vitti academies, and later in Holland. Her exhibition, held on Thursday, Friday and Saturday of last week, was largely attended, for her friends who had seen her work before, when she was a member of the Art Students' League, were anxious to observe her improvement. Always strong and original, Miss Kalisher's work now shows the effect of her studies and experience. Her sketches number pen and inks, crayons, water colors and oils and are of great variety. The portrait of a woman, a large canvas, is unique in pose and broad in treatment. Two Dutch interiors and a study of a peasant woman show both simplicity and breadth, and an interesting manipulation of colors. There is the right sort of originality displayed in all of the canvases. What I mean by this is that there is no straining after outré effects, a great fault of young artists, but the pictures show a certain individuality of management.

Among the curios in the studio that attract attention is the collection of lamps that Miss Kalisher gathered when abroad. The Byzantine lamp hanging by the window is odd in shape and very beautiful. A collection of medals, reliques of students' balls and other occasions and given to the San Franciscan by various students, is also interesting. Other collections, of posters, pitchers and photographs, give entertainment to the visitor in Miss Kalisher's studio.

The residence of Mrs. Hearst in Washington, D. C., which is one of the most elegant homes in that city of luxury, has been leased to Mrs. Richard Johnson, who is a daughter of Senator Gorman. This means, no doubt, that Mrs. Hearst has made up her mind to stay in California this winter. Mrs. Hearst, by the way, not satisfied with renting the spacious Pennoyer place in Berkeley, has taken the Havens and Hillegas homes, and will do some very extensive entertaining during the season. The students will not be the only recipients of her hospitality, for I understand that Mrs. Hearst will fill her home with guests from town, after the custom in vogue at English country-places.

Mrs. Maud Butterick-Brown of Stockton will start soon to join her husband, Lieutenant Fred Brown, at Manila. Like many other officers' brides she saw her husband steam away to the war soon after the marriage ceremony was performed. Mrs. Brown, by the way, is related directly to the man who makes the Butterick paper patterns known to every woman in the country. Her family tells an interesting story of the youth of the head of the firm whose career really commenced in his early childhood. As a youngster in kilts and pinafores he amused himself with scissors and paper cutting out patterns for doll clothes. This was all right while he was only a baby, but as he grew into a good-sized lad and still felt more interest in dolls and their raiment than in any boyish sport, his mother became anxious, fearing that she was bringing up a "sissy" and sought by every means to win him from this effeminate pastime. But neither coaxing, threatening nor ridicule availed. His birth seemed overshadowed with the thought of those awful trousers our mothers used to make and he doubtless felt it incumbent on him to evolve a pair that should not leave one in doubt as to whether the wearer were coming in the gate or going out. At any rate he kept on whittling until he had covered the world with his patterns and made himself rich.

WHEN LULU COMES

(RONDEAU.)

WHEN Lulu comes, yea, long before
Her dainty fingers beat my door,
Before her eager step I hear,
My heart leaps up to greet my dear,
It must be love's unconscious lore.

I live upon the topmost floor,
Yet never lark did skyward soar
With gladder heart than hers, I swear,
When Lulu comes.

Like waves that beat a distant shore,
I hear the city's muffled roar:
What care I for this sullen sphere,
When heaven itself is drawing near?
Its glowing gates I'll pass once more,
When Lulu comes.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

—o—

HIS REVENGE

IT WAS NOT so much the fact that Jerry had once been my colleague, and had divorced himself from my office and taken unto himself a new partner, that grated upon my sensibilities.

It was not so much the fact that he was now my strongest rival with the corporations that was displeasing to me.

It was not so much that he had wooed away from me several of my best clients that aroused the sleeping lion that lurked within me.

It was not so much anything, au fond, but the fact that he had lied about me to a client whose good will I longed to retain that made me determine to get even with him.

Nobody likes to be made the subject of a falsehood. I not only disliked it but felt angry enough, when I first heard of the lie, to kill the author.

On second thoughts I determined that killing was too light a punishment, and indeed failed to fit the crime.

I concocted a scheme, a dainty revenge, the very refinement of devilishness, so to speak.

Jerry had a pretty wife. She is empty-headed, vain and silly, but she is pretty.

Jerry's wife loves admiration. I had never cared to know her in the days when he was my colleague, but now I sought an introduction.

Our acquaintanceship ripened into friendship with rapidity. My plan of revenge was carried out to conclusion.

I invited Jerry's wife to dine with me—and she accepted.

THE RAKE.

—o—

REJECTED

FAREWELL, O demon whom thy god made fair;
But, oh! that thou my misery mightst share
My life is wholly blasted by thy hand—
Henceforth, I, hopeless, wander o'er the land.
If never had I seen thy features' charm,
Then had I never felt this passion warm;
But that is over, and in naught shall Time
Behold his fool, save in a course of crime.
Crime! crime!—that word my destiny doth say:
Crime! from thy bonds I'll ne'er be thrust away:
Crime! crime!—henceforth for me no god but thee,
And whom I loved, the evil she shall be.

* * * *

Oh curse thee! curse thee, fair, with heart of stone!
May time wring from thy lips full many a moan.
My love for thee has changed to steadfast hate,
And thou'lt regret it, and regret too late.
Once more I curse thee—on my bed of death,
A curse on thee shall be my parting breath.

THE MONOMANIAC.

—o—

Lilly Bud: That Willie Millions absolutely reeled the other night when he asked me to sup with him after the show. It was a sickening exhibition.

Her mamma: You mistook sentiment for inebriety, my ove. Mr. Millions was no doubt intoxicated with love.

A FABLE

There once was a Damsel Fair who longed for a Husband.

But the Damsel Fair lived in a small town where Opportunities were rare.

So she went to a metropolis and became a typewriter for a large firm of Married Lawyers.

Then the Damsel Fair found that Husbands were no longer scarce, but the Wives of the firm were jealous and she lost her job.

Then she returned to the small town and became a Bachelor Girl and lived happily.

This fable teaches us to be content with our Lot in life even when it hasn't a happy exposure.

THE PHILOSOPHER.

—o—

A MEMORY

A DREAM and a dance were over,
She sat by fire-light low—
Alone with her loosened tresses
That caught the dancing glow.

She clasped in her hands a whistle—
('Twas withered and would not blow)
A twig of a wild, brook willow
That grew in the long ago.

She pressed to her lips the token—
'Twould ring like the call of bird!—
A sigh like a sob that quavered
And died was the sound she heard.

MAUD NEWTON WOODS.

—o—

WILLING TO LEARN

"What a dear, sweet, innocent girl you are," said the College Boy to the Co-Ed.

"Yes, of actual contact I am innocent," replied the Co-Ed, who was thoroughly versed in the popular jargon of the day, "yet I am not ignorant of means used to produce effects."

And then he kissed her.

THE PROFESSOR.

—o—

TO WILLIE

Why marry a rollicking gay soubrette?
They'll not always be the rage,
Those that now are on the stage,
So why get tangled with *one* dashing pet?

They fade away with many a sad lament,
A new one's born most ev'ry hour,
The old ones wither like a flow'r,
So take them as they come and be content.

THE PREACHER.

—o—

AT THE WOMAN'S CLUB

"There is really nothing in life worth having but liberty," read the Essayist of the Day, "liberty with a capital L."

"That is why I shall never marry," said the Bachelor Maid, settling herself more firmly into her straight-backed chair and heaving a self-satisfied smile.

The Visiting Lady, a butterfly who after a sojourn in Paris had been spending a season in New York, laughed derisively.

"That is all nonsense," she said, "for it is only when you are married that you know what liberty is."

THE REPORTER.

Dramatic World

ZANGWILL'S curtain-raiser, "Six Persons," is founded upon that odd conceit of Dr. O. W. Holmes: "It is not easy, at best, for two persons talking together to make the most of each other's thoughts when there are so many of them. * * * When Thomas and John, for instance, are talking together, it is natural enough that among the six there should be more or less confusion and misapprehension. * * * I think I can make it plain * * * that there are at least six personalities distinctly to be recognized as taking part in that dialogue between John and Thomas: 1—The real John, known only to his Maker. 2—John's ideal John, never the real one, and often very unlike him. 3—Tnomas' ideal John and never the real John, nor John's John, but often very unlike either. 1—The real Thomas. 2—Thomas' ideal Thomas. 3—John's ideal Thomas." It was predicted that the play was foredoomed to failure because no general audience could grasp the psychological subtleties of the theme, but as a matter of fact it outlived two or three plays to which it was prefaced.

———

Norman Hapgood says of the dramatic version of "The Gadfly" that it was "a failure beyond the wildest dreams of anybody concerned," and another critic remarks: "Mrs. Voynich, the author of the novel from which it was adapted, cannot be in the least mercenary or she would not have quarreled with the stage version; for it was so utterly incomprehensible that the sale of the book might have been increased if anybody in the audience wished to find out what it was all about." And yet "The Gadfly" is one of the strongest of recent novels. Stuart Robson is unfit by nature or training to have personated Arthur Burton. One would as soon expect to find a clown acting as undertaker. "The Gadfly" is a tragedy from beginning to end—and the whole story centres round Arthur Burton.

———

Some surprise is manifested by an eastern musical critic that the Castle Square Opera company should give so ambitious a repertory as "Romeo and Juliet," "Aida," "Tannhauser" and "Carmen." "This appears to be an over-ambitious program for a company that charges only one dollar for the best seat in the house; and critics who judge by five-dollar grand opera standards, and do not remain to the end of the performance to form their judgment, have written in plain language what they think of monkeying with Wagner in this fashion. But people who compose the audiences and are willing to stand in line all day to secure seats; the people whose dollars, half-dollars and quarters are making Mr. Savage's great fortune greater still—they rejoice in the ability to hear famous works rendered with a reverent spirit and in a tongue they can understand," says *Munsey's*. The wonder is that with the continued success of the Tivoli confronting them for all these years the east has not long ago learned that there is money in cheap opera. As between the Tivoli at twenty-five cents or fifty cents and Patti at five dollars of course there is little comparison. As between the Tivoli and nothing at all there is again no comparison. One can forgive much in the way of costume and scenery if the acting is fair and the singing good.

———

Eleanor Kent is still prima donna of the Milton Aborn Opera company, which is touring the east and south. The company opened in Baltimore last Saturday in "Faust." Miss Kent appeared as Marguerite. The Washington *Post* says of Miss Kent's appearance as Martha in that city: "Miss Eleanor Kent gave an exquisite rendition of The Last Rose of Summer in the opera 'Martha' last week at the Lafayette. Her voice is a very sweet and pure soprano, and there were many tears brought forth by her singing of the second verse."

———

Columbia THE whole city is laughing There is a laugh in every line spoken at the majority of our theatres this week. And George H Broadhurst is responsible for the laughter at two of the theatres. "Why Smith Left Home" is a better farce than "What Happened to Jones." It is funnier than the latter because there is not so much horse-play in it. The lines are wittier. After seeing "Why Smith Left Home," and thinking over it, you can better analyze your reasons for laughing than after "What Happened to Jones." I miss Annie Yeamans in the present production. I also miss Maclyn Arbuckle However, Miss Ulner and Mr. Tannehill fill out the gaps acceptably. The farce will run another week and then will come Jacob Litt's "Shenandoah." This latest revival of Bronson Howard's war play is said by eastern writers to be a magnificent performance, and when given in New York it aroused the audience to wild enthusiasm. There were ten curtain calls upon one occasion after the scene where General Phil Sheridan rides in on his famous charger and "saves the day."

———

California IT IS ASTONISHING what people find to laugh at. When I saw "What Happened to Jones" in its first season I thought its fun was of too ephemeral a nature to last. But Jones went on having things happen to him and when Harry Corson Clarke brought him back again he still found plenty of people to laugh at the hero's adventures. Mr. Clarke, on the milk and molasses diet which he affects for the sake of his injured digestive apparatus, has grown thin. Below the knees this lack of curves is especially noticeable, and his cheek-bones stand out prominently. But Jones shows no deficiency in curves; he is as well rounded as ever. The company is better than the original one. Though there are several amateurs in the cast, they are intelligent amateurs. Scott Seaton, who has had considerable stage experience since he made his debut last year, gives a really admirable portrayal of the Reverend Antony Goodly. Of the three young society women who have joined Mr. Clarke's forces, Cecelia Castelle is the prettiest and best gowned. Ida Banning's beauty cannot be gauged correctly since she has a character part necessitating a humorous disguise. Madeline Bruguiere needs to improve her carriage, and it might also be well for her to remember that unless one has a well-modeled neck a décolleté gown becomes anything but a fascination. Marjorie and Jones both seem in need of some kind of a flesh-building compound. Next week "Yon Yonson," with Arthur Donaldson as the terrible Swede, will be the bill. Donaldson will be remembered as a former Tivoli favorite, the possessor of a powerful voice. Edith Hall, the cutest Geisha San Francisco has ever seen, will also be in the cast. Miss Hall will likely receive a warm welcome, and there should be a large delegation from yachting circles to say "How-de-do?" to her.

———

Tivoli WRITTEN for a satire on the æsthetic fad of over fifteen years ago, "Patience" should long ago have been shelved. The melodies however are too beautiful to be lost. I wonder if it would be a sacrilege to write a new libretto for Sullivan's music? Instead of the twenty love sick maidens, for instance, why not have twenty bachelor maids and make Lady Jane a degenerate maiden lady such as the type the modern problem novelists have created? Take away that caricature of Oscar Wilde, whose penal servitude and social ostracism certainly entitle him to immunity from the satirist, and substitute a modern type of writer—say Gelett Burgess or Stephen Crane. The old jokes are now completely out of date, and only please by the memories they evoke. The present production may be said, on Monday evening, to have been carried by the Dragoon Guard, whose red coats and spirited choruses were most attractive, Miss Palmer-Walker, who was a charming milkmaid, and Phil Branson (Grosvenor) who, though his singing voice has fled to its last bourne, can still act.

———

The production of "The Masked Ball" may justly be termed the operatic sensation of the season. In fact its excellence was so pronounced that a detailed criticism should be the reward of such a splendid achievement. A few words about the plot of this opera may not be out of place. But a small portion of the public who witnessed this performance is aware of the fact that the place of action of "The Masked Ball" is laid in Boston, Mass. Originally the opera was called "Gustavus III," after the King of Sweden and the action was the reflection of an incident in the King's life. For a love affair with his secretary's wife resulted in his assassination Verdi endeavored to have it presented in its original form, but the censor registered a veto, owing to the fact that royal personages who are alive or whose ancestors are yet living cannot be pictured on the stage. After much discussion the place of action was changed from Sweden to Boston, Mass., and the historical characters had to be supplanted by fictitious persons. Thus we have today an opera the plot of which lies in Boston, and the characters of which bear Italian names and co-tumes. The Tivoli company gave a performance of "The Masked Ball" the admirable quality of which cannot be questioned, for the enthusiasm of the audience was a brilliant testimonial of the good impression made. I have not hitherto had much opportunity to speak in flattering terms of the work of Ada Palmer-

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this unsettled weather.

Walker, but as Oscar she certainly is entitled to lavish praise. Her opening solo on Tuesday night received not less than four encores The success may be laid to the fact that Miss Walker is a colorature singer of marked ability. I have always maintained that she knows how to sing, that from a scientific standpoint her work is very creditable. But on the other hand I maintain that her head notes are steely. And I repeat that this is not the vocalist's personal fault, but a natural defect for which she cannot be blamed. But inasmuch as Oscar's score is written mostly in the middle register and never rises very high for a soprano, Miss Walker has opportunity to show the best quality of her voice which in the middle register is full and resonant For this same reason her "Patience" is decidedly a success this week and I am right glad to be able to acknowledge an artist's facility. Miss Walker is not the only soprano on the stage today whose high notes sound harsh, there are many others of more prominence afflicted with the same shortcoming. But the fact remains she has made a hit in "The Masked Ball," a hit which will last her throughout this season. Salassa was somewhat out of gear last Tuesday evening. But his confusion in the third act was not due to indisposition. The fact is he started four bars too slow, the orchestral score being written different from the original score. Salassa was somewhat unfamiliar with the change and from this standpoint the error may be forgiven. This forgiveness is made so much easier when we consider that he sang the romanza in the third act sublimely. It was one of those pure musical treats, the atmosphere of which brings an audience to its feet. No wonder that thunderous applause rewarded this brilliant achievement. Avedano, too, seemed to have been inspired with the spirit of the music for he has not done better work this season. He sang with more taste, more adherence to interpretation than he ever did before. Of course Anna Lichter could not do anything poorly if she tried. I may say she put more soul into the role of Amelia than she had in other parts, and her phrasing assumed at times proportions of such exquisite elegance that one felt almost compelled to interrupt her with hearty bravos. In this role alone Miss Lichter proved beyond doubt her right to the title of operatic artist and only prejudice or ignorance can dispute her this. Zelma Poletini made her debut as Ulrica and while her voice did not show her brilliancy, one could easily ascertain that she is a vocalist who by her phrasing and execution proves her fitness for operatic responsibilities. The chorus did excellent work, in fact the best it had done so far and the stage management did not lack any realism. Especially picturesque was the scene of the third act—the lonely field near Boston—a winter scene exquisitely realistic. The opera will only be given tonight and tomorrow night. This afternoon "Patience" will be repeated. Next week will be the farewell engagement of Salassa and Avedano and for this occasion a program of repertory works has been arranged, they will include "Othello," "Aida," "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria. Alternately with these works will be Maritana.

Grand Opera House

MR. MOROSCO'S house of amusement has attained the aim of its proprietor, and now ranks as one of the most popular theatres in the city. Each new production seems to exceed in success its predecessor. "The Merry Monarch" will close its fortnight's run tomorrow and will be followed by the ever popular "Evangeline" which Rice, its originator, says has been presented more times and in more quarters of the globe than any other burlesque extravaganza. New dances and an Amazon march will be features. Fred Cooper will be the Lone Fisherman. Weston and Clarke, dancing team, and Jack Robertson will give specialties. An Adonis Dixey in embryo will probably be found filliug that famous role, the hind legs of the burro.

Alcazar

L. R. STOCKWELL is a rare comedian. His humor is of the unctuous order which satisfies. As the barber with theosophical leanings in "My Friend From India" he finds a part in his own particular line. The other members of the company who were not thoroughly at home on the opening night in the characters of the Du Souchet farce are gradually working themselves into their roles. The piece has proved such a drawing card that it will be continued another week, after which "Saints and Sinners" will be revived. "Mother Earth ' is in rehearsal.

Arthur Donaldson, who plays the title role in Thall and Kennedy's production of "Yon Yonson," which comes to the California tomorrow evening, is one of the foremost delineators of Scandinavian characters in the country. His performance of the big hearted, kindly Swede in this favorite play is said to be the best that has been given of the character since the days of Gus Heege. Besides being an actor of the highest ability, he is also fortunate in the possession of a magnificent voice and one of the features of his performance is his singing of Scandinavian folk songs in their original tongue. Mr. Donaldson is by birth a Swede and was for some time a leading member of the Royal stock company in Stockholm.

Orpheum

THE ORPHEUM management has for next week one of the best bills ever offered the San Francisco public. The head liner is Cora Stuart. In private life, this illustrious actress is the widow of Tom Robertson the son of the famous dramatist, T. W. Robertson. She is also a niece of Madge Kendal. With the support of an excellent company, she will present "A Fair Equestrienne" a sketch adapted from "The Circus Rider," the piece made famous by Rosina Vokes. Little Mignon is said to be one of the cleverest dancers in the world. Rice and Elmer are two of the best known comedians on the vaudeville stage; they will present their original sketch "A Rube's Visit to Chinatown" in the course of which they will introduce some clever work on the triple horizontal bars. Lucie Verdier is a violinist of note and plays on every instrument known to the musical world. Hamilton Hill is the famous Australian baritone and feels sure of making the hit here he has made in the Antipodes. The holdovers are Ryan and Richfield, Cheridah Simpson, Burton's Acrobatic Dogs and Cornille.

Last Monday at the Berkshire Eliza D. Keith lectured on "Richard Carvel," reading copious extracts from the book. Next Monday at half-past three o'clock "Hugh Wynne" will be the book under consideration. On Tuesday evening at eight o'clock Miss Keith will repeat her lecture on "David Harum" at the Berkshire, which was the first in her series of popular twenty-five cent talks on literature.

Dr. T. E. Shumate has returned from Europe and has moved his office to 794 Sutter street.

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NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of ABRAHAM BACHERT, commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, Deceased

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned, F. W. DOHRMANN, Executor of the last will of ABRAHAM BACHERT commonly known as and called AUGUST BACHERT, deceased, to the creditors, of, and all persons having claims against the said deceased, to exhibit them with the necessary vouchers, within Ten (10) months after the first publication of this notice, to the said Executor at the law office of F A. DENICKE, Attorney at Law, Rooms 7, 8 and 9, No. 14 Sansome street, San Francisco, the same being the place for the transaction of the business of the said estate in the said City and County of San Francisco, State of California.

Dated at San Francisco October 18, 1899.

F. W. DOHRMANN.
Executor of the last will of Abraham Bachert commonly known as and called August Bachert, Deceased

F. A. DENICKE, Attorney for Executor.

The Red Egg

[Translated from the French of Anatole France by Irene Connell].

DR. N —— set his cup of coffee on the mantelpiece, threw his cigar into the fire, and said to me: "Le Mansel, a classmate of mine at the Lyceum of Avranches, was totally different from the rest of his comrades. He seemed at once younger and older than he was in reality. Small and lank, he had at fifteen all the terrors of a young child. The dark filled him with overwhelming fright. He never could meet without bursting into tears one of the Lyceum servants who was afflicted with a lupus on the crown of his head. At times on a near view he had almost the air of an old man His dry skin, adhering to his temples, hardly nourished his thin hair. His forehead was polished like that of a full grown man. As to his eyes they were totally without expression and strangers often supposed him to be blind. His mouth alone gave expression to his face. His mobile lips expressed by turns an infantile joy or a mysterious suffering The sound of his voice was clear and charming and when he recited his lessons he made us laugh by giving the verses their quantity and rhythm. During the recreation he shared willingly our games, but he carried to them a feverish ardor and somnambulistic rapture which inspired some among us with an insurmountable antipathy He was not liked and we would have made him our scapegoat if he had not overawed us by a sort of savage pride and by his renown as a good scholar. Although his work was unequal he was often at the head of the class. It was rumored that he talked and even walked in his sleep but none of us had actually seen him do so with our own eyes, because we were at the age when sleep is profound.

"For a long time he inspired me with more surprise than sympathy. We struck up a sudden friendship during a walk which we took with our class to Mt St. Michael. We were barefoot on the sand carrying our shoes and our bread on the end of our sticks and singing at the top of our voices. We passed through the postern and seated ourselves side by side on one of those old iron bombards which rain and spray have encrusted during five centuries. There, running his vague glance over the old stones and swinging his bare feet he said to me:

"'I should like to have lived in the time of those wars and to have been a knight. I should have taken the two Michelettes. I should have taken twenty of them, a hundred. I should have taken all the cannon of the English. I should have fought single handed before the postern. And St. Michael the Archangel would have been above my head like a white cloud."

"These words and the sing song with which he delivered them gave me the shivers. I said to him:

' 'I should have been your squire. Le Mansel I like you; will you be my friend?'

"And I reached him my hand which he took, solemnly.

"At the command of our master we put on our shoes, and began to climb the narrow ascent which leads to the abbey. Midway up, near a spreading fig tree we saw the little house where Tiphaine Raguel, widow of Bertrand du Guesclin, lived in peril of the sea. This dwelling is so small that it is a wonder how anyone could have lived in it. The good Tiphaine must have been a strange little old woman or a saint leading an existence altogether spiritual to have succeeded in doing so. Le Mansel opened his arms as if to embrace this tiny angelic house then kneeling down he began to kiss the stones without heeding the laughter of his comrades, who in their gayety commenced to pelt stones at him. I will not recount our journey through the dungeons, the cloisters, the halls and the chapel. Le Mansel seemed to see nothing. Besides I have only recalled this incident to show you how our friendship was born.

"Two nights after, in the dormitory, I was awakened by a voice which said in my ear:

' 'Tiphaine is not dead.'

"I rubbed my eyes and saw at my side Le Mansel in his night shirt. I told him rudely to let me sleep, and thought no more of this strange confidence.

"From that day on I understood the character of our schoolmate better than before, and I discovered therein an immense pride which was quite unsuspected. I shall not surprise you by saying that at fifteen I was a mediocre psychologist, but Le Mansel's pride was too subtle for it to strike one immediately. It extended to distant chimeras and had no tangible form. However, it inspired all the sentiments of my friend, and gave a sort of unity to his strange and incoherent ideas.

"During the holidays which followed our excursion to Mount St. Michael, Le Mansel invited me to pass a day at the house of his parents, proprietors and cultivators at St. Julian My mother consented, not without some repugnance. Having put on a white waistcoat and a blue necktie, I went there early on Sunday morning—Alexander was waiting for me on the doorstep, smiling like a little child. He took me by the hand and made me enter the parlor The house, half country, half city, was neither poor nor badly kept. However, I felt my heart tighten on entering, there reigned such silence and sadness. Near the window, of which the curtains were slightly raised as though from timid curiosity, I saw a woman who appeared to be aged. I do not say that she was so, but she seemed so. She was thin and yellow, her eyes shone in their black orbits under red eyelids. Although it was summer her boby and her head was swathed in vestments of sombre wool But what made her look totally strange was the metal band which encircled her head like a diadem:

" This is mama,' said Le Mansel, 'she has one of her headaches.'

' Madame Le Mansel greeted me in a tearful voice, and remarking no doubt my astonished glance resting on her forehead:

" 'My young sir,' said she smiling, 'what I wear round my temples is not a crown; it is a magnetic circle to cure headaches.'

"I was trying my best to frame a reply when Le Mansel led me into the garden where we found a little bald man who glided through the alleys like a phantom. He was so thin and light that the wind might carry him off. His timid gait and his long skinny neck which he stretched out in front of him, his head as big as your fist, his sidelong glances, his short arms held up like wings gave him for all the world the look of a plucked fowl.

"Le Mansel told me that that was his papa, but they had to let him stay in the farmyard, because he lived only in the company of his hens and had lost the habitude of talking to human beings. While he was speaking the elder Le Mansel disappeared, and presently we heard joyful cluckings rising on the air He was in his chickenyard

"Le Mansel took a few turns with me in the garden and informed me that soon, at dinner, I should see his grandmother, that she was a good woman, but that it would not do to pay attention to what she said because at times her mind was a little deranged. Then he led me into a pretty walk, and whispered, blushing:

"'I have made some verses on Tiphaine Raguel, I shall tell them to you some other time, you will see, you will see!'

"The dinner bell rang. We entered the dining room. M. Le Mansel entered after us with a basket full of eggs.

"'Eighteen, this morning,' said he in a clucking voice.

"A delicious omelette was served. I was seated between Madame Le Mansel, who sighed under her diadem, and her mother, an old Normande with round cheeks, who being now toothless smiled with her eyes. She seemed to me quite prepossessing. While we ate our roast duck and creamed chicken the good woman told pleasant stories, and I could not see that she was at all deranged as her grandson had said. On the contrary, it appeared that she was the gayest one of the family.

"After dinner we went into a little parlor furnished in walnut covered with yellow Utrecht velvet. A clock surmounted by a figure shone on the mantle shelf flanked by two candlesticks. On the base of the clock, protected by the glass which covered it, reposed a red egg. I do not know why, having once observed this egg I could not take my eyes off it. Children have an inexplicable curiosity. I must add that this egg was

GERMEA
THE
KING
OF
BREAKFAST
FOODS

of an extraordinary and magnificent color. It did not resemble in the least those Easter eggs, which, dyed in beet juice, take on that claret color so much admired by children who stop in front of the display in fruit shops, but was of a royal purple shade. I could not forebear alluding to it with all the indiscretion of my age.

"M. Le Mansel replied by a sort of crow which betrayed his admiration:

"'My young sir,' said he, 'this egg is not dyed as you seem to suppose. It was laid just as you see it by a Ceylon hen in my poultry yard. It is a phenomenal egg.'

"'You must not forget to say my friend,' added Madame Le Mansel in a sorrowful voice, 'that this egg was laid the very day of Alexander's birth.'

"'That's a fact,' rejoined M. Le Mansel.

"However the old grandmother looked at me with mocking eyes, and pursing up her toothless lips made me a sign not to believe it.

"'Humph!' said she in a low tone, 'hens sometimes sit on what they have not laid, and if some malicious neighbor slipped into the nest——'

"Her grandson interrupted her with violence. He was pale and his hand trembled.

"'Do not listen to her,' he cried, 'you know what I said. Don't listen to her.'

'Its a fact,' repeated M. Le Mansel fixing his round eye with a side glance on the purple egg.

"The rest of my intimacy with Le Mansel presents nothing worth relating. My friend often spoke of his verses to Tiphaine. but he never showed them to me. Besides I soon lost sight of him. My mother sent me to finish my studies at Paris where I passed my two baccalaureates and began the study of medicine. During the time when I was preparing my graduation thesis I received a letter from my mother which informed me that poor Alexander had been very ill, and that after a terrible crisis he had become timid to excess, but that otherwise he was quite inoffensive, and that notwithstanding the disturbance of his health and reason he showed an extraordinary aptitude for mathematics. The news did not surprise me. Very often in studying diseases of the nervous centers I thought of my poor friend of St. Julian, and prognosticated in spite of myself the general paralysis which threatened this child of a neuralgic mother and of a microcephalous father.

"Appearances did not bear me out. Alexander Le Mansel recovered at adult age his normal health and gave unmistakable proofs of the beauty of his intelligence. He pursued very deeply his mathematical studies, and even sent to the Academy of Sciences the solution of several equations hitherto unsolved, which solutions were found to be as elegant as they were correct.

"Absorbed in this work he seldom found time to write to me. His letters were affectionate, clear, orderly; nothing in them would arouse the suspicions of the most acute neurologgist. But all at once our correspondence ceased and I was ten years without hearing from him.

"I was surprised last year when my servant handed me the card of Alexander Le Mansel, and said that the gentleman was waiting in the ante-room. I was in my private room discussing with one of my confreres a professional matter of importance. However I begged my confrere to excuse me a moment and I ran to embrace my old comrade. I found him aged, bald, wan and excessively thin. I took him by the arm and conducted him to the drawing-room.

"I am glad to see you again,' said he, 'and I have a great deal to tell you. I am the victim of unheard of persecutions. But I am courageous; I will fight bravely. I will triumph over my enemies.'

"These words caused me inquiet, as they would any other doctor skilled in nervous diseases. I discovered therein a symptom of the affection with which my friend was menaced by the laws of heredity, though it had appeared that its progress was checked.

"'My dear friend, we will talk of all that later,' said I. 'Stay here a moment. I have to finish some business. Take a book to pass the time while you are waiting.'

"You know that I have many books, and that my library contains in its three mahogany book cases nearly six thousand volumes. Why was it that my unhappy friend should take precisely the one that could do him harm and open it at the fatal page? I conferred twenty minutes with my colleague, then having taken leave of him, I entered the room where I had left Le Mansel. I found him in a most frightful state. He was rapping on a book opened before him which I recognized at once as being the translation of the Cæsars. And he was reciting aloud this phrase of Lompridius:

"'The day of the birth of Alexander Severus a hen belonging to the father of the new-born laid a red egg, an omen of the imperial purple which the infant was destined to wear.'

"His exaltation amounted to fury. He foamed. He cried:

"'The egg, the egg of my nativity! I am emperor. I know that you wish to kill me. Do not approach me, wretch.'

"He paced the room. Then returning to me open armed:

"My friend," said he, "my old comrade, what do you wish me to bestow on you? Emperor. Emperor. My father was right. The purple egg. Emperor. It must be so. Rascal, why did you hide that book from me? I will punish that crime as high treason Emperor! emperor. It must be! Yes, it is my duty. About it then!'

"He went out. I tried in vain to hold him back. He escaped me. You know the rest. All the papers have told how in leaving my house he bought a revolver and blew out the brains of a functionary who barred his way at the door of the Elysée.

"So a phrase written in the fourth century by a Latin historian occasioned fifteen hundred years later the death of a unhappy creature of our own country. Who can disentangle the web of causes and effects? Who can flatter himself by saying as he accomplishes any act whatsoever, 'I know what I am doing?' My dear friend, this is all I have to relate. The rest is only interesting from a medical standpoint, and can be said in two words. Le Mansel, shut up in a madhouse, remained fifteen days in a raging fury. Then he fell into complete imbecility, during which his gluttony was so great that he devoured even the wax used for polishing the floors. He choked himself three months ago in swallowing a sponge.'

"The doctor ceased and lit a cigarette. After a moment of silence, 'Doctor,' said I, 'you have recounted a terrible history.'

"'Frightful' replied the doctor, 'but true. I will take a little glass of cognac.'

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Music World

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MUSICAL CIRCLES are discussing the Symphony situation which seems now to have acquired a tangible form. This occurs somewhat late this year, but the important point is that it occurs at all. No one has any idea of the mischief which would be the result of but one lapse in these symphony concerts. And before proceeding let us pause a moment and examine the Symphony question thoroughly. I find among the musicians themselves altogether too much lack of interest in this movement. There are some who belittle these symphony concerts simply because they are too busy to enable them to attend rehearsals and because by attending rehearsals they might be obliged to postpone or change some of their lessons. It is true the compensation is not as yet large enough to make it a great inducement for a musician to join the orchestra, but I think it is now too late in the day for the musicians to back out. Any member of the orchestra who for the last few years did not object to play has no right to back out now when the ensemble work promises to near the point of satisfaction.

¶ ¶

It is unreasonable to suppose that concerts of this kind can pay immediately a living salary. As an example, note the years of hard struggle which the Boston Symphony orchestra had to pass through until it arrived at a paying basis. When you listen to a musician here speaking of the symphony concerts you would think his living depended on these concerts only and that it is an imposition of the public to ask them to play in these concerts. I am most decidedly willing to defend at all times the interests of musicians. But I shall always condemn those methods which tend to retard the progress of music. There is no reason why San Francisco should not have its symphony concerts—absolutely none. In fact since both musicians and public have begun them, it would be a crime to cease and a sign of cowardice and contemptibility to back out at this stage. Whenever I bring up this question in conversation I am met with innumerable excuses. One of them is that the members of the Symphony orchestra playing in various orchestras here become used to routine work, that their respective duties prevent them from studying the symphonic works in a thorough manner, and that consequently we can never have a flawless orchestra. First of all, this is only entirely true of one or two orchestras—say the Tivoli and the Grand Opera House. In these two orchestras the duties are the strictest, because the rehearsals are more numerous. And yet I hardly think that during the comic opera season these rehearsals would kill a man. As to the question of routine, I am surprised that some musicians here have no more confidence in their ability as to believe that routine work interferes with their artistic facility. Because a man who is an artist plays in the Orpheum orchestra, does that cripple his executive powers? Does his playing in this orchestra rob him of his prestige? Can he not be an artist if he plays in the Orpheum orchestra? Great heavens! Do not try to make me believe such rot. Show me a true artist—a born artist—and I don't care a continental where you put him, he will be an artist just the same. Routine work is all right. You may play your coon songs and go home to delight in a Beethoven sonata. You may cripple a true musician's hands, but, by the gods, you cannot cripple his thoughts—his originality—his fertile mind. These routine jobs do not interfere with the genuine talent of a musician; they only petrify the brain of *Musikanten.*

¶ ¶

Another excuse which may be heard frequently is the one that after Scheel no conductor will succeed in gaining the good graces of the public. This is all rubbish. I will not dispute Scheel the credit that belongs to him. He is a great musician. But if anyone thinks that the public cares for the personality of the man only he will find himself sadly mistaken. The man without the music is a nonentity. And it seems to me the musicians who comprise the Symphony orchestra ought to have profited sufficiently by Scheel's training to play at least correctly. In fact, I consider the majority of the members of the Symphony orchestra able enough to read their scores without errors, especially after a few rehearsals. The next item, then, would be interpretation. I confess that Mr. Scheel was incomparable as far as interpretation was concerned. But give me another musician of ability—a conductor in fact—and I defy anyone to prove to me that the public at large could detect the difference of interpretation, for by this time Scheel's interpretation has long fled from the memory of the layman and only his personality remains, but even this will fade away long before the musicians have forgotten him.

But even if all these arguments were reasonable, why should we discontinue the symphony concerts? Simply because Scheel has left? Nonsense. A glance at the records of the old Symphony society shows that nine hundred people supported the symphony concerts last season. And I convinced myself that every symphony season showed an increase of subscribers. If the business end is handled properly I believe that over a thousand subscribers can be had. But these results cannot be obtained by individuals who are constantly growling and complaining and discouraging and whining; they must be achieved by men (not babies)—by apostles of the art who are willing to make some sacrifices in the present in order to achieve glory in the future. Every human being who becomes successful had to struggle until he arrived at his aim. What is true of the individual is true of the organization, and so I claim that the musicians who played in the orchestra formerly and showed us possibilities of a great symphonic organization have no right to back out like cowards at the moment when their assistance is of so much value to us. And now a word about the conductor.

¶ ¶

Henry Holmes will be up for examination on December seventh at the Grand Opera House. He is a musician. There cannot be any doubt about this. He is furthermore a sincere musician. In this he is far ahead of some of his contemporaries in this city. He is still more,an enthusiast. This latter quality is a most gratifying one, but it may at times do harm. Being an enthusiast Mr. Holmes is a dreamer, and his dreams are reflections of Bach, Mendelssohn, Beethoven and company, while most of our modern composers have not succeeded in gaining the respect of this dreamer. It may be presumptuous of me to call the attention of such an experienced and highly accomplished musician as Mr. Holmes to existing circumstances. But I cannot omit to make mention of the fact that our public is modern—our ideas are modern—our tastes are modern And while we honor and respect the works of the old masters we also desire to hear the modern creations and not unless Mr. Holmes includes Brahms, Tschaikowsky, Goldmark, Dvorak and others of this ilk in his program will he be a successful symphony orchestra leader in San Francisco But let us hope for the best and wish this undertaking a rousing success.

¶ ¶

A musicale of refined character was given at Calvary Presbyterian church on Thursday evening of last week under the direction of Walter C. Campbell. The feature of the evening was the first appearance of the Colonial quartet which was recently organized by Mrs. Marriner-Campbell and which consists of Misses Alma Berglund, Isobel Kerr, Xena Roberts and Miss Isella Van Pelt. The young ladies deserve to be heartily congratulated on their success. Their voices are not only of excellent material and blended most agreeably, but their ensemble work was uniform and their attack clear and exact. Mrs. Campbell is deserving of credit both as a judge of good singers and a trainer of ability, while the ladies deserve to be complimented upon their efficiency in grasping fine ideas of interpretation with ease. Unfortunately I was unable to remain during the entire program so I am forced to restrict my criticism to Mrs. Susie Hert-Mark, who sang Dell'Aqua's "Chanson Provencale" with excellent diction and tasteful interpretation, and her encore—a Lullaby—was simply a vocal gem. The remainder of the program consisted of: Organ solo, Corelli, R. D. Burness; Only in Dreams, DeKoven, D. M.

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¶ ¶

The San Francisco Conservatory of Music gave its regular faculty concert at Metropolitan hall on Friday evening of last week. An acceptionally large audience attended the affair. Inasmuch as this was a pupil recital I shall not go into detailed criticism, but simply speak of it generally. I have several times dwelt upon the fact that if a musician proves to be a conscientious worker, earnest instructor and able educator, he is entitled to respect and it is a critic's duty to encourage him in his sphere of action and call attention to him from time to time. I am not backward in asserting that the foundational work heard at Metropolitan hall as exhibited by the pupils of the San Francisco Conservatory of Music is worthy of attention, and as an example let me cite little Hilda Schloh, whose first appearance occurred on this occasion. Naturally children will be nervous and excited in an event of this kind, but making allowances for everything I claim that this child proved decidedly that Mr. Bonelli's instruction has benefited her. She plays neatly, correctly and showed especially a firm attack. These are the fundamental principles for a beginner. And so the few numbers that I heard divested of the pupil-nervousness revealed care and conscientiousness on the side of teacher and pupil. I congratulate Professor Bonelli on his work. Miss Alma Colmann, a vocal pupil of Alfred J. Kelleher, suffered from the common evil, nervousness, and also from the accompaniment of her teacher. She has a voice of fine quality which has received a good training. But I cannot see why it is necessary for the teacher to accompany his pupil if he is not fully acquainted with the intricacies of the art of accompaniment. Or was Mr. Kelleher nervous, too? He is certainly an excellent teacher, for of this I have ample proof, but he ought to have engaged an accompanist. Another vocal pupil who appeared on this occasion was Mrs. Gertrude Powell, who possesses a mellow alto voice and has all the signs of becoming a splendid vocalist. She began studying recently with Madame Ellen Coursen-Roeckel. The entire program was: Strings (two violins and ensemble club) (a) Regrets, Franconier, and Moment Musicale, Schumann, violins—Misses A. Benson, M. Abeille, M. Van Doren and Mr. Charles Carran; viola—G. Lyle; 'cello—R. McLean; piano—Miss L. Butler; piano solo, Polkerta, Fradel, little Hilda Schloh (first appearance); vocal solo, Thy Beaming Eyes, MacDowell, and Waltz, Arditi, Miss Alma Colmann; piano solo; Tremolo, Rosellen, Miss Gertie Vincent; recitation (selected) Missie Lottie Linné; piano solo, Le Papillon, Lavallee, Miss H. Nelson (first appearance); concerto, allegro vivace movement, Mendelssohn, pianos—Miss Juliette Grass and Charles Rogers; violins—Misses A. Benson, M. Abeille, M. Van Doren; 'cello—R. McLean; piano solo, Military Polonaise, Chopin, Miss Irene Hanavan; overture Faust, Gounod, San Francisco Musical club, mandolins—Misses L. Call, A. Zinns, E. Norris, Ahkman, D. Gottschalk, Mrs. Bonelli, G. Lewis. J. Terkelsen, C. Bricca; violins—Missie Annie Benson and Marie Abeille; 'cello—R. McLean; piano—Charles Rogers; piano solo, Valse, op. 14 Chopin, Miss Helen Presho; recitation (selected), George Caldwell; vocal solo, Marguerite, Gounod, and My Lover Will Come Today, DeKoven, Mrs. Powell, zither and bow zither, Heimwell Jungmann), Mr. and Mrs. Bachmann; sketch, The Happy Pair, Miss Lottie Linné and George Caldwell.

¶ ¶

Mendelssohn's "Hymn of Praise" was given an excellent rendition in Stockton on November tenth. The chorus consisted of some of the best solo and church talent of that city. James H. Howe, who was engaged for the purpose of directing this hymn, speaks in the most flattering terms of the ensemble work. The artistic success of this affair was largely due to Miss Gertrude Elliott, who rehearsed and drilled the chorus as well as the solo parts. Most of the participants were her pupils. A spectator asserts that the attack was good and the force of expression equaled that of an organization twice the size of this one. Miss Elliott presided at the organ, rendering firm support and accompanying in a tasteful manner. Steele's orchestra assisted also in the accompaniments. Solos were rendered by Messrs. Steele and Carey. Among the vocalists who sang solos were: Mrs. Housken, a clear and brilliant soprano and Mr. Elliott, a robust and sympathetic tenor, both standing first in their respective work in Stockton. Miss Thompson exhibited a voice of fine quality and dramatic timbre. A number by the Ladies' quartette, an organization under the direction of Miss Elliott proved very interesting. The church was crowded with delighted music lovers. It is proposed to give "The Messiah" at the next concert. Mr. Howe rendered an organ solo which was enthusiastically encored.

A popular testimonial concert will be given in honor of Alfred J. Kelleher at Sherman Clay hall, next Friday evening, under the direction of Mesdames M. H. De Young, C. S. Mills, W. B. Sanborn, I. Lowenberg, W. B. Harrington, John Merrill, John Lowley and L. L. Dunbar. The participants consist of Mrs. C. J. Wetmore, vocal; Otto Bendix. piano; Nathan Landsberger, violin; Mrs. Marquardt, harp. Mr. and Mrs. Kelleher will appear in their original parts in "The Widows Bewitched."

¶ ¶

An enjoyable recital took place at the residence of Mark MacDonald in Santa Rosa last week. The participants consisted of Willard J. Batchelder, who sang with much success compositions by Franz, Schubert, Schumann and Brahms, and Bernhard Mollenhauer who played Wieniawsky's concerto, Popper's Elfen Tanz, Schubert's Serenade and Carmen Fantasie with his well known dash and intelligence. By the way, Willard Batchelder is quite pleased with his studio work here. The number of his pupils is larger than it ever was before and his classes in San Jose and Santa Rosa promise well. Mrs. Batchelder piayed the accompaniments at the Santa Rosa concert.

¶ ¶

Roscoe Warren Lucy gave a pupil recital at Byron Mauzy hall last Friday evening and Miss Mary E. Webster of San Jose assisted. The program was: Valse, op. 62, No. 2, Chopin, Miss Pauline Pettis; Mouvement Perpetuel (from Sonata), Von Weber, Miss Marie S. Welden; Im Walde, J. Low, Miss Mabel McNally; Air from La Reine de Sabre, Gounod, Miss Webster; Ballade, op. 23, Chopin, Miss Amy Nelson; Hark! Hark the Lark, Schubert-Liszt, Miss Claire M. Cole; a—Sunset, Dudley Buck, b—Die bist wei eine Blume, Rubinstein, Miss Webster; Impromptu, op. 142, No. 3, Schubert Miss Zoe Durner; First Movement and 3rd Symphony, Bee

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STATE OF CALIFORNIA.
IN JUSTICES' COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
New City Hall.

WILLIAM BOYLE, Plaintiff,
vs.
O. J. WOODRING, Defendant.

Action brought in the Justices Court in the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of Clerk of said Court.

The people of the State of California to
O. J. Woodring, Defendant, Greeting:

You are hereby directed to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein, within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear for trial before G. C. Groezinger Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, New City Hall, in said City and County.

Make legal service and due return hereon.

Given under my hand this 12th day of September, 1899.

By order of the Presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

E. W. WILLIAMS,
Justices' Clerk.

KIERCE & GILLOGLEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

thoven, Miss Nelson, Miss Durner, Miss Weldon and Mr. Lucy. Miss Webster, who is the contralto soloist at St. Patrick's church, San Jose, possesses a splendid contralto of dramatic strength and sings with fine judgment and much taste. The Sohmer piano was used on this occasion.

¶ ¶

A successful recital was given at the university chapel of Stanford of Friday of last week. The participants were Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley, soprano; Miss Ada May Churchill, soprano and pianiste; Henry McCauley, tenor robusto; Henry Bettman, violinist, and Romayne Hunkins, 'cellist

ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

Alexander McGeorge sang last week at the "ladies' night" given by a local club. He made a great hit with his song "Once in a Purple Twilight" (Cowles) and De Koven's "Song of the Turnkey." Mr. McGeorge is studying for the operatic stage.

Eastern correspondents report that the cake walk, ragtime, coon song, and "coon" business generally, are to be dropped from the stage, for which dispensation may the Lord render us duly thankful. All of these freaks and fads, however interesting and amusing at first, must suffer deterioration by constant imitation and repetition. The first cake walk, the first ragtime,

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possessed the virtue of novelty and originality, but there was no difficulty. Any one who cared to take the trouble could, with a little practice, do as well, and the result was cake walks at every style of entertainment except funerals. Coon songs were all cut by the same pattern and that, alas! a vulgar one. It is not an edifying spectacle to see a little six-year-old girl piping out Take Your Clothes and Go, and the sooner our city falls in with the eastern idea the better. The present popular substitute is the ballad, which harks back to the taste of a bygone age. Instrumental music is also said to have taken a step to the rear. The young woman who desires to be strictly up to date is recommended to search out all the old pieces which were in vogue in the days of her mother. Silvery Waves, The Maiden's Prayer, The Beautiful Blue Danube, Zampa, and The Jolly Brothers are to be resurrected and accorded a new lease of life, and one need not be surprised if the ferry boat musicians take up The Hottentots, Dancing in the Barn and Pretty as a Picture. And why not old music as well as old plays or old clothes? Trilby reincarnated Ben Bolt, and Annie Laurie is immortal. There are hundreds of others, known only in old strains and snatches by those who have a dim recollection of being sung to sleep by grandma in their babyhood. Association alone would insure popularity, and though the majority of the old songs like Lorena, The Hazel Dell, I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary, Gentle Annie appear to have been of the wailing, tearful, farewell-forever order, they are decidedly better than the output of the last decade. Moreover, many a girl who makes a bad failure in attempting to render classical music or compass operatic arias might make a fairly creditable exhibition if she attempted something more showy but less difficult.

¶ ¶

The fifth of a series of recitals of the æolian and pianola was given at Kohler-Chase hall on Tuesday afternoon. Songs were rendered by S. J. Sandy, Mrs. M. McGlade and Miss Elena Roeckel.

¶ ¶

Miss Belle Chamberlain's rendition of the song "Believe" in "Why Smith Left Home" at the Columbia is winning her no end of plaudits at each performance. Miss Chamberlain was formerly with the Bostonians.

¶ ¶

Joseph Roeckel has composed a vigorous and taking setting for the patriotic words by Madge Wallace, "My Flag," and the song is published by a local music firm.

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World of Letters

A HUNGARIAN NABOB, by Dr. Maurus Jokai, translated into English by Nesbit Bain. This fine novel has for years been looked upon as a classic by the people of Hungary. Readers are indebted to Mr. Bain for enjoying this work, for he explains that "only those few hardy linguists who have learned in the sweat of their brows to read a meaning into that miracle of agglutinative ingenuity, an Hungarian sentence, will be able to appreciate the immense labor of rendering four hundred pages of a Magyar masterpiece of peculiarly idiomatic difficulty into fairly readable English." Mr. Bain himself has given the critical gauge of its value, for a book involving such application in order that a larger public may enjoy it must certainly have more than ordinary claims to rank high, and those who read this novel will have all the strange delight of new scenes, a stranger people and ways, and an interesting and vital plot to well repay the reading. [Published by the Doubleday, McClure Co., New York.]

THE BRONZE BUDDHA, by Cora Linn Daniels. An interesting story, strongly colored with orientalism; the mysticism is a little strained to serve the purpose of the story, however it entertains without danger to Christians, and we all of us would enjoy the finding of the Buddha under like conditions; herein we are easily proselyted. The personages in the book are nice, refined people, without very distinctive personalities Here and there are really fine touches and strong. It is a story one holds to with interest until the end, "where they all live in peace" in the most conventional manner—in oriental luxury without oriental drawbacks. [Published by the Little, Brown Company, Boston]

A STUDY OF ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING, by Lilian Whitney. A very charming book, telling with reverent voice much of the poet lovers, dwelling here and there with pent touch upon the sacredness of places that are as temples to those who love the twain who were indeed so one in spirit. One loves to linger in their presence in the Venice palace—where "the beautiful spirit beats her mortal bars," and where the beautiful is as an atmosphere and silence holier than speech. Miss Whitney has given the public a tender offering which will surely be appreciated. [Little, Brown Company, Boston.]

BRUNO, by Byrd Spillman Dewey. A delightful story of an intelligent and faithful dog. A simple, wholesome tale of a happy domestic life is interwoven with anecdotes of the almost human Bruno. The author in the last scenes, and the death of the tender little Bruno, shows fine pathos and indicates capacity that may mean much to future work. [Little, Brown Company, Boston.]

HENRY IN THE WAR, by General O. O Howard. A story from real life, depicts West Point before the war, the recruiting for the regiments, advance to the front and the fighting at Bull Run. Henry is a soldier rising from the ranks to that of Colonel. Henry has also, as most natural, a sweetheart. Finally becoming a brigadier-general the climax of love and ambition is reached, and with it the happiness of the lovers. A fine book for young folks. [Lee & Shephard, Boston.]

OUT OF THE NEST. A Flight of Verses, by Mary McNeil Fenellosa. These poems are above the ordinary. Several of those in the first part of the little volume are exquisitely beautiful, a delight to the senses—real poetry, that is, poetic poetry which charms at once. Sunrise in the Hills of Satsuma, where

"The day unfolds like a lotus-bloom,
Pink at the tip; gold at the core."

What a beautiful description of dawn! How well the writer understands "the ineffable pink of a lotus leaf." "The Koto Player" is a poem indeed, as also the one called "To a Japanese Nightingale:

"Thou germ of the soul of a summer night,
Thou quickening core of a lost delight
Of ecstasy born afar."

And the delightful coquetry of "The Samisen," where

"Meek were the looks O Kiku wore
At time of starting, when
She plead to stay, that she might play
Her little Samisen,
Plink! Plunk!
Her little Samisen."

Her poems are all so jewel-set with lovely lines that fairly enrapture one. The entire volume is a continuous pleasure. [Published by Little, Brown Company, Boston.]

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A LA MODE

An old story is told to the effect that during a certain campaign a tremor in the earth was perceptible, and everybody was overwhelmed with terror. Brigadier Sheldon had quarreled with almost everyone of the officers except Mackenzie, with whom he happened to be sitting on a bench on the roof of a house when the shock took place. He looked around fiercely to see who was shaking his bench. Mackenzie cried.

"It's an earthquake, Brigadier!"

Calling to Lady Sale he made for the stairs, which were crackling and falling about them, and they all reached the bottom in safety. In the evening Sheldon came up and said:

"Mackenzie, I want to speak to you."

"Very well, Brigadier."

In a solemn tone to make him feel the enormity of the offense, he remarked:

"Mackenzie, you went down stairs first today;" to which the latter cooly replied:

"It's the fashion in an earthquake, Mr Brigadier; I learned it among the Spaniards in Manila!"

Charlotte Embden the sister of the poet Heine, who died nearly half a century ago, has just passed away at the advanced age of ninety-nine years. She had in her possession some unfinished poems of her distinguished brother, for which she had refused large sums, but the probabilities are that they will now be given to the public—perhaps not to the advantage of his poetic reputation, for it is too often a mistake to drag everything into the light under the impression that a great writer is always at his best. One can almost hope that Frau Embden had taken the precaution to destroy all the writings of Heine that were left in her hands, thus circumventing the literary ghouls.

By the way, a singular lot of names was given to mining towns in the early days by the flannel-shirted knights of pick and pan. Ydalpom looks odd on the map, doesn' it? Reverse it and you have an evidence of the facetious wit of the pioneers.

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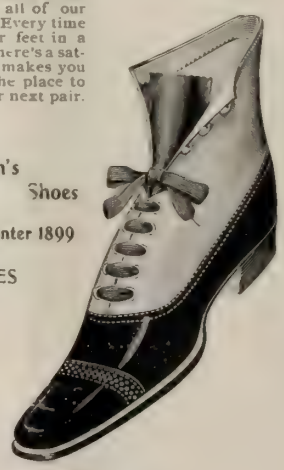

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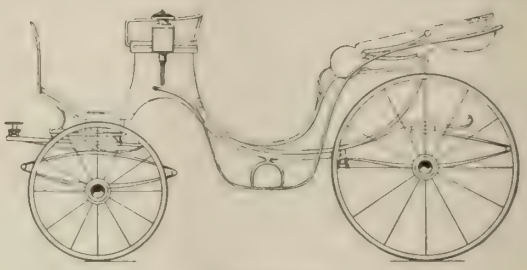

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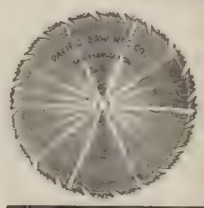

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, November 25, 1899

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OUR OPINION

Scientific Reflections Suggested by a Marriage

NOT long ago certain scientists of the state were engaged in the discussion of the advisability of quarantining consumptives. It was conceded that stringent measures should be resorted to for the restriction of the disease which is such a factor in the swelling of the death rate. As if to show their contempt for the theory of these scientists, a young woman prominent in society, and a rich young man in whose lungs there thrived a colony of the bacilli of tuberculosis, were married. The groom was on the verge of the grave; he had six weeks to live, and notwithstanding the general knowledge of his approaching death and the character of the malady, no protest was made against the ceremony. It was a social function, given with much éclat and attended by San Francisco's most exclusive aristocrats. They congratulated the bride knowing she would soon be a widow, and she beamed on her well-wishers knowing that the honeymoon would end in a funeral. To many people such a marriage is shocking and revolting, and this particular affair was in the opinion of many a hollow and shameful mockery. The public, however, has no interest in the motives and inspirations of the contracting parties. The marriage is undoubtedly a subject for scientific discussion, but its social features are of no importance and they do not concern the public. It is nobody's business whether it was a love match or any other kind of a match, but it is only charitable to assume that sympathy for the dying inspired a pure and holy affection which prompted the young woman to rush into the feeble arms of the invalid with no other thought than that of assuaging the miseries of his numbered hours. But she should have been dissuaded from doing so. Even those who have not the courage to approve of the quarantine scheme would not hesitate to disprove of the marriage of a person who was rapidly succumbing to the ravages of a contagious disease. If it is wrong to facilitate the spread of the dreadful bacilli by neglect of the ordinary precautions prescribed in the interest of public health, the act by which propagation is promoted should surely be condemned.

The Ostracism of The Oakland Bachelor

THE bachelor young men of Oakland have become personae non grata to the match-making matrons of the Society for the Dissemination of Domestic Bliss. The aforesaid matrons have decreed that the young man who has gone through two seasons of social gayety without taking unto himself a wife is beyond redemption and should be placed on the blacklist. In other words they have delivered themselves of a social edict, which tends to make an outcast of the bachelor young man and impose a penalty for his sin of omission. The wisdom of this pronunciamento is somewhat doubtful, and would not be likely to stand the test of an appeal to the Supreme court of the state. The constitution of this state prohibits all enactments which are in restraint of marriage, and surely the edict of the Society for the Dissemination of Domestic Bliss comes within the prohibitory clause. It was undoubtedly intended as a salutary measure for the promotion of matrimony, but it is bound to have the contrary effect. The bachelor man is a gregarious animal even though his timidity deters him from assuming the responsibilities imposed by marriage. He is in need of encouragement. Obstacles should not be placed in his path. If he is to be driven from the drawing room and the ball room where the buds diffuse their fragrance, he will surely tread the primrose path to the conservatory where the more mature flowers of femininity are in bloom. The match-making mammas of Oakland may as well make up their minds that the bachelor young man is not going to be coerced into matrimony. And social ostracism is of no avail while it merely gives the seasoned belle and gay matron a monopoly of the attentions of which the sweet débutante has been deprived. The match-making mammas should act upon the theory that the fish that escaped the bait in one season may be lured to the hook in the next.

A Spellbinder Restrained From Selling His Own Burning Words

AT FIRST BLUSH it seems that there should be no question as to a man's right to enjoy the profits of the sale of his own ideas and expressions. But as it is a legal question there is, of course, an abundance of sound law on both sides, and one court may decide one way and one court may decide another. Perhaps it may be decided that as soon as a man gives birth to an idea he loses all right, title and interest and that it becomes the property of some foster father who has nursed it for his own use. And perhaps the courts may determine some day that no spellbinder has any right to a speech that he did not send to Washington in a phonograph for copyright purposes. The London courts have been trying to solve an interesting point in the copyright law for

some time. Lord Rosebery recently had published a volume of his speeches, some of them being the same that had been reported for the London *Times* at the time of their delivery. The newspaper has secured an injunction against the publisher restraining him from selling the book. The point made by the newspaper was that as the speeches were delivered extemporaneously Lord Rosebery had no right to them when put in manuscript form, but that the rights reposed in the stenographer who sold them to the *Times*. The lower court sustained the paper, but the Court of Appeals reversed the judgment, declaring that a man's ideas are his own, no matter how expressed. The *Times* intends to appeal to a higher court and some time must elapse before the members of Parliament will know whether they have a right to their own speeches. The final decision in the case will be watched with interest by spellbinders on both sides of the Atlantic. Meanwhile Rosebery is very indignant for the litigation still continues. Fancy what a roar Sam Shortridge would make if some of his choicest gems of eloquence were copyrighted by one of the dailies!

The Pursuit of the Filipino Patriot

THE American troops are still chasing the elusive Aguinaldo in the Philippines. The pursuit of the fugitive patriot, as he is called in Boston, is reminiscent of the hunt for Geronimo in the wilds of Arizona years ago. The cavalry was constantly on the trail of the Indian brigand for a long period, and was always on the point of capturing him but he was continually finding new holes to crawl through. Aguinaldo is giving a splendid imitation of the Apache warrior. Last year Otis promised faithfully to send Aggie to President McKinley for a Christmas present, but failed to do so. The slippery Filipino was almost within the grasp of General Otis several times, but somehow he managed to get away. For a whole year General Otis has been taxing the government at the rate of about ten dollars a word with cable despatches about what he was about to do, but it seems as though he has never had a proper conception of Aguinaldo's ability as a sprinter. According to Otis the Filipinos have contemplated surrender ever since he was sent against them. Several times they were about to lay down their arms and announce their loyalty to the American bird of freedom, but arms are still fashionable in the Philippines, for the Tagals have never ceased wearing them. The latest despatches from Otis indicate that the itinerant patriot is still on the warpath that leads at right angles from the firing line of the American forces. Whether he will be overtaken in time to serve as a Christmas present this year it is difficult to predict, but it is almost certain that he will be captured before the next national campaign, even though it becomes necessary to send the entire detective force of the country over to ferret him out and put the handcuffs on him.

Why Not a Yard on the Roof?

THE new charter will go into effect on the first of the year, and already places are being laid for new school-houses. It has been suggested by some lucid minds that as the space for yard room is necessarily contracting as the city grows, it might be a good plan to utilize the roofs of school-houses as playgrounds. San Francisco has already seen this experiment tried, in a small way, in a private school. In support of this suggestion its advocates justly claim that an open playgrouud on the roof has more to recommend it than the dark atmosphere of a cellar or the cold, damp, sunless yards walled in by high houses. As for mounting to the roof it would be no worse for the classes on the lower floors of a public school to ascend the roof at recess than it is now for the classes on the upper floor to ascend to their rooms after recess. If the whole area of school lots could be utilized and the playgrounds placed upon the roof a decided improvement would be accomplished. And if some practical architect would design a school building in which sanitary plumbing would be a feature, all the difficulties would be removed. It may be urged that a yard on the roof would promote accidents. A fence could easily be constructed of light, strong yet ornamental bars of iron, and the whole could be covered over with a strong iron netting or fancy grill work supported by light columns at regular intervals. The time may come when large cities may be glad to adopt this idea—or some modification of it. Meanwhile it is commended to the consideration of those who are planning new school buildings for San Francisco.

AN OFFICIOUS personage in Connecticut recently made threats to arrest a father and mother who dressed their child in short socks which left the knees bare. This is a specimen of what busy-body legislation would be like if cranks could have their way. A woman crank of the vegetarian order declared loudly the other day that no one should be permitted to eat carrion if she could help it. There are others who would have laws against corsets, plug hats, heeled shoes, Sunday papers, church bells and other things too numerous to mention. As to the fashion which caused the ire of this particular friend of humanity, it is by no means certain that it is a reprehensible one. All children were dressed so fifty years ago, and it is not probable that they suffered from it. We have since carried the fashion of coddling ourselves in furs and flannels to an extreme, and are perhaps neither warmer nor hardier on that account. Many grown people have never worn woolen underclothing, and the writer has known instances where such persons were really more comfortable and less chilly than others in the same atmosphere who were swathed in heavy flannels. A woman at the late Indian Congress in Omaha asked a brave how he could endure going without clothing. "Is your face cold?" he asked. "No," was the answer. "Indian all face," replied the brave. One of the first results of missionary work among savages is to provide them with clothing, and statistics show that such races as the Patagonians who withstood the severest winter climate in their nude state, at once began to succumb to pneumonia and consumption as soon as missionary flannels made their advent.

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That Twentieth Century Conundrum

IT IS astonishing, to say the least, that such a careful and accurate publication as the *Scientific American* should have allowed itself to fall into the common error of maintaining that the twentieth century begins on the first day of January 1901, instead of on the first of January 1900. It is surprising, also, that this fallacy should be shared by so many luminaries of the pulpit, bar and other professions in this city, as have put themselves on record in a morning journal, some months ago, to the same effect. The article, in our national leader of scientific thought, begins thus: "When will the twentieth century begin? Why there should be different answers to this question is a little puzzling to know. A few fundamental facts disposed of ought easily to settle the controversy. Of course, the first century began with the year 1, and closed with the year 100." No one will dispute that fact. But our scientific authority omits to tell us at which end of the year 1 the first year of the first century commenced. The first year of the era A. D. must have ended at the completion of the 365th day of that year: or else a full year must have elapsed and been lost between the eras B. C. and A. D. Assume, for the sake of argument that Christ was born, not on the twenty-fifth of December, but on the first of January. He certainly would not have completed his first year, and entered upon his second, till the first of January A. D. 1. By parity of reasoning he would have completed his ninth year and entered upon his tenth on the first of January, A. D. 10. It is very evident that a child is not a year old when it is born. Why should a century have to be a year old at its birth? One simile, which I remember a leading divine of this city—Reverend Dr. Stebbins, I think it was—to have been reported to use, when under examination, among others on the subject, by an emissary of the press, struck me as being as apt as it was fallacious.

"Supposing," he said, "someone owed you nineteen hundred dollars. Would you be willing to take eighteen hundred and ninety-nine for it? Wouldn't you wait till the full nineteen hundred had been paid in before you canceled the debt?"

"Certainly," assented the scribe.

"Then why should the nineteenth century end till the last second of the year 1900 has been paid out?"

This particular scribe was not there to argue but to report, and so judiciously refrained from entering into any controversy. Had he been mathematically inclined, however, and of a quizzical differential calculasy turn of mind, he might have retorted:

"But, Doctor, I would have gladly taken $1899.99, let the other cent go, and call it a full $1900 anyway."

Even so, when the last second of the year 1899 has slipped away, does the twentieth century begin.

ROBERT DUNCAN MILNE.

The Saunterer

THE BLONDE is the proper thing this winter in types of beauty. Last season the fiat went forth that anything but a brunette was bad form, and all summer the rage for brunettes continued. A New York theatrical manager who believes in catering to the desires of his patrons gave orders that every member of his chorus should wear dark hair. This came hard on the girls who had succeeded in imparting to their locks the genuine Lillian Russell canary hue, but it caused a boom in black wigs and in hair dyes. In one of the Casino "reviews" the comedian introduced a line,

"If there is anything that makes me more tired than a blonde it is a brunette."

The sentence made a hit and the auburn and brown-haired girls began to congratulate themselves that they were not included in the despised category. The British beauty is always expected to be a blonde, whether nature made her that way or not, and her Parisian cousin is expected to be a pronounced brunette. Nevertheless for a twelvemonth blondes have been in vogue in Paris and the fashion has struck New York this winter.

A blonde is mighty sweet—and yet
There's brilliancy in a brunette,
Mingled with honey;
'Tis hard to say on which to bet,
For both can make a fellow fret
And spend his money.

San Francisco, which is the home of the blondes, will have less difficulty than the eastern cities in falling into line in the blonde fashion. In society there are equally as many blondes and brunettes and chemicals are not needed. I could run over the names of any number of natural blondes whose home is in San Francisco—Mrs. John O'Neil Reis, Mrs. Charles Fox Tay, Mrs. Henry McLean Martin, Mrs. Coghill Hastings-Daniell, Mrs. E. S. Heller and others. But by far the most perfect specimen of the blonde type in this part of the world is Mrs. George D. Graham, a popular member of the Entre Nous set. Her beauty is absolutely flawless. With a complexion delicately pink and white, hair of silken fineness and of the palest shade of gold, eyes brightly and beautifully blue, a petite but prettily rounded and graceful figure, Mrs. Graham is a Dresden shepherdess impersonified.

Mrs. Charles McIntosh Keeney and Miss Ethel Keeney are preparing for a trip abroad.

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Today is Saint Catherine's day, the day sacred to all maidens in love. St. Catherine,it must be known, was an especially saintly saint, who is written of in sacred history as one who refused all offers of earthly marriage. It is taken for granted that she received a few offers and that is no doubt the reason she was selected as the patron saint of the èpris young woman. Any girl desiring a husband should tonight pass a small piece of wedding cake through a wedding ring and put it under her pillow while saying this verse:

A husband, Saint Catherine;
A handsome one, Saint Catherine;
A rich one, Saint Catherine;
A nice one, Saint Catherine;
And *soon*, Saint Catherine.

If the charm works all right—and there is no apparent reason why it should fail—the maiden will surely dream of her future husband during the night.

A visitor from London tells me that Beatrice Harraden, who will write her next novel in southern California, has of late years resided with her mother and sister in a charming little home near Hampstead Heath. She is a delightful conversationalist and is very much sought after in London's bohemia. During the two years she spent in California, where she devoted herself to lemon-raising, she wrote but two stories of length, "The Remittance Man" and "Hilda Strafford," and would not have written these even if it had not been for the persistence of her friends. The people she was staying with, at least so goes the story in London, locked her up in her room for two hours every morning, and in this manner succeeded in making her write.

All of Miss Harraden's people are very clever. Her father, who died not long ago, was a scholar and a linguist and spoke the Persian tongue with particular fluency. One of her sisters writes pretty little songs for children. Another sister is an authority on brass rubbings. She has one of the finest collections of these in England and often reads papers on this musty subject before the antiquarian societies. There is a brother who is a well-known composer. The whole family loves music and Beatrice plays the violin beautifully. She is college bred and a B. A. More than one resident of San Francisco, which she visited incognito on her way to the south, is familiar with the quaint figure and spectacled, scholarly face of the author of "Ships that Pass in the Night."

While I rarely read a serial story, I have grown interested in Charles Ulrich's melodramatic tale running daily in the *Evening Post*—"When the Storm Breaks." However, I must draw the author's attention to the fact that in Monday's issue he commits the error of making Lord Fitzperkins breakfast on "milk toast and coffee." Now, his lordship is supposed to have been British to the backbone and this fact I cannot reconcile with coffee for his déjeuner. All the real English people I have ever met call for tea in preference to coffee for breakfast. Even Frank Worthing, who is fairly Americanized, clings to his toast and tea for breakfast. It seems to be a British habit that cannot be eradicated.

Even in the good town of Santa Rosa, which has never sullied its holy name, they have such un-Christian like burdens as church debts and they go about raising them in the old familiar church way. They give fairs and gamble in the holy cause. The raffle is an expedient to which the people of Santa Rosa resort, and at present the town is very much interested in the fate of a cat, which by reason of an impending church raffle is destined to be deprived of a most luxurious home. It is an Angora cat and is the property of Mrs. John Paxton, who as everybody knows is the mother of Blitz and Charley Paxton. Now think of a pet cat being sacrificed for a church debt! And an aristocratic cat at that! Mrs. Paxton's cat has been treasured like an heirloom in the family, and it probably expected to end its life by the old, familiar fireside, but the church debt must be paid and the feline must register in a new precinct.

The First Tennessees do not like their chaplain. They consider him such a superfluous personage that they do not mind expressing their opinion of him upon all occasions. One of the stories the soldier boys from the Moonshiners' state tell of the chaplain refers to his ignorance of ships and shipping. They say he never saw a ship until he came to California, and his greenness extended to anchors. On his first day aboard the transport he heard the sailors speak of weighing the anchor.

"Come on, boys," he said, "and let's see how much the anchor weighs."

With great interest he watched the sailors perform the ceremony, and when the anchor was hauled on deck, he said:

"Why, it must weigh considerable. I had no idea an anchor was so heavy."

While this story may be true, another one told of Chaplain Wells sounds more like a "josh." Still the Tennessee boys tell it very gravely. They say that when the transport was coming home, it reached San Francisco bay about nine o'clock in the morning. The chaplain burst into raptures:

"Isn't this delightful? I was so afraid I should not see them open the Golden Gates, you know. But we will be just in time."

The chaplain when in the Philippines expressed himself as much opposed to looting. At Iloilo he talked seriously to the privates upon this subject.

"Now when you are going through a place," he cautioned, "and see anything valuable lying around you must be careful not to touch anything."

Then he added:

"But if you should possibly see some little thing you think would please my wife, then pick it up and give it to me to send to her."

Nearly every Tennessean wears about his neck a crucifix, and whether Catholic or Protestant the boys believe that the holy relic acts as a charm against danger. When the Spaniards fled from their homes they did not have time to take with them all their belongings, and chief among their possessions was the cross that is the emblem of the Christian religion. And that is how the First Tennessees secured the crucifixes they wear about their necks.

Mr. E. P. Vining, general manager of the Market street railway system, has established a rule prohibiting conductors on Market street cars going in a south-westerly direction from issuing transfers to the

Eighth street cars unless they are demanded when the fare is paid. A few years ago Mr. Vining made this the universal rule but it proved so unpopular that it was rescinded. Now he applies it only to those persons transferring at the corner of Eighth and Market streets. The purpose of the rule as explained by Mr. Vining is to prevent people from defrauding the Market street company. He says that if there were no such rule people could transfer from the Third street cars to the Market thence to Eighth, and down to the point of commencement. I would like to ask Mr. Vining if he really believes that there are people in this city who have nothing else to do but to ride in a circle on cable cars just to defraud the railroad company. As the time of the issuance of the transfer is punched in the slip of paper nobody can stop over any great length of time along the road; so there is not much likelihood of any person defrauding the company in the manner so carefully guarded against by Mr. Vining, except for the satisfaction that might be afforded by such a practice to certain rare kinds of individuals.

If the rule did not exist the Market street company might lose as many as three nickels a year, but by its enforcement the company is enriched to the extent of at least two dollars a week. There are, at the very lowest calculation, forty people every week who forget to ask for a transfer to Eighth street at the very moment that they pay their fare, and who pay an extra nickel to continue on their journey. Nearly every regular patron of the baseball games has been mulcted in the sum of at least five cents by the enforcement of Mr. Vining's rule, and many of them have been reminded of it by being cinched a second, third and fourth time. I know that Mr. Vining has the reputation of being a practical Christian, but his method of swelling his record as a railroad magnate causes me to regard him as a rank hypocrite. He knows that the transfer rule which he so strictly enforces is scarcely less refined than a bunco game. The fraud which it prevents is infinitesimal, whereas the wrong it inflicts is great. It is an imposition on the public and bears a close relation to petty larceny. Mr. Vining is one of the few surviving railroad magnates whose methods make enemies for Mr. Huntington and his corporation. When the suave and gentlemanly Mr. McCormick came from the east to take charge of the passenger department of the Southern Pacific, I looked for a substitute for Mr. Vining for I thought Mr. Huntington had adopted a new policy, but it appears that the cable car manager is a fixture.

One of those tight-fitting skirts that serve to bring into bold relief a feature designed by nature for the centre of the stage, was probably responsible for the incident which created a sensation in Kearny street the other day. The dramatis personæ were a young woman of the smart set, and a bold, bad man whose identity has escaped the police. The young woman having been attracted to a show window near the corner of Sutter street by a display of embroidered garments, was devoting all her attention to them when the bold, bad man approached from behind and just as she bent forward to scrutinize something, deliberately laid a heavy hand upon her, not once but several times in quick succession. It was just such a performance as angry parents indulge in to forcibly rebuke their offspring, but so unfamiliar was the young lady with that sort of thing that she was overcome by the shock. She was assisted into the store where she became hysterical and fainted. Jack the Spanker escaped in the crowd. Now I have heard it suggested that possibly his action was involuntary, and that the tight-fitting skirt was responsible for his conduct. He may be an unfortunate individual who has developed a mania for that sort of thing.

"I wish I were the lady," said the Count d'Impoverishe, as he gazed longingly at Andromeda in the famous picture.

"Wish you had her, don't you mean?," queried his friend.

"Not exactly," returned the count, "but her position takes my eye. She is chained to the rocks."

Where is Mr. Monroe Salisbury? This is a question that suggested itself to more than one person at the Salisbury-Keyes wedding. The giving away of the bride by her uncle was probably the circumstance that suggested the mental interrogatory. There was nothing remarkable in that circumstance, for in the absence of her father it is perfectly proper for the bride to be given away by papa's brother, but so conspicuous was the father by his absence that more than one person reflected upon what a great surprise there would be if on that occasion Mr. Monroe Salisbury had taken it into his head to be present. It may seem strange but nevertheless it is true that many of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury's most intimate friends are curious to know what Mr. Monroe Salisbury looks like. They know that there is such a man but they have never seen him. He has been in the background of local society so many years that he seems almost like a myth, but he is in the flesh and blood somewhere. The last I heard of him he was in the Klondike, but his present whereabouts are unknown to me, for his movements, unlike those of his wife, are not chronicled in the social columns of the dailies. I do know, however, that he was not at his daughter's wedding, for the reason no doubt that he was busy elsewhere. But does it not seem singular that if he had appeared those present would have wondered who he was? Mr. Salisbury was at one time a prosperous stage driver and later on a prominent horseman, but he never had any social aspirations, and capering nimbly in a lady's drawing-room was never to his liking.

The California club has contributed to the gayety of the School Department lately by its efforts to wield an influence over our educational affairs, and Miss Jackson caused some little annoyance by declaring herself in favor of bringing the public schools into more perfect harmony with the university. The ladies of the department declare that they do not relish the idea of being subjected to the controlling influence of a private school teacher. But probably they have a candidate of their own. Many of the educators of the department are of the opinion that there is already too much attention devoted to the work of fitting children for the university. It should be remembered that a very small percentage of children ever goes to the high schools, and that a still smaller percentage of high school graduates goes to the university. It is surely not worth while to have the university influence dominate all our classes, even to the exclusion of our grammar schools. Already a tentative move has been made in this direction and though it has failed it will be tried again.

In the middle of a block on one of Stockton's best residence streets stands a large brick house, old-fashioned, low-storied, with green blinds, where ex-Speaker Thomas B. Reed used to teach school. It has been used as a residence since, but Stocktonians like to point it out to strangers most of whom know or have forgotten that Tom Reed once lived in California. A young woman visiting there lately has had it so strongly impressed upon her mind that she will never forget it. Going down town with her host one day he remarked in passing the old brick house:

"That's where Tom Reed used to teach school."

He watched for the surprise which came, enjoyed it, then told her all about the distinguished statesman and his school teaching experience. Later in the week she went shopping with her friend and hostess and as they passed along Hunter street the friend remarked:

"By the way, Nell, that's where ex-Speaker Reed used to teach school."

Nell was too polite to say she knew it, but feigned surprise and looked interested, so she had to hear again all about Tom Reed as a schoolmarm. The little son of her entertainers was her next escort. Passing the old landmark he broke forth:

"Aunt Nellie, you know Mr. Reed, what's a congressman, he used to teach school in that old house!"

And the tot said it in a way that showed he expected to astonish her, so she had to be astonished. A young man of her acquaintance took her to drive one evening. Pointing carelessly in the direction of the old brick house he began:

"Tom Reed"—

But she interrupted him hastily:

"Yes, I know exactly what you are going to say. Tom Reed used to teach school over there. I know all about it. It was years and years ago."

And she rattled off the data with the volubility of a veteran showman.

Mr. Hamlet Barnstormer was in a towering rage when he entered the dramatic critic's sanctum, with a post-climax tread.

"What do you mean, sir," he demanded, "by stating that I played Shylock last night like the real thing?"

"Simply that your acting was realistic," was the reply.

"But you said that I looked as though the pound of flesh was just what I needed in my business and—"

"Another tribute to your realism."

"You added that perhaps a ham-sandwich would do."

"I meant that you looked the part."

"Well, just cut out that ham-sandwich after this; it's against my religion."

Ever since Mr. George Doubleday of New York city fell in love with a newspaper portrait of Miss Alice Moffitt of Oakland and came way across the continent in an endeavor to meet the original of the picture, writers of special articles for the daily papers have found little difficulty in securing photographs from Oakland girls to be used in illustration. Society girls across the bay who formerly barred the door to reporters and interviewers now hasten to bid them enter. Young women who prided themselves on their exclusiveness and their resistance to such a temptation as seeing their pictured face in a daily newspaper now gladly hand over their portraits. If a New York gentleman of such thoroughbred calibre as Mr. Doubleday did not object to seeing a young woman's face in a newspaper, and even desired the portraitized young woman for his wife, there can be nothing out of the way in giving your photograph to a reporter for reproduction in a daily paper. Far be it from me to assert that any Oakland society girl is looking out for a husband. Far be it from me to say that the newspaper portrait is a good mode of advertisement. I simply state the plain fact that since Miss Moffitt's engagement was announced, little opposition is expressed when a request is made for a portrait.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this unsettled weather.

"I once posed for a picture entitled 'The Triumph of Virtue,'" said the artist's model.

"I suppose it was the powerful portrayal of a baffled passion—a struggle against the temptation of a daring lothario?" suggested her friend.

"Yes, it was all that."

"And yet you triumphed?"

"Yes, in the picture."

Sometime in December an interesting exhibition will take place at the Hopkins Institute of Art. About that time the new Searles gallery will probably be finished and the institute's directory is planning for a more ambitious exhibition than has been given for many years. The pictures shown will be by foreign and American artists and the finest private galleries in the city will yield up their treasures to make the exhibition a notable one.

I learn that a new magazine will be issued somewhere around the first of December. It will be called the *Mark Hopkins Institute Review of Art* and is the project of the institute's curator, Robert Howe Fletcher, author of the Bohemian club's "Annals" and several other interesting volumes. The magazine will be devoted to local art and will be profusely illustrated.

The bal poudre will be a feature of the social itinerary this winter. Nothing is more artistic and nothing can more speedily convert a plain-faced girl into a ravishing beauty than the powder and patches of the colonial period. The Entre Nous Cotillon will give a colonial ball on December twenty-ninth at Maple hall. This club danced last night at its usual place of meeting in the Palace hotel, Sanford Lewald leading the german with Miss Belle Herzer.

"Mistletoe"

Old Tom Gin

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Those mammas with marriageable daughters on their hands are again congratulating Mrs. William J. Younger upon her good fortune. Dr. and Mr. Younger, vous comprenez, have just announced the engagement of their youngest daughter, Lucile, to Baron Carl Gall, an Austrian army officer of rank. It seems only yesterday, though in reality it was about a year ago, that the news was cabled of Miss Alice Younger's marriage to Baron Nugent, who, like Baron Gall, is of the army. The Nugents are now in Hungary, where the bride-elect is visiting her sister. Mrs. Younger, who was visiting the Downey Harveys, left Saturday for New York en route to Paris. There is only one of the Younger girls now to be provided with a husband, Miss Maude, and she from all accounts will not wed one of her step-mamma's choosing. Miss Younger is a pronounced bachelor maid of independent fortune, and like Miss Hager, Miss Blair and a few other society girls, exhibits no desire to resign her liberty for many years to come.

Brown: Why do you say she is a cultured woman?
Smith: Because she has been through all the chairs in the grand lodge of Experience, and is thoroughly versed in the ritual of Discrimination.

My New York correspondent writes me that Emma Nevada has captured public and critics alike, her voice being as beautiful and fresh as ever. She has been the recipient of many social courtesies from Mrs. George Crocker and others, especially in the California colony. The Earl of Yarmouth's much talked of début with the Charles Frohman company at the Madison Square did not develop any pronounced features. He had a small role and, like Bob Cutting who went on the stage to oblige Minnie Seligman, he filled his part like a well-born, well-bred amateur. But he was handicapped in his desire to make a hit by the fact that in the same company were such clever people as May Robson, Fritz Williams, E. M. Holland and Essie Tittell.

And now the Duke of Manchester has started in as a real live newspaperman, a reporter on the *Journal*. The Duke of Manchester has visited New York before but not in the character of a working man. He came over a few seasons back with his mother, the Duchess of Manchester, and his sister, Lady Mary Montagu. They visited James J. Van Alen at Newport, Miss Sarah Van Alen having previously visited the Duchess in England. The Duchess of Manchester is an American. She was Consuelo Yznaga, a beautiful but dowerless society girl of New York, and married the Duke of Manchester when he was the Viscount Mandeville. Though horribly ill-treated by her husband, who subjected her to all sorts of indignities, the Duchess preserved through her husband's lifetime a dignified demeanor. Her most earnest supporters through all her troubles were the Queen and the Princess—not the Prince—of Wales.

There was a time when Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont (Mrs. Vanderbilt that was) and the Duchess of Manchester were the closest of friends. Consuelo Vanderbilt, the present Duchess of Marlborough, was named after her mother's school chum. Rumor says that when the Duke of Manchester's mamma brought him to Newport to get him a rich wife, this friendship was not so noticeable. Among the younger women mentioned in connection with a marriage to the Duke during his first visit to New York were Miss Alice Gould, Miss Elizabeth Perkins, Miss Maude Howe Elliott, Miss Virginia Gammell, Miss Birdie Fair (now Mrs. Willie K. Vanderbilt Jr.), Miss Oelrichs, Miss Mary Trevor, Miss May Goelet and Miss Van Alen.

Baron Von Schroeder is still hot in the collar about the stories that were put into circulation anent the change of management of the Hotel Rafael. He has concluded that General Warfield was in some way responsible for the version of the affair that appeared in the *Call*, and he is incensed against that noted warrier as much as he is against the newspaper. As a consequence there has been crimination and recrimination, and the mess of scandal that has been stirred up is entirely too unsavory for ventilation in a family journal. One of the stories growing out of the affair is to the effect that a certain lady involved is not the wife of the very prominent gentleman who is reputed to be her husband, but that she is the sister of his wife and that the latter is living in the east. She is said to be a malicious woman with a too pliable tongue which wagged so recklessly last summer that she was horsewhipped at the Hotel Rafael by one of her victims.

Baron Von Schroeder deemed it advisable the other day to seek vindication at the hands of the Grand Jury of Marin county. I believe he told the jurors that General Warfield wanted to break the lease of the hotel and was impelled by that purpose to give the sensational story to the *Call*. He wanted both Warfield and John D. Spreckels indicted. At the *Call* office they say that there is a string tied to the baron's charge, and that he is only making a bluff because his wife is soon to return from Europe. If the case ever gets into court it will be the most sensational ever tried in this state and will leave many a bitter pang in the hearts of some of our social leaders. I hope that the baron changes his mind and does not invite the storm that will surely be raised if ever he gets into court. He might find it very embarrassing if called upon to answer certain leading questions about his experience as a gay cavalier.

Miss Lillian Vesaria, of Larkspur and a popular member of the Sketch club, left this week for New York via Panama. Her friends designed a pleasing way to aid her in beguiling the tedium of the long steamer trip and incidentally to banish any intruding qualms of homesickness. They wrote a batch of letters, marked and dated, one to be read by Miss Vesaria on each day of her journey. As artists and newspaper writers were included among those penning the epistles, I can fancy that some of the screeds will afford Miss Vesaria considerable amusement.

Just received—New French turbans and very elegant new dress hats. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny.

"Will Gladden the Hearts of Children"

THE RAG TAGS

BY ARTHUR M. LEWIS

The Book of the Season for the Young. PRICE $1.25

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The death of Cornelius Vanderbilt, and the subsequent division of his property, gave the sensational press an opportunity equaled only by the Grant-Cantacazune wedding. Sloppy sentiment anent the estimable plutocrat who has passed away is still going the rounds of the country papers through the syndicate medium. One of the puzzling things about this style of exploitation is: Who reads it? Who outside of the family circle has any interest in knowing the details or the disposition of the estate and who outside of "society," cares what dinners, balls or other social functions are declared off because of a New York millionaire's death? The answer to this is quite easy of solution and was cleverly set forth in a little story by James Ford that appeared in a late issue of *Munsey's*. The tale related how a woman of wealth and prominence in a northwestern town left husband, home and friends and went to New York to live solely that she might be near the people of whom she had read in the syndicated society news. Though she never met any of these smart folks to know them save by sight, she felt content to be near them and to be able to point them out at the opera, horse show, hotels and restaurants to visiting friends. While an appreciable number of newspaper subscribers would be quite satisfied if their journals left blank the space now occupied by the doings of the elect, there is a much larger number that likes to read every item about members of the swim, whether residents of New York or Los Angeles.

"I never could see that there was much to admire in Miss Avoirdupois," said Ethel Budde.

"Then you have never seen her in ball costume, or in the surf," answered her brother.

Mr. Abe Leach, the worthy son of the superintendent of the Mint, has been adjudged a bachelor beyond reclaim by the matrons of Oakland with eligible daughters. At least they have eliminated him from the select coterie of young men upon which they intend to draw for material for the social functions of the season. The supposition is that the young men who have been barred by the discriminating matrons are objectionable merely because they appear to regard matrimony as not worth their while. To what extent this objection is tenable I have no idea, but I cannot believe that it is alone responsible for the action of the wise matrons of Oakland. Perhaps they have heard something of the escapades of the Oakland bachelor that has occasioned alarm among them, and they are now impressed with the necessity for extreme caution. Mr. Leach has the reputation of being a rollicking blade with a fondness for such adventures as that in which he figured in a Mason street tavern not long ago. That affair has caused a great deal of gossip over in Oakland, and perhaps they think that a young man who has indulged in such lively diversions would find a cotillon club function entirely too tame.

That good and gaudy man, General Seamans, Factotum in Ordinary of his Excellency the Governor of the State of California, was "among those present" at the reception to the Tennessee volunteers given by Mrs. Townsend, the friend of the soldier boy, last Saturday night. As usual General Seamans was burdened with the dignity of the state. He attended the reception as the representative of Governor Gage and he accentuated the importance of the role by wearing a costume corded and buttoned in gold. He made General Shafter look like an ordinary policeman. Nevertheless he was overlooked by the Master of Ceremonies, and was given a seat so far removed from the hostess that he had not the slightest opportunity to shine. I think he was indignant for he stalked out of the Pavilion early in the evening, looking like the villain in the play after he had been turned down by the heroine.

Pedestrian: Why don't you stop? You've just knocked a man down.

Scorcher: Well, I'm not a doctor.

So, Admiral Dewey, hero, warrior, diplomat and statesman, is only a plain Vermont Yankee after all! We reared his pedestal too high and far out of proportion with his stature, and he got dizzy and fell to the earth. When the Admiral was engaged in handling international complications in the Philippines, the admiration which he aroused by his great victory was intensified by the tact, rare judgment and dignity which he displayed. I admired him more for his manly qualities than for his ability as a naval commander, and he seemed to me to be the one man who could always be depended upon to do the right thing at the right time. When it was decided to raise money for the purpose of buying a house and lot for him in Washington, I scoffed at the idea, being convinced that he would not accept such a gift. When it was reported a little later that he had suggested that if there were a house and lot in Washington that the people did not know what to do with, it would be well to convert the property into a home for destitute sailors, I applauded his gentle way of snubbing the fools who were behind the gift scheme. But I afterwards learned that the Admiral had made no such suggestion. He appeared to want the house and lot and anything else that was lying around loose. When he accepted the property he seemed to be just a little less heroic than before; at least, it was not so easy to worship him. It doesn't seem right for heroism to have too long a reach. Yet it was not easy to shatter the idol. A great deal could be excused on the score of Yankee thrift which is indigenous to the soil of Vermont, but, when by subsequent conduct he showed himself somewhat short of sentimental feeling, and unconscious of the fact that the home was a pledge of affection which he was expected to treasure as such

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and leave as a monument to popular gratitude, hallowed by memories of its heroic occupant, the pedestal crumbled and Dewey came tumbling down. He will never be forgiven for deeding the property to his wife. She is a very nice woman but she wasn't at the Battle of Manila. She wasn't even Mrs. Admiral Dewey then.

A brand new Hero wanted to fill a job just vacated by the Idol of the People. Must give a bond to guarantee faithful performance of his duties,and promise not to give away Loving Cups that may be purchased for him by an Admiring Nation, and not to convey any Testimonials to his Wife until after he is dead.

No wedding of late years in this city has caused more talk than that of Miss Genevieve Goad and Andrew Martin, the sequel to which was the death of the bridegroom from consumption seven weeks after his marriage. It was remarked upon by close readers of the obituary columns in the daily papers that in mentioning the fact of Andrew Martin's death, and funeral notice, no reference appeared therein to the fact that deceased was the "beloved husband of Genevieve Martin." Mention was made only as "beloved son of Eleanor Martin, brother of," etc., etc. It was also remarked that, on the day of the funeral, the young widow was attended by one of her own family and that such a marked coldness was displayed toward her by her late husband's relatives that her nerves were upset and she fainted away during the progress of the services.

It is not uncommon for a widow to be prostrated with grief at the funeral of her husband, but nobody thought for a moment that young Mrs. Martin was overcome by the sad realization of her loss. It appeared to be the general impression that her nerves were unstrung from quite a different state of feeling and the whole matter has been discussed over and over again. It seems as though Genevieve Goad,that was,is fated to be involved in affairs that provoke discussion. When her engagement to young Martin was,announced society began to talk. It was known that her fiancé had but a short time to live,and that the wedding was the prelude to a funeral, and now that the whole thing is over there has been much talk of a kind that ordinarily would grate on a refined sensibility, but as the people most interested deliberately rendered themselves open to criticism why should the world which is prone to gossip subject itself to restraint? The affair has been discussed in the clubs and in drawing rooms and even now in the offices of the dailies they are suppressing the whole story only for the reason that an excuse for publication will soon be given by a judicial proceeding which is sure to involve interesting revelations.

The story of the marriage of Miss Goad and young Martin has lately been revealed to me by a near relative of the family. It appears that Peter Martin, an elder brother of the young man who has just passed away, was for a long time a determined suitor of Miss Goad. He was very anxious to marry her but she betrayed an indifference that revealed to him the hopelessness of his passion. Andrew Martin was also very fond of her and she liked him in a sisterly sort of a way. She sympathized with him in his illness and he importuned her to accompany him to Palm springs and comfort him in his home. Of course there was only one way in which the young girl could comply with his request. She could go in no other capacity then that of wife, and as her sympathy was scarcely strong enough to persuade her to make such a sacrifice, there was necessarily some inducement. The character of the inducement is revealed in the will and that is the feature which shadows any sentimental phase of the case that might otherwise have imparted to it a most romantic tinge.

Andrew Martin, who was far too ill to make such a long journey, came to San Francisco for his marriage to the beautiful girl who had promised to devote her life to him. He was so weak during the ceremony that he could only whisper the responses; it was impossible for him to reply to the congratulations showered upon him at the service's close. Miss Goad was married in the wedding gown that had been made for a far different wedding. The day after the young couple reached Palm springs a lawyer went down and drew up the legal document that at the husband's death would give the wife all his property. And seven weeks later he died. There was a man nurse in attendance but his devoted wife was at his side with two of his friends. His mother and brother were in Los Angeles. They would not come on to Riverside, it was said, so long as they knew the bride was in the sick-room.

And now is expected a legal contest over the late Andrew Martin's will. I earnestly hope that those who have the expectation are destined to disappointment, for I should not like to see a scandal develop out of the unfortunate affair. Of course if the widow had been a wife in name only, it is not unlikely that a clever lawyer could break the will, but I think that all concerned should be willing to refrain from precipitating a row. It must be conceded that young Mrs. Martin incurred a great risk in marrying a victim of consumption and there is no doubt but that she assuaged the sorrows and sufferings of the dying man.

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Pacific Coast Agents 329 Market Street, S. F

I heard a story the other day about Camille d'Arville, who comes to the Orpheum next week. Miss d'Arville, be it known, though inspiring idol-worship in more than one millioned chappie, says that she has no use for such adorers. When she was acting in an eastern city—Philadelphia, I think it was—she bought a ticket in a raffle for charity and won the prize—a valuable dinner service. The press agent of the company saw in this a magnificent opportunity to advertise his star and suggested putting the service on exhibition with the inscription:

"Presented to Camille d'Arville by the citizens of Philadelphia."

Miss d'Arville demurred.

"I don't like that," she said, "but I'll give you a suggestion. Inscribe it 'Presented to Camille d'Arville by her sincerest admirer.'"

"But the name," persisted the press agent," why not give a name?"

"My sincerest admirer? Why, Camille d'Arville, of course."

When Mr. B. Millard discovered his new poet and published her greatest poem by way of testimony to the accuracy of his judgment, he should have been content. In exploiting the lady in the hope of acquiring a reputation for himself as the great poet finder, he has borrowed some choice samples from her volume, "In Childland Straying," which do not tend to the conviction expressed by the *Examiner's* poet tout, that she "is a lady of fine literary taste and accomplishments." One of the alleged poems is entitled "The Dame of the Milky Way." Who the dame is I do not know but I strongly suspect Mars of doing the female impersonation act for the accommodation of Mrs. Rice. One would hesitate to make this accusation but for the fact that it is set forth elsewhere:

Poor Saturn is sad,
She cannot be glad,
For soiled is her mantle of white.

If Saturn succeeded in deceiving Mrs. Rice as to his sex, perhaps Mars trifled with her, too.

In the same "poem" appear these lines:

Comes the Pleiades
With indolent ease
On the arm of the Man in the Moon.

As there are seven of them, his arm must have branched out after the manner of an octopus. His Highness of the Moon is of course an exceptional character, but even poetic fancy should not picture him as such a fantastic individual as a seven-armed man.

And, by the way, why should the Pleiades "comes"? It would be just as easy for them to come and it would take less type to tell it. But that must have been a slip of the pen, for Mr. B. Millard tells us that his newly discovered poet is a public educator, and she certainly knows that verbs that do not agree with their subjects in person and number are very bad verbs and should suffer excommunication for their sins. But I could pardon the verbs if Mrs. Rice would promise to refrain from such similes as:

And all goes well
As a marriage bell.

I believe it was Byron who said something about the merry going of a marriage bell, and poets have been harping or rather pulling on the rope of the marriage bell ever since, but I don't think that a marriage bell goes any better than a funeral bell or a dinner bell or any other kind of a bell that is properly tongued, toned and in good working order. I have seen the statement that the sun rose clear as a bell, but that is another story. If Mr. Millard had said that the fugitive verse from childland showed that Mrs. Rice could write good jingles I should agree with him even though she has sadly mixed her shalls and wills and other things.

Last week I inquired why the world-reformers do not arrange things so that poor, innocent babes shall no longer be compelled to belong to parents who are poor, uncultured and perhaps drunken or criminal. A correspondent informs me that there is, or at least was, up to a very short time ago, a society organized for that very purpose, on the other side of the bay. Its object, says my correspondent, was to provide for the redistribution of misfit children and its attention was not to be confined to such cases only as are usually looked after by the numerous cruelty societies. The friends of the misfit progeny recognize the theory that sensitive children who are not subjected to actual physical cruelty or want may yet suffer keenly from lack of sympathy or encourage-

Just received—New French turbans and very elegant new dress hats. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny.

LEGAL NOTICES

SHERIFF'S SALE

BEN B. HASKELL, Plaintiff vs. MARGARET DUNTON, Defendant. } Sale. Justices' Court, No. 14661. Execution.

Under and by virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Justices' Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of November A. D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein Ben B. Haskell, the above named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Margaret Dunton, defendant, on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1899, which said Judgment was recorded in the Clerk's Office of said Court, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Seventeenth street distant thereon easterly fifty-five feet from the point of intersection formed by the northerly line of Seventeenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, and running thence easterly along said northerly line of Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; thence at right angles northerly and parall l with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; and thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet to the point of commencement.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 18th day of December A. D. 1899 at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said Execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said Judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money, of the United States.

HENRY S. MARTIN, Sheriff.

San Francisco, November 25, 1899.

BEN B. HASKELL, 409 California street, San Francisco
Attorney in pro. per.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN JUSTICES' COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
New City Hall.

WILLIAM BOYLE, Plaintiff, vs. O. J. WOODRING, Defendant. } Action brought in the Justices Court in the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of Clerk of said Court.

The people of the State of California to
O. J. Woodring, Defendant, Greeting:

You are hereby directed to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein, within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear for trial before G. C. Groezinger Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, New City Hall, in said City and County.

Make legal service and due return hereon.

Given under my hand this 12th day of September, 1899.

By order of the Presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco.

E. W. WILLIAMS,
Justices' Clerk.

KIERCE & GILLOGLEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

ment from parents, and it was their intention to rectify the mistakes of Providence, who frequently sends a daughter where a son is ardently desired or drops a literary or musical prodigy down the chimney of a household where little Mary Anne is subjected to the indignity of learning to sew seams and wash dishes. "I never heard," continues my correspondent, "of an instance in which this association actually attempted to rectify the errors of the Almighty, nor do I know whether the child, the parents or the next door neighbors were to furnish the complaint upon which action was to be taken nor how many changes any individual was to be entitled to, but there must have been some plan, however nebulous, and it did have an actual existence and for aught I know, may have been incorporated."

Soubrette (singing): "When I was a child of three."

Student of History (in the audience): How interesting! I wonder if she could give me some personal reminiscences of the war of 1812?

I do not know what the Doctor's Daughters would do at their annual Doll Show if it were not for Tom Williams. Every year the famous turfman puts in an appearance at Maple hall in the Palace hotel when the Doll Show is under way. Sometimes he buys one doll, sometimes several, but he always spends considerable money, and is regarded by the Doctor's Daughters as a sort of a god-papa to the bisque babies that form the basis of the exhibition. This year Mr. Williams had a formidable rival in Miss Kate Dillon, who bought dollies right and left. Miss Dillon is one of the buds of the season. She is an heiress of generous inclinations that found full vent at the Doll Show.

Another liberal purchaser at the exhibition of model dolls was Mrs. Charles Fair, who paid a large sum for a handsomely gowned doll. The show, as usual, was successful from the financial, artistic and social points of view. There were many new names among the exhibitors and I repeat my assertion of a few weeks ago that I cannot see why our society women should ever send abroad for their gowns when we have so many clever and modish resident tailors and dressmakers.

Mrs. Samuel Buckbee commanded a corps of attractive young women, buds of this and previous seasons, who dispensed tea and punch and waited upon the wants of the visitors. But I must say that the buds of the present season are not, with the exception of the Voorhies girls, noticeable for beauty. Last season there were so many remarkably pretty girls among the débutantes that the lack is rather perceptible this year. Perhaps it is the latest fashion in hairdressing that is less conducive to attractiveness than was the pompadour of '98-'99. Perhaps the system of education now in vogue develops too much character in a young girl's face. Whatever the reason the fact is apparent that this season's growth of buds does not promise well for a crop of beautiful roses.

Mrs. Sarah Hayes Gillis of Stockton is a unique figure among busy women. Others of her sex hold positions of honor in the world of law, letters, medicine, art and general business, but she is the only woman in many states who runs a line of steamboats.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Direct importer of fine millinery.

Mrs. Gillis is the wife of James Gillis, rancher, capitalist, president of and principal owner in the Union Transportation company operating between San Francisco and Stockton. After bringing up a good sized family and otherwise devoting herself to church, charity and other society work, Mrs. Gillis found another avenue for her energies in assisting her husband in the steamship business and she is now in control of the management of the steamers. She buys all the supplies, hires and discharges the men, personally inspects kitchen, linen rooms and staterooms and superintends all painting and repairs about the boats. She has been known to put on a sailor's blouse, turn up her tailor-made skirt and take a few turns with the painter's brush herself. It was while thus engaged during a time when some of the company's steamers were laid up for repairs in San Francisco, that an enterprising newspaper man looking for a story, appeared upon the scene asking for Mrs. Gillis. She looked up blandly and in her soft, womanish voice answered:

"Mrs. Gillis was here this morning, but she went back to Stockton on the other steamer."

He thought she was the stewardess, probably.

Mrs. Gillis was a Hayes of the Rutherford Hayes branch of the family, and some of her aristocratic eastern relatives arriving in California without notice were directed to look for Mrs. Gillis on one of the steamers. They, too, arrived during the boat-painting season and naturally were somewhat shocked to find a real Hayes in unconventional dress painting boats. Mrs. Gillis regarded the whole matter as a huge joke and rather enjoyed the horror of her amazed relatives, who expressed their disapproval of western ways and then departed for the Palace hotel. In due time their western relative put on her Sundayest clothes and a brand new bonnet to call upon her distinguished connections and invite them to visit her at her Stockton surburban residence. Finding there a daintily appointed home surrounded by every comfort and luxury, showing that its mistress didn't have to paint boats, they easily forgave her though they showed plainly that they could not understand her eccentricities, which they charged to the wild west.

Mrs. Gillis is not the typical new woman in appearance or manners, though she is a pronounced suffragist and a shrewd business woman. She is distinctively feminine in her entire personality, being gentle and refined of speech and manner, cultured and an artist to her finger tips as her artistic home affirms. Her tact is her strength. During a trip on one of her husband's steamers she was forced to listen to a woman, who mistook her for a fellow passenger, roundly abuse the company, the management and "old Gillis"—as the irate female dubbed the steamboat man. Presently someone came up and addressed her as "Mrs. Gillis." The female passenger nearly fainted. She had no particular grievance but was "kicking" on general principles. Then Mrs. Gillis, like a clever politician, took that woman in hand, made her her guest for the evening and showered on her the attentions and courtesies of a hostess in her own home.

MAISON TORTONI

Private Dining Rooms
Banquet Hall . . . . . .

S. Constantini
Proprietor

FRENCH ROTISSERIE

Prince of Chefs ∴ Artistic Appointments ∴ 111 O'Farrell St.

There have been so many rumors of the engagement of Miss Jennie Dunphy, that I am not surprised that a newspaper has succeeded in marrying her. The *Call* of last Wednesday said that Miss Jennie Dunphy was the first wife of Noah Flood, the well known attorney, who reminds me every time I see him of Old Lavender. The item was written by the divorce court reporter, Flood having been sued the other day for a separation by his second wife. I am sure that if the reporter had submitted his copy to the social editor the blunder would never have been perpetuated in print. Mr. Flood, who was once a handsome attorney but never a brilliant one, married into the family of William Dunphy, the well known and wealthy wholesale butcher, now deceased, but he did not get Miss Jennie for a wife. He espoused a sister of Miss Jennie and she obtained a divorce from him several years ago. Miss Jennie Dunphy is still one of the most beautiful bachelor girls of San Francisco, and her failure to marry is by no means due to her inability to get a husband.

The *Call's* reference to Flood as an attorney whose "brilliancy and splendid presence, it was thought, assured him a substantial reward in life" is in line with the customary eulogy which is vouchsafed so many people who have been incapacitated in life's struggle, through intemperance. Many brilliant men have had their progress along the road to fame checked by John Barleycorn, but the men of mediocre ability who have fallen by the wayside are in the large majority. Yet those of the latter class, after they become hopeless wrecks, are confounded with the former and the usual comment is an expression of regret over the downfall of one whose prospects were so bright. Lawyers, doctors and newspaper men who never could have been better than second-raters under the most advantageous circumstances, acquire a good reputation through drink and decadence. Noah Flood is of that ilk. Fifteen years ago Flood was not a drunkard but he was a prosecuting attorney in the Police court and nobody ever thought then that he would some day become Chief Justice of the Supreme court—and he never did.

A number of the local parlor presidents of the Native Sons of the Golden West decided recently to organize an association for the purpose of devising ways and means to increase the membership of the order. After a preliminary meeting it was agreed to include past presidents, because of their knowledge and experience in the order, but in that the presidents made a mistake, as they discovered at a meeting held last Saturday night at which the past presidents were present. Past President John A. Steinbach was asked to take the chair and upon doing so he stated that he did not know what the meeting was called for except that it was to organize a past presidents' association. He branched off by stating that ten years ago such an organization was started and that it gave one of the finest banquets that had ever been given after which the association went out of existence. He was, however, in favor of forming a new association, and he rubbed his hands as if in anticipation of another fine banquet. The presidents of the parlors sought to explain their position and then had their temporary secretary read the minutes of preliminary meetings in order to shed some light on the organization. Past President Troy arose and blandly asked if the presidents were trying to "capture the whole works" and shut out the past presidents. From that moment the presidents were no longer in it. The past presidents captured the works and as a result the original idea was lost sight of and an association of past presidents is now being organized that will not have for its purpose the objects that were outlined by the presidents. President Finch and his followers will probably organize a presidents' association, and leave out the past presidents.

Early this week I received an invitation to serve as a vice president of the mass-meeting held at Metropolitan hall Thursday evening, to express sympathy for the people of the the Transvaal and Orange Free State "in their gallant defense of their homes and liberties against British aggression." I did not attend the meeting because, though I generally sympathize with the soldiers on both sides in a war in which I have no particular interest, my sympathies up to date have been principally with Tommy Atkins. It appears to me that he has been the under-dog in the fighting so far, and as such he has been getting all the sympathy that I have to spare. But even though the Boer were not getting the better of the opening mix-up, my solicitude for his welfare would not find expression by my presence at a mass-meeting in the role of a vice-president. I have the highest contempt for Mr. Boer, who, though he is now fighting for his sovereignty, has never shown a proper appreciation of the rights of others. Moreover I deprecate the practice of holding mass meetings in America for the purpose of denouncing England. The best way to assist the Boers is to go to South Africa and take a hand in the conflict.

C. O. Ziegenfuss, the well known newspaper man who, nearly dead with rheumatism, went up

Scene from "Shenandoah," at the Columbia

into Calaveras county last winter to see what the drier air of the mountains would do for him and incidentally took charge of the Calaveras *Citizen*, has been sued for libel and for violating the Morehouse signature law. This shows that "Ziegie" isn't so near dead as he might be. Many a man has been pegging away at the newspaper business up there in the mines for twenty and thirty years without achieving the distinction of a libel suit.

In consequence of my account last week of the cause of the opposition to Mr. Buckley–Johnson at the Pacific–Union club there has been a restoration of the entente cordiale, as it were, and the Britisher has a better standing now in the smart set than he enjoyed before. Notwithstanding his peculiarly British air of superiority, Mr. Buckley–Johnson is a good fellow and I am glad to know that he was guiltless of the indelicate remark attributed to him, and that there has been a satisfactory explanation all around. I am glad that I published the story for if I had not done so Mr. Buckley–Johnson would probably have been whispered into disrepute without having a chance to defend himself. When a man is being misrepresented there can be no greater act of friendship than that of acquainting him with the fact.

Clancy Discusses Dewey's "Fox Pass."

"WELL," began Mr. Clancy, "as that immartle bard iv Tyrone, McBoyle O'Riley, once remarked to his wife, 'th hand that shpanks 'th baby is th' hand that raises hell in this wurruld,' I'm reminded of the pote be George's fox pass at Washington."

"What are ye dhrivin' at?" asked Barry, who was trying to catch the trend of his friend's remarks.

"I'm talkin' iv George Doohy an' th' way he's bin speculatin' in Washington raleshtate. I say he made a fox pass whin he give his house an' lot to herself. It wasn't George's fault that th' people who give him th' propherty got th' league iv th' double cross; 'twas herself that made him do it—Mrs. Blazin, or Chazin or whativer her name was. She was a widow before she got George, an' you know what dizzinein wimmin widows are, Barry. Yisterday George was a hero, whose pitchure had taken th' place iv th' God-bless-our-home signs in th' hearts iv th' people, and to day he's a lobster with his pitchure turned towards th' wall. It goes to show what wimmin can do. If there'd been a woman in Doohy's cabin on th' 'Lympia when th' fleet entered Mannillya harbor, old Montegeeda would have won th' battle. George niver would have taken th' house and lot iv it hadn't been f'r th' woman.

"Sez she to George, 'Dear George,' she sez, 'don't rayfuse th' people,' she sez, 'or they'll get angry wid ye,' she sez. 'They know,' she sez, 'that you're to be married,' she sez, 'an' they want ye to have a home to take your wife to,' she sez. 'They want ye to have a place,' she sez, 'where ye can do th' honor for your counthry,' she sez, 'a place where ye can open wine,' she sez, 'f'r all th' foreign potentates an' princes,' she sez, that are comin' over in th' spring,' she sez, 'to do you rivrinse.'

"So what could the poor man do, Barry? She pinted out to him th' example iv that other great man, th' immortal Michael Kelly, th' greatest gin'ril iv th' baseball field, th' tin thousand dollar beauty, who, whin confronted by a sim'lar proposishin fr'm the grateful people iv Boston, humbly bowed his head to th' sov'reign will an' permitted himself to be made a tacks-payer. He had niver even paid poletacks before but he axcipted th' house an' lot an' covered thim over with a nice axminister morgidge. Wid th' example iv the hero iv th' nashinil game befure him, George Doohy took th' house an lot, an' thin Mrs. Blazin or Chasin became th' Admiral's bride. 'Now,' sez she whin she had him, 'now George, jist to show me how much ye love me' she sez 'surrindar th' house an' lot.' An tho there's no sich wurrud in th' legsicon iv th' navy George sez 'I surrinder.' An' immegedly up jumps th' people 'n mass an' sez they 'ah bass Doohy!'"

"But I see" says Barry "she deeded th' house to her step-son."

"Yis," replied Clancy, "but that deed's no good. Iv ye were a laiyere ye'd know that there must be a considerashin iv some value. The considerashin in this case is love an' affeckshin, but who iver heard iv a shtep-mother havin' love an' affeckshin f'r th' other woman's child?"

THE EXPLANATION

IN OAKLAND town, the matrons frown
On young men who don't wed;
The young men laugh, and also chaff.
And this is what they've said.

Why take a wife to shorten life
On this side of the bay,
Where good soft snaps for bachelor chaps
Are found most every day?

We much regret to leave your set,
But you can guess the reason—
Some other joys engage us boys,
Along the line this season.

When we have sown our oats and grown
Less fond of fun and folly
We'll settle down in Oakland town
And try to be less jolly.

THE BACHELOR.

TWO WAYS OF LOOKING AT IT

"That woman is married and the mother of several small children," said Herlock Sholmes.

A woman had just entered the car, carrying in her arms a large bundle.

"How can you tell?" asked the Amateur Detective, who knew that Sholmes had never seen the woman before.

"That is readily answered," was the reply. "She carries her bundle as if it were a baby, yet the indifferent look upon her face proclaims that babies are no novelty to her."

"But perhaps she is a nursemaid," said the Amateur Detective, who had experience sufficient to know that Appearances are sometimes Deceptive, and that First Impressions are not Infallible.

OLD SLEUTH.

AN EASY ROAD

The fair palmist was reading young Impecune's hand, at the charity fair.

At the sight of his fate line she gave a little scream of rapture.

"How charming!" she said, "why, your line leads straight to fame and fortune, by your own efforts."

"I guess you're right," said the subject of her prophecy, "and I'll propose to Miss Millions this evening."

THE AMATEUR.

WHEN I AM DRUNK

WHEN I am drunk, egad, I feel
That all the world to me should kneel;
My fevered fancies to me bring
The crown and sceptre of a king.
Till with my royalty I reel.

The dial hand of Fortune's wheel
Such wondrous wealth doth then reveal
That I am lord of everything
When I am drunk.

But Bloated Bacchus! when I steal
Next morn to thee, and would conceal
Or drown my sorrow in thy spring,
God! how I hear the cocktail sing
That I'm a fool from head to heel—
When I am drunk.

THE SOAK.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA "Why Smith Left Home"—it took a second week, to crowded houses, to explain why.

CALIFORNIA "Yon Yonson"—some old favorites in the cast.

ALCAZAR "My Friend from India"—an old friend; does he improve?

TIVOLI "Maritana"--and farewell to the grand opera season.

ALHAMBRA--"A Lady of Quality"—not the same quality all through.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE--"Evangeline"—Rice would be delighted could he see it.

ORPHEUM--Vaudeville--a fine show.

THE manner in which the theatrical critics have commented upon the performances of little Lola Cotton, the infant mind reader, coming into line with the opinion upon the subject of—the exploitation of phenomenal children, generally leads me to hope that managers will also be converted. Child players are not new to the world. They have been known at least since the days of good Queen Bess, but the number of babies who have been forced upon the boards of late years, upon any pretext whatever, rather exceeds the proper proportion of such phenomena. 'Uncle Tom's Cabin" is probably as much to blame as any one cause for the child actress, though right here in our own city certain temperance societies which flourished about two decades ago and gave Sunday night moral entertainments were a prolific source of encouragement for the public appearance of children who should have been tucked into their little cribs Time was when children were merely incidental characters in a play and their parts, which required some little talent, were taken by the juvenile members of the actors' families. The children were used to the theatre and usually displayed some inherited talent. Joseph Jefferson, Mrs. Drew and many others of our best players belonged to this class. All this, however, was in the days before society had undertaken to elevate the stage and there was no easy step from a spectator's to a leading lady's part. It was not, by the way, until society devoted itself to this form of missionary labor that to figure as principal in some notorious scandal was the means of securing a profitable engagement. Theatrical children are apt to be little nuisances They are self-conscious, forward and conceited and quickly imitate the airs and affectations of their elders Even Elsie Leslie, despite her undoubted talent, was a sore provocation to stage managers, who must often have longed to spank the nonsense out of her. Since vaudeville has taken such a hold on public fancy, children, and especially little girls, have been put upon the stage upon any and every excuse. The child who recites a few verses on the closing day of the school term is immediately given lessons in Delsarte and elocution and the little one who gains the commendation of her dancing teacher is brought out as a premiere danseuse. Tricks that a generation ago would have secured only punishment are now encouraged and augmented and the child is set to display "specialties." All this was bad enough when the infants appeared in their own towns and went to their own homes nights, but now they "go the circuit," and live in hotels and railroad trains. They are accompanied by mothers, but one cannot blink the fact there must have been fathers also, and perhaps brothers and sisters who are not "gifted." I wonder what has become of the home and what will become of the child? Generally these infants receive neither schooling nor regular instruction, unless in the line of the profession into which they are being forced. Their lives are unwholesome, without settled home or associations, up late nights in the glare and excitement of the theatre and consequently asleep during the day. They have no healthy play and probably would not know how to be natural enough to enjoy it. There is no reason to believe that they are abused or ill treated, for a performing child is a valuable asset. One need have no sympathy with the interference of the S. P. C. C., for it is obvious that the children enjoy their own performances and the few minutes occupied by their 'turns" are not enough to affect an active child. The cruelty is inflicted upon the suffering audience, which applauds out of good nature and because it is natural to encourage the efforts of babies—and sometimes a cynic is found willing to acknowledge that his contribution to the general tribute is because the turn is ended. The attitude is somewhat that of old Dr. Johnson in regard to the dancing bear—' it is not that it is done so well as that it is done at all." The mothers of course never view the matter in this light. They accept it all on its face value and the children are stimulated to new exertions, and quickly learn the petty jealousies and envies of each other. Though children receive good salaries, they seldom if ever profit thereby, for they are immediately elevated to the position of head of the family. Why should a man accept three dollars a day when his baby can earn twenty-five dollars a week? And why should she not advance by successive "raises" to a salary beyond the wildest dream of his own capacity? Even the fathers of the children employed in Georgia cotton factories give over work. The children earn enough and the father's day's labor is simply to "fo ch we-all's dinner." T. Daniel Frawley is no admirer of child actors. He is even more opposed to them than to the young married woman. A young local playwright tells me that Frawley once promised to read a play for him, but when the manuscript was offered him he drew back and anxiously inquired: "No kids in it?" And upon being assured that it was from that imperfection he launched out into a tirade, the burden of which was "For heaven's sake, keep the young ones off the stage."

A Leading Lady

IT IS the delicate womanliness of Miss Gertrude Foster's manner that impresses you at once, when you meet the Alcazar's leading lady away from the footlights. The charm of Miss Foster's personality pervades every character she portrays. I remember seeing her for the first time about two years ago as Jasmine Carew in "The American Girl," a part calling for tender womanly qualities. Miss Foster interpreted the role well, and the scene of the mother with her two children was especially charming. Simplicity has always been a characteristic of Miss Foster's work, to which experience has added breadth and depth. Well grounded in the rules of her art before she appeared as a débutante, Miss Foster only required experience to place her among the artists of the stage. She came up here from Los Angeles to accept her first position at the Alcazar. Later when the Lewis Morrison company appeared at this theatre, Miss Foster was engaged as support to the stars. She appeared in several roles during the season and made a special success of the ingenue part in "The Master of Ceremonies." After some experience on the road, Miss Foster was again engaged as leading woman of the Alcazar stock company, receiving a hearty welcome from the public upon her return to the position she had formerly filled. In scanning the plays in which I have seen Miss Foster, I remember her in parts calling for comedy, melodrama and approaches to tragedy. In all of these she was excellent, bringing to her conception of the parts fine intelligence and natural grace. Miss Foster, after her short stage experience, already ranks as one of the most valuable leading women in American stock companies.

Orpheum

WHO does not have a pleasant feeling in his heart when he thinks of Camille d'Arville as Marian in "Robin Hood?" Camille d' Arville, dashing, handsome, grandly curved, will show us what she can do in vaudeville next week. D'Arville, by the way, only acts and sings professionally because she likes it. She is very wealthy and could retire any day if she wished. One of the best-gowned women on the stage, she will wear some stunning frocks during her Orpheum engagement. D'Arville's coup d'état in New York was made three years ago at the Olympia in a very pretty little opera by Oscar Hammerstein called "Santa Maria." Later she toured in "Madelaine or The Magic Kiss." But her entrée into vaudeville was attended by the same success that has always been hers Others on the new Orpheum bill are A. D. Robbins, trick bicyclist; Pete Baker, Dutch dialect comedian and yodler; Cora Stuart and company, Little Mignon, Rice and Elmer, Lucie Verdier and the biograph.

Alcazar

THE most delightful sinner Sah Francisco ever saw in "Saints and Sinners" was Maurice Barrymore. Eugene Ormonde will have the role of the gay army officer and Gertrude Foster will be the pastor's daughter, the saint who falls from grace in the local production of Henry Arthur Jones' play. The Alcazar management has outlined for its new season many fine attractions, standard and new plays, and as the stock company is at present a strong one the performances promise uniform excellence.

SATISFACTORY TO THE EYE AND EAR

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Mary Van Buren at the California

California THERE is a good deal in "Yon Yonson," though the Swedish-American company is not a novelty. There is only one thing in "Yon Yonson" for a good many San Franciscans, and that is Edith Hall. The ex-Tivoli soubrette has not changed at all since her last engagement in this city. She has not even mustered up sufficient ambition to learn a new repertory. She sings "Monkey on a Stick" very much as she sang it when she made her début here in "The Geisha." I like Edith Hall—always did—but I wish she would learn a new song. The Frawleys, who open at the California tomorrow night, are gorgeously equipped in point of numbers, both in actors and plays. In the first place they have Mary Hampton as leading lady. Miss Hampton played ingenue roles when we first knew her, but she has climbed higher since she took a vacation from the Frohmans. She is a handsome woman and has had plenty of stage experience. As twin-star with Miss Hampton comes Theodore Hamilton, the legitimate successor of Frank Mayo in "Pudd'nhead Wilson," and one of the finest actors on the American stage. It is useless to try and enumerate all the Frawley aggregation of talent. Miss Minnette Barrett, who came down from Portland to début in "What Happened to Jones," but owing to some misunderstanding failed to attain her object, will appear with the Frawleys. The opening bill will be "The Sporting Duchess," which had an enormous run in New York, Janauschek taking a leading role. It is an English melodrama calling for horses, jockeys and all the paraphernalia of the turf. T. Daniel has a lot of good things up his sleeve for the California season—"A Parisian Romance," "Maister of Woodbarrow," "Countess Gucke" and other plays.

Grand Opera House EDWARD E. RICE had made out an interesting table of statistics relating to his pet "Evangeline" when playing at the Garden theatre, New York.

Number of times played, 15,125.
Different principals who have appeared, 781.
Aggregate salaries paid, $6,537,500.
Fines collected, $1.30.
Number of notes sent to stage door, 8, 7000.
Patient waiters at stage door, 159.887,421.
Chorus girls who saved their money, 899,742.
Chorus girls who did not save their money, 449,871.

Statistics like the above are only possible in New York. It is interesting to note that Mr. Rice averages twice as many chorus girls saving their money as those who spend it. Whether this state of affairs exists at the Grand Opera House it is difficult to say, the fact remains that the chorus girls are the feature of the performance enhanced by tasteful and elegant costumes and scenery. It is safe to announce that the majority of the audiences who visit the production of "Evangeline" go there for the purpose of watching the graceful dances and inspiring marches executed by about forty pretty and shapely girls. In an extravaganza this sort of thing cannot be overdone. The more marches and dances are interpreted in a performance of extravagant character, the better the audience is pleased with the entertainment. Stage manager Jones is entitled to the gratitude of the management and patrons of the theatre for his efficient execution of this elaborate piece. If we take away the large chorus drilled by him and the vocal solos interpolated at his suggestion, there is hardly anything worth while left in the performance, for "Evangeline" is not, and never was a classic. Persse is once more in the harness and his popularity was shown on the opening night by the enthusiastic reception accorded him at his entrance. His voice has benefited by the two weeks' rest and he is in full trim again. He sings a few Irish ballads with taste and expression. Miss Mason looks pretty and sings well. Her solo in the prison scene is especially entitled to applause; it is rendered with such delightful judgment of coloring that I cannot but admire this capable vocalist who seems to overcome even difficult phrases with a natural ease. The comedy parts in the shape of burlesque characterization are in the care of William Woolf and Arthur Wooley. While these parts are not strong enough to reveal all the accomplishments of these artists, they make the best of them and create many a hearty laugh. One of the best female impersonations seen on any local stage is the Catherine of Winfred Goff. He looks like the popular idea of the new woman several times multiplied and gives a performance at once artistic and in good taste. It is this very quiet masculinity which makes the success of Mr. Goff's impersonation and his Catherine is certainly the most distinctive work he has done thus far in his Grand engagement. Miss Ladd's solo in the prison scene receives nightly encores. Inasmuch as "Evangeline" was one of the first extravaganza productions it contains much that is old, because at the time of its novelty it was reproduced in many different ways. But like a circus old things stick to an extravaganza and their absence would be sadly felt. Among our old "Evangeline" friends are the Lone Fisherman, the Heifer, the Rebellious Calf and the Chief of Police. The management is preparing a revival of "His Majesty," by Dr. H. J. Stewart and Peter Robertson, to be given after another week of "Evangeline."

Tivoli THE audiences that attended the grand opera nights at the Tivoli were so large that the managment was obliged to turned away hundreds. An avalanche of urgent requests for tickets induced a consultation with Avedano and Salassa, the stars of the season, as to prolonging the grand opera for one week. With characteristic chivalry in the support of the distressed the artists agreed to delay their departure for Europe. There will be three more productions of grand opera next week. These will alternate with Lecocq's comic opera, "The Hoolah," one of a past season's hits. Alf Wheelan, with his talent for mimicry, should make an acceptable Hoolah, and I am glad to see Julie Cotte in the cast. Eloise Mortimer, the new soubrette, will make her début in this opera. On Thursday evening the Stanford university students will attend the performance in a body. Grand operas will be given as follows: Tuesday, "The Masked Ball;" Saturday, "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci," and Sunday, 'Othello." After this Avedano and Salassa will leave for Itayl, where they will begin an engagement at La Scala, Milan, next month. "Cavalleria" and "Pagliacci" will be sung tonight and tomorrow evening "Aida."

Columbia WHEN "Shenandoah" had its first presentation, being tried on the Boston canine, A. M. Palmer and T. Henry French, who occupied a stage box during the performance, shook their heads and refused to have anything to do with it. Since then the play has steadily pursued its triumphal procession and averages about thirty thousand dollars a year on royalties for its author. This shows that the American drama is not always a failure. "Shenandoah" is considered by General Miles to be the most interesting drama he ever witnessed. It has been given many times in this city. We have had the original cast and others, but the play always draws large audiences The Jacob Litt version of the war play will open at the Columbia Monday evening. Mr. Litt has mounted it magnifiently. There will be fifty horses and riders in the battle scene. Two hundred people are on the stage in this scene.

Cheridah Simpson, now monologuing on the Orpheum circuit, is a graduate from Rice's corps, having sung Gabriel in "Evangeline" with success.

Special Thanksgiving matinees on Thursday at the theatres.

THE PLAYGOER

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

And That Is Love

AN HISTORICAL COMEDY-DRAMA OF THE WAR IN FOUR ACTS AND AN EPILOGUE

ACT. I—The Embarkation.

The Yeddo, leaving San Francisco for Manila, has on board Mrs. Tom Merton and her young sister, two years her junior, Miss Lily North, a bud in her first season. Mrs. Merton is on her way to join her husband, Lieutenant Merton, U. S. A., who two months after their marriage was ordered to the Philippines. Fancying his absence would be short, he had not taken his bride with him. But now, ten months later, though he had not written for her to join him, she had decided to take the trip to the islands. Her pretty sister, full of enthusiasm for the army and its officers, her head filled with romances about barracks life, had pleaded to go with her. And they had not written a line to Tom, desiring to surprise the dear old fellow. Mrs. Merton pictured the lieutenant as thin and pale, worn with watching and wan with waiting. They thought of all the sad incidents they had read in Kipling's "Plain Tales from the Hills," concluding that army life in the Philippines could not differ greatly from that of India.

Mrs. Merton (to Lily): How awfully glad dear old Tom will be to see us!

Lily: There could be no dissent to such a proposition. He'll simply smile for hours after he sees us.

ACT II.—The Arrival.

As the Yeddo draws up, Merton, his friend Doxey, and other officers assemble to see the steamer come in.

Doxey (looking at Lily North, as she leans over the railing): Gad, what a pretty girl!

Tom (short-sighted and not recognizing his sister-in-law): Something sweet for you to flirt with at the next ball, eh?

Doxey: By Jove! that's a swell looking woman by her side.

Tom: Not any sweller than a little Filipino girl I know, eh, old boy?

Doxey: She's waving her hand; I think she's waving at us

Mrs. Merton had spied her husband and was trying to attract his attention.

A little later she is in his arms, and Lily North is chatting with Doxey.

Mrs. Merton: Now take me right to your quarters. I know they are in need of a woman's attention. I'll make them comfortable in no time.

Tom (hastily): No, no, my dear, better stay with Lily at the hotel a few days, so I can get better accommodations for you.

[Exchanges a few words with Doxey, and the two escort the new arrivals to the hotel.]

ACT III.—On the Eve of Discovery.

Scene one: Mrs. Merton and Tom are out driving in the cool of the evening, and pass by a dwelling in the door of which a Filipino girl is standing. She is a petite, oriental beauty, with all the grace and none of the harsh features of person of the Manila born women who have Spanish blood in their veins.

As the carriage rolls by she smiles knowingly at Tom.

Mrs. Merton: Do you know her?

Tom: Don't think I ever saw her before; they all look alike to me.

Mrs. Merton: She's pretty

Tom: Do you think so?

Mrs. Merton: Yes, and I've heard that some of the officers have become infatuated with Filipino beauties.

Tom: They ought to be ashamed of themselves.

Scene two: Mrs. Merton (preparing to retire for the night, to Tom already retired): I wonder who that girl is singing to?

Tom (half asleep): What girl?

Mrs. Merton: Don't you hear her singing?

Tom listened and heard. Then he jumped out of bed and saying something about a nuisance opened the window and said a few words in Spanish to the serenader. The singing ceased and Tom explained to his wife that she was one of those street singers that expect compensation for their warbling.

ACT IV.—The Departure.

Scene one: Mrs. Merton, after three months' sojourn in Manila, finds the climate of the Philippines seriously affecting her health, and decides to return home. Lily North, engaged to Doxey, goes home to prepare her wedding trousseau.

Mrs. Merton (shedding tears on Tom's coat-sleeve): How can I leave you? You will be so lonesome, poor old dear! It is horribly selfish of me to go away.

Tom: No, no, dear; you can't live in this beastly climate. You must go home, get strong and well—live for me.

Hasty farewells, and departure of steamer.

Scene two: Tom and Doxey in their quarters.

Tom: We'd be mighty lonely, old chap, wouldn't we, if it weren't for ——.

Doxey: Yes, if it weren't for ——.

[Door opens and two feminine Filipinos enter.]

Voices; Sweetness—pet—chiquita, dear.

APOTHEOSIS—There and Here.

Picture of young wife gazing fondly at photograph of young officer in uniform. A tear falls on the pictured face

Picture of fair young girl sewing on an embroidered petticoat and stealing occasional glances at a large photograph on the table before her—the photo of a young man in regimentals.

Picture of two officers in negligé attire sitting at table on which are cards and cool drinks. At the feet of each sits a dusky beauty and ever and anon the young officers stoop and kiss the women by their sides. THE DRAMATIST.

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Those who have swelldom "dead to rights,"
When ordering wine in a café
Leave the champagnes to lesser lights,
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Or, wishing something else to taste,
They say, "Chablis," to the garcon,
And add, lest he forget, in haste:
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Music World

THE LIGHTS UPON THE HILL

FAST WANES the winter afternoon,
The days are short and chill,
And now a thousand evening lights
Flash out upon the hill.

So many little twinkling stars
Upon the dusk arise,
I know not which are on the hill
And which are in the skies.

Some are great fiery suns that roll
On their appointed way,
And some are fitful household sparks,
Yet no less bright are they.

Heaven's stars are shining far away
Beyond our reach or ken;
Not so those quiet evening lamps
That mark the homes of men. IRENE CONNELL

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

A GRAND CONCERT was given at Sherman-Clay hall on Thursday evening of last week by Madame Johnstone-Bishop, wherein she was assisted by Bernhard Mollenhauer, violinist; Mrs. W. J. Batchelder, accompanist, and the San Francisco Philharmonic orchestra under the direction of James Hamilton Howe. During her first two appearances Madame Bishop was somewhat hampered by an unfortunate indisposition and hence could not do justice to herself. It was therefore gratifying to her friends as well as to herself when at the last concert she proved that she was fully entitled to the flattering endorsement with which the eastern press presented her. And it becomes the pleasant duty of the critic to acknowledge her superiority.

¶ ¶

Madame Bishop's soprano is endowed with a strong dramatic quality, especially adapted for oratorio work. It is a clear, well-carrying voice, fitted better for operatic and sacred music than the simpler ballad form and of that penetrating timbre which overshadows all orchestral accompaniment. As the best number of the evening I should select "Jerusalem" from Gounod's "Gallia," for in this selection it was not alone Madame Bishop's voice that was brought out to the full extent of its dramatic temperament, but the orchestra was far better in this selection than in any other. Consequently, the ensemble effect being satisfactory the selection as a whole became more complete artistically than any of the other numbers.

¶ ¶

I have already commented on Mr. Mollenhauer's execution on the violin and cannot but repeat that he is a thorough artist who is fully acquainted with all the intricacies of artistic violin recital. The Philharmonic orchestra was in better shape than it has been for a long time. The strings and wood winds are now in a splendid condition, but the false intonation of the brass creates yet considerable havoc with the ensemble work. I wonder if thereis no remedy for this defect? It should be possible for this portion of the orchestra to obtain a clear tone and harmonic intonation. It is just one drawback like this which may ruin an entire performance. If I were Mr. Howe I would rather dispense with the brass than have it constantly interfering with the good players of the orchestra. That the strings are doing good work was demonstrated in the selection by Gillet. I should also bestow special praise upon the flutist. He is a musician who understands his business thoroughly, obtains a clear tone and possesses a praiseworthy execution. It is very lucky that the orchestra got rid of that other chap who played very well *at* the flute, but whose efforts *on* the flute were a sad spectacle. Altogether the concert was a brilliant success, and Mr. Howe is entitled to the gratitude for the work and expenditure of time which he devoted to this enterprise. I am sure that Madame Bishop would have been obliged to pay a handsome sum of money to a professional orchestra which would have played accompaniments not so very much better. In fact I doubt very much whether a singer could secure the services of a good professional orchestra in this city at all.

¶ ¶

The second chamber music concert by the Minetti quartet took place at Sherman-Clay hall on Friday afternoon of last week. The program varied considerably from that of the first concert and was if possible somewhat better in quality. The attendance was as large if not larger than at the first recital and just as enthusiastic. The quartet did the best work so far in the Dvorak quartet in F major and as to my own preference I should select the second and third movements as the artistic triumph of this able body of musicians. Especially striking were the pianissimo passages which were executed with a delicacy of execution and an accuracy in coloring that were simply perfection. I could really not think of a better rendition of this piece. The tone of the first and second violin was mellow and smooth and the viola and cello were a splendid support. The harmony was so exquisite that at times the largo passages sounded like an organ. It is this very mellowness of tone and evenness of attack that makes quartet playing such an agreeable factor in the musical profession.

¶ ¶

Giulio Minetti played that excessively difficult Bach "Chaconne." This composition requires the skill of a finished artist as well as the judgment of a thorough musician. The technical difficulties were overcome by Mr. Minetti with ease, and too much praise cannot be bestowed upon this virtuoso because of his flawless rendering of such a tremendous piece of work. As a novelty the quartet gave the first rendition in this city of César Franck's piano quintet in F minor. This is one of those compositions which one must listen to repeatedly ere one becomes acquainted with its good qualities. I for one was totally uninterested in this work and could not find a truly pleasing passage in it. In fact it became so uninteresting at times that one felt inclined to dose off. A little crescendo now and then breaks the monotony of the piece, But perhaps a second hearing will reveal better characteristics. Otto Bendix at the piano did some artistic work. His touch is very delicate and his interpretation very intelligent.

¶ ¶

The second chamber concert of the Holmes quartet occurred last Tuesday afternoon at Century hall. It was an exceedingly artistic affair—one of those recitals the refined atmosphere of which exercises a satisfying influence over its auditors. The earnestness of Mr. Holmes was particularly prevalent in the Brahms quintet with which he seems to be thoroughly familiar. His reading of this work was indeed delightful. But while I consider Arthur Fickenscher a pianist of much ability, I hardly believe him to be fully acquainted with the many intricacies of ensemble playing. It is true, solo and ensemble work are two separate factors. Some artists are efficient in one and again some are superior in the other phase. Very few indeed can lay claim to being equally good in both. Mr. Fickenscher leans more toward the technical side of piano playing. This is nothing to be ashamed of. On the contrary, I consider a first-class musical technician as much entitled to the respect and esteem of the music lover as the emotional player; for after all to be a technician does not mean to be "cold." If you are up in the laws of technic you must, as a necessary consequence, control interpretation to a certain degree. The quality of your touch is part of your technical equipment—and what is more essential to emotional playing than this very quality of touch? The fact is Mr. Fickenscher's attack is a little too heavy at present for ensemble work. I will not say that he is unable to soften it, but I consider it somewhat improbable when thinking of his rather fierce musical temperament. The best work the quartet has done so far was the Beethoven string quartet in C. This

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master seems to be Mr. Holmes' particular favorite when one watches the fervor and enthusiasm which he puts in these executions. The Allegro Molto movement was a brilliant achievement and every member of the quartet is entitled to a respective share of credit. The vocalists were Misses Beulah George and Zueletta Geary, both pupils of H. B. Pasmore. Fred Maurer was the accompanist.

¶ ¶

There is a class of musicians -both professionals and amateurs—who acknowledge the justice of a criticism only when it is complimentary and decry it as ignorant when it does not flatter their vanity. I took occasion to point out some faults during the first concert of the Holmes quartet, with the result that two of its members took this as a signal to seek an imaginary reason for my action. From various sides come various reports, but the gist of the gossip is that I favor the Minetti quartet, criticised that part of the program favorably which was inferior and acknowledged that to be bad which was good; that I criticise, anyhow, without often hearing certain numbers, and that in short my criticism was entirely wrong. I never have paid, nor shall I pay again, attention to such childish babble, but I take this occasion to remind some people of the fact that it is not well bred to spread reports which have no foundation. I have no regard for such musicians.

¶ ¶

On Friday evening of last week I attended the concert given by Miss Eva Carolyn Shorey at the First M. E. church, Oakland. After some study in New York Miss Shorey desired to show her many admirers the improvement in her singing. The young lady possesses a sympathetic voice which gives evidence of beneficial training. A natural musical temperament enables this singer to interpret her solos tastefully. Miss Shorey was assisted by John W. Metcalf, Oakland's able pianist, and the Stewart string quartet, which is always careful in its work.

¶ ¶

Franklin Palmer, organist of St. Dominic's church, has arranged three organ recitals to be given at the church, corner Bush and Steiner streets, on December third, tenth and thirty-first. The program for the first concert, which will take place a week from tomorrow, will consist of: Grand Fugue in D major, J. S. Bach; Aria, Gaston Dethier; Sonata No. 4, op. 98, Josef Rheinberger; Offertory in D flat, Th. Salome; Gothic Suite, op, 25, L. Boellman.

¶ ¶

A piano recital by the pupils of Miss Meta Asher was given last Saturday afternoon at her residence and proved an unqualified success. Following was the program: Andante con moto from fifth Symphony, Beethoven, Lena Edlin and Lilian Nadro; Sonatine in D major, Clementi, Edna White; duet, March, Behr, Genevieve Raphael (age seven) and Miss Asher; Capriccio Brilliant, Mendelssohn, Lilian Nadro; Allegro Concerto in D minor, Mozart, Lena Edlin; Humoresque, Tschaikowsky; Au Printemps Humoresque, Greig, Lilian Nadro; Sonata, op. 19, Rubinstein (piano and violin), Miss Meta Asher and Armand. The people present expressed themselves very gratified with the result of this recital.

¶ ¶

The popular evenings arranged by Herbert A. Kidder of Sacramento proved so far very successful, both from an artistic and financial standpoint. The Sacramento *Record-Union* has the following to say of the concert in Sacramento:

"There was a large audience at the opera house last night, the occasion being the first of the Popular Musical Evenings, under the direction of Herbert A. Kidder, for three years conductor of the Capital Concert Series. The audience was not only large, the largest concert audience here in a long time, but it was representative of this community, and included the majority of lovers of good music and those of the most exacting tastes. As an evidence that the concert was of superior order, the audience thus indicated was quite enthusiastic and indulged itself fully in encores and in warm and thoroughly sincere applause, by its demands more than doubling the length of the program. The verdict of such a critical assemblage being one of cordial approval, it must be taken also as indorsement of Manager Kidder's direction and his judgment in selecting people for his first company in the fourth year. He certainly kept every promise and the entertainment filled expectation raised by his announcement."

¶ ¶

Of Miss Maude Fay the Sacramento paper has the following to say: Miss Maude Fay, mezzo-soprano, was heard here for the first time—indeed, it is the young singer's first appearance outside of her home city. There was just a faint suggestion of nervousness, entirely pardonable in a young artist who is for the first time before a strange public. Her voice is of fine quality and has the charm of freshness, while it is delightfully sweet and is of ample volume. She sings with intelligence and accuracy, and is moved on by a feeling inspired by the work she essays. She won decided success, and must certainly feel proud of the reception accorded to her by so critical and wholly strange an audience. The choicest of her numbers—and she was recalled after each one, responded to every encore and was the recipient of floral tributes also—was the first, "Tatters," by General Lane, a selection charged with tender sentiment, which she developed with feeling and taste.

¶ ¶

Mrs. J. E. Birmingham received also very flattering compliments. As she will give a concert at Sherman-Clay hall early next month the following criticism is well worth looking at:

"Mrs. Birmingham, whose velvety contralto is familiar here, has not sung better in this city. She was in good voice. Her tones are as pure and of greater volume, and her method, we think, has measurably improved. Her contralto is marked by especial clearness, with depth in the lower register, and by fine feeling throughout. She interprets with appreciative sense the thought of the theme in hand, which is more than half the battle in any form of music confided to the human voice. She had three solo numbers and two in combination with other voices. In every case encores were responded to. The gem of her work was the air from 'Romeo and Juliet,' it being also the most difficult of her numbers, but the beautiful and little songs, 'My Rosary' and 'Love in a Bubble,' were charming."

¶ ¶

The funeral of Edgar Straus, the cellist who died at Pasadena on Monday, took place on Wednesday in this city. Edgar Straus, whose death occurred at the early age of thirty, was the son of the late Emanuel Straus and his career as an artist was a succession of brilliant triumphs, interrupted only by his ill health which constantly increased. When only eight years old little Edgar appeared before an audience here, displaying a marvelous knowledge of his instrument. In Australia, where he went when twelve years old and where he remained during the greater part of his life, he was called the "king of cellists." Young Straus was a brother of Mrs. Isidor Jacobs, who ranks among San Francisco's most gifted pianists.

¶ ¶

The Symphony orchestra began its rehearsals last Tuesday and I am told by some excellent musicians that Henry Holmes is fully capable to conduct a Symphony orchestra. My informant further tells me that he possesses personal magnetism and is thoroughly acquainted with the purpose of the composer. His interpretation is interesting and the enthusiasm with which he handles the theme is inspiring. If the public is as favorably impressed with the new leader as the musicians are, there will be no question regarding the success of the symphony concerts this year. Keen interest is taken in the coming symphony concert and in fact it is the leading topic in musical circles. The sale of tickets will begin next Friday morning at Sherman & Clay's and the large demand for choice seats will necessitate an early application. As this event will not only be one of artistic importance, but also one of social prominence, this large demand for tickets is not surprising.

¶ ¶

Ugo Talbo, the tenor who recently died in Stockton, was one of the Queen's choir boys some forty years ago, Sir Arthur Sullivan being another. In Italy Talbo had Jean de Reszke for a fellow-student.

Prof. G. S. Wanrell

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As there seems to be a doubt in regard to the success of J. Minkowsky's opera in the east, I shall publish an extract of the leading eastern news and musical papers showing the great triumph achieved by the composer. It seems that some unscrupulous person has sent to all local critics a fourth rate Brooklyn sheet wherein appeared a scurrilous article directed against the Bostonians and published no doubt for personal reasons. I will also publish extracts from this latter paper.

¶ ¶

On November thirtieth at Metropolitan hall there will be a concert given for the benefit of the Corpus Christi church, Italian free school and Italian Relief committee. The participants will include Messrs Avedano and Salassa, with co-operation of Mr. Wanrell, basso cantante, Miss Zelma Pollettini, mezzo soprano, Miss Sylvia Puerari, soprano and Professor Martinez. The program will include the prologue of "I'Pagliacci" by Salassa and a duet from "Othello."

Eugene Carlmueller has resigned from the Minetti quartet because of ill health which has prevented him from attending the rehearsals regularly. This loss would almost have been a calamity to the quartet as Mr. Carlmueller's artistic facility cannot be dispensed with. Fortunately, however, Mr. Minetti was able to secure the services of a musician who alone could take the vacant place without injury to the quartet, and this musician is Ferdinand Stark who has proved himself on many occasions one of the most able violinists and thorough musicians on this coast. The Minetti quartet deserves to be congratulated upon its choice.

¶ ¶

Mrs. Carl Walliser of Sonoma has located in this city, at 1225 Geary street, and is taking charge of Emil Steinegger's class during the latter's absence in Vienna.

¶ ¶

Miss Julie Cotte is a very valuable adjunct to the Tivoli company, possessing both vocal and dramatic talent.

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Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise will be given in Stockton next Tuesday evening at the Central M. E. church under the direction of the regular organist of the church, Arthur Fickenscher. The chorus reinforced by a number of soloists from this city, will be supported by a large orchestra, while Wallace A. Sabin will have charge of the organ. The soloists will be Miss Cecilia Decker, alto Presbyterian church; Mrs. von Benzon, soprano Central M. E. church; Miss Florence Boston, alto Second Unitarian church, and Miss Friedlander, all of this city, while the tenor part will be song by Mr. Vincent, the regular soloist of the church. There will be altogether sixty-five performers, as besides the soloists who, by the way, are all students at the Von Meyerinck School of Music, a number of advanced pupils of that school will assist in the choruses.

¶ ¶

An interesting anecdote comes to me from a fellow student of Leonora Jackson. This young American violinist is not nineteen years old, as advertised, but twenty-nine, which fact does not detract from her merit. While studying with Joachim, her work was always perfectly prepared from a technical standpoint, but lacked interpretation. Her brother, who is also a musician and his sister's manager, always brought an extra copy of the work and noted phrase by phrase the corrections made by the master. Miss Jackson took infinite pains to study these suggestions and, owing to her imitative faculty, was enabled to study the composition for the next lesson according to Joachim's idea. Wordsworth had his sister Dorothy as guide. Why should not Leonora Jackson have her brother?

¶ ¶

Sousa's new march, "The Men Behind the Guns," is said to be a hit in the east.

ALFRED METZGER.

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World of Letters

A SON OF EMPIRE, by Morley Roberts, is one of the latest books from the press of the J. B. Lippincott company. It is an extremely interesting story of love and war and does not contain a dull paragraph from beginning to end. Although the theme is common enough the treatment is anything but commonplace. "Madge Gretton was rather the daughter of her race at its best than of her parents . . . . Her ancestors were warriors of the sea and warriors of the land. 'The world for England' was her motto" As a matter of course, one of her temperament would be a hero-worshiper, but instead of exalting petty society poets, curates and militia officers to the pedestal, she demanded a man—"a doer, and a doer of things for themselves. Anyone could fight for a cause and after all a lot of patriotism is but a rat in a corner." She had fallen in love with Hannibal, Cæsar, Alexander, Wellington and Napoleon, and looked in vain for "a man" amongst the living. The hero, who is something more than the man in the midst of things, Captain Richard Blundell, is obviously patterned after Sir Richard Burton, traveler, soldier, ethnologist and linguist, and Madge's confidence to her intimate girl friend "I've met the man I mean to marry," is the remark made by the Lady Isabel Burton, on first seeing her future husband. In her case however, she proved a sad handicap to her husband's career, for it was owing to her lack of discretion and feverish anxiety to be *it* that Sir Richard Burton was transferred from the field of his greatest usefulness. Mrs. Gretton, the mother, is one of those peculiarly trying individuals, always perfectly satisfied with herself, and as a corollary, dissatisfied with everyone else; one of the pleasant characters whose ugly temper disguised under the euphemism of ill health, drives her family to concealment, if not deceit, in order to support existence at all. Almost as a matter of course Madge transcends the proprieties, and makes the acquaintance of her hero in decidedly unconventional fashion. Blundell had in his subaltern days managed to incur the ill will of Sir Daniel Fielding, who, being a small-minded, pin-headed piece of pomposity, also Adjutant-General, has used his official power to gratify his private grudge and has kept Blundell out of all opportunity for distinction or promotion. Madge takes it upon herself to right the wrongs of her hero, and by means of what one must call diplomacy, seeing that it was successful, she manages to obtain certain information which she makes use of in her own way, to the consternation of the War Office and everyone connected therewith, for of course her little scheme was discovered though too late to prevent the consummation of her end. "But the pot that boils never ceases to simmer on the British fire, and in Burmah dacoity flourished at times, and in Gulistan, where swords were beaten into plowshares for a moment there was growling, and in the Niger there was a brew in hand, and on the side of Nyassa another kettle of broth, and down in the Transvaal much pitch hot, and in the Soudan hell to pay, and in Egypt talk of Khartoum, and in Abyssinia blue blazes, and in the background of it all England and France and Russia and Italy and Germany." An outbreak on the part of some of the border tribes gives us a glimpse of war with plenty of heroism and hard work condensed into a short space of time, with honor and glory and the V. C. for the deserving. There are other adventures abroad for the hero and endurances at home for the heroine, which the reader must discover for himself, before the obvious happy conclusion. "A Son of Empire" should be well received. There is enough good meat between its covers to furnish material for two or three ordinary novels.

A DAINTY little blue-gray volume is a fitting receptacle for the "Songs and Sonnets" of Juliette Estelle Mathis. Mrs. Mathis, though an unassuming singer is one whom California may feel glad to claim. Her poems are musical and graceful, and are characterized by beauty of imagery and expression, as well as by gentle womanly feeling. To be sure, the master-hand of passion sweeps not the strings of her lyre, which nevertheless is tuned sweetly. "Moon Flowers" is one of the most original songs in the volume. I quote it entire:

"From murky gloom of trailing vine
The white moon-flowers sway and shine,
I gaze between at one within
Whose floating raiment white and thin
No purer gleams than her pure face,
Which soft illumines all the place.

"Apart, above the common throng
Of revelers she moves along,
As glides the moon through shadowed deeps
And lights a world, yet spotless keeps.
I turn away, and gently break
A white moon-flower for her sake."

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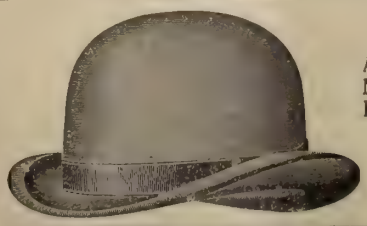

LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

"At Close of Day" strikes a deeper note.

"Cold waves glide on, gray mist creeps in,
Shadows of death, of woe, of sin,
Like phantoms rise confronting me
At close of day, beside the sea.

"I turn to where the mountains lie
With heads uncovered to the sky;
Their steadfast worship thrills me through
And all my faithless moods undo."

It is a pity that Mrs. Mathis, who has a good ear, was betrayed by a facile rhyme into the crime of uniting a singular noun to a plural verb. The subject of *undo* is *worship* and a grammatical error in such good verse is as a fly in the ointment.

About fifty pages of the book consist of sonnets, which are not illy done, considering that the English sonnet is apt to be a heavy performance even in the hands of its masters. Mrs. Mathis has been for several years a contributor to TOWN TALK, and many of the poems comprised in "Songs and Sonnets" originally appeared in its columns.

Professor Ventura of the Mount Tamalpais Military Academy has made an "instructive discovery" which he thinks warrants him in declaring the French Academician Pierre Loti a plagiarist. Having recently come across what is contradictorily described as a prose poem by "Mr." Loti, a bit of imaginative philosophizing, entitled "Behind the Eye of a Cat," Professor Ventura's mind went gypsying, and he discovered that the Russian author, Ivan Tourgueneff, had written a few lines in a similar strain, which he had published under the title "The Dog." As Tourgueneff was the first to attract Mr. Ventura's attention he feels justified in crying Plagiarist! and letting loose all the coyotes who howl about the outskirts of literature. There is nothing especially profound or original about either bit of writing. Put into a nut shell, they both amount to simple wonderment as to what is passing through the minds of the respective animals. The same thoughts have occurred to tens of thousands of people not addicted to the literary habit. Perhaps hundreds of such screeds have been declined without thanks because their writers had not the prestige of Loti or Tourgueneff. As to plagiarism, there is no need to use so big a word for such an insignificant matter, even if the resemblance were more marked than it is. Both articles are translated, and the question arises whether the same hand did the work in both instances, in which case the coincident peculiarities are quite as likely to be those of the translator as of the authors. There is an English translation of Loti's "Iceland Fisherman," in which the Loti is carefully omitted. As neither of these articles is dated, a question arises which was first written, for the appearance of a translation is by no means always contemporaneous with the original. Does Professor Ventura know whether Tourgueneff ante-dated Loti, or vice-versa? Loti, as all the world knows, is extremely fond of cats, and if I am not mistaken "Behind the Eye of a Cat" is to be found in his "Book of Pity and of Death," where much more will be found concerning his attachment to these domestic pets. That it happened to appear in the New York *World* of October twenty-second argues nothing. Does it ever occur to the outside world that newspaper columns are elastic, and "fitness for publication" may often be translated to mean "just enough to fill the available space" and a paragraph more or less may determine the question, "to print or not to print," which little fact of mere mechanical measurement will explain why such poor specimens of writing in the short story line appear in all parts of the country simultaneously. They make just a column or just two columns, and so are stereotyped for the use of boiler plate weeklies. "Behind the Eye of a Cat" may have been pigeonholed for a year or more, waiting the time when it would just "go." The *Examiner* is a little previous in this matter. "Pierre Loti caught plagiarising from Ivan Tourgueneff" is yet to be proved, and even so, it does not justify a sensational cut in which Loti is represented in fool's motley, cap and bells, reaching out toward a book guarded by Tourgueneff in the conventional habiliments of wisdom. Loti in no sense deserves to be stigmatized as a fool, nor has Tourgueneff as yet proved his sole right and title to impersonate Wisdom. The *Examiner* seldom touches upon literary matters in these days, but when it does it is sure to make a mess of things.

HOLLAND AND THE HOLLANDERS, by David S. Meldrum is a dainty piece of bookmaking. The cover, designed by George Wharton Edwards, is an imitation of old Dutch tiles in blue and white delft, while an orange tulip in a blue and white vase occupies the centre. Print, paper, and illustrations are in keeping with the exterior, and the contents are far in advance of those found in most books of description and travel.

THE BOOKWORM.

See our beautiful November "Dress Hats" new, elegant and becoming. Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

Miss Eliza D. Keith's readings at the Berkshire are proving very successful. On Monday "Hugh Wynne" was the subject and on Tuesday evening "David Harum" was the topic. There were large and interested audiences present on both occasions. Miss Keith has a pleasing delivery and a distinct diction, also a forcible manner of making her points without apparent effort. She gave on Tuesday the current criticism pro and con on "David Harum" condemning the wholesale dialect, while recognizing the virile force, the primitive heart of humanity in the work. The next lecture in the series will take place next Monday and "Janice Meredith," by Ford, author of "Peter Sterling" will be the subject.

SHE ALSO RAN

Undertakers can sometimes tell good stories. Here is one: A certain undertaker was called in a professional capacity to assist at a funeral which was delayed to await the arrival of a relative from somewhere or other. At last the expected member of the family arrived and the bereaved husband led her up to the coffin, exclaiming between his sobs of genuine grief:

"There's Mame. She's dead. If she were living it's at the dog races she'd be today." —THE BOOKIE.

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WAITING

"IF YOU LIKE you can kiss me," she said, calmly, indifferently as if she had offered me the privilege of escorting her to the theatre, or the honor of a valse.

But, meagre as was the permission, I availed myself of it. I kissed her.

Once, slowly, timidly almost—a holy kiss, the first I had ever pressed upon Helen's lips. Then many times, warmly, passionately—but never did the icy demeanor of Helen change to anything like warmth.

Such as it was, she permitted my caresses. Such as it was she let me kiss her.

In the same calm, passionless manner she some weeks later consented to be my wife.

We have been married two years. We have no children. Helen is what the world calls a good wife to me. She manages my household with absolute perfection. She never repels me when I lavish upon her the wealth of my affection. If she never responds, she at least never repulses.

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And I am such a weak mortal, such a pusillanimous coward when it comes to facing such a calamity, that I do not demur.

Yet I picture Helen at the balls and functions we frequent to please her love of society, talking between the dances to other men, as they linger in the conservatory or some secluded spot. I picture her saying, in her calm, passionless manner:

"If you like you can kiss me."

I live again that day in the woods. I see again her pale, cold face, the glinting sunlight in the dark bronze of her hair. I feel again the pressure of that first kiss, which to Helen meant nothing—to me everything

And I watch, I wait with jealous eyes the first look in her face that shall tell me her heart has been awakened.

I wait for the man. And I feel that when I see that look, when Helen's eyes light with the fires of love—I will kill both him and her.

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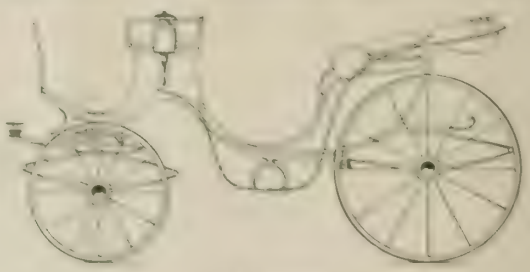

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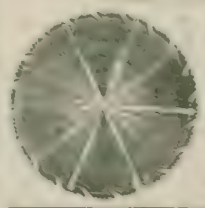

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San Francisco, December 2, 1899

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OUR OPINION

The German Emperor And The Duchess

AS Mr. W. R. Hearst, proprietor of the *Examiner-Journal*, is a successful newspaperman, the presumption should be that he is a capable one, and that, in the terse vernacular of the day, he knows his business. By the judicious and, at times, prodigal expenditure of money he has succeeded in rearing two great newspapers in the field of journalism. Yet Mr. Hearst is not the only newspaper proprietor that permits his leg to be pulled. There are men employed by Mr. Hearst who obtain money by false pretenses every time they draw their salary, for they are paid upon the theory that they are worthy of their hire, whereas they are counterfeits. One of them is the European correspondent who sent over a cable message last week about the visit of the German Emperor to the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough, and who quoted Von Bülow as saying that "we look upon this visit as a new proof of the friendly feelings which the Emperor has for America and Americans." "Count Von Bülow was asked," said the correspondent, "whether it could be taken as an evidence of a new dreibund between Germany, America and England. He replied heartily, but diplomatically: 'We thank America, we thank Americans for all this present good fellowship.'" TOWN TALK would like to know if Mr. Hearst believes that Count Von Bülow, the German Minister of Foreign Affairs, is such a sky-scraper in the domain of tall and towering fools as to have given expression to such a grist of resplendent rot. It is quite evident to any person with the average share of common sense that Mr. Hearst's correspondent is working in a dual capacity. In addition to serving the *Examiner-Journal* he is acting as the press agent of the Duchess of Marlborough who was formerly Miss Vanderbilt. In his zeal for that young woman he seeks by a very plausible trick to create the impression in this country that she has risen to the dignity of a person of international consequence. Does anybody believe that the German Emperor is such a damphool as to entertain the notion that his visit to a rich young American woman who bestowed her hand and millions upon a bankrupt and effete foreign nobleman, will be accepted in this country as evidence of a desire on his part to enjoy the friendship of Americans? There are official functionaries in England representing the United States, and there are others in Germany, and Emperor William knows that they are the proper persons through whom he may testify to his good fellowship. But how exasperating it is to know that we are expected to swallow the raw nonsense that is sent over the cable by Mr. Hearst's European correspondent! And he alone is not to blame. Mr. Hearst pays a high salary to an editor in New York for handling those dispatches. He is supposed to have sense enough to know when an effort is being made to goldbrick the public. He should not permit his paper to be made ridiculous. The man that allowed that dispatch to get into print should be kicked out of the *Journal* office. The sooner that men of his kidney are driven out of journalism the sooner will newspapers enjoy the respect and confidence of their patrons. Yellow journalism is not deserving of all the abuse which is heaped upon it. The policy of the yellow journalist is to give all the news regardless of cost and to presen it in the most attractive form possible. Keen competition has unfortunately developed the freak journalist whose motto is: Give all the news and when you have exhausted the supply, make news. As a consequence the dailies are burdened with made news, the bulk of which comes over the cable from Europe and is more expensive than the genuine article. In the natural course of journalistic evolution there will surely be developed a newspaper that will give all the news regardless of expense and consign all else to the waste paper basket. That is the paper that is destined to have the largest circulation.

Civilizing The Guam Islander

CAPTAIN O'LEARY, the Naval Governor of Guam, is making a record as a statesman. He found the social system of Guam in a primitive state of crudeness and he has undertaken to change the disorder of things, to bring system out of confusion and coerce the natives into civilization. Before the advent of Captain O'Leary, the natives were unfamiliar with the moral code, and marriage as an institution was unknown among them. The male native mated without ceremony and as often as he pleased, and domestic discord was unknown on the island. Captain O'Leary lost no time in introducing the system of marriage and the natives availed themselves of the privilege of obtaining free marriage licenses. Now they know what a honeymoon is and in a short time grass widows shall flourish in Guam. In addition to the absence of morals among the natives there was a lack of thrift. They were slothful—so much so that famines were not uncommon. They preferred to bask in the sunshine than to work and as

a consequence they were frequently without food. Captain O'Leary has decreed that each husband and father shall own fowls and a pig. This order has struck terror to the hearts of the islanders, for many of them have no capital to invest in poultry and swine, but the captain has further decreed that those that have not the necessary funds must labor until they have earned the money. He has also initiated them into the mysteries of agricultural pursuits and now the citizens of Guam are on the high road to civilization. The promotion of domestic relations and the stimulation of industry that leads to commercial rivalry must necessarily develop an aristocracy, and some day the Blue Book of Guam will be a feature of every well regulated household on the island.

Professional Philanthropists At War.

THERE is a pretty kettle of broth cooked up in the Eureka Home for Children whose parents cannot or will not, or at any rate, do not care for them in a manner which meets the approval of the Cruelty society. It appears from the evidence adduced that the children whose lot was supposed to be bettered by placing them in this semi-public institution have been practically servants for the matron and her family. They have been up early in the morning and late at night; ill fed and insufficiently clothed, left without fire or light, their clothing, such as it was, unwashed, and their persons uncared for, while, if the stories are to be believed, they have been quite as severely punished, by spanking, locking into dark closets, and plunging into cold baths, as they would have been by the most inconsiderate of parents. How long these practices have been no one knows. They would not have come to light now but for the probability of a State apportionment being made to the "Home" and a falling out over the question of who was to handle the funds. E. L Wadham, who like Bennett, the notorious Suppression of Vice man, appears to have no difficulty in keeping in the good graces of cheerful givers in spite of a somewhat unsavory reputation, was, until recently, the secretary of this Eureka society. He is now connected with a rival institution and is directing his efforts toward gaining possession of the twenty-five unfortunate children in charge of his competitors in the philanthropic industry. Notwithstanding the fact that he is the legally appointed guardian of the majority of the little ones, who were supposed to be the victims of cruel parents he says: "I always upheld Mrs. Reed (the matron) until she came out against me in an evening paper. I did not know of these things until a few days ago." And apparently, if there had not been a quarrel over the handling of public money, he would not have found it convenient to know of them yet. There are entirely too many of these busy-body associations and societies, responsible to no one and bent solely upon a division of the loaves and fishes. The children could not have been worse off if left in charge of their natural guardians, and in the vast majority of instances it would better serve the ends of common sense and justice to compel parents to take care of their offspring than to offer inducements for them to shirk their burdens. A recent resident of New York city tells of a little scheme, which was carried on in that city for a considerable period without detection. A woman took it upon herself to make a monthly tour of the downtown section, soliciting subscriptions from business and professional men to maintain a home for young ladies who had not been brought up to work, and who, having no means of support, might betake themselves to evil courses. She was quite successful in her solicitations until someone had curiosity enough to make inquiries, and lo and behold! the interesting young ladies in whose moral and physical welfare the good woman was so deeply concerned were her own daughters, and they maintained a comfortable home on the collections made by their industrious mother. There are charitable institutions in this state that thrive through misrepresentation as bold as that of the New York "grafter," and a few of them pretend to have the welfare of waifs at heart.

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this unsettled weather.

The Oil Boom in California.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA has gone mad on the subject of oil speculation, and it appears to be a poor man indeed, anywhere south of Kings County or Fresno, who has not an oil well in his back yard. The whole state, from Colusa to the Mexican boundary, is more or less affected and the indications are that we are on the verge of another speculative era such as was witnessed in the palmy days of the Comstock. That there are good oil holdings and productive wells in California is not a theory. On the contrary it is a demonstrated fact. That men like Wendell Easton, George Crocker and C. H. Phillips would deliberately engage in wildcatting it would be libelous to assert; but that the State of California is afloat upon a sea of oil, that every hole in the ground is the road to fortune, or that everyone who invests in oil stock at from thirty cents to a dollar a share is about to rival "Coal Oil Johnny" in suddenly acquired affluence, is a preposterous assumption. However, if the speculative fever once takes hold of the people there is nothing to do but to let it run its course. Advice, prophecies and parallels will be alike wasted. As well cry "whoa!" to a run-away team as preach prudence to a man who sees himself a millionaire next week. We have seen wheat farms turned into raisin vineyards and the same vineyards uprooted to make way for orange groves. And now, in all probability, the oranges will be neglected for a crop of oil derricks, and the millions, like the proverbial bunch of thistles dangled before the donkey, just as far away as ever. There will be fortunes made in oil, and we can confidently expect another quartet of multi-millionaires who will erect palaces in Fifth Avenue and at Newport, while our own principal thoroughfares are adorned with tenements and rookeries, and by and by, when the bottom drops out of the oil business, a period of depression with half a dozen broken and discouraged speculators committing suicide in every twenty-four hours. Not all of the fortunes that were made on the Comstock were dug out of the mines.

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Now for the Bonded Debt. THERE is so much to commend in the proposition to create a bonded indebtedness for the purpose of enlarging Golden Gate Park, building a sewer system and erecting new schoolhouses that it is difficult to conceive of sane opposition to the scheme. The advisability of the proposed improvements cannot be questioned. Nobody doubts that we need a sewer system and new school houses, and nobody would think of securing them by the ordinary method of taxation for the burden would be too great to bear. And as for the extension of Golden Gate Park to Van Ness avenue, that is an improvement that should be earnestly desired by every person who is proud of the city and who has the interest of the city at heart. With a park extending from Van Ness avenue to the ocean, including a system of boulevards extending along the shore of the Golden Gate on the north and as far south as Lake Merced, San Francisco would have a play ground unrivaled in natural scenery and compass in the world. It has been urged by a few croakers that the rich have too many luxuries already, but admitting they have wherein are they augmented by a public playground? If there is one luxury that is within reach of the poor it is a public park. When the rich become tired of local luxuries they travel in quest of new; when they weary of riding in the park they go aboard a yacht and cavort over the briny, but the poor must content themselves with what is within their reach. Those that derive but comparatively little pleasure from Golden Gate park are they that ride through it. It is adequately appreciated by the pedestrian and none other. The thought of assuming a bonded debt is appalling to the average taxpayer who imagines that it must be paid off in heavy installments, but we have been paying off a bonded debt for over twenty years, and not one taxpayer in fifty knew that the city was burdened by it. It has been wiped out, and San Francisco is now one of the few cities in the world which are free from a bonded debt. By assuming a new one for the purposes contemplated, the money that is now being wasted annually in the repair of old school houses and old sewers and in the construction of new ones will be saved. The sums of money that are being raised every year for those purposes would, if a bonded debt were created, be paid into a sinking fund, and the additional amount required would not necessitate a tax of more than seven cents on each one hundred dollars according to the present assessed valuation. Aside from the economy of the scheme contemplated it should also be remembered that the proposed improvements would stimulate various industries, increase the demand for labor and necessarily add to the prosperity of the city. During the past decade there have been many funerals in San Francisco, and we have lost many of our silurians. Is there a sufficient number left to stay the hand of progress?

The Saunterer

THERE IS NOTHING that certain people of the so called smart set like to be envied for more than their Vere de Vere repose, their calm hauteur and their swagger indifference to the conventionalities. They would like hoi polloi to believe that they are unconscious of gaze of the rank outsider. And yet they frequently do things that show that they are striving to make an impression and notwithstanding their cultivated indifference, their affected contempt for the conventionalities, they like nothing better than the glare of the calcium when the stage settings are properly arranged. Human nature is much the same in the smart set as it is elsewhere, and a splurge at the Horse Show is the same as it is at a Sunday picnic. Nobody likes to be accused of doing the wrong thing at the right time. A gaucherie is abhorred on Nob Hill as much as it is in Tehama street and when you see a theatre party of smart people making a vulgar display and disturbing their neighbors by their loud talk, don't imagine that aristocratic self-unconsciousness is responsible.

The effect is never lost sight of in society. Notwithstanding the deliberation that marks the conduct of some people, it sometimes results in strange contrasts. For instance Mrs. Will Henshaw of Oakland, who was formerly Hettie Tubbs, postponed a tea the other day on account of the death of her cousin, Austin Tubbs. The night of the funeral they went to Nance O'Neil's performance and sat in a box. Can you imagine anything funnier? It was all exceedingly amusing to those who knew that there was a wide, unbridgeable chasm between Austin Tubbs and the Hiram Tubbs branch of his family. And Hiram Tubbs, be it remembered, was Mrs. Will Henshaw's father. But, I suppose death heals all sores in addition to ending all misery.

Once more am I reminded of the Salisburys. I wish to compliment Mrs. Salisbury on the simplicity of her daughter's wedding. Mr. Salisbury was not the only one conspicuous by his absence; there was not even a caterer present. Still it was a swell affair, for Mrs. Salisbury is a Queen of the smart set and while she loves simplicity she knows how to do a function up in style and at the minimum cost. I believe that if the Salisburys were wealthy they would make some of our snobs look like six bits. Mrs. Salisbury has originality as well as tact and she never permits herself to be guided by hidebound rules. For instance, it is customary to issue engraved invitations to a wedding. But the practice staled by custom was ignored by Mrs. Salisbury. She wrote the invitations herself just to show how extremely informal it all

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was. And I believe some of the guests were invited by telephone. Society might advantageously keep these invitations in mind and thereby economize in weddings.

It was a well-merited rebuke which Judge Cook administered to the lawyers engaged in the trial of the Turner-Frenna case. There is entirely too much levity permitted by our courts, from the lowest to the highest, and the judges themselves are often the worst offenders. The administration of justice should be a serious and dignified performance for all parties concerned, and a judge who will stoop to make bad puns and crack jokes with petty criminals in the lower courts, or allow the attorneys in capital cases to indulge their propensities for being funny is unfit for the office. It is always a shock to a Briton to visit one of our courts and see the careless, free and-easy air which pervades the court-room, the lack of respect which the lawyers display toward the judge, and the frequently casual and indifferent tone of the whole proceedings. The judges owe it to their positions to exact the utmost respect and and formality in the holding of their courts. A proper spirit of dignity on the part of the official could not fail of effect upon those brought to trial.

The color line has not been erased in military circles at the Presidio. When the Tennesseans were there they were prevailed upon to salute the colored officers of the colored regiments, nevertheless there was not that entente cordiale between whites and blacks that would indicate the elimination of the color line. And even now, though the boys from the south have departed, the colored soldiers are reminded in more ways than one that there is a prejudice against them. Only the other day a colored colonel was barred out of a certain territory by a white sentry, and an appeal to the commandant of the post was of no avail.

A story comes from the Philippines of a disgraceful altercation between Lieutenant-Colonel Bayliss of the Tennessee regiment and Colonel Hamer, the military Governor of Cebu. It appears that Bayliss had planned a campaign against the natives and was about to lead an attack, the success of which he was assured when he was called off by Hamer. The Southerner was filled with indignation, and when he met Hamer expressed his opinion of the latter's action in very forcible language. It is said that a quarrel ensued and that the Tennessean struck the governor in the face. About a week before this incident Bayliss had been granted a leave of absence, and his friends prevailed upon him to go to Hongkong and meet his regiment there on the way home. When he was in this city he was questioned about the affair and admitted having a quarrel with Hamer, but denied striking him.

Raphael Weill, the well known gourmet and dry goods merchant, entertained a party of friends at a Bohemian club dinner last Monday night. There were fourteen in the party and among the guests were two gentlemen from foreign shores who were not aware of Mr. Weill's renown as a chêf. During the dinner that gentleman's skill as a cuisine artist was exploited with great enthusiasm and much to the astonishment of the foreign gentlemen, who had no idea that in the bohemia of this wild and wooly west it was deemed a great honor for a gentleman to be able to tickle the palate of an epicure. When the dinner was over their attention was called to the famous picture of Mr. Weill in the garb of a cook and they regarded it as an exquisite conceit. Like many globe-trotters who think that they know all that there is worth knowing about palatable dishes those foreign gentlemen were loth to acknowledge that there was anything pertaining to the chêf's art with which they were not familiar, but when they left the Bohemian club it was with stomachs that had enjoyed a gastronomical revelation.

Later on that night, or more properly speaking in the wee sma' hours of the next morning, they were again seated at table. It was in a tenderloin rotisserie, the resort of clubmen and they were in the company of two gentlemen who know how to order a supper. Pierre, the host, was summoned and asked to serve "chicken à la Mesick."

"A la what?" gasped one of the foreign gentlemen who though of English birth speaks French like a Parisian.

"A la Mesick," was the reply.

"That's a new one on me," said the foreign gentleman. "I was at a club tonight," he continued, "where I learned that my knowledge of the culinary art was not so profound as I had imagined Now I am at a supper and I learn that even my French is somewhat lame. Truly this is a wonderful country."

The gentleman was very much relieved to learn that chicken a la Mesick is a dish that was named after that famous old tenderloiner, Judge Mesick, who rounded off a gay and festive career some years ago leaving a restaurant bill behind to be fought over by his administrator. Judge Mesick was a dear old chap who would spend his last dollar as though it were a grain of sand and he the owner of an unlimited stretch of sea coast. He was the attorney for the Bonanza Kings in their bonanziest days on the Comstock and he was famous for his profound knowledge of the law all over the coast. He loved wine, women and rare dishes, and the monument to his memory is chicken a la Mesick. For the benefit of the uninitiated I will explain that it is evolved by this method: The fowl is first cooked in any old way and then it is pulled into shreds after which it is placed in a pan of pure olive oil with parsley and echalotes, and cooked until it is brown. Raphael Weill has nothing in his culinary repertory that can give greater satisfaction to the educated palate than this dainty dish.

David Starr Jordan was recently charged with being too loquacious. Evidently the person by whom the charge was preferred has not a proper conception of the purposes and duties of a college president in these days of hot competition in educational circles. Institutions for the promotion of higher education have sprung up all over the country, and rivalry is so keen that every college president must be a spieler with a tongue as long as an ordinary arm and with the flexibility of a rogue's conscience. David Starr Jordan has talked Stanford into fame. He has drawn attention to the institution by his incessant cackle. In keeping himself before the public he has advertised both Jordan D. S. and the college. The regents of Berkeley have only recently seen the necessity of employing a spieler, and they have secured one in the person of Benjamin Ide Wheeler, a worthy gentleman and a scholar, whose tongue falls into action at a moment's notice. Wheeler and Jordan are now acting as pacemakers for each other in an interesting jaw contest.

I mean to disparage neither of the learned gentlemen for they are doing much good and no harm. It is their aim to build up the institutions over which they are presiding, and to increase the demand for higher education, and their method is the proper one. They are doing all in their power to encourage athletic rivalry. They contend that football sharpens the mental faculties and makes young men courageous, fearless and active. But those are not all the good effects of football. It stimulates the spirit of rivalry not only in the colleges but in the high schools and grammar schools, and causes small boys who would otherwise be anxious to go to work, to yearn, to be a full-back or some other kind of a back on a varsity team. And thus it is that youth is lured to the wellspring of higher education. With his thoughts on the gridiron he directs his footsteps to the halls of learning, and while preparing for the grand intercollegiate struggle he gets on familiar terms with the classics.

The youth to whom mature charms have ceased to appeal has passed beyond the most interesting period of his life.

When lawyers fall out their victims acquire valuable information about their methods. The lawyers that secured old Tom Blythe's millions for Florence Hinckley are now quarreling over the division of the spoils in Judge Seawell's court, and they have been taking the dear public into their confidence. Mr. Thomas I. Bergin, the attorney who was in the background of the litigation in Judge Coffey's court, was promised a fee of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars for his services but he is not satisfied; he wants fifty thousand dollars more. If all the attorneys for Mrs. Hinckley were paid at the same rate the fees would aggregate nearly three million dollars. W. H. H. Hart, the attorney whose fine Italian hand was in evidence throughout the litigation, has been on the grill in Judge Seawell's court. He opposes the Bergin claim and for doing so he has been referred to as a discredited witness. Incidentally it has been intimated that when he was Attorney General of the state he handled public funds in a way that showed he was an expert juggler. But that is an old story.

I am surprised to learn that General Alphabetical Hart was a discredited witness in the Blythe case. I have been laboring under the impression all these years that he was *the* witness of the case; that it was his testimony that established the validity of the claim of the waif from London. If Hart's testimony had not been given Mrs. Hinckley would not be a rich widow to-day. Hart supplied all the missing links, and therefore he is entitled to a large slice of the estate. Whenever old Tom Blythe wrote a letter which showed that he believed Florence to be his daughter, and that it was his desire to adopt her as such and make her his heir, Bill Hart was there to see him do it. As Attorney Delmas wrote in his Supreme Court brief: "Hart and Blythe's big dog were his companions whenever the millionaire was engaged in making evidence for the contest over his estate." I have always believed that if Hart had never given his testimony, Alice Edith Dickason, the woman who had been Blythe's faithful mistress for many years, would have obtained a widow's share of the estate.

Judge Coffey could not decide in favor of both Florence and the alleged widow. If he found that Alice Edith Dickason was the contract wife of Tom Blythe, then he could not have decreed that Blythe adopted Florence Ashcroft as his daughter, for to have completed the adoption under the laws of this state it would have been necessary for him to have "received the child into his family." This element was lacking and Judge Coffey explained that it was because Blythe had no family. In other words Alice Edith Dickason was his mistress and not his wife.

From good authority I have learned that there is not much prospect of a contest over the estate of Mr. Andrew Martin. The size of the estate has been very much exaggerated by public rumor. Mrs. Genevieve Martin is not the wealthy widow that many people imagined. Her husband had control of about forty thousand dollars to only one-half of which she is entitled. He was also the heir to about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in which his mother has a life estate interest. Mrs. Genevieve Martin is entitled to one-half of that estate but not until after the death Mrs. Eleanor Martin.

She: Did you get mixed when you made your maiden speech?
He: Yes, I took a brandy and soda.

Miss Bertha Dolbeer has studiously kept her face under cover for several days, and as a consequence she has been the object of a great deal of curiosity at the Palace hotel. Why Miss Dolbeer should seek to make a deep, dark mystery of her face nobody has been able to conjecture. She has a prepossessing face and should have no occasion to blush for it. But no young woman in society cares to parade a pair of eyes in deep mourning, and that, I understand, is why Miss Dolbeer has been wearing an impenetrable veil for several days. She did not acquire the discoloration in the customary way for she never chopped wood in her life. The accident occurred on the golf links. Somebody shouted "Fore!" but Miss Dolbeer was not quick enough to avoid the golf stick. She was almost knocked senseless by the blow.

My esteemed contemporary, Alas P. Yorick of the *Post*, ripped up the supplementary atrocities of the dailies without exception last Saturday, in a savage fashion. Yorick is the most expert manipulator of the hammer in the field of journalism, and whenever he works himself into a fit of indignation he can be depended upon for dreadful execution. Bierce in his wildest hysterics is docile compared to the rampant Yorick. The latter's strictures on the freak supplements of the dailies are undoubtedly true, but I think that he erred in including the *Chronicle* in the same category with the colored output of the *Call* and *Examiner* Freakeries. The *Chronicle* supplement makes some pretension to literary merit and it is not unfounded. Moreover the art work of the *Chronicle* supplement is of a superior quality, and within the past month there has been a marked improvement in the character of the articles.

Since it has become the fashion to collect steins, another fashion has grown up alongside the collecting fad. This is to learn German, and classes in the Teutonic tongue are now the popular thing. The connection between the two fads is that thoroughly to enjoy your steins you must know how to translate their inscriptions.

There is something else I have noticed is the fashion. It is the decrease of the beer and cocktail habit among the matrons and maidens of the smart set. Formerly the visitor with old-fashioned ideas who was taken to the cafés where stringed orchestras and beer are off-setting attractions was struck by the drinking proclivities of the smartly-dressed young women thronging there with their escorts after the theatre. Where beer was not ordered with the oysters, sandwich or Welsh rarebit, a few Manhattans were permitted to tickle the smart young woman's palate, or wine was given vivacious discussion. Whether it is that custom has staled the pleasure formerly derived from such dissipations, or whether the decree has gone forth that anything but temperance is bad form, I am able to inform my readers that ginger ale and sarsaparilla are now the correct drinks for women who wish to be strictly up to date. At the Zinkand the other night I noted that the order given by a seasoned belle, who has hitherto been a connoiseur in imported beers, was "ginger ale." And the young matron who rightly ranks as the leader of the younger set told the waiter to bring her a bottle of sarsaparilla.

That tired feeling usually accompanies an amateur production of a Shakespearean play, but I witnessed an amateur performance the other night and it was a most agreeable exception. I have heard Modjeska and even Frederick Warde and Thomas Keene read their lines much less intelligently than did some of the young people in "King Henry IV" at St. Ignatius college the other night. The performance was smooth from beginning to end, and there was not a part that was not agreeably handled. Thomas Hickey, the Hotspur of the performance, has all the tricks of the experienced elocutionist, and he brought them to bear without appearing in the slightest degree stilted or artificial. Dr. Wm. H. Sieberst, who as a comedian is at his ease in a cake walk or a Shakespearean play, was an amusing Falstaff without resorting to horseplay or buffoonery. The performance was directed by Leo Cooper.

From the account in the *Examiner* of Wednesday last, concerning the departure from England of the German Emperor, I learn that that distinguished personage "was clad in simple mourning costume and was in the highest spirits." I know that the Kaiser is a most eccentric individual; that he eats oysters with a spoon and drinks wine out of a stein, but I never heard of his accentuating the ebullience of his spirits by appearing in the garb of a chief mourner. Those London correspondents tell us so many queer things that I am inclined to the opinion that they are not reliable. Perhaps they may yet try to induce us that when the Kaiser is real gay he rides in a hearse and goes to bed in a coffin.

That memorable banquet given by the Native Sons to the laureled, sun-browned vets of the gallant and undiminished First has never been paid for. It has been eaten, digested—with a struggle perhaps, but nevertheless digested—and also forgotten, and the caterer that served the memorable feast has not yet been paid. The Native Sons have no desire to beat their board bill, but they object to paying Tortoni prices for Sanguinetti grub. The caterer is a native son who agreed to supply the banquet at a per capita tax of fifty cents. He said that he wanted to get the contract so that he could do a job that he would be proud of. Besides being a native son he had two brothers in the regiment and those circumstances combined to inspire him with a burning desire to create a gastronomical poem. It was the consensus of opinion that he had failed. The food was lugged into the banquet hall in tubs. There were tubs of pudding, tubs of soup and tubs of chicken fricassee, and the various dishes were about as appetizing as might be expected under the circumstances. I believe the caterer wanted nine hundred dollars for his poem. At a meeting of the Native Sons committee the other night it was decided to pay for it on a doggerel basis. The caterer has refused to compromise.

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Neither John D. Spreckels nor his managing editor has been indicted for libel, and yet Marin county has a Grand Jury and Baron Von Schroeder has a grievance. I hope that the gentleman with a title has not been scared off by the newspapermen. Though I am not a promoter of libel suits I must confess that I have been somewhat disappointed by the inertness of the baron. When the *Call* told the story of why General Warfield had retired from the management of the Hotel Rafael, I expected to see a trail of blood from the Palace grill to the Bohemian club. The baron comes from a country where they vindicate their honor with a sword thrust, but the baron has become acclimated and so has his honor and he decided to invoke the aid of the statute which makes libel a penal offense. As I stated last week he called the attention of the Grand Jury of Marin to the fact that he had been held up to public execration by a San Francisco daily, and he demanded redress. He charged that General Warfield gave the story to Messrs. Spreckels and Leake and he demanded that all three be indicted, but no indictments have been filed. It appears to me that the baron is worse off than he was before. Does the Grand Jury of Marin desire the inference to be deduced that Baron Von Schroeder cannot be libeled? I hope not. But something must be done. Remember, baron,—noblesse oblige!

Art exhibitions of the week include Paul de Longpre's water colors and the California Camera club's showing of artistic photography, both of which I will give a more extended review next week. On December seventh, eighth and ninth Mrs. M. A. Terry will give an exhibition of her exquisite decorative art, textile paintings and silk tapestries, at her studio, 907 Van Ness avenue. The several ceramic and applied art clubs are all either giving or preparing for exhibitions.

The sale for the Symphony concert which will take place at the Grand Opera House next Thursday afternoon commenced yesterday and judging from the demand for seats there will be one of the largest audiences present that have attended a symphony concert in this city. The further the rehearsals progress the more does Henry Holmes show his executive ability and it may be safely announced that this coming event will be one of the most artistic ever given here. The fourth chamber music concert by the Holmes quartet will take place next Tuesday afternoon.

The painting of the Yosemite which was sent to the William J. Bryans by Mayor Phelan was received by Mrs. Bryan on the day of the fifteenth anniversary of her wedding. As Mr. Bryan was out of town she acknowledged the gift, and the letter shows that the lady who may some day be the mistress of the White House is endowed with that grace of mind, which has been so conspicuous in the wives of our Presidents.

"We were married fifteen years ago yesterday," she wrote; "you did not realize you were sending us an anniversary remembrance. We both appreciate the work of a master hand and shall get double pleasure from this one, because we have always lived in a simple way and had comparatively few rare things. I do not see what more could possibly have been done to add to the delightful memories of our visit. Trusting your political future may be as uniformly brilliant and successful as your past and with a hearty God-speed for municipal ownership, I am, very truly yours, MARY B. BRYAN."

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LEGAL NOTICES

SHERIFF'S SALE

BEN B. HASKELL, Plaintiff vs. MARGARET DUNTON, Defendant. | Sale. Justices' Court, No. 14661. Execution.

Under and by virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Justices' Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of November A. D. 1899. in the above entitled action, wherein Ben B. Haskell, the above named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Margaret Dunton, defendant, on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1899, which said Judgment was recorded in the Clerk's Office of said Court, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and be ng in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Seventeenth street distant thereon easterly fifty-five feet from the point of intersection formed by the northerly line of Seventeenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, and running thence easterly along said northerly line of Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; and thence at right angles sontherly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet to the point of commencement.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 18th day of December A. D. 1899 at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said Execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said Judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money, of the United States.

HENRY S. MARTIN, Sheriff.

San Francisco, November 25, 1899.

BEN B. HASKELL, 409 California street, San Francisco
Attorney in pro. per.

STATE OF CALIFORNIA.

IN JUSTICES' COURT OF THE CITY AND COUNTY OF SAN FRANCISCO.
New City Hall.

WILLIAM BOYLE, Plaintiff, vs. O. J. WOODRING, Defendant. | Action brought in the Justices Court in the City and County of San Francisco, and Complaint filed in the office of Clerk of said Court.

The people of the State of California to
O. J. Woodring, Defendant, Greeting:

You are hereby directed to appear in an action brought against you by the above named Plaintiff in the Justices' Court of the City and County of San Francisco, and to answer to the Complaint filed therein, within five days (exclusive of the day of service) after the service on you of this Summons, if served within this County, otherwise within twenty days.

And you are hereby notified that, unless you appear and answer as above required, the said Plaintiff will take judgment for any money or damages demanded in the Complaint, as arising upon contract, or he will apply to the Court for any other relief demanded in the Complaint.

This action has been assigned, and you are directed to appear for trial before G. C. Groezinger Esq., one of the Justices of said Court, at his office, New City Hall, in said City and County.

Make legal service and due return hereon.

Given under my hand this 12th day of September, 1899.

By order of the Presiding Justice of the Peace of the City and County of San Francisco. E. W. WILLIAMS, Justices' Clerk.

KIERCE & GILLOGLEY,
Attorney for Plaintiff,
Claus Spreckels Bldg., S. F.

TAKE NOTICE: That the office of the Scenic Display Co. be moved from 1360 Geary Street to 917 Eddy street in the City and County of San Francisco.

J. W. FAWKES Jr., Pres.

Advance in the Price of Timber Land

Notice is hereby given that on and after the first day of January, 1900, the price of all timber land owned and for sale by the Central Pacific Railway Company and the California and Oregon Railroad Company, will be advanced from twenty to fifty per cent over present field gradings and quotations.

All timber contracts maturing after January 1st, 1900, will be extended only at the advanced rate.

WM. H. MILLS,
Land Agent Central Pacific Railway Co.

Nothing surprised me more than to learn that Colonel Richard Henry Savage, otherwise "Dick" Savage, had been made the defendant in a suit for ten thousand dollars brought by Abraham Lewis of Brooklyn for stealing the affections of his wife. Savage in an ex-San Franciscan, a Civil war veteran, an author and a playwright. Though a soldier, author and playwright may not be debarred from appearing in the character of a roué, still Colonel Savage has always united with his warlike attitude and literary accomplishments the virtue of being a good husband. When, during the late Spanish-American war the doughty colonel went down to Cuba with a regiment of United States Engineers, it was Mrs. Savage who buckled on her husband's sword and bade him "God-speed." The colonel has many friends in the west, who read his books and consider him a great writer. "My Official Wife" is said to owe its success to the fact that Archie Gunter whipped it into shape, throwing out all irrelevant matter and making it compact and snappy. And it is said that when Archie wished to perform this service for "The Little Lady of Lagunitas," Richard and his friend fell out.

"I wouldn't give a rap to own a title," said the American Heiress to her Chaperon, just as the Count de Pole came up to ask her for the next valse.

As the Heiress walked off on the arm of Willie Impecune regardless of her Chaperon's frown, the Count inquired: "Will you please tell me the significance of the word 'rap'?"

As the Chaperon imparted her definition of the colloquial term, the Count's face fell.

"If it had meant five hundred 'thou.' now, I guess we'd have made a swap,'" he muttered.

But later he raised his price to a million, and got it.

The unknown author of the "True Story of the Traveling Showman, the Monkey and the Pug Dog" failed to send a diagram with his manuscript, and as I have no desire to impose a severe tax on the readers of TOWN TALK, I shall not publish it. The story is presented as a fable which purports to show how Mr. T. Daniel Frawley succeeded in his early theatrical ventures through the cooperation of a clever and faithful monkey which was subsequently disposed of, the affections of his master having been alienated by a pug of the feminine gender who had learned the simian's tricks. The manuscript came all the way from New York, and I will send it back if the author will send his address and the price of postage.

One of the week's pleasant functions was the matinee given by Mrs. L. Douglas Adam, last Saturday, when sixteen ladies were entertained, euchre being the ordre de jour. During the afternoon Hungarian tea, ices and French liqueurs were served. The prizes of cut glass and silver were won by Mrs. Burnett and Mrs. Taylor. Mrs. Donnally of San Rafael, a dramatic reader of marked ability, recited with much grace two selections from James Whitcomb Reilly.

An ingenious press agent resorted to a very clever advertising scheme the other day, in the interest of a clever cafe chanteuse who is now on the Orpheum circuit. He caused a tip to go out to certain newspaper reporters that a woman had received an indelicate letter requesting her to make an assignation through the "personals" in the dailies, and that she had reported the matter to Postal Inspector Monroe, who advised her to respond and set a trap for the culprit. The "personal" was inserted, and the letter writer invited to meet the woman in the ladies' parlor of the Palace hotel. At the appointed hour the reporters were on hand and so was the Postal Inspector and the comedienne, but the author of the letter failed to materialize. It suddenly occurred to the inspector and the newspaper men that they were being used for advertising purposes.

Mrs S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street. Direct importer of fine millinery.

The Cynical Bachelor shook his head, and called for another high-ball.

"Gad! I haven't met a single girl worth flirting with this winter," he said.

"That's right," returned the Rake, "but the young married women are more fascinating than ever."

When I spoke last week of the lack of pronounced beauty among this season's buds, I should have made an exception of Miss Edith Preston. She is really a beautiful girl, extremely tall and a perfect blonde. Her home is in Redwood city and she made her début at a tea given at the Palace hotel. She is now visiting Miss Bessie Ames, at the latter's home in Taylor street. Miss Preston is a great friend of the Misses Spreckels, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels, who are now abroad with their mother.

Then there is Miss Ethel Hager, who is fully six feet tall and of grand proportions. She has a face like one of Sir Joshua Reynolds' portraits, pouty-cheeked, full-lipped and fresh-colored. She is no longer to be termed "little sister" by the elder Misses Hager, for she has outgrown both Emilie and Alice.

Mrs. Grace Darling Siefried, the adopted daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Henri F. Emeric, was married and left the Emeric home just about the time that the family began to attain prominence through the newspaper medium. It is Mrs. Siefried who has brought a suit against Henri Emeric's widow for possession of one-half of his estate. I remember meeting her just shortly after she married Mr. Siefried. She was a very pretty young woman with a pleasant manner, and Mrs. Emeric seemed to be extremely fond of her adopted daughter. It seems curious that when the first Mrs. Emeric deeded to her sister, Lorena Barbier, the property that Mr. Emeric had given her to avoid litigation in case of his death before his wife, that she did not deed a share at least of her possessions to Grace Darling Siefried, whom she had once loved to call her daughter. There is much that is unexplainable in this case, and no doubt if all the facts were brought to light many sensational developments might be made.

From Berkeley comes a story about L. Dupont Syle, that while it is reminiscent, being in the nature of a paraphrase, is vouched for as a lecture-room episode. The story is that Professor Syle discovered the other day that he had a new pupil in the person of Miss Mary Greene. Being fond of a joke the professor said, after reading her card:

"G-r-e-e-n-e spells Green or Greeney."

Thereupon Miss Greene arose with a merry twinkle in her eye and said:

"S-y-l-e spells Sill or Silly."

And yet the young lady was not invited to take the head of the class.

Seldom in one company do you meet with three such big, strapping women as Mr. Frawley presents in Mary Hampton, Mary Van Buren and Marian Barney. They ought to be called "Les Trois Mousquetaires." Again an artist might dub them, collectively, as "A Study in Hips." I cannot reconcile myself to Miss Hampton's loss in slenderness, nor can I observe anything statuesque in Miss Van Buren's proportions when she is not wearing evening costume. Miss Hampton looks handsome in her rose-pink and green costume that she wears to the Derby. It is a gown that will be wildly imitated, I imagine, by local dressmakers. The waist and overskirt are of the rose-pink silk. The under-skirt is edged with green and above it are several ruffles of fine white Brussels net. When in real "Sporting Duchess" attire, Miss Hampton wears a bright red plaid skirt made after the latest, box-plaited model, and a voluminous tan-colored box coat with a stiff white shirt-waist beneath.

Frank Mathieu is not the only good-looking, well-dressed young man presented by Mr. Frawley among his list of attractions. There is Reginald Travers, who is also a marvel of good looks. I do not believe anybody could quite come up to Mr. Mathieu in the matter of correct attire. He has so long been known as one of the representative well-dressed men of San Francisco. But in Mr. Travers I see the making of a popular player of lover's roles. His attributes of face and figure are such as satisfy the matinee girl's wildest expectations.

It was a sad blow to the Blingumites—the arrest of the ex-manager of the club for ordinary vulgar swindling. I remember well when he first bobbed up at Blingum and with what deference his fellow members treated him whenever he undertook to show them what was what from the British standpoint. He was the most refreshing cad I ever met, and how it was possible to mistake him for a well-bred man I never could understand. But he was the arbiter elegantiarum at Blingum and his judgment was supreme. Shortly before his borrowing habit became offensive, he was engaged in a desperate flirtation with a charming matron, and he was getting along swimmingly when it was suggested to him that perhaps he could find more congenial employment.

Mary Hampton, at the California

Jack Featherstone, that butterfly of fashion who has been contributing to the gayety of social functions almost ever since the water came up to Montgomery street, and who is still chipper enough to lead a german or flirt with a débutante, found himself in an embarrassing situation the other morning just as the electric lights were spluttering out. He had wandered into a gay tenderloin resort with a friend to

partake of an oyster stew, and witnessed a scene that would have staggered a less experienced man about town. Several lively young blades were being entertained by a frolicsome damsel who was giving a most picturesque performance. Featherstone was not acquainted with a single member of the party, but he immediately assumed the role of a reporter, exhibited pencil and paper, and proceeded to make copious notes. Thereupon a tall, muscular young man with long, flowing locks took an interest in the proceedings. The tall young man was a football coach and he was preparing for an aggressive tackle when mutual friends interfered and saved Jack Featherstone's life. There is a moral to this story but it is unnecessary to point it.

Some four years ago several ladies in good standing in this city established an organization for the protection of children, under the name of the Eureka Society. This society was an offshoot, or rather a development of a still older organization for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children. Whether owing to an innate incapacity in woman for the management of business affairs, or to dissensions bred by petty social jealousies between the feminine component parts of the association, or to the introduction of a male element into the directorate which failed to furnish the necessary ballast, or as is hinted in certain quarters, to practices savoring more of individual self-seeking than the benefit of the charges entrusted to its care, certain it is that the Eureka society is in the last throes of dissolution as is evidenced by a resolution to wind up its affairs introduced at a meeting held last week, by Charles Montgomery, a former president. That this determination is the best that could be arrived at in the case of an institution that has outlived its usefulness, if indeed it ever had any, is fully borne out by the utter obloquy into which, through maladministration, it has sunk. The forty odd children harbored in the home will be transferred to one or other of the regular charitable institutions of the city.

While the atmosphere is rife with charges, counter-charges and recriminations passing between officers, directors and agents, past and present, the specific charge upon which the disincorporation of the Eureka society was based, referred to the carelessness and neglect of the matron, allegations which seemed to be borne out by the testimony of the little ones themselves under examination. Outside of this the secretaries, past and present, have been accused of instigating divorce suits for the sake of the fees accruing therefrom; of making arbitrary arrests for the purpose of being bought off, etc., etc. One instance is cited by a former president of the society, where a family named Dean, consisting of a father and three grown up daughters, living in a house that they owned, were placed under arrest and railroaded off to an insane asylum, there being no evidence as to what subsequently became of the property. Accusations like these, brought by one section or faction of an institution against another, inevitably lead to the disintegration prophesied of the house divided against itself. The whole history of this society has been replete with scandal, charges of fraud and dishonesty. Its self-respecting members drew out of it months ago. The moral of all of which is that irresponsible associations of this character, masquerading under the guise of charity, are a blot upon the community; and if permitted at all, should be subject to state or municipal control, especially in so far as the accounting for and distribution of their funds are concerned.

Those who have wondered at the increase of devotion in the attitude of a buxom young wife toward her diminutive young husband find the solution of this mystery in a very simple fact. The diminutive husband and his buxom wife are prototypes in one respect of Lord and Lady Algy. They are good chums. The husband has always given his wife perfect liberty to do as she pleased. If she wished to accept the attentions of other men she was welcome to do so. But when the wife was seen upon all occasions in the company of a married man whose wife is now in Europe, the tabbies yielded to their propensity for whispering. It got about that a divorce was on the tapis. To prove that this rumor was utterly unfounded, and that there was no danger of the charming and hospitable Jackson street ménage being broken up this season, the buxom young wife and the diminutive young husband are now constantly seen together, like a bride and bridegroom on their honeymoon trip. I am glad that they have adopted this course and I earnestly hope that it will silence envious and other kinds of tongues that have wagged unreasonably.

Miss May Hunt will dress your doll for Christmas; price reasonable. 817½ Geary street.

MAISON TORTONI
Private Dining Rooms
Banquet Hall . . . . . .
S. Constantini
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FRENCH ROTISSERIE
Prince of Chefs ∴ Artistic Appointments ∴ 111 O'Farrell St

Moët & Chandon

By strictly adhering to the conservative conditions of the old honored custom of the ancient house of Moet & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world. —Wine Review.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,
Pacific Coast Agents
329 Market Street, S. F.

The Sparks Automobile Co's Machine
is the lightest, strongest, cheapest and most durable
The maximum of Power and Speed
At Minimum of Cost
Adapted to all kinds of roads and grades. Practicable wherever a horse and buggy can go. It is the 1900 machine a little in advance of date.
Hence the active demand for Stock
Only a limited amount for sale at One Dollar per share. Par value $10. Full information at the Company's office,
Room 325 Parrott Building,
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
S. GOODENOUGH, Secy.

The Oakland politician is a most seductive individual and he spends much of his time trying to win the affections of the correspondents of the San Francisco morning dailies. There are factions galore in each of the political parties across the bay and each values the support of a San Francisco daily very highly. When Paul Goldsmith was the correspondent of the *Examiner* he spent most of his time touting the Pardee-Dalton faction, but one day Paul lost his job. Jack Barrett succeeded Goldsmith and he bestowed his affections on the Snow faction. As Pardee and Dalton own the Oakland *Enquirer* it was thought that they would place Goldsmith upon their staff, but they did not do so. Now Goldsmith is Oakland correspondent of the *Call* and he has no use for the Pardee-Dalton combination, but the *Chronicle* correspondent has been taking care of their interests. The other day, however, the *Chronicle* made a change in Oakland correspondents and now those that have been watching the cat jump on the other side are awaiting developments.

Mrs. E. A. Mack and Mrs. J. A. Mathis are located at 1625 Post street, where they will be at home on Wednesdays during the winter.

Joaquin Miller is anxious to have the name of our country changed to Usland in which he sees beauty, fitness and several other things which he does not concede to the United States of America. He is not the first crank to be seized of the mania, for only a few years ago another genius presented Usofna, which he had concocted from U. S. of N. A , but his scheme "died a' bornin'," as will Miller's. Our country has not yet done anything which makes it advisable for us to lose our identity. Joaquin Miller, by the way, has quite a penchant for this sort of thing. He managed to substitute Joaquin for his original proper cognomen, Cincinnatus Heine, and once upon a time he worked up an Arbor day celebration, upon which occasion he led a pilgrimage to Goat island to plant eucalyptus trees. His followers pledged themselves there to forever after refer to the island as Yerba Buena and move heaven and earth and the other place to "restore" that name to San Francisco, though of right Yerba Buena was the name of only the bay shore settlement, and did not include the Mission, the Presidio, and several other villages which in course of time made up the present city. But still we have Goat island and San Francisco in spite of Miller and the Postoffice Department's craze for consolidations and sparing of capitals—and we still have *Miller*.

"Now, why do you suppose," asked the Inquisitive Young Man, "that the old lady who lived in the shoe had so many children she didn't know what to do ?"

"Because she didn't," replied his friend, who is somewhat of a Cryptographer. Whereupon the Inquisitive Young Man entered into a deep brown study.

The daily papers gave various versions of the death of William Van Bergen, on the morning of Thanksgiving day, but there is no doubt that the death was from heart failure brought on by excessive drinking. The student of heredity might find in Will Van Bergen's death subject matter for an interesting analytic essay, for it is well known that the young man's tendency to drink was his by right of inheritance. I remember him in his childhood, a pretty blond boy, and no one could then have predicted such an end for him. Some years ago he married Birdie Uhlhorn, a half-sister of Gertrude Atherton, but they were subsequently divorced. There were counter-complaints but those who lived at the Hotel Pleasanton when the Will Van Bergens were guests at that hostelry said that it was the husband's extreme cruelty, the accompaniment of intemperance, that led to the separation.

Mrs. C. L. Hooe and Mrs. Benjamin Ford arrived from Huntington, West Virginia, this week and are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Raleigh P. Hooe of this city.

A new chapter in the history of Raphael Weill was written on Wednesday evening when that hospitable gentleman entertained a party of friends at dinner. Mr. Weill has given dinners before, but this occasion was an uncommon one. For with the seven masculine guests a feminine element was introduced and as hitherto Mr. Weill has not included ladies fn his invitations the seven that were invited to this dinner rightly felt themselves highly honored. The function was given at the Bohemian club.

IT MAKES ME SAD

(RONDEAU)

IT makes me sad when Markham flings
His clumsy fingers o'er the strings;
But, Jesu! it is like to kill
When Miller—of the worn-out quill—
Begins to write "Uslandish" things.

Each to a jaded jackass clings—
Each thinks his sorry steed has wings;
Though others like their tuneless trill—
It makes me sad.

One wears a bell-decked cap that rings,
The other snivels while he sings;
And though I do not wish them ill,
I feel like saying "Peace, be still!"
Such twaddle little pleasure brings
It makes me sad.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

World of Law

THE JUSTICES OF THE PEACE being exempt from the operation of the charter this year, are enjoying life. That is, with the exception of Judge Kerrigan, who has been seriously ill and is recruiting at Redwood City. Judge Barry dreams of a Superior Judgeship as he sits majestic in court. Judge Groezinger is happy where he is and hopes he will keep his job. Judge Tom Dunn brushes his clothes and adjusts his hair three times a day and reads law in the intervals of judicial administration. Judge G. W. F. Cook spends his time wondering if General Cobb or himself will drop out of the running first.

Apropos of justices of the peace, a good legal friend of mine told me the other day of an extraordinary experience he once had with a Stockton justice, McNoble by name if not by nature. It will be remembered that in Stockton the justices of the peace are paid by fees.

"It was some years ago," said my friend, "at a time when the Bancroft histories were being foisted on the community in sections. People were induced to contract for them, and when the endless stream of volumes rolled out the contracts were in many instances repudiated. Suits were brought, but the victims beat the cases, until the firm of Elliott & Webster, Stockton attorneys, took a hand. They had offices next door to the justice of the peace and they brought all their suits in Stockton township, though the defendants resided in all counties of the state, from Siskiyou to San Diego. They served each man in his own county and took chances on his putting in a general appearance and so waiving the question of jurisdiction. Sometimes they joined with their defendants some person who was a non resident of the State and so squared the jurisdiction business. They would serve people passing through Stockton city on the trains, on the streets, anywhere. And they were quite successful in a number of cases. The justice of the peace stood in on the fees and was growing rich. About that time these attorneys sued a well known commission firm in this city for a small amount. To avoid trouble about the jurisdiction, they joined with the defendant firm three or four Japanese who were said to be non-residents. Well I made up my mind to oppose the jurisdiction of the Stockton court (I was attorney for the firm) and I went up to Stockton for that purpose. I appeared before Justice of the Peace McNoble. The first thing the judge said was:

" 'Who is attorney for the defendant?'

" 'I am,' I replied.

" 'Oh yes. Well, I shall require a deposit of twenty dollars to cover costs.'

" 'Why Judge,' said I in surprise, 'I owe no security for costs. My client has incurred none. Has the plaintiff given security for his costs?'

" 'No, sir,' replied McNoble. 'I know the plaintiff. I don't know you.'

" 'I was mad by then. I said: 'Look here, Judge, I don't trust anyone who won't trust me. I'll pay no twenty dollars.'

" 'Then I'll not try the case,' said McNoble.

" 'But you must,' I insisted.

" 'Finally, after considerable wrangling, McNoble decided to proceed. A witness took the stand and presently I objected to a question the opposing counsel put. The Judge looked at me angrily and said:

" 'I can pay no attention to you, sir. You have not complied with the court's order.'

"I was staggered. 'I thought the case was on trial,' I murmured.

" 'So it is," said the justice, calmly.

"I tried to convince McNoble that he could not try one side of a case without the other, when my client cut short the wrangle by walking up to the judge's desk and slapping down a twenty-dollar gold piece in front of him. The judge took it and put it in his pocket without a word. Then he overruled my objection to my opponent's question, remarking,

" 'There is now nineteen dollars and a half coming to you out of this twenty dollars.'

" 'What on earth for?'

" 'The law allows me to charge a fee of twenty-five cents for every motion and a similar sum for every decision,' was the calm reply. 'Your objection was a motion and my ruling was a decision. That makes fifty cents in all.'

" I saw then that I was pretty badly up against it, but I went on with the case. I put another objection which was overruled, and my client's twenty dollars dwindled down to nineteen dollars. Then I declared I would object no more but would wait for my cross-examination. Presently I had it, and the first question I put my opponent objected. 'Objection sustained," said the judge, and then turning to me, said, 'You have now eighteen dollars and a half left.'

" 'Why,' roared I, jumping up, 'I didn't make that objection.'

" 'No,' said the judge, 'but your opponent did and it was sustained. The cost goes against the unsuccessful party.'

"I gave in then. I said:

" 'I want no more rulings at that price. I submit the case.'

"And, of course, the judge decided against me. I served notice of appeal, of course. Then Judge McNoble pleasantly informed me that he would not transmit the papers until the costs had been paid. I asked him how much the costs would be and he said thirty-six dollars. I fairly laughed, although I was so angry, and asked.

" 'How much will the transcript cost?'

" McNoble replied: 'Six dollars and fifteen cents.'

"I said: 'I'll pay that. Here it is. But I'll pay no more.'

"The judge cooly replied that the statute did not compel him to transmit the papers until 'all' the costs on appeal were paid, and when I asked him if the plaintiff's attorneys had paid anything he said that was his business. The result was that I demanded my six dollars and fifteen cents back. Judge McNoble replied that it was placed to my credit on account of costs, and that when the other thirty

CATARRH CANNOT BE CURED

with LOCAL APPLICATIONS, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in the country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props, Toledo, O.

Sold by druggists, price 75c.

dollars were paid he would transmit the papers in the case.

"Of course I wrote to him formally from San Francisco and demanded the papers or the return of the money; but he would not listen until Superior Judge Budd came to my rescue and compelled him to do his duty. Having given credit to the plaintiff's attorneys he was compelled to transmit the papers."

Judge Hebbard is slowly progressing toward recovery. He is very weak, but the trouble has left his lungs and his head is becoming clearer every day. By the new year he may be able to resume his seat upon the bench in Department Four of the Superior Bench. It will be many moons, though, before he can expect to recover his former strength.

The prevailing topic of the times is the Transvaal war. And the discussion of war makes one think of warriors. And that reminds me that we have a very gallant soldier in our midst at the City Hall. I refer to ex-Governor E. S. Salomon of Washington, at present Assistant District Attorney. He is engaged in the prosecution of Frenna just now. Governor Salomon enlisted as a private in the war and emerged therefrom with the rank of Brigadier-General. He is a Schleswig-Holsteiner by birth, and remembers all about the war between that part of the European continent and Denmark, in 1848. In 1850, when Denmark had proved victorious and had scooped little Schleswig-Holstein into camp, Salomon concluded that America was good enough for him, so he sailed across the pond. He practiced law by and by, and when the war broke out was located at Chicago. One night someone said to him, "Solomon, why don't you go to the war?" He replied, "I would if I could get a commission. I'll enlist anyway, I think. If I do I'll be an officer in a week, for the already appointed officers knew nothing of military tactics, while I spent two years in a military academy. "So he enlisted in a German regiment, stood guard one day and in three days was a lieutenant. Then his regiment was sent to join Grant, then a brigadier-general, commanding the forces in Missouri. Salomon's captain resigning to join the engineer forces, he was appointed in his place. The story of how he became a major is interesting if you can get him to tell it. I heard it once and it ran something like this:

"We were with Grant at a little town called Mexico, in Missouri. Another little town called Paris lay a few miles distant and Hardy's guerillas were raising Cain there. It became necessary to dislodge them. Colonel Hecker of ours was sick at the time, but Grant sent for our major, a man named Kune, and said: 'Take five companies with you and take Paris. Either drive those guerillas out or take them prisoners.' We started, five captains with their companies and Major Kune, a disagreeable fellow. We got to within three miles of Paris when our major fell in with some bum who told him that the guerillas were in port, two thousand strong. Major Kune said we must return and called us captains up. I said, 'Major, I thought General Grant told us to proceed and take the town.' The major savagely replied that it would be impossible and that we must return.

"So I called the captains together and said: 'Look here, we ought not to return. The major's orders were clear and explicit and if he disobeys them he violates his duty and we can impeach him for cowardice.' Three of the captains agreed with me and I informed Major Kune. He grew angry and tried to enforce his commands. We refused to obey and he left for Mexico with the two companies that stood by him. He swore he would have us captains court-martialed and we told him we would do the same by him. I was elected commanding captain of the expedition and with three companies we marched on. We encountered the enemy in the wheatfields just outside of the town but we drove them back and when we reached Paris we found just a few guerillas with rude earthworks thrown up that were settled by a couple of volleys. The result was that we took the town, with one hundred and sixteen homes and two hundred and forty men. We lost only one man killed.

"Well, we drank up all the wine and whisky in the place and then we set out on our return journey to Mexico. We mounted our troops upon the captured horses and let the prisoners walk. When we arrived within sight of the town we were fired on by our own troops in mistake. It was explained afterward that Mayor Kune had reported our capture. General Grant came out of his tent, in his old blue blouse, and asked for my report When I got through he sent for Maojr Kune and after an investigation he demanded his resignation. It was tendered and accepted on the spot and I was promoted to his majority."

General Grant was ever afterward a good friend of Salomon, although the latter left him and served out the rest of the war with Sherman. He was in twenty-three star engagements and had two horses killed under him at Gettysburg. Long years after the war was over, General Grant made him Governor of Washington territory.

THE COURT REPORTER.

CALIFORNIA CHAMPAGNE.

Everybody knows A. Finke's Widow (red seal)—the name stands high among native champagnes. Ernst Schraubtädter and Emile A. Groezinger are proprietors of the Widow, and producers of highest grade Champagnes—at 809 Montgomery street.

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IT MIGHT BE WORSE

"IT might be worse" I hear them cry—
"It might be better" I reply;
This false philosophy they teach,
This bogus comfort that they preach
Are sorry remedies to try.

They never yet had power to buy
A moment's peace. Nor care defy;
Like carrion crows they croak and screech
It might be worse.

Since broke and boozy here I lie
Methinks there is no reason why
I should not for that bottle reach,
'Twill make my bones the sooner bleach.
Though it is corner grocery rye—
It might be worse.

THE BOOZY BARD.

—o—

THE WAY IT'S DONE.

EXTRACT from morning papers the day after Miss Flora Flirt's first appearance in vaudeville: "Miss Flirt, who used to be a favorite actress in the Blank company, duplicated her former successes in her pleasing monologue last night."

Miss Flirt (after reading the above and similar notices on Tuesday morning): "This is very discouraging. Willie Bountiful, the millionaire journalist, told me that if ever I landed in San Francisco just to let him know and he'd see that I got swell press notices I wired him two days ago. He must have a new soubrette, I'll try again."

Message received by Willie in New York, marked "14 collect:"

"No glad hand yet; something must be done or it will be all off."

Dispatch received by Willie's San Francisco representative same day:

"See that Miss Flora Flirt gets good notices in local papers. Charge expense to me." *15 paid*

San Francisco's weeklies later contained beautiful half tone cuts of Miss Flora Flirt in various poses with laudatory notices of her initial appearance as a vaudeville artist.

The Sunday *Squall* contained a full page of portraits of Miss Flirt in her most characteristic poses.

The Sunday *Revealer* contained a two column interview with Miss Flora Flirt, in which she gave her opinions of all the leading lights of the stage

The Sunday *Resume* contained a column and a half biographical sketch of Miss Flirt in which she was compared with Charlotte Cushman, Ada Rehan and Jane Hading, much to the advantage of Miss Flora herself.

The Sunday *Bullet* ran a half page portrait of Miss Flirt and hinted that she was shortly to be led to the altar by the wealthy scion of a noble house.

Results: Vaudeville theatre packed every evening about the time Miss Flora Flirt's act came on. Invitations galore to petits soupers after the theatre, to drives and dinners.

Wire received by Willie Bountiful: "Have made a hit; papers very kind It's up to me when I get home. There'll be a hot time in the ole town, when your baby gets back to her flat, and you can guess who'll be who, you sweet thing! And I'm playing fair, too, for there's nobody like my Willie."—FLO. *53 Collect.*

When Willie was reading the dispatch his old friend, Charley Hammer, was having a large time at Tortoni's and Miss Soubrette was beginning to think that San Francisco wasn't a bit jay.

—THE TENDERLOINER.

—o—

AETERMATH

WHEN all the light grows pale
And the shadows dimly lie—
As vibrate bird-notes fail
Because a dream may die.

When sorrow mute appeals
In darkness of the night—
Some clearer ray reveals
The dawn's redeeming light.

MAUD NEWTON WOODS.

HIS PETITION WAS GRANTED.

"Whenever I see Tommy Goldbug going around with Flossie Prima Donna, I am reminded of my childhood," said the First Clubman.

"In what way?", asked his friend.

"Oh, that little prayer we used to say beginning 'I want to be an angel.' "

THE CHURCHGOER.

—o—

IN CITY STREETS

THE unforgotten gods yet dwell on heights divine,
The spirits of the woodland, wind and wave, still call,
In vain this strife to answer, drugged by common wine,
I hear the rushing and the roar of tongues not mine,
Whose strident clamor uninterpreted must fall.

Yet once I walked in radiant flowery ways,
And saw Love's tender eyes in every blossom blue,
A world of magic splendor held my raptured gaze,
A speech melodious through iridescent days
Within my understanding heart sank clear and true.

The mist-veiled mountains of my hope rise distant far,
With shining shores of recollection chanting near,
From that lost paradise these builded walls debar,
The verdant valleys of sweet peace deserted are
For unfamiliar paths, whose discords wound my ear.

VELIETTE ESTELLE MATHIS.

—o—

NATURE'S GIFTS A DISADVANTAGE

"I an not easily ruffled," said the plump girl.

"So I should judge," returned her thin sister, "therefore it would be impossible for you to follow the latest mode of stays."

She wore silk ruffles in her own corsets.

THE MODISTE.

—o—

This story is told of a New York orchestral conductor: A pretty aspirant was having her voice tried, with view to being admitted into the chorus. The orchestral leader is noted for his weakness toward the fair sex.

How is it? asked the manager.

The conductor caught the pathetic gaze, but he had his duty to perform. He struck three notes on the piano and left the rest to the manager.

The notes were B A D.

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Dramatic World

MELODRAMATIC PRODUCTIONS have come into such disrepute because of the many inferior plays that are brought out that the public has lost confidence in the usefulness of this class of dramatic works and condemns the whole class instead of a certain portion. That there are still a few good melodramas left may be gathered from "The Sporting Duchess" which the Frawley company is now playing at the California theatre. It is more the English sporting sentiment that forms the interesting part of this melodrama. There is no unnecessary coarseness, not an overdose of boisterousness nor any acts tending to branch off the straight track of legitimate dramatic action. It is true, there are some spectacular features, the most prominent of which are the racing scenes and auction sale. But these are introduced more to lend realistic colors to the action than for effect. For instance, at the time of the race it is more the intention of the author to show the excitement that prevails at a moment of such general anxiety than the mere desire to put on a few horses. While the construction of the play does not deviate from the old school of melodramatic climaxes, there is a certain reduction of loud colors which makes it more palatable to the refined literary tongue.

In fact I am afraid that the leading characters of the Frawley company have a wrong idea of this reduction of fervor for they are too subdued altogether. This is especially true of Marian Barney. She is a fine looking woman, but of dramatic temperament she has not the slightest idea. There is a certain dash and vigor lacking which in a melodrama is one of the most prominent features. The same may be said of Francis Byrne, whose Earl of Desborough is a sorry character. Somehow the sap seems to be taken from him and there is no backbone nor vigor left. Neither Miss Barney nor Mr. Byrne is able to make a melodrama very exhilarating. The best artist in the company is J. R. Amory whose Captain Streatfield reminded me of Little Billee in "Trilby"—not so much because of his appearance as because of the purpose of the character. Mr. Amory's intelligent conception of refined humor is a pleasure to witness His lines are delivered with crispness and the unconcerned manner in which he says some really comical things speaks well for his artistic instinct. He is decidedly a most valuable acquisition to the company. Another artist of rare accomplishments is Theodore Hamilton who, in make-up as well as execution, adheres to a realism which seems to be the result of careful study. Surely Mr. Hamilton must have a model for his Joe Aylmer, who is a character which one may observe daily in the thoroughfares of London.

Of course among the women Mary Hampton attracts the keenest attention as she is virtually the successor to Blanche Bates in this company. Her work is imbued with much vim and brilliancy. Her conception of the Sporting Duchess is remarkable because of its aristocratic tendency notwithstanding a resorting to social vulgarisms. She creates a woman who although adopting male habits does not lose altogether her womanliness. Actresses with less knowledge of the stage might overdo this role easily but a woman of Miss Hampton's experience knows better. There is hardly sufficient villainy to Miss Van Buren's Vivian Darville. It may be argued that this is the right conception because a villainess is not always exhibiting the worst sides of her character. This is all very well, but it requires a certain vicious temperament to describe a vicious character and it is this very fierceness which Miss Van Buren lacks at certain moments. About the only thing this able actress does is the smoking of a cigarette. She does this with a certain chic which creates the impression that this young lady and the cigarette are not strangers even away from the boards. I think Harrington Reynolds' conception of a villain is a very correct one. While a woman with evil intentions is very apt to lose her temper occasionally, a man is never ruffled by unforeseen circumstances but he retains his coolness as long as his machinations are at work. This constant control of feeling which Mr. Reynolds is careful to impress upon his characterization is a sign of his fitness for such work.

I am always very much interested in young rising artists, for this reason I was glad to hear that Mr. Frawley had engaged Pearl Landers whose work I have followed for four years past with much delight. No matter where you may place this clever little actress she is right at home, does her work conscientiously and has considerable ideas of her own concerning effective interpretation. Mr. Frawley was lucky when he acquired the services of Pearl Landers for his ingenue—a better one he could hardly have selected. Thanks to a quick wit and natural intellect for dramatic work with which Providence has endowed her, Pearl is ready at any time time to do justice to the most difficult roles. Thus her Anette Donelly becomes a delightful character. It is just the proper partner to Mr. Amory. That these two do not match properly is not so much due to Miss Landers as to the male half of the team. You never fail to understand every word this young prodigy utters and the sense of the lines is always prevalent in her delivery. Considering her youthfulness Miss Landers is the most accomplished ingenue I have ever come across. Her voice which at present sounds somewhat immature will gain in strength the older she becomes and in a few years Miss Landers will count among the foremost ingenues in this country.

The stage management of the Frawley company is entitled to sincere praise. Another feature is the beautiful appearance

Pearl Landers, the Clever Ingenue of the Frawley Company

of all the women in the cast. The company is well balanced and the theatre going public of San Francisco is fortunate to have such a splendid organization just at a time when there is a desert of good dramatic productions. Tomorrow evening the Frawley company will revive "An Enemy to the King" which was given before with Blanche Bates in the leading role.

Orpheum

THE SENSATION this week is Camille d'Arville whose brilliant voice has not yet lost any of its polish. There is a certain smoothness and flexibility in D'Arville's voice which goes straight to the hearts of the auditors and it is very exhilarating to follow the dashing, rhythmic strains of a waltz song as breathed forth by this finished artist who understands so well the true value of each note and notation. Another advantage which D'Arville has over her contemporaries is a correct idea of temperament. She knows where to swell her voice and where to let it depreciate. She is aware of the value of declamation when a certain emphasis should be put upon a spirited phrase, Her versatility is demonstrated by the rendition of a comic opera selection, followed by a coon lullaby and "The Palms" In the last D'Arville proves that she could just as well sing in grand opera as in comic. Her splendid voice has a chance here to spread out and thrill you. It is a magnificent organ and it is not surprising that its possessor has made a success at the Orpheum which but few achieve there. She will remain for another week. The Orpheum management prides itself upon the quality of next week's bill. Beside D'Arville the program will

Thomas H. Persse, who will appear as the Crown Prince in "Her Majesty" at the Grand next week

include Emmonds, Emerson and Emmonds, a comedy trio who will appear in a sketch entitled "Only a Joke." Then there will be the Tennis trio with an original collection of club swinging acts and Jessie Miller, cornetist. The holdovers are A. D. Robbins, Pete Baker, Signor Albini and the biograph.

Alcazar THE feature of this week's performance of "Saints and Sinners" at the Alcazar is Gertrude Foster's clever characterization of Letty Fletcher which reminds one very much of Effie Ellsler in "Hazel Kirke," a somewhat similar character. Miss Foster knows the value of emotional scenes and consequently does her best to keep within the lines of reason and never assume melodramatic attitudes. Aside from this the play is too old to be reviewed in detail, except that one may compliment Frank Opperman, a new member of the Alcazar company, and his intelligent character work as Lot Barden. Next week Francis Powers' new play "Mother Earth" will receive its first presentation. This work is replete with the same adherence to atmosphere which marked the success of "The First Born." Only while the latter pictured the mode of living of the Chinaman, the former endeavors to illustrate the life and habits of the Mexican people. In this the author has succeeded wonderfully well. The plot deals with the fortunes of a betrayed woman whose saint-like character prevents her from taking revenge and whose pain results in self destruction. It is a very strong story. A feature of this play is the incidental music by Emil Bruguiere Jr. In order to bring out all the effects the orchestra has been doubled for this occasion.

Tivoli THE management of the Tivoli has reason to feel proud over the success of its grand opera season. This pride is justified for more than one reason. As an illustration I may cite that various people have come to me and stated that never before did they find enjoyment in grand opera until they attended these performances, after which they became so infatuated with this class of music that they did not miss a performance. Eastern and European visitors have assured me of the fact that nowhere did they attend a production of such uniform efficiency as that at the Tivoli for the price of admission, and that they were astonished to find such excellent work done out here. I say because of these reasons the Tivoli has reason to feel proud and the theatre patrons ought to be grateful for such opportunities as were offered them. With "Pagliacci" and "Cavalleria" this evening and "Othello" to-morrow night this successful season will close. The unwelcome news of the close of the grand opera is made easy by the very welcome news of the return of Teddy Hartman, whose popularity exceeds that of any other Tivoli comedian since Henry Norman's time. It is gratifying to hear that Wheelan will remain and if these two will not move the risibles of the patrons of the Tivoli then they have an incurable dose of melancholia. Annie Meyers is also coming back. Next week the Tivoli will undergo a thorough overhauling. New carpets will be placed and the walls redecorated so that when "Tar and Tartar" has its presentation next Saturday evening the house will present a new appearance. Anna Lichter will be the prima donna of the comic opera season.

Grand Opera House THIS afternoon and evening and tomorrow night will form the last performances of "Evangeline." Monday evening this enterprising house will once more open its portals to local talent, with "His Majesty," by H. J. Stewart and Peter Robertson. As this work was given here before and was then endorsed by press and public as a meritorious creation, it is needless to go into any details. However, a word in praise of the management of the Grand Opera House is not out of place. It is a thing to be grateful for to have in our midst a man who puts his hand into his pocket and generously supports our own talented fellow citizens whose genius has asserted itself on many occasions It is enterprising of a theatrical manager to give such plays a thorough production and thus enhance the value of the work. The energy and generosity of Walter Morosco ought to be recognized and the musical cult of this city should turn out in full force as a tribute to this evident support. Peter Robertson has shown the confidence he possesses in Charles H. Jones, the stage manager of the Grand, by entrusting the libretto to the discretion of this able man. Another of the Grand's luxuriant marches will form a feature of this opera. It is entitled The March of the Royal Pages, to be performed by the Grand's beautiful corps of female soldiers.

Columbia ONE of most the realistic scenes ever presented on a local stage is the battle scene in "Shenandoah" at the end of the third act. The announcements tell about two hundred people and fifty horses which are supposed to take part, but this is evidently an exaggeration. Possibly they include the orchestra and theatrical staff with the stage hands thrown in. Notwithstanding this fact the production is elaborate and worth seeing. The next attraction at the Columbia will be Frederick Warde, together with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune, in a choice repertory including many standard plays and a new play by Espy Williiams, entitled "Fortune's Fool." The advance sale begins Thursday morning.

OSTEOPATHY

The science of osteopathy is only lately becoming well known, but it is steadily gaining in popularity because of its good results. The local institute found its number of patients increasing so rapidly that Dr. J. F. Haney came up from Los Angeles to assist Dr. Moore. Osteopathy uses no drugs, but treats in accordance with nature's laws and methods.

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Music World

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO I SPOKE at length of the encore nuisance in the *Musical Courier* and last week I read in several eastern musical papers that some of the most prominent musical managers in the east have abolished the encore by printing on all their programs a notice to the effect that no encores will be permitted. About a month ago I discussed at length in TOWN TALK the injurious effect of noticing mediocre concerts and now I see in this week's *Musical Courier* that a movement has been started in Germany to induce the critics to ignore all mediocre affairs and pay only attention to the best concerts. Before going any further I want it understood that these statements are not made for the purpose of conveying the fact that these results are to be ascribed to my essays. Fortunately I have not yet reached that stage of conceit where one thinks everything dependent upon one's own word. I leave this to somebody else in this town. But I desire to call attention to the fact that TOWN TALK pays notice to only those topics which are up-to-date and discussed by the entire musical world. And now let us once more review this situation of mediocre concerts.

¶ ¶

A wrong idea is prevalent in this city that music is not appreciated because the public does not support all concerts. And if by chance concerts are supported it is immediately claimed that it is a fad. If this conclusion were correct then every affair attended by large audiences is a fad. For instance, concerts, theatres, art exhibits and other similar events. It is unworthy of any member of a community to dispute the intelligence of his fellowmen. Why cannot I appreciate the quality of a good concert as well as my neighbor? Can I not attend a concert without being accused of following a fad? You have no right to doubt the sincerity of your fellowman unless you have absolute proof of his hypocrisy and an occasional attendance at concerts is not proof for the insincerity of the auditors, on the contrary it shows good common sense. The trouble is that we had such a few good concerts formerly that the public became disgusted and in order to evade mediocrity no concerts were patronized at all. This was sensible. I am one of those who endeavor to encourage students and amateurs as long as they remain within their sphere of action. We have two classes of musicians: the professional and the unprofessional. The former are here for the purpose of imparting a knowledge of the art in various phases, the latter are supposed to absorb and spread this knowledge. Both are necessary for the development of artistic sentiment and hence are entitled to notice by the press. The professional musician —the instructor—is entitled to a remuneration. The unprofessional musician should not demand pay for his services because his is mere missionary work. Beside these two classes we have a third one which should be suppressed and this is the inefficient, unqualified and altogether unuseful musician. The last is the destroyer of all good music, he discourages every progressive tendency, he ruins the reputation of his better colleagues, he is a nuisance and an obstacle which should be wiped off the face of the earth.

¶ ¶

Unfortunately it is this very mediocrity which thinks itself most efficient. It is this very inefficiency which accuses the critics of ignorance because they dare to call attention to such imposition. It is this very stupidity which holds the public aloof from concerts of merit. It is this very imposition which is a curse to the music world at large. The sooner it is smothered the better for music and I shall be very careful in attending to this matter to the best of my ability.

¶ ¶

And while speaking of mediocrity I will again refer to the lack of wisdom which inspires some people to demand encores. There are so few who think seriously over the sad consequences of indiscriminate applause. First it impresses serious musicians with the idea that the audience is made up of ignoramuses, secondly it gives the inferior student a wrong idea of his efficiency and thirdly it is an injustice to the deserving musician who is thus classed with mediocrity. It seems to me the teachers here ought to make a beginning by abolishing the encore at their recitals. If the musical educators of our city do not nurse music who in the world shall? To their care is entrusted the noble duty of fostering artistic sentiments and they should see that nothing occurs which in any way interferes with the pure atmosphere of musical education. The teacher who neglects to root out an evil which is brought to his notice is as guilty as if he had committed an actual offense and he should be treated accordingly. There cannot be any question that indiscriminate applause is injurious to musical progress and the only way in which to root out this evil is to destroy the life-giving centre and abolish the encore. Thus mediocrity being deprived of its supporting medium will soon wither and efficiency will blossom.

¶ ¶

On Thursday evening of last week Nellie Redinger gave an invitational recital at Byron Mauzy hall. One must admit that the girl possesses extraordinary facility for her years and if one may believe reports regarding her lack of experience in study her playing approaches the wonder children sphere. She certainly should be taken care of by some competent teacher who can make something of her. I have been asked to write a criticism on the girl's playing, but I must refuse to do so. Let her take instruction for a few years and acquire some solid knowledge of the rudiments of piano playing; then there will be time enough to devote some earnest criticism to her.

¶ ¶

The testimonial concert tendered A. J. Kelleher by his many friends on Friday evening of last week was a very successful affair. Messrs Bendix and Landsberger played the Andante and Finale of Rubinstein's violin and piano sonata in A minor very effectively. Both these gentlemen are two of San Francisco's most prominent musicians. They are entitled to a great deal of recognition because they are earnest, energetic and serious. There is no make believe in either of them, but they attend to their work with an enthusiasm that reveals their unselfish love for the art. While a musician is supposed to play music in order to make a living, this does not mean that he must become so greedy that he does not make a step without asking remuneration. I maintain that the profession of musicians and scientists should not be put on the same basis with commercial enterprises. You may work for money in music, but there are times when you must make concessions to the true spirit of art and any musician who is unwilling to do this should be regarded like the merchant who desires double and triple profits on his merchandise. These remarks are made to show the difference between a musical artist and a musical merchant. Messrs Bendix and Landsberger belong to the former class. In order to avoid a misunderstanding I want to add that these remarks should not be construed as meaning that the participants at Mr. Kelleher's concert were not paid—I am totally ignorant of the nature of the arrangements. But I know that any of these two gentlemen would be willing to give their services gladly when the art itself demanded them to do so. Mrs. C. J. Wetmore who was the vocalist has a very strong contralto voice which could have been trained for operatic purposes. It is a naturally big voice and the lady shows that she has an inborn talent for interpretation. The program in full was as follows: Violin and piano, Rubinstein, (Andante and Finale from Sonata A Minor), Messrs Bendix and Landsberger; vocal solo, "Aria from the Queen of Sheba" Gounod, Mrs. C. J. Wetmore; violin solo, Hungarian rhapsodie, Hauser, Mr. Nathan Landsberger, harp solo, "Il Papagallo" Parish-Alvers, Madame Breitschuck--Marquardt; vocal solo, "Spring," Maude V. White, Mrs C. Wetmore; piano solo, "Midsummer Night's Dream," Mendelssohn--Liszt, Mr. Otto Bendix; sketch from the "Widow's Bewitched," Mr. and Mrs A. J. Kelleher. Accompanist and director Dr. H. J. Stewart.

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3:30to 4:30

Last Friday evening I attended a little re-union of what is called the "Lobster club." It must not be inferred from this that the members are "lobsters," but they are a congenial lot whose ideal is good music. That I was astonished over the number of excellent voices which this club possesses would be expressing myself very mildly—I was thunderstruck. In this very organization are San Francisco's best singers. There is Ben Tarbox, a talented young man with a baritone of excellent timbre and rich quality. He sings with much judgment, too, and would be a fine acquisition to any concert. But he seems to prefer blossoming in obscurity. It is perhaps better so, for among a circle of friends who know music he will be better appreciated than in public where those who know least pretend to know most. This same club includes such talent as Frank Thompson, who has a magnificent bass voice; Frank Coffin, George McBride, Harry Brown, A. Abramoff and S. Homer Henley. The guests who sang were Winfred Goff of the Grand Opera House, who sang the Torreador song in his usual finished style, and Henry McCauley who, although but a short time in town, has been appointed tenor at Trinity church, one of the most responsible church positions in San Francisco. Other participants in the program were: Messrs. Kennedy and Sagar, Herbert E. Ely, Oscar Frank, Wm H. Brown and J. F. Fleming. The accompanists were: Maurice E. Kramer, Charles O. Henley and Harry Brown. While I listened to Mr. Abramoff's singing I was compelled to admire this efficient vocalist whose voice has a resonance and power which make a deep impression. He sang the Invocation from "Robert Le Diable" magnificently.

The third concert of Holmes' series of chamber music concerts took place at Century hall last Tuesday. There was a lack of rehearsals noticeable. Mr. Holmes being an experienced musician who has the classical works at his finger tips may be able to overcome all difficulties with ease. But this cannot be said of all the members of the quartet, hence a lack of clear execution was noticeable which is rather disagreeable in a concert of this kind. The best selection was the Schumann quintet in E flat with Miss Ernestine Goldmann at the piano. The lady is an ensemble player of much ability. Her attack is dainty and her technic careful. But unfortunately the string playing of the quartet obscured her finest work. With a second violin like Wismer's it is a mistake to place the first violin and cello in front of the second violin. I think a much better effect could be obtained if Mr. Wismer sat opposite Mr. Holmes and Mr. Mansfeldt in the back next to Wismer. In the present position it is impossible to distinguish always the second violin and viola. The vocalist was Harry Girard. He has an impressive baritone and sings with much temperament. However he was hampered by an inexperienced accompanist whom he no doubt looked up at the last moment. I must therefore defer further criticism till next time.

A concert which I listened to with pleasure was that given by Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Gutterson at Byron Mauzy hall last Tuesday evening. Mr. Gutterson is a cellist of fine accomplishments. His particular strength is in execution. His interpretation is delicate and refined and he leads a very graceful bow. He obtains a tone of much richness and shows a temperament of considerable impressiveness. I consider Mrs. Gutterson one of the best pianists in this city, indeed I have heard so far but few that equal her. Her attack besides being firm is imbued with a certain delicate character that makes it particularly pleasing to the ear. Her technic is fluent, careful and exceedingly accurate. She interprets with refinement and shows her musical talent by a strict adherence to appropriate coloring. Most assuredly Mrs. Gutterson is an excellent artist. These two artists were assisted by Robert Lloyd who possesses a splendid baritone which he uses with much care.

The regular faculty recital of the Von Meyerinck School of Music will take place next Thursday evening. The evening will be devoted to compositions by the modern classics and H. M. Bosworth will give a practical explanation of his Harmonic Cycle. I would advise all music students and musicians interested in progressive art to attend this lecture of Mr. Bosworth's. Put aside for once your little prejudices and make your mind accessible to modern ideas of practical knowledge. Hereditary formulæ may be all right but in this age of enlightenment it is necessary to imbibe new ideas. I have repeatedly stated that Mr. Bosworth's cycle is a great discovery and I still maintain it after more careful investigation. It will be worth anybody's time to hear what Mr. Bosworth himself has to say on this subject

A musical department has been added to the Von Meyerinck School of Music the purpose of which is to train musical educators. Miss Helen M. Anderson is the head of this department. The training of teachers is affected by practical means, namely, children classes. All members of the musical department will have an opportunity to study the art of teaching practically and particular attention will be paid to fundamental work.

I am in receipt of three vocal selections from J. Minkowsky's opera, "The Smugglers of Badayez." They are real gems and bear out fully the enthusiastic comments of the eastern critics. The Doll Song is particularly clever. It is a lullaby and through it runs that strain of romantic character which makes a lullaby so dear to the heart of a true musician. It is written both for soprano and alto. True romantic music is also to be observed in the solo entitled "Love Is a Mixture." Patriotic fervor is introduced in "A Soldier's Life Is One of Strife." The opera is published by the Edward Schuberth & Co., of New York and London. It seems these three songs gained the most popularity.

There is a wrong idea prevalent in some quarters of the musical contingent that ragtime is an illigitimate child of the art of music. On the contrary ragtime may be as good music as the best works, and as a proof I am in receipt of a new two-step march (commonly known as the "cake walk") in ragtime by Kerry Mills, whose "Georgia Camp Meeting" is yet green in the memory of everybody. The title of the piece "Impecunious Davis" is rather uninviting, but the music is good, containing that exhilarating spirit embodied in all ragtime melodies. I may add that this song is not to be compared to a love song; it is a two-step plain and simple. It is published by F. A. Mills, New York.

I desire to attract the attention of my musical readers to the concert to be given by Mrs. J. E. Birmingham at Sherman-Clay hall next Tuesday evening. The lady is an apostle of true art. She never promises anything that she cannot fulfill and in the execution of the masters' best creation she is faithful, earnest and discriminating. I see so much of this make-believe and exaggeration in San Francisco that it is quite a relief to find an exception now and then. One of the most enjoyable affairs I ever attended in my life was the last song recital of Mrs. Birmingham. The program was so choice and interesting, the numbers were so delicately rendered and there was over all a spirit of pure artistic sentiment which exercises an elevating influence over its surroundings. I was right glad to attend that concert and I am sure that hundreds of sincere musical enthusiasts hail with delight the announcement of Mrs. Birmingham's musical evening. ALFRED METZGER.

At the thirty-sixth concert of the Music Teachers' Association of California to be given next Tuesday evening in Kohler-Chase hall, the program will be: Remarks, by the president, Madame Coursen-Roeckel; Romanza, B. C. Gauconier, for two solo violins, string quartet and piano, T. D. Herzog's Ensemble club, violins, Marie Abeille, Annie Benson, Minnie Van Doren and Charles Carran; viola, Geddes Lyle; 'cello, R. C. McLean; contralto, Gloomy Jarboe and Marina, Miss Elena Roeckel; lecture, "Music and Musicians in San Francisco," Dr. H. J. Stewart; baritone, Cradle Song, Sweetbrier and The Captain's Lady, Wallace A. Sabin, S Homer Henley; Etude, Am Bache and Espenlaub, Emil Sauer, Pianola; vocal, Cantabile Samson and Dalila, Saint-Saens, Avanera from Carmen, Bizet, Madame Coursen-Roeckel, accompanied by the Æolian orchestrelle, pianola and æolian, operated by R. Geo. Green.

Another composition of much merit that came to hand lately is a song by Victor Kemp, entitled "I cannot Tell," published by Sherman, Clay & Co. It is a tenor solo which was recently sung with great success by Tom Greene at the Tivoli,

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and which is entitled to all the enthusiasm it called forth. It is ably constructed, and although manifestly good music, it has a tendency to become very popular. Harry Girard of this city, the able baritone and good musician, is altogether too modest in hiding his real name beneath the nom-de-plume of Victor Kemp.

¶ ¶

The Town and Gown club of Berkeley gave a musicale on Monday last, which was a brilliant success. The occasion being the first in the new club-house, the Music committee exerted itself to the utmost in regard to the decorations, to the comfort of the audience and to the elaborate elegance of the music selected. The scheme of decoration was one of bold effects in autumn richness and tints. Branches of fig-trees laden with the fruit under the broad green leaves, clusters of scarlet and yellow leaves and variegated grasses were arranged with infinite taste over the heavy redwood beams of the interior. Some fine brasses and rich rugs also harmonized in the color effects. The audience, which filled every part of the house, was conspicuously fashionable, many guests from the Oakland clubs and from San Francisco being present beside a representative Berkeley audience. The program was delightful, memorable, ennobling and was faithfully and artistically presented by Mrs. Fannie Meyer-Ellis, pianiste; A. Horatio Cogswell, baritone; Raymond Carter, flutist; A. R. Salz, violinist; E. G. Kuster, violoncellist, and F. G Goodenow, pianist. Mrs. Ellis is a thorough artist, and plays Beethoven with a deep comprehension of his greatness; indeed, Mrs Ellis is a player of marvelous versatility and in her selections in Monday's program from Beethoven, Schubert, Chopin, Henselt, Statkowski, she ran the whole gamut of emotions with ease and skill. As a young girl Miss Fannie Meyer (Mrs. Ellis) played in public constantly with great success. Having lived abroad much of her time since her marriage, there has been no opportunity for our later and younger pianists to hear this finished technician, but as she has returned to reside in San Francisco concert-

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goers may soon have the pleasure of hearing the lady. Mr. Carter, accommpanied by Mrs. Ellis, gave two charming flute soli, from the first and second Beethoven symphonies, playing with fine expression. Mrs. Ellis' rendition of the Ballade in F minor (Chopin) called forth most enthusiastic applause. Mr. Cogswell, who possesses a magnificent baritone, sang the grand old aria, "It is Enough," from "Elijah," with rare musical perception. Mr. Cogswell is a very young man, a student in his senior year in the university, and one feels safe in predicting for him a successful career upon the operatic or concert stage if he should so desire. His work reveals thought that enables him to grasp the dramatic meaning of song and poem and elaborate it until it becomes a personal experience. The encore, "Lord God of Abraham," was delivered with classic purity. Later in the program Mr. Cogswell sang Schubert's Erlking with dramatic fire and effect. The Ressiger Trio in E major, op. 85, was exquisitely played by Messrs. Salz, Kuster and Goodenow, and so delighted were the ladies that even though the selection was a long one, and the afternoon growing dark, they insisted on a repetition of the second movement in which Mr. Kuster's soulful 'cello sings so beautifully. The members of the committee in charge of the day were: Mrs. J. M. Pierce, chairman; Mrs. F. H. Payne, Mrs. Clinton R. Day, Mrs. Armin O. Leuchner and Miss Clara Pearne.

¶ ¶

The Byron Mauzy musical evenings grow in favor and popularity. A large audience greeted Mrs. Gutterson, pianist, Mr. Gutterson, 'cellist, and Robert Lloyd last Tuesday evening. The following program was delightfully rendered: Sonata, 'cello and piano, op. 45, Mendelssohn; Cantique de Noel, Adam; Kol Nidrei, Bruch; Scherzo, op. 31, Chopin; Yeoman's Wedding Song, Poniatowski; Polonaise, 'cello and piano, op. 3, Chopin. Next Friday Bernhard Mollenhauer will give a pupils' recital at the same hall.

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World of Letters

IN DISCUSSING Horace Annesley Vachell's novel "A Drama in Sunshine" in the Sunday *Bulletin*, John Hamilton Gilmour lately said: Mr. Vachell is an Englishman and has lived in the south for some years. He knows, judging from his book, very little of the life of our city people, nor does he seem to have acquired a very strong insight into the lives of the people who live upon our ranches. In truth, there is little sympathy in his book, and underlying the current of his tale there is the tide of disfavor. * * * The trouble with a book of this kind is that it is likely to hurt our reputation abroad." There is much more with quotations to substantiate the strictures, and John Hamilton Gilmour's remarks generally ring true. And yet it is but yesterday that Vachell was hailed as *the* novelist of California, and praise enough could not be lavished upon the "The Procession of Life." Vachell and everyone else, appears to have forgotten that weak though sensational effort entitled "The Quicksands of Pactolus.' It is quite evideut that "A Drama in Sunshine" is meant for perusal elsewhere than in California. We are supposed to be lost in admiration of ourselves as depicted by Bret Harte and his imitators and the thing has gone on so long without protest that a story of our state which does not bring in a highway robbery, a lynching, or a few bloody murders with conversations plentifully besprinkled with profanity and the stock Spanish of the buccaneer-bandit stripe would not be sufficiently "realistic" to please some of our eastern cousins—not to mention those on the other side of the herring pond. A good many years ago, somewhere in the late 70's, I found myself dumped down at a wretched little cross-roads hotel with several hours to while away waiting for a stage connection. Among the literary treasures of the place I unearthed a single number of an English magazine which contained the opening chapters of a story of California life. The tale was introduced by the description of a gambling scene in Baldwin's saloon in Sansome street, where neither expense nor imagination had been spared, plate glass in windows and mirrors, of course, gorgeous paintings, plush, marble, and all the usual novelistic luxuries galore. The men sat absorbed in their game, before the uncurtained windows on the ground floor in full view of pedestrians, with no smaller coins than double eagles. They were a lot of mixed pickles—red-shirted miners, black-coated preachers, caballeros in velvet and silk as well as wrapped in serapes. Spurs jingled at their heels and their horses stood hitched in the street. A dispute at one of the tables brought out the ever ready revolver but the bullets which crashed through the windows caused neither gamesters nor passers to turn their heads, while the body of the dead man was simply pushed from underfoot to make room for the next player. Into this assemblage came a young caballero in all the stock properties of his character. He was a she in disguise but his immediate business was to exchange some thousands of dollars in gold coin for Bank of England notes, which could be more easily and safely carried on a belated and dangerous horseback ride to the Mission, which was miles away and to be reached by a bandit-infested road over a narrow neck between the bay and the ocean. I remember also that some of the gamblers became interested in a turkey-shoot which was going on at "Bird Point" and which they viewed from the Sansome street saloon through opera glasses. It promised to be a thrilling romance, a veritable "shilling shocker" and I have regretted many times that I noted neither title nor author, nor even the magazine, but I can imagine the good British matrons supping full on horrors, and devoutly giving thanks that they were safely bestowed in their own "right little tight little island." At the same time I suspect that a good many descriptions of foreign life written by Americans abroad are no more reliable.

———

W. Robert Nicoll does not favor the idea of selling books through newspapers—a business which he says is a comparative failure in England, except with regard to dictionaries and books of reference. "It seems very unfortunate that books are not distributed as they should be, through booksellers. The difficulty is that the great discount booksellers will not join trades-unions or work with them." They seem to have more dissatisfaction in the book-trade over there than in our own country. It is only a little while ago that publishers and retailers were at war on the subject of discounts. The Publishers and Booksellers association went so far as to demand that net books must be sold at published prices under penalty of refusal of trade terms.

———

THE SHADOW OF QUONG LUNG, Dr. C. W. Doyle's new book, is made up of five short stories of varying length, each complete in itself, yet all bound together by the common thread, the overshadowing influence of Quong Lung, "a graduate of Yale, a barrister of the Inner Temple, London—and a man who knew and ordered many things in Chinatown."

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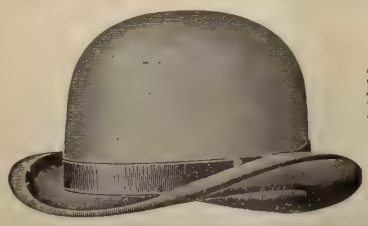

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Dr. Doyle evidently knows both Chinatown and the Chinese character. His are not the meek and gentle martyrs so often set forth by easily deceived missionaries He gives us a picture of the subtle, scheming, crafty heathen who, in spite of his American and English education, is still an Oriental, and though the incidents which serve as plots to the stories are less common now than in the days that preceded the passing of the Exclusion Act, Californians, and more particularly San Franciscans, need not rack their brains to recall what was so common an occurrence—a man found murdered in a street which was apparently deserted; or one in the throes of death silently laid upon the sidewalk and left to die alone; or loathsome lepers shut away into basements and sub-cellars. Several of these tales have appeared elsewhere, two of them having been awarded prizes. "The Wings of Lee Toy" appeared in the *Examiner* in 1897, having been adjudged the best of those entered for competition at Christmastide of that year, while "The Seats of Judgment" was awarded the same honor by the *Argonaut* in 1898. "The Illumination of Lee Moy" was published in a comparatively recent number of *Lippincott's* magazine. There are many passages which may serve to enlighten good people elsewhere as to the peaceable character of the various Chinese societies, as for example: "When Quong Lung and Lee Moy reached their destination a lady in the room below, to an organ accompaniment, was singing 'The Voice that Breathed O'er Eden,' to the entire amusement of the assembled cut-throats who smiled blandly whilst they swore untranslatable oaths" It may surprise some people that Dr. Doyle should represent a Chinese servant as admitted so fully into the inner sanctuary of a household as is set forth in the story of "The Wings of Lee Toy," but as a matter of fact, even greater confidence was reposed in these yellow subordinates, and it took years of experience to convince some people that they were not veritable yellow angels. In the tale which gives title to the volume is introduced a new character in fiction—the Chinese letter-writer. One slight error easily corrected in future editions has crept in, that is in referring to the old plaza as Union Square instead of Portsmouth. It can easily be corrected in future editions, of which San Francisco should prove appreciative enough to consume at least one. After the success of "The First Born" and "The Cat and the Cherub," there would be nothing surprising if some enterprising manager should stage "The Shadow of Quong Lung." There is more consistency to it than to several others which have had a measure of success in dramatized form, though the stories are all tragic. It might have the effect of convincing others that "the best thing to do with Chinatown is to burn it down." The dedication is to "Ambrose Bierce, the gentlest, the bravest, and the kindest of men," and the volume is from the press of J. B. Lippincott.

THE BOOKWORM.

Alessandro Guido, an Italian poet of the seventeenth century, is said to have died of apoplexy, the stroke being caused by the discovery of a typographical error in a sumptuously printed volume of his poems which he was about to present to the Pope. It is well that the literati of the present age are less sensitive, else we might find ourselves bereft in a day of all our leading lights. On the other hand, some writers are so exacting and "cranky" about their printed work, in addition to turning in such blind copy that the printer-man might be driven to the crime of inventing an o or an s in order to bring about the "happy dispatch" in which case no jury of his fellow craftsmen could be found willing to censure him.

In order to accommodate members of clubs and others who could not attend lectures on Monday afternoons, Miss Eliza D. Keith has changed the date of her "talks" to Wednesdays. Nevt week the topic will be "Poems of Helen Hunt Jackson."

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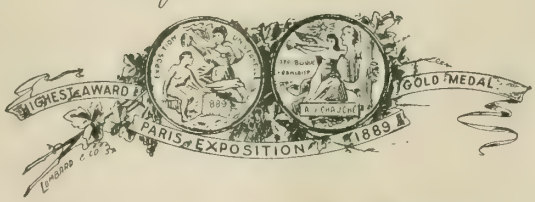

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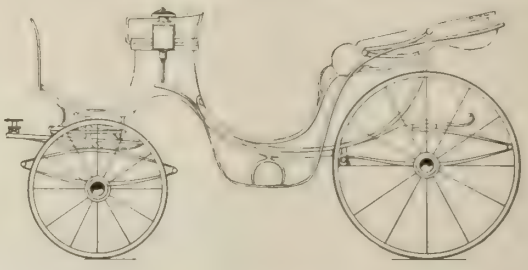

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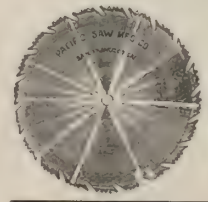

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, December 9, 1899

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OUR OPINION

Evolution of The Poster Art.

THE evolution of the poster art keeps pace with that of the dramatic. The indecent drama breeds the vulgar poster, and the more accustomed we become to indecency on the stage, the greater license are we willing to give to the poster artist. Hence it is that our dead-walls are becoming as daringly illustrated as the most piquant of the Parisian weeklies. We were shocked in a mild way some years ago when the brazen beauty in fleshings winked at us from the dead walls, but as she was in keeping with the spirit of the burlesque she served to advertise we soon learned to look upon her without alarm. Later on she posed as a high kicker to advertise various brands of wine and no one outside of a New England village thought of protesting. But, a few years ago, when a tobacco firm borrowed from the animal kingdom to make a vulgar display, the supervisors, virtuous in naught save their intolerance of indecency, passed an ordinance prohibiting bill posting of the variety that tended to corrupt the community. But municipal ordinances stay not the evolution of the poster art. Along comes "The Sporting Duchess" company, and behold the dead-walls covered with pictures and inscriptions explanatory of certain scenes such as: "That woman is my husband's mistress," and "she was registered at the hotel as my husband's wife," or words to that effect. Perhaps those are the most striking and important scenes in the play, but that is not a sufficient reason for forcing them on the attention of school children and probably creating the impression that such matters are themes of general and polite conversation. But the drama is broadening our ideas and dulling our sense of propriety. What we are willing to listen to in the theatre we are willing to have disseminated by the bill poster.

Have Mummers A Sense of Humor?

AN Eastern writer confesses that he doubts whether actors and actresses are endowed with a sense of humor. He would like to know whether that particular sense is incompatible with the histrionic art. The average comedian would indignantly resent the imputation that he was devoid of a sense of humor. He thinks that because he is paid a salary for being funny that his sense of humor is very highly developed, but mummers, without exception, take themselves so seriously off the stage that laymen who spend a little time in their company are invariably struck by their preponderating conceit which always betokens a lack of that fine sense. If actors were endowed with that most valuable of all possessions they would prate less abont their art, and appreciate more readily the absurdity of their pretensions. They would extract amusement from the attentions of the silly and impressionable matinee girl instead of blissfully and nonchalantly inhaling the incense which she burns. The actor that accepts hospitality with the air of one who feels that he is most generous when he vouchsafes the opportunity to worship him is not possessed of a sense of humor. Probably it is a wise provision of Providence which deprives the profession of a sense of humor for fear that otherwise many of its members might lose interest in their art. If the average successful actor suddenly discovered that true greatness was not evidenced by aristocratic deportment in a drawing room scene he would feel like undertaking to make an honest living in a less conspicuous way.

The Scorcher And The Apathetic Copper

DURING the last few weeks a number of communications have appeared in the daily papers relative to the rights of wheelmen. To the average citizen it appears to be high time for someone to make inquiry as to the rights of pedestrians. There are many people who have practically ceased to visit the park because they do not care to go out in the early hours of the morning and prëempt a position in which they must remain all day, and the nervous strain resulting from the efforts to dodge bicyclists, especially if there are children's lives and limbs to be considered, counterbalances the good which a day in the open air might otherwise accomplish. The woman is both brave and bold who will venture to cross one of our down town streets unless under the guardianship of a police officer and when Mr. Wheelman elects to walk, people who keep to the sidewalks must make way for him to lead his bicycle amongst them. In the outskirts of the city it is even worse, and especially after nightfall. The streets are none too well lighted and the unwary foot traveler that escapes the merry footpad is lucky if he does not encounter the scorcher. No bicyclist condescends to carry a lamp or use a bell, but considers that he has made sufficient of a concession if he occasionally shouts a "hey there!" to the trespasser upon his domain. The question of speed is simply how fast he can go, and long immunity from arrest has made him oblivious to all legal regulations. One cannot make a

general complaint, and as well arrest and identify a moonbeam as a dark streak that shoots past one at a twelve to fifteen mile an hour gate. Every now and then we have a "cyclone of accidents" as the pious Mr. Vining euphemistically designates the outcome of gross carelessness. Then there is a spasmodic enforcement of the laws, for which the wheelman openly vaunts his contempt by clanging dinner bells of the cow county pattern, and slowing down to a snail's pace whenever he sees an opportunity to obstruct traffic. In a week's time he has exhausted his penchant and the old state of affairs again prevails—a suffering public and a studiously indifferent police force.

The Olympian Directors and Their Little Grievance.

THE directors of the Olympic Club erred in permitting themselves to be drawn into a controversy with the college football players over the question of reciprocity in the matter of courtesy. They should never have solicited free tickets to the football game but having done so and failing to get them they should have held their peace. In reminding the management of the football contest of the courtesy due, the Olympic club directors were guilty of a gross violation of the proprieties. The granting of a favor does not imply that reciprocation is expected. The extending of a courtesy involves no obligation upon the recipient. When the Olympic directors extended the courtesy of the club to the college football players they probably thought that they would be saved the price of admission to the Thanksgiving day game, but it was undignified for them to suggest that they should be permitted to deadhead their way into the grounds. It is evident that the deadhead habit is assuming alarming proportions when the directors of a fashionable club are not reluctant to put themselves on record as being addicted to it. The show business suffers more in San Francisco than in any other city in the world from the habitual deadhead. There are people of high station in this city who are proud of their ability to defraud the box-office. They are always seeking amusement with the aid of free passes, and yet if they were accused of being vulgar deadbeats, which they are, they would become highly indignant. They would scorn to be known by saloon keepers as free drink patrons, and yet they are no better.

Gage and the Extra Session

PREVIOUS to the election of Mr. Gage of Los Angeles to the office of Governor his reputation was confined to the citrus belt. When he was elected, people beyond the confines of the citrus belt were curious to know something about the character of the man who had been honored with the high office. All that they could learn was that he was "a firm man." By that was meant that the most salient feature of his character was firmness; that when he had resolved to do anything he could be swerved by neither threats nor cajolery. Governor Gage likes to be known as "a firm man" and he frequently refers to himself as such. He believes himself to be his own ideal and it would be difficult to disillusion him. But, notwithstanding his self-conceded stiffness of vertebræ the Governor appears to be in need of bracing for the purpose of convening the legislature in extra session. If he were entitled to the reputation for firmness which his friends have touted so industriously he should not require a stimulant at this time. He wants to call an extra session, but he does not like to shoulder the responsibility. He has therefore requested his friends to provide a pretext, and they have done so by representing that the water front is in urgent need of improvement. He does not realize that he is hoodwinking nobody but himself. Everybody knows that Gage is intent upon securing the election of Dan Burns to the United States Senate, and that that is the object he has in view in trying to provide a pretext for the calling of an extra session. If his backbone were all right he would not need a pretext, and he would be willing to face the consequences that are bound to ensue. If he issue the call he will be execrated from one end of the state to the other, and the pretext will cut no figure, and when his term of office is over he will sink into the oblivion of his private law practice in Los Angeles. We have seen enough of Gage to know that whatever else he may be he is not a large man. The wings of his ability never justified a flight to the height which he has reached.

Virtuous Influence of The New England Fireside

"THE New England home has sent out greater, better men than the universities. What California needs, what San Francisco needs, is the home, the motherhood and fatherhood which bring the children up in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord.'" This from the Reverend William Rader in the course of one of his recent sermons—another quite uncalled for fling at the imaginary shortcomings of our state. The fashion was probably set as long ago as 1836, when Richard Henry Dana, in his "Two Years Before the Mast," wrote: "In the hands of an enterprising people what a country this might be! Yet how long would a people remain in such a country? The Americans (as those from the United States are called) and Englishmen who are fast filling up the principal towns and getting the trade into their hands, are indeed more industrious and effective than the Spaniards; yet their children are brought up Spaniards in every respect and if the 'California fever' (laziness) spares the first generation, it always attacks the second." 1836 is a long time ago. The grandchildren of those first settlers are now taking hold of affairs, with a great sprinkling of the great grandsons to the fore, and if they are suffering to any great extent from the "California fever," what ails the rest of the country? One of the argonauts, himself a New Englander, who was fond of discoursing lengthily upon the comparative morality of our coast and that of the North Atlantic, used to insist that the whole matter was a question of poverty and the family fireplace. He has spent his later years in Honolulu, and is more than ever wedded to his peculiar doctrine of "fire worship," for he now declares that four months of New England winter every year would do more to regenerate the Kanakas than all the preach-

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ing of all the missionaries who are likely to invade the islands while there is a drop of native blood left. And indeed our argonaut is not solitary in his belief, for the elder Hawthorne, Donald G. Mitchell, Charles Dudley Warner and other great lights of literature wrote much and often of the influence of the hearthstone and the fireside. The pioneer above referred to held that the cold climate made it necessary to seek both warmth and shelter during a good part of the year, while the poverty of the people did not permit the expense of more than one fire. As a result the younger members of the community were kept more closely under the eye of their elders than would otherwise be the case. They simply have not the opportunity, whatever might be their inclination, to indulge in forbidden pastimes. On the other hand, parents are supposed to time conversations and occupations to the exigency of circumstances, mindful of the bright eyes and sharp ears of their offspring, so that what is usually credited to innate godliness and inheritance from Puritan ancestry is nothing more than the necessity for keeping warm. Thomas Wentworth Higginson wrote in one of his historical articles the opinion that many of the "blue laws" and minute regulations of personal conduct in the "Messianic times" of the colonies were enacted not so much from a desire to have a finger in every pie, as from actual need of such restrictions. There is a certain glamour over the history of the New England colonies. All our writers and preachers appear to consider it necessary to represent the early settlers as saints on earth, and their homes as gateways of heaven. In reality they were no better than their times—the times of the Stuarts. Mrs. Hemans' "Landing of the Pilgrims is to blame for much of this false sentiment. So far from having "Left untouched what there they found, Freedom to worship God," that was the one thing they did not do. Roger Williams, Anne Hutchinson, Jacob Wheelright, the Quakers, the Catholics and the Dutch Reformed are a few who can bear eloquent testimony as to the "freedom" they were accorded. The immigration to Plymouth was simply the result of their own quarrelsome dispositions and the "freedom" they sought was freedom to do as they pleased and force everyone else to give into them. As the "Widow Bedott" stated it, they believed in election and damnation; election for themselves and damnation for every one else—and many of their descendants have not altered the creed an iota.

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The Saunterer

NEVER IN THE social history of San Francisco do I remember a time when so many cliques were obliged to mingle on friendly terms. Time was when the only outsiders admitted were of the masculine gender—dancing men. But there has come to be a scarcity of buds as well of men who will submit to being danced with. This season the railroad set, which used to be quite distinct from the smart set proper, has been admitted into the inner circle. Three of the '99 débutantes are from the railroad set and a large proportion of the membership roll of La Jeunesse dancing club contains names that are familiar in the annals of "the railroad."

The different cliques, while they meet on equal ground at the dancing classes, and sip punches and ices at the same "at homes," are by no means on terms of intimacy when it comes to calling at each others' houses. I know of one bud who has not even a bowing acquaintance with three others of the débutantes. Last season, at each of the teas given to introduce a bud, the other buds assisted in receiving. This year, such a mode was rendered impossible because of the fact that some of the débutantes were unacquainted with the others. It shows what a radical spirit prevails in society when the lines are drawn so loosely. Whether this is for good or ill I cannot determine.

Speaking of teas, there have been so many of this class of function given that the winter of '99 promises to go down in the social annals as a "tea season." And hostesses are finding it difficult to improvisn something new in the way of refreshment. Thie slices of bread and butter, cakes, tea and chocolate à l'Anglais, salads, ices, coffee a l'Américaine—there is little variety in such a program. To vary the monotonous ménu, one hostess who comes of a family which has a genius for evolving originalities, served nothing but punch at the tea she gave early in the season. Nobody has forgotten this affair, for they still remember the magnificent punches served. The guests drank punch all the afternoon, and some of them expressed a desire to stay when the time came for departure. One young woman, in speaking afterwards of this affair, remarked that it was a jolly function, quite the pleasantest tea she had ever attended, the refreshment was superb but unfortunately some of the guests mentioned feeling "a bit dizzy" when it was over.

If all marriages are made in heaven the handiwork of Providence is susceptible of improvement.

A two-volume novel might be written about the complications that have arisen since the late Captain Jerome B. Cox began his suit against the late Charles McLaughlin, including the murder of the latter by the former, and the present sub-suit brought by Cox's daughters against Abner Doble. The book would be of especial interest, no doubt, to San Franciscans, but the Cox-McLaughlin-Delmas-Doble case holds sufficient material to keep the pen of a James Payn or Julian Hawthorne busy for a year. The saddest part of the entire case, which has extended in its entanglement over thirty-four years, was the death of the plaintiff before he had time to enjoy any of the financial benefits that finally accrued to him. And his best loved daughter, the youngest of three, died of grief superinduced by the shooting of the capitalist, McLaughlin, by her father.

"Will Gladden the Hearts of Children"

THE RAG TAGS

BY ARTHUR M. LEWIS

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The death of Charles Coghlan seems to have come heaviest upon his sister, Rose Coghlan, who had been his most devoted friend for years. During the financial reverses that fell upon the actor, his sister was at all times ready to help him with both advice and money. And during the matrimonial complications that threatened to swamp him not very many years ago, it was Rose who finally solved the difficulty for the unconscious bigamist. Charles Coghlan's marriages are of especial interest to San Franciscans because of Kühne Beveridge, Mrs Coghlan No. 2, as the New York papers called her, to distinguish her from Mrs. Coghlan No. 1, the mother of Gertrude Coghlan, the charming young actress who was in the support of her father in "The Royal Box."

Nobody ever understood exactly what means were taken to have the affair finally settled. Mrs. Coghlan No. 1 had no marriage certificate but, supported by her husband's sister in claiming her rights and backed up her lovely young daughter, Charles finally banished his new bride from his bedside, where he lay ill unto death, and let the older woman assume control. Kühne Beveridge went abroad again to continue her sculpture studies and later returned to open a studio in New York . She seems to have given herself wholly up to her art of late years. There was lately a rumor of her intention to go to South Africa with her mother and step-father, the Von Wredes, but she ultimately changed her mind and decided that the United States, with Paris later on, were good enough for her. Since the action of Charles Coghlan in repudiating her title as his only legal wife, Kühne Beveridge has gone by her maiden name.

It was not so much Kühne Beveridge's fault as her mother's ambition that drew the girl on to this marriage that turned out so illy for her. I believe that if Kühne had been brought up in the ordinary manner of girls of her standing in life, her talent would by this time have brought her very near the top of the artistic ladder. However, the Baroness von Wrede had a right to bring up her daughters according to her own ideas. She is by no means an unaccomplished woman herself, and she possesses enough energy for ten women. This was proved by the way that she took to earn her own living when she found herself financially stranded. Any other woman would have opened a lodging-house. The Baroness von Wrede started a dressmaking establishment. That it did not pay was not perhaps so much the fault of the head of the establishment as the fact that her chief patrons did not think it necessary to pay their bills.

I can conceive of no young girls, outside of a novel, having such a bizarre, not to say scrappy bringing up as the Beveridge sisters. With the very bluest of American blood in their veins they subjected their aristocratic feelings to an environment intensely bohemian. Their mother's second marriage, to a penniless foreigner of noble birth who at one period of their existence had to stoop to a menial position to keep himself and family from starvation, was what introdnced them to bohemia. Kühne and Ray had a queer education. Instead of the three R's they were taught fencing and the languages. Kühne picked up sculpture as other children pick up dolls and tops. Ray took to blacksmithing and made horseshoes of god and silver. Club men used to visit their house and the little girls mingled with them npon equal terms, chatting upon subjects far above the average youngster's conversational repertory.

Then Kühne, who had posed in various guises for Marceau and other photographers, and had been told that her grace and originality pointed to a dramatic career, decided to go upon the stage. She appeared at the California in "All the Comforts of Home" with a Frohman company, and at the Alcazar with the stock company. But she could not act. She was just a pretty, bright girl with lots of ambition who had mistaken her bent for one branch of art for that of another. Finding the dramatic path beset with obstacles, Miss Beveridge went back to sculpture. She modeled Jim Corbett and several Bohemian club members. She competed for the prizes offered for the figures to adorn the Woman's building at the World's Fair, but Alice Rideout, Rupert Schmid's favorite pupil, distanced her. Miss Beveridge was praised for her work and her originality was commended, but Miss Rideout's technic was so superior that there was no question of her models being the better. It was while again indulging in her desire to go upon the stage that Kuhne had her little matrimonial experience in the east with Charles Coghlan.

Item in Daily Paper: The Count de Cards is taking copious notes during his stay on the coast.

First Club Man (reading above): Well, he has my I. O. U. for two hundred.

Second Club Man: And mine for five.

It is not surprising that Miss Etta Butler has made a hit in New York, where she is termed by the critics the equal of Cissy Loftus in mimicry. I always predicted that Miss Butler would find the place for the exploitation of her talents on the vaudeville stage. The Sunday *Telegraph* of New York devoted a third of a page lately to depicting Miss Butler in several poses, her imitations of Minnie Madden Fiske as "Becky Sharp." This clever San Francisco girl can take off all the modern actors so that their mannerisms are brought directly before the mind's eye of the audience. She has been a regular attendant at the theatres since childhood and consequently is able to reproduce exactly the subjects chosen for her imitations.

The passion for hotel life, instead of decreasing as we become more civilized, steadily grows. Possibly it is because so many of our wealthier citizens own houses out of town where they live for the greater part of the year, filling their homes with their friends during the holidays, after the English fashion. The shackles of domesticity, applied to life in a town house, seem to appall many who revel in the delights

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of housekeeping at their country places. A favorite mode of living nowadays is to rent a furnished house in the country through the late spring, all summer and the early autumn, spending the remainder of the season at a hotel in town.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Knight have signed their names to the Hotel Richelieu's register for the winter. The Joe Tobins are at the Palace. Mr. and Mrs. J. O. Reis have come to town from their Alamo ranch and are at the Palace. Mrs. Blair and Miss Jennie Blair find themselves so contented at the Savoy that they will remain there through the winter. Mr. and Mrs. E. A. Cox have given up their San Rafael house and are at the Savoy. Mrs. A. L. Foye will spend the winter at the Bella Vista.

"Your pallor is frightful, darling," said the Young Benedict, "and you seem to have a chill. I shall call a physician to prescribe something immediately."

"No need of that, my love," answered his wife, "You must have heard some good stories at the stag dinner. Tell me one."

Ella W. Peattie in the November number of *Self Culture* gives the American woman a rap over the knuckles for her wilfulness, extravagance, vanity and discontent. American women in general are berated for their small families and the writer lays much of their discontent to this circumstance. Olive Schreiner, in the November *Cosmopolitan*, shows the reverse of the shield. She argues that man has taken away women's work as a domestic manufacturer and producer, and that as machinery is taking the place of men her office as a child-bearer is one to be discouraged, as man requires too much food, clothing and education to be an economical machine. Then, too, as war is to a less extent an occupation of civilized man the world does not need replenishing so frequently as it did in the old fighting days. There is truth in both of these presentations of the subject. The unrest and self-consciousness of the modern woman, while all too apparent, are caused by something deeper and more far reaching than personal discontent. It is evident that woman is now in one of those convulsive epochs of change whose causes and results are alike unknown to her but of whose existence she is painfully conscious.

The Presidio Golf club, which is probably the swellest organization of its kind on the coast, has to hunt for new territory for its links. And the members are now more impressed than ever with the advisability of always letting well enough alone. When General Miles was here a few weeks ago, Miss Thérèse Morgan complained to him that the rude soldiers in transit were in the habit of trespassing on the golf links much to the annoyance of the golf players. She urged him to exercise his influence at Washington in behalf of the club, and requested that the soldiers be required to keep off the links. General Miles, being a courteous and gallant officer, agreed to exert his Washington "pull" which, by the way, is not very strong these days. When the news reached Washington that a section of government property had been prëempted by a private institution, there was much astonishment in official circles. The War department took cognizance of the matter, and as a consequence the Presidio club will have to establish new links. Miss Morgan is now sorry that she spoke.

Brown: Our friend Shaw is a most skeptical fellow.

Jones: Why do you think so?

Brown: He took a charming woman to dinner the other night and after they finished their first pint of wine she confessed that she was the wife of a very dear friend of his who belonged to his lodge.

Jones: Poor Shaw! he must have been greatly embarrassed.

Brown: No; he refused to believe her.

Verily, art is looking up in San Francisco. This is encouraging and speaks well for our progress in culture. There is no cry of hard times among our artists nowadays, for they are as busy as they wish to be with pupils, and the occasional sale of a picture stimulates interest. The exhibition of the California Camera club now under way at the club rooms in the Academy of Sciences building, has drawn a large number of visitors. The members show what can be done in artistic photography and some of the results, particularly the portrait effects, are marvelous. I believe there is nobler work to Dr. Arnold Genthe's hand than that of portraiture. He is the pioneer in the "new" photography and his work appeals to the poetic vision rather than to the uncultured mind's eye. Oscar Maurer also shows some beautiful portraits in the new photography. W. J. Street, Mr. Coombs and Mr. Crosscup show the finest landscape work, while Professor Lange's flowers are the finest in this line of photography. Mr. Street's effects from the Chain of Lakes at the Park are exquisitely done; this artist's work has improved very much of late months. Mr. Coombs shows a fine enlarged bromide, a lake reflection and also some sheep on a hillside that are exceedingly artistic. Mr. Larkin has same interesting Hawaiian views. Mr. Crosscup has some cleverly executed carbons, at making which he is an expert. Mrs. Crowell has some graceful still life studies—flowers in vases, etc—and some attractive landscapes. Mr. Hosmer has some lovely prints, daintily framed, but marred by having the artist's name in conspicuous white letters across the right hand corner of each print.

The Bohemian club has issued cards for the annual exhibition of paintings, to be held this afternoon, next Wednesday and Friday. On Wednesday of this week the feminine relatives and friends of members were permitted to view the paintings. Last year, it will be remembered, a landscape by H. J. Breuer was given the prize offered by the club to the most meritorious work exhibited.

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S. GOODENOUGH, Secy.

Dr. John P. P. van Den Bergh, who died last week at the age of eighty-five years, was one of the city's characters. He came here in early days from Germany, and invested very largely in real estate south of Market street. By his holographic will, filed on Tuesday, it is shown that he left a considerable estate. Dr. van Den Bergh was thrice married, his second and third wives in turn suing him for a divorce. By his first marriage he had two sons, by his second four daughters and a son, all of whom are living, and the issue of the third marriage was three children. He was an eccentric man, living in very ordinary style considering his comfortable circumstances, and his sole weakness was horses. He was one of the most familiar figures on the park drive, and he was the first man to wear a sealskin overcoat in San Francisco.

As the old physician left his entire property to the Union Trust company, in trust for two sons who have not yet attained their majority, and to the son by the second marriage, there is likely to be an interesting contest over the estate. Two of the ex-wives are living, one in Oakland and one in this city. When the second wife sued for a divorce from her husband, she was well on in years and her children were nearly all of legal age. The case was a notable one, not only because extreme cruelty was given as the cause of complaint, but because of the age of the parties to the suit, and the amount of property rights involved. The plaintiff was awarded one-half of her husband's property, I believe, but through the peculiar methods of her lawyer she never received anything like the sum mentioned in the decree. To bring another suit against the lawyer would only have meant, probably, another financial loss. When the case was finally adjusted, two houses, one in Leavenworth street and one in Golden Gate avenue, were about all that remained to the second wife and her children, all of whom sided with her in her suit against the husband and father.

For his third wife, Dr. van Den Bergh married a girl of sixteen. He was more than four times her age but her mother made the match. The third wife, after she had struggled with the doctor's eccentricities for several years and borne him three children, decided that she could stand his cruelty no longer, and obtained a divorce from him. It is her daughter, Ella, who has won the distinction of being disinherited by her father. He always seemed to dislike his daughters, with one exception, and the marriage of the youngest intensified the repellant attitude he had displayed toward her since her childhood.

The old physician was a great admirer of Jefferson Davis, and he named his fourth daughter, who was born about the close of the Civil War, after the President of the Confederacy. Though he did not leave this daughter anything in his will, she was his favorite among all his children. She inherited his love for and knowledge of horses and his talent for scientific research in the field of medicine. She is a practicing physician across the bay.

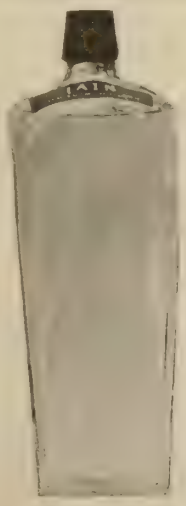
The Stanford and Berkeley football teams have divided sixteen thousand dollars, the net profits of the Thanksgiving day game. I should like to know what proportion of that money is used for the promotion of amateur sport at the universities. The games are said to be strictly amateur contests, but as I have the right to my own opinion I must decline to believe that they are not conducted for personal gain until I see an itemized statement of disbursements. To what purpose is all the money applied? They say that all the imported coaches are very expensive. Why, I should like to know, are coaches imported from the east? Young men who have become thoroughly familiar with all the intricacies of the game and who have had the advantage of eastern coaching and who have played in championship games, ought to be competent to hire out as coaches after they have taken their gridiron degree.

Whatever science there is to the game is fixed. It does not change every year and surely the Californian football graduate has as much football sense as the imported instructor. But I started out to discuss finances. Where does the money go? It cannot be included in the broad item of advertising expenses, for though all public attractions are burdened by heavy advertising bills the football game is exempt. The dailies give Stanford and Berkeley fifty thousand dollars worth of advertising free of charge every year, and then these youths that engage in the game only for love of the sport show their contempt for the press by declining to give the reporters proper facilities for reporting the event. If the dailies would enter into a combination for one year and decline to publish a single line about the preliminary work of the teams probably the college financiers would be brought to a realization of the value of advertising. These callow youths now declare that the papers must publish the news, and that therefore there is no occasion for gratitude. If they knew how much interest the average person would take in their doings if the dailies did not force the stories of their exploits on the public, they would probably be greatly surprised.

The big benefit to be given under the direction of the associated theatrical managers of San Francisco at the Orpheum next Thursday afternoon December fourteenth is attracting a great deal of attention and the demand for seats is very large. There is every evidence that there will be a packed house.

Society had a chance to disport itself at two theatres on Monday night, both the Grand Opera House

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.



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and the Alcazar putting forth attractions to fashion and swelldom. It is so long since "His Majesty" was produced that it had all the elements of novelty. Then at the Alcazar Emil Bruguiere, who is one of the most petted youths in the swim, appeared in the role of composer, having written the incidental music for Francis Powers' new play, "Mother Earth."

The Methodist church of Stockton under the guidance of its pastor, Dr. U. C. Evans, who is really a D. D. and a Ph. D. as well as an ex-artist and one of the best business men in the town, has been doing a rushing business during the past two weeks. Some years ago, under the pastorate of the Reverend S. J. Carroll, now of Sacramento, the Methodists assumed an enormous debt by building a church which is second to none in the state in size and architectural beauty. Of course the other churches said it was absurd to build such a church, that the Lord didn't want to be worshiped in a big temple with a big mortgage on it. But it was built and the Lord seems to have withheld his hoodoo, for it is now paid for. The Methodists are good hustlers but with all their hustling they were still eight thousand dollars in debt two weeks ago. To wipe this out they arranged for a two weeks' festival, including the jubilee of last week. It was a regular church "hold-up" with all the customary side-shows that could possibly be crammed into a well regulated Christian bazaar. They were out for the "long green" so everybody let his pockets be picked good-naturedly with a sort of bewildered admiration for the brain that could conceive and carry out such a big scheme for making money at a time when all the other churches were having bazaars too. The Episcopal church even lent its choir boys to sing for them. One of the features of a single evening was the rendition of Mendelssohn's "The Hymn of Praise," notwithstanding the horrid Presbyterians had given it so recently. Of course they succeeded, and more than wiped out the church debt. Now the persons who were sure the Lord didn't want that temple point to it with pride when they are showing visitors about town.

The Reverend Mr. Evans is one of the most striking figures to be met in Stockton's streets. He is a big, handsome man, dresses and looks like an actor and is in himself a clever advertisement for his church. In his pulpit he keeps to the narrow lines of Methodism, but along other lines he is wonderfully broad and liberal. He was an artist of some distinction in Chicago which may account for his rather long hair, picturesque gray dress and wide-awake hat. He is not only a good pastor but a lively business manager and "they say" things have to go his way, which seems to be rather a good thing for the church in this instance, when viewed from a business standpoint. On the posters which hang at the church door announcing services the church itself is called "The People's Temple," but there's also a good sized picture of the pastor on the bills.

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If you want the best hairdressing in San Francisco you must go to

LEDERER'S, 123 Stockton St.

Opposite City of Paris.

I have discovered the reason why the Entre Nous Cotillon is so popular a dancing club, and why its success is so much more pronounced than that of the dancing clubs of the smart set. The Entre Nous has not merely survived several consecutive seasons; it has steadily gained in vigor and strength. Sanford Lewald, who has been its leader since the Entre Nous was born, makes it a rule to admit none but men—with a capital M—into the club. The sweller clubs may allow university students and younger brothers to attend their assemblies, so as to insure partners for the buds, but Mr. Lewald will not let little boys come to his parties.

The Entre Nous will give its third assembly of the season on the Friday after Christmas. On December thirty-first the members, accompanied by the patronesses, will give a "New Year's Eve Ball" at the Cliff House. There will be a preliminary trolley-ride at ten o'clock, timed to arrive at the Cliff House in season to celebrate the passing of the Old and welcoming the New Year. Dancing will begin at midnight, and after the serving of an elaborate supper the cotillon will be danced, with appropriate favors. On January twenty-sixth the club will give a Colonial bal poudre.

E. J. Blunkall

The Leading Man of the "Mr. Plaster of Paris" Company.

E. J. Blunkall, whose portrait accompanies this sketch, is the clever comedian who keeps the Alhambra audiences in a constant state of mirth this week by reason of his exceedingly picturesque and capable impersonation of Nels Nelssen, the Swede. Mr. Blunkall is recognized as one of the leading Swedish dialect comedians in the country and has had a great deal of experience on the dramatic stage, having had various responsible positions as leading man with several of the foremost companies. Mr. Blunkall's great advantage lies in a quiet, conscientious exposition of his characters without resorting to any horse play or vulgarisms. He is a comedian who adheres strictly to the humor of his lines and brings the same out with telling effect. It is because of this that the audiences before whom he appears recognize in him the able artist and never fail to reward him with generous applause.

FRANCIS POWERS
Author of "Mother Earth" which has created a sensation at the Alcazar this week

Bailey Millard is still making explorations and discoveries, though this time he hasn't said a word about plagiarism—it is only imitation. Mr. Millard is never, never going to forgive Kipling for his success—nor, perhaps, for his reference to "an American reporter," whom as all the world that is at all interested knows to be Bailey. Mr. Millard is quite delighted to find "eastern collegians" discovering what he had pointed out a year ago, namely that Kipling has used many of the same words as Emerson has employed and actually written poems in the same metre. Now, there isn't such a remarkably wide choice in the selection of metre and that two authors should make use of the same form of verse no more argues imitation than if two books should be bound in green. There is no more a copyright upon such words as *cosmic*, *stardust* or *dominion* than there is upon *a*, *an* and *the*, nor is there anything so remarkable about the conjunction of palm and pine that they could not occur to hundreds, instead of two. To accuse Kipling of having "imbibed much of the vocabulary of the sage of Concord" is funny enough to make a cat laugh. Does Bailey know that Kipling's American home is in New Hampshire, and instead of learning to talk Emersonian, it *may* be only downeast Yankee? Emerson's pantheistic religion! How about the religion of India where Kipling grew up, Mr. Millard? The discovery of the remarkable resemblance in style between Kipling's "An American" and Emerson's "Brahma" is an astonishing bit of perspicacity. Does the man know a parody when he sees it?

The directory of the Armitage Orphanage has sent out an appeal to generously inclined citizens for funds to give the orphans a Merry Christmas, and I have no doubt the appeal will result in the little ones' having a delightfully bountiful tree this year. The Armitage Orphanage is a truly worthy institution, deserving of all aid. Right Reverend W. F. Nichols, D. D., is its president, W. H. Crocker treasurer, and Major Hooper, secretary. The ladies sending out the appeal are Mrs. A. L. Brewer, Mrs. W. B. Hooper and Mrs. W. A. Deane.

"I am broken-hearted at the cruel manner in which Lillie Chorus treats me. If this continues, I shall kill myself."

So said the Gilded Youth, as he broke the mouthpieces off of three cigarettes in his nervous attempt to light one, and give vent to his despair at the same time.

"I can tell you a much easier way to cure yourself," said the Club Cynic.

And to the Gilded Youth's indifferent interrogatory, the Club Cynic explained:

"Lillie has her first solo in the extravaganza this week. Go and hear her sing."

What desperate efforts some people are willing to make to mingle with the elect of the smart set! There is nothing more amusing than the spectacle of a person with the itch for social recognition playing fantastic tricks at the portals of the inner circles of the proud and pompous. Society was lately on a broad grin over the struggle of the wife of an official of a local insurance company to get into society through the medium of a luncheon at the University club. Her sister was coming hither from the east, and the luncheon was to be in honor of the visitor. Upon this pretext she sought introductions right and left at the Doll Show and promptly invited her newly made acquaintances to the impending luncheon. As soon as her eyes fell upon a person of social prominence she would proceed to exercise a little strategy calculated to secure an introduction and her success was marvelous, but so conspicuous did she make herself that she soon became the joke of the Doll Show.

"Are you going to Mrs. ——'s luncheon at the University club?" became the question of the hour.

One of the most generous buyers at the Doll Show, by the way, was a young woman who is going to make a great social splurge this winter. It has been announced that she is to be the star debutante of the season, and that her functions are to be the most brilliant affairs that have been given for a long time. She is going to give up quite a little slice of the fortune which she inherited some years ago from her rich uncle, in providing entertainment for her friends. In the strict sense of the word she is not a débutante for she has been enjoying social festivities for many years. But before she was made an heiress by a tragic occurrence she was in a less gilded set than that in which she intends figuring this winter.

"Young Lover told me he had great expectations," said the Plump Heiress, who counted the gentleman referred to among her suitors.

"I have no doubt," answered her Dearest Friend, "that he expects you to fall into his arms the minute he proposes."

The *Bulletin* published a story the other day of a young man who absconded from this city about two years ago, and who lately deserted his wife in foreign parts. The story was not complete. That young man deserted a wife and a child when he absconded from this city, and he became a bigamist when he married the woman who now mourns his flight. That young man is an object lesson in hereditary preversion. His father committed suicide many years ago. He was driven to the suicidal act by the conduct of his wife who is now the wife of the man with whom she was consorting at the time of her husband's tragic end.

That was a very amusing story of the Martin-Goad marriage which appeared in the *Examiner's* supplement last Sunday. If it were the handiwork of a press agent who had acquired the knack of exaggeration on the advertising staff of a wandering circus it could not have been more hyperbolic. When I told the story two weeks ago of the compact, the marriage, the death and the funeral, I did so from a sense of duty to my readers, such as imbues every conscientious journalist who cannot be persuaded that the aristocracy is immune from criticism, especially when it is invited by conduct which is so extraordinary as to provoke widespread comment. It is difficult to divest one's mind of the suspicion that the inspiration of the *Examiner's* very interesting story was the erroneous impression which found expression in these words: "She is the richest young widow of her age—twenty-three—in San Francisco. She is the richest because she married Andrew Martin. Her exact fortune can not be estimated, but authorities place it very nearly inside the magic six-ciphered mark." Mrs. Genevieve Martin is not the richest widow of her age in San Francisco, and she is not worth nearly one million dollars. She is not worth one-tenth that sum. The size of Andrew Martin's fortune was greatly exaggerated, but why prolong discussion of a subject that has occasioned so much pain in society? It was a most unfortunate affair from beginning to end. It was unfortunate because it occasioned discussion.

At the Art Exhibition:
First Connoisseur: How is the hanging?
Second Connoisseur: Not half bad, those I have seen.
Third Connoisseur: I must have seen the other half.

It is coming on to Christmas time and the young society matron who is not yet too old to be invited to the "dancing classes" rejoices greatly thereat. It is not so much the pleasure of dancing that she pines for, but her heart hankers after the cotillon favors. It may not be generally known that the dainty trifles given as favors in the german make very welcome gifts for the children at Christmas time. They are pretty decorations for the tree and nothing could come in more acceptably to fill the little ones' stockings. The "consolation" prizes given at euchre, whist and hearts parties are also utilized in this manner, and bachelor uncles and aunts who attend many society functions find their prizes come in handy during the holiday season.

There was not such a crush at the memorial services of San Francisco Lodge No. 3, B. P. O. E., on Sunday as was the case at the two former occasons. The reason of this was not that the number present was smaller but that the auditorium was larger, the Grand Opera House being able to accommodate more people comfortably than could the California theatre. The Lodge of Sorrow this year was held in memoriam of six departed brethren of No. 3—S. B. Carleton, V. W. Crysler, H. T. Emeric, A. P. Hotaling Jr., Herman Kobbe and H. C. Lathrop—and the eulogy was fittingly and beautifully phrased by Charles L. Patton. Mrs. Tillie Morrisey, Winfred Goff and Emile Barrangon rendered the solos that were interspersed between selections by an orchestra under I. Fenster's direction. Leo Cooper read from Tennyson's "In Memoriam."

In J. J. Barrett, the orator of the occasion, the order of Elks has a silver-tongued spellbinder who ranks with the most gifted of San Francisco's eloquent public speakers. Mr. Barrett is a young man, with a good presence, a satisfactory method of delivery, and above all, the true ring of sincerity in his tone and manner. His discourse last Sunday was on a theme—the immortality of the soul—which is far from being fraught with suggestions such as usually lead to the kind of word-painting so dear to the heart of the public speaker, yet he never lost for a moment the attention of his audience. The professional orators of San Francisco are rapidly becoming back numbers. They no longer have the power of impelling conviction because they have a past. They have talked for hire and they have appeared on both sides of the same question. Their most eloquent expressions have become tame platitudes and they are no longer taken seriously. It is therefore refreshing to listen to a young man who is so thoroughly equipped with all the qualifications of a public speaker as Mr. Barrett.

Ernest Hastings is coming back to the Alcazar within the next fortnight. Now, the last heard of the magnificent Hastings was that he was seen walking down Broadway in the city of New York, enjoying an animated conversation with Gretchen Lyons, who in private life is the wife of Edwin Milton Royle's piano-playing ex-partner in "Friends." Mr. Hastings will be a valuable help to the Alcazar people. I hope, however, he will not use his hypnotic influence over any of the ladies in the company. It will be remembered that

Gretchen giggled and her lips wriggled
When Ernest looked her way.
In noting his shines she forgot her lines,
Far off her thoughts would stray.
She tried to be quiet, and quell the riot
Of giddy giggles gay.
Alas! 'twas in vain, and to end the pain
Miss Lyons said "Good day."

Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle at the Orpheum

One of the cognoscenti once remarked that all the wit and wisdom of the world was to be found in three books—the Bible, Shakespeare and the almanac. Having exhausted the Bible, the Reverend William Rader of the Third Congregational church is now drawing texts and inspiration from Shakespeare. He still has the almanac in reserve.

From the column of "Personal Notes" in the *Chronicle* of last Wednesday I glean the information that "Varney Gaskill, secretary of the Californian Paris commission, with his private secretary, W. E. Dargie Jr., will leave on December tenth for Paris." Now what do you think of that? Varney Gaskill with a secretary! I presume that after awhile it may leak out that Secretary Gaskill's secretary is also blessed with a secretary, and that each has a valet or more probably a maid, for as I remarked some time ago, our Paris commission is to be one of the happiest families that ever left our shores for foreign parts. I am glad to know that Varney has a secretary for as the commission is going to have a nice junketing trip with its wives and retinue of secretaries, valets and maids at the expense of the glorious and opulent state of California, why shouldn't "Ole Bill" Dargie's son Willie be included in the ménage? "Ole Bill" Foote is in on the snap, and as the "Ole Bill's" may soon be out of the running it is high time to begin training the sons in the ways of the parents. The trip to Europe under the fostering care of "Ole Bill" Foote will be a liberal education for young Bill Dargie.

Ellen Beach Yaw is said to have made a hit in the title role of Sir Arthur Sullivan's new opera "The Rose of Persia." Miss Yaw is the native of southern California who has earned a reputation, through the possession of a clever press agent, for owning a phenomenal voice. She gave her first concert in San Francisco several years ago, and made no particular stir in musical circles, but after she had studied a year or so in the east, the syndicated matter about her beauty and her wonderful voice began to be scattered broadcast over the land by her press agent.

The fair Ellen with the swanlike throat and the advertised high note that could go Patti and Melba several degrees higher came westward and gave concerts at the Baldwin theatre. The critics kindly refrained from expressing their thoughts. They feared to be thought ignorant of music if they spoke out what was in their minds. The next time Miss Yaw came to California on her vacation she gave concerts only in Los Angeles and Oakland. She failed to score, for her value as a "freak singer" could only stand good through one season, and she did not possess lasting qualifications to attract. It comes as a large surprise to the real, understanding musicians here to learn of her success as an opera singer. Still, the craze at present raging in London for everything American, may have something to do with the singer's success.

At the residence of Mrs. John I. Sabin, in California street, a tea and Christmas sale of fancy articles will be held this afternoon and evening. There will be a musical program.

Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street, direct importer of fine millinery. Exclusive styles.

Mr. Benard, the noted French architect, came all the way to San Francisco without preparing himself for a session with the interviewers of the dailies. As a consequence when he met the newspapermen there was embarrassment on both sides, for the language of diplomacy is not in the curriculum of the modern school of journalism. When Mr. Benard alighted from the carriage in the Palace court yard he was confronted by Mr. Ed. Hamilton, the distinguished linguist of the *Examiner* who speaks everything from the dead languages to Canuck but who inbibed a prejudice against the French early in his career on account of the death of a beloved ancestor at Waterloo. Mr. Hamilton was flanked by Fred Healy, the *Call's* Philippine skirmish correspondent, and Archie Rice, the *Chronicle's* hero of the side lines of the football field. Mr. Benard bowed imposingly to the journalists, doffing his hat as only a Frenchman can do the trick à la militaire. The journalists returned the salute and then followed a soulful silence. It was broken by the sound of the architect's French heel on the tesselated pavement as he started for his rooms. The first act of the comedy was over.

Mr. Hamilton was the first of the transfixed group to evolve an idea, which was quite natural for he is a man of ideas. In the Maple room the St. Andrew society was having a banquet. Arthur Barendt, the only French scholar of the *Examiner* staff, was one of the guests. He was summoned by Hamilton and together they repaired to M. Benard's apartments where the architect was interviewed by proxy. It was a magnificent feat in modern journalism. Below in the office Fred Healy and Archie Rice were dreading the probability of being scooped. Presently M. Benard appeared upon the scene. He had been interviewed and was feeling better. Just then one of the Palace hotel waiters who speaks genuine Parisian café French entered the office on his way to the elevator with a tray on his head. A happy thought struck Healy. He intercepted the waiter, handed him a

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By strictly adhering to the conservative conditions of the old honored custom of the ancient house of Moet & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world. —Wine Review.

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large coin, and explained his predicament. Then he escorted the garcon up to M. Benard and was about to introduce the two gentlemen, when the architect assumed a Klondike air and moved rapidly away. The reporter's strategy had failed.

A small bunch of representatives of our beau monde had a narrow escape from well-merited rebuke at the Orpheum the other night. The party consisted of a young married couple prominent in the swim and four of their friends. They constituted one of those disagreeable theatre parties that appear to be organized for no other purpose than that of provoking profanity. Their conduct was such as to warrant the presumption that they were ill-bred but I know that they were not. Their breeding was all right, but they have not been trained properly though they have had the advantage of aristocratic environment. Their loud talk and incessant giggling during the performance were quite distressing to Camille d'Arville, and the singer was on the point of rebuking them publicly over the footlights. Two ladies prominent in society, whose hospitality Camille d'Arville has enjoyed, met her after the performance, sympathized with her and expressed regrets for what had happened. They were acquainted with the members of the boisterous theatre party and apologized for their conduct, but she was in high dudgeon and expressed her contempt for the rude ones in severe terms.

In discussing the matter the other day D'Arville expressed herself in an amusingly epigrammatic fashion. "I was tempted," she said, "to tell them that if they had the blood which would harmonize with their fine raiment they could eat a French dinner with impunity, but that having the fine clothes and not the blood they should be very careful of the pepper and salt and other condiments that go with the table d'hôte." What a hit D'Arville would have made if she had indulged in that little extemporaneous monologue! I am almost sorry that she didn't, for the sake of theatre-goers who must suffer from theatre-party nuisances of the future.

Madame d'Arville told me the story of the occurrence, the other night, and it is in deference to her wishes that I omit the names of the people by whom she was insulted during her performance. She said that two of the male members of the party had visited her and apologized and that she was willing to forgive them. "They had had too sumptuous a dinner," she said, "and they were telling funny stories while I was singing. They annoyed me and I was strongly tempted to address them from the stage. They now realize what a narrow escape they had. Just think what a disgrace it would have been for people to be told that they did not know how to behave in a vaudeville house. Just before I sang 'The Palms' I wanted to tell them that it was not a comic song, that it was about the Saviour and should not be laughed at. Perhaps some day they will disturb an artist who will not be so lenient as I have been."

There are probably many admirers of Eugene Field who are unaware of the fact that a fund is being raised for the erection of a monument to his memory, and I desire to call their attention to the fact. That the fund will be properly administered is evident from the character of the members of the monument committee which includes each of the editors of the leading Chicago dailies. The manner in which they are raising the necessary money is best explained in the following excerpt from a circular letter which I have received:

"You are undoubtedly familiar with the publications by our committee of the artistic volume "Field Flowers" as a monument souvenir. Thirty-five of the World's greatest artists donated the drawings to illustrate it. It is now printed and ready for sale. Confident of the almost universal desire to do honor to a heart so true and a mind so great, we have had printed a large edition of this book which is being sold for the creating of a fund which is to be equally divided between the objects of building the monument and caring for the family of the dead poet. Poor Eugene, like most geniuses, did not have the faculty of saving this world's goods. He left a greater legacy—a world of love for his fellow men."

A lady of Philadelphia—I wonder if it were the Peterkins' famous friend? — said "I can almost smell the perfume of Paul de Longpré's roses." Perhaps I have seen too many *Art Interchange* studies, but whatever the reason I cannot feel with the lady from Philadelphia in regard to Paul de Longpré's roses. They possess fine technical merits. But they do not seem like real roses, in spite of their hues of nature. Now, Alice Chittenden's roses are always charged with perfume—smell "rosy" as one critic remarked of them—even if they are thick with oil-colors. There is no feeling of atmosphere in Longpré's roses, if this term can be correctly applied to flowers. Still his Cloth of Gold roses are very beautiful.

The French artist has been sojourning in Los Angeles for some time, painting Californian wildflowers, and his exhibition at the San Francisco gallery contains his latest studies, as well as earlier works. His penchant is not in the line of strong colors, but rather in subtle, delicate tones. I have never seen eschscholtzias more like our wild poppies than those of Longpré. His clover blossoms are exactly like the genuine bloom. The coloring is transparent and so exquisitely natural that you can almost pull the blossoms to pieces. Miss Heynemann will open her exhibition of recent portraits and sketches at the Art Students' League to-day. The exhibition will continue next Monday and on Tuesday.

The stockholders of the Tropical Trading company of Oakland are still waiting anxiously for the return of the bark *William McKinley* which sailed for the South Seas about two years ago in quest of a valuable cargo. It had been represented to them by

The beautiful combinations of colors in monogram stamping as executed by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show the very great superiority of their ability in this particular line.

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the promoters of the enterprise that Captaln Hobbs of the *William McKinley* was the discoverer of an island which was not on the map. This island was supposed to be covered with a rich deposit of some sort of stuff that would yield about eighty dollars a ton, and Captain Hobbs was anxious to procure a cargo large enough to yield many thousands of dollars. But he needed backing, and I believe it was through the endorsement of Ernest Wakeman, the enterprising trustee of the Lady Yarde-Buller estate, that several Oaklanders were induced to put up the requisite coin of the realm. The *William McKinley* set sail and about a year later she put into a Japanese port whence word was received from Captain Hobbs that when he reached the island which was not on the map he found it littered with ship-wrecked sailors. They offered him six hundred dollars per capita to transport them to Japan and he decided to take the cargo of humanity in preference to the rich deposit of eighty-dollars-a-ton material. But he intended to return to the island and carry out his contract. That was a year ago. When last heard from he was in Vancouver. I understand the *William McKinley* is not much larger than an ordinary tug boat.

"And what would you do, little boy," asked the Sensational Special Writer, of the Newsboy," "if you had a million dollars?"

Pencil in hand, she awaited his answer, the reply that would furnish philosophical food to thousands of readers in next Sunday's supplement.

The Newsboy took his gum from his mouth and snapped it once or twice before he answered:

"I'd do as I damn please."

A Marysville paper having contained an item the other day concerning the transfer made by a prominent society woman of Red Bluff to her husband of considerable real estate, in consideration of love and affection, it was at once surmised by people who were familiar with the circumstances of a sensational Palace hotel escapade of some weeks ago that there had been an harmonious adjustment of domestic complications. It appears, however, that there were no domestic complications to adjust. Notwithstanding the little affair in which the wife and another woman were involved, the husband has never doubted that her conduct was otherwise than circumspect. One of the young society men who was involved in the affair, I am told, was the first to break the news of the escapade to her husband. He anticipated the version of the escapade so widely circulated the following day by telling a story to the effect that he had been guilty of intrusion upon the privacy of a lady. He assumed all the blame and exculpated her from even the shadow of indiscretion. And he was believed.

Now I do not hesitate to commend what might be unjustly termed the credulity of her husband. He could have given no stronger proof of his confidence in his wife. He is not necessarily a complaisant husband who declines to give ear to idle gossip or even plausible rumor. I am glad to know that the affair has terminated happily, for that it has must be evident if the wife through love and affection has transferred all her property to her husband. And as I have already stated, there having been no domestic complications, there could be no significance in the circumstance of the execution of a gift deed. And the presumption that all concerned have been getting along swimmingly is justified by the warm friendship that continues to exist between the husband and the young man that intruded and confessed his intrusion.

William R. Hearst is en route to South Africa. Though I have not been informed as to what he intends doing in that interesting part of the world, I do not hesitate to guess that he purposes becoming "Johnnie on the spot" for his two big newspapers. There is no pastime that Mr. Hearst enjoys more than that of gathering news items at the cannon's mouth. Some people may imagine that he is going to South Africa to pluck Kohinoors for gay soubrettes, but I know him too well to suspect him of having a penchant for any such unprofitable diversion. Mr. Hearst is a natural born correspondent as was demonstrated in Cuba, where he had two reporters shot under him, and where he wrote a description of the charge of the Rough Riders on the stock of a Springfield. I predict that the *Journal* and *Examiner* will soon present to their readers lurid descriptions of the bloodiest battles of the century written in the thickest of the fight on asbestos paper. Mr. Hearst is an intrepid correspondent and he is going to the front where history is being made. He will probably carry his despatches in a balloon and scoop the entire British press.

"We never give TOWN TALK the overlook, for it is always worth perusal."—Santa Cruz *Surf*.

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JEHOVAH JIREH

[VILLANELLE]

Jehovah Jireh! I have cried,
When times were hard and dollars few,
I felt that he would soon provide.

When Fortune's smiling face did hide.
When skies were black that once were blue,
Jehovah Jireh! I have cried.

Yet have I never wept nor sighed,
Why should I join the whining crew?
I felt that he would soon provide.

When groping on without a guide,
Eyes somewhat blurred with "Mountain dew,"
Jehovah Jireh! I have cried.

A whispered hope has then replied,
At which my spirits rose anew,
I felt that he would soon provide.

When smarting with the greed and gride
That prompt the mercenary Jew,
Jehovah Jireh! I have cried.

And though I've often been denied,
And failed with Shylock to renew,
I felt that he would soon provide.

When every other hope has died,—
When creditors began to sue—
Jehovah Jireh! I have cried.

Yes, often have my tears been dried
When I have cashed an I. O. U.
Jehovah Jireh! I have cried,
I felt that he would soon provide.

—THE IMPECUNE.

SHE WORE SIXES.

"You are utterly mistaken," said the lady, glaring balefully at the man who knelt in supplication before her.

Her attitude was so frigid that there seemed nothing else to do but to leave her.

Yet he returned a minute later and was not repulsed.

The lady beamed upon him kindly, for though the shoe was the same, he had changed the number from six to three.

—THE SALESMAN.

ON A LADY'S FAN.

Here comes a fan from far Japan—
I hope its color pleases.
When in the dance, you're warm, perchance,
'Twill cool you with its breezes.
But cease the breeze, if you should sneeze—
You've fanned yourself unduly;
And when you sneeze, think (won't you please?)
A moment, of yours truly,

—THE MEDICAL STUDENT.

COULDN'T SEE HIS FACE.

"Tom Millionaire is so ugly, I don't see how you could ever make up your mind to accept him," remarked Isobel Budde.

"I found it easy enough. Just as he popped the question I pressed the button that turns off the lights," said Tom's fiancée.

—THE ELECTRICIAN.

SHE'S A BRUNETTE.

Though faint heart never won *fair* lady,
No need has Walter to despair—
Though faint his heart, he'll surely win her
For Emily's very far from *fair*.

—THE EPIGRAMMATIST.

THE RING OR THE SUIT?

DOLLIE SMYTHE little knew the predicament she had placed me in when she made up that theatre party on the spur of the moment. She thought she had accomplished something very clever, but to me it was one of the least bright or original ideas that had ever emanated from her fertile brain.

I am Dolly Smythe's favored suitor. She is an heiress. I am poor.

Her fancy hitherto hovering only about matinees and afternoon teas, I have been able to do my duty in escorting her to and from these affairs.

But this theatre party was different—an evening function. I am a man of expedients but I confess this time for a moment I felt that I was up against it.

I ran over in my mind the men I knew who owned evening suits. Jack and Dick were of the party Dollie had invited. Tom was to officiate as best man at a wedding on this very night. My particular waiter at the café, who had obliged me once before in a similar emergency, was away on his vacation.

I must risk Dollie's displeasure and make some excuse for not attending.

We were sitting in her boudoir and she was pouring tea. As the firelight gleamed upon the jewels that adorned her white fingers, a glorious scheme sprang into being in my mind.

"What a lovely stone that is," I said, indicating a diamond on the third finger of her right hand, "but it seems loose in the setting."

"Not at all," she answered, taking off the ring and placing it in my hand.

I put it on my little finger, and admired it, while Dollie went on pouring tea and chatting about her theatre party.

As I said au revoir, as speedily as good manners would allow after I had agreed to make one of the party, my knees were shaking with fear lest she should remember and recall the ring from my finger.

The jewel was my salvation. I hastened to an affectionate relative, left the ring with him for safe-keeping until the morrow—at a consideration—and then visited another relative in whose care for some time had reposed my evening clothes.

My laundryman was placated to the extent of yielding up one of my evening shirts. My patent leathers and lawn tie were perfection itself. I felt that Dollie Smythe could not resist me in my full dress. I had been attractive to her in my afternoon suit, my morning sack coat, but now—

At half-after-eight I presented myself at her residence and, in greeting the others of the party, Miss Smythe found no opportunity to put a question I knew, from the expression of her countenance, was impending. But I was ready for it and when she asked me for the ring, I told her I had left it in the pocket of my morning waistcoat.

"I shall send my valet over with it first thing tomorrow," I said.

However, my nonchalance was changed to horror when Dollie's chum, Kittie Jones, said as we were leaving the Zinkand after our little after theatre supper:

"Tomorrow, you must all be my guests at dinner. We'll have a dance afterwards."

Tomorrow! Another night of wear for my evening suit! The ring returned in the morning!

The Lady or the Tiger was the child's riddle to this, for I found no opportunity to propose to Dollie Smythe tonight.

THE CHAPPIE.

TO JO HUTCHINSON

THE BELLICOSE BOERISH BARD.

JO HUTCHINSON, my Joseph "Jo-Jo," you,
The dog-faced Man on whom we used to gaze
In dime museums, in more peaceful days,
Before the battle beagles heard the hue
And cry of 'Havoc,"—or war's view haloo
Broke on your kennel; ere you went the ways
Of many a pariah poetaster, who
Has longed like you for macaroni bays:—
Then, Jo Jo, you were well content to gnaw
A bone or two, and do as you were bid.
Now with a clumsy and unpracticed paw,
You play the public with your gutted grid.
Ars est celare artem—you conceal
Yours in a well whipped whining puppy's squeal.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Miss May Hunt will dress your doll for Christmas; price reasonable 817½ Geary street.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"Shenandoah"—a second week's victory for the horses.

CALIFORNIA—"An Enemy to the King"—shows Frawley as a hero of the romantic era.

ALCAZAR—'Mother Earth"—deserves first place among the week's attractions.

TIVOLI—"Tar and Tartar"—a gala reopening tonight.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"His Majesty"—a restoration attended with great success.

ORPHEUM—One of the best vaudeville bills in weeks.

UPON the menu of theatrical productions this week Francis Powers' latest work, "Mother Earth," is the pièce de resistance. It becomes therefore the duty of the reviewer to apply the dissecting knife and lay bare the various atoms of both efficiency and deficiency of which this work is constructed. The first impression that one receives as soon as the curtain rises is the realistic atmophere that permeates the scene. We have before us a street—or rather square—in a Mexican village. Men and women are loitering around discussing the topics of the day clothed in the picturesque habiliments of the Mexican people. There a saddle-mender is attending to his work, here a woman is bent upon making the famous tortillas; on one side Indians and natives are enjoying a game of cards and even the habit of exchange is not omitted. It is the same atmosphere which enveloped "The First Born" and it is introduced with the same impressive adherence to details. Herein alone lies the strength of the play, and both dialogue and the development of the plot must receive second consideration. Another prominent figure which forms part and parcel of these atmospheric surroundings is the priest who serves as an illustration of the religious sentiment that forms a prominent trait in the Mexican's character. His reverence for priesthood is prominently brought out. The author has not even omitted to paint the hypocrisy which seems to exist in Mexico as well as in other nations, for there are people who bare their heads in the presence of the priest and immediately afterward seek vengeance or are following unlawful pursuits. We are taught, however, that religion exercises a tremendous influence over the Mexican's mind, which influence convinces even the wicked.

The foregoing forms the outward appearance of the play, that which is presented to the eye. Then comes the probing of the kernel—that which is intended for our intelligence to unravel. The Mexicans being a passionate race it was Mr. Powers' duty as an illustrator of national life to give prominence to this characteristic and at the same time introduce the reverence for religion. He has succeeded splendidly in this illustration. Gloria (Gertrude Foster), a devout village maiden, is betrothed to Andres Alcerreca (Geo. P. Webster), a handsome youth whose moral virtues are not exactly of a gilt-edged order, for notwithstanding his betrothal he encourages the flirtation of a gay village beauty by the name of Carolina Mugica (Julia Crosby). This unfaithfulness comes to the ears of Gloria, and one evening—impelled by jealousy—she follows her betrothed to a dance and discovers him dancing with her handsome rival. On her way home the dust of a poisonous cactus is blown into her eyes with the result that she becomes blind. Notwithstanding the suspicious circumstances that surround Andres she does not lose faith in him and the marriage ceremony is about to take place when Manuel Quinterro (Eugene Ormonde), a young lad who loves the girl but gives her up in favor of Andres, who seems to be the only possessor of the girl's love, appears. The latter, however, knows of the affection of the young fellow for his bride and being his enemy resents it. He insults him who dares to raise his eyes to her who belongs to himself, and a quarrel ensues in which Andres is wounded. The curtain is then lowered, leaving the impression that Gloria's betrothed succumbed to the knife of his unsucful rival.

Sufficient time elapses between acts one and two to permit Andres to discard Gloria and become engaged to Carolina, also to allow Gloria to return from the city of Mexico where an operation on her eyes proved unsuccessful. There is nothing of importance passing in this act until the catastrophe. The bridal procession approaches and enters the church. Gloria begs Manuel, who informed her of the infidelity of her lover, for his knife saying she fears another quarrel and running towards the church she stabs herself exclaiming: "Andres, I release you from your promise." While she lies prostrate on the ground Manuel runs into the church and demands an interruption of the ceremony. The villagers come out and among them is Andres who, fearing the knife of Manuel, fires upon and kills him. The curtain then falls while the priest is praying over the bodies of the victims of love and hate.

The first act is admirably constructed and is decidedly good as it stands. It is worthy of the greatest recognition and as a dramatic work it is a gem. The second act, however, needs pruning. There is too much melodramatic flavor to it. I cannot see any earthly use for Guellerno Martinez, the outlaw brother of Gloria, who does not do anything but be converted and shot afterwards and who has no connection with the story of the play. His scene could well be left out. Neither do I see why Manuel should be shot by Andres in front of the church in the presence of the bride and the wedding guests. Why not terminate the play when Gloria rushes up the steps of the church, stabs herself, and exclaims "Andres, I release you from your promise?" While there is good reason for the despair of the girl and her subsequent death, there is not sufficient cause for Manuel to be shot down in the presence of the populace. It seems to me this second act ought to be rewritten. Charles Bryant, the stage director of the Alcazar, is entitled to more credit for the success of this play than is allotted to him. I read the play in manuscript and it consisted then of three acts. The second act was a scene in an Indian camp and had absolutely no reference to the actual story, and if there were any it was a forced reference—what is called in the publishing world "padding," Mr. Bryant justly cut out this act, which improved the play marvelously, and if he attends to the second act by means of a slashing and pruning process he will still more enhance the dramatic beauty of the play. It would also be well to let all the characters with the exception of the priest use the Mexican dialect as it lends color to the general surroundings. As it is now, part of the characters use dialect and others good English, and by dialect I do not mean a distorted English but an English beautified rather than soiled by the musical accent of the Spanish or Mexican tongue.

William F. Dunphy

A Well Known and Popular Theatrical Man

The music is characteristic in spots and devoid of character in other parts—especially so the intermezzo. There is no Mexican flavor to this intermezzo. It is a tedious, long drawn-out affair, without a bit of individuality, and the orchestra would do far better to play the intermezzo from "Cavalleria" which has just about as much Mexican character as that of Emil Bruguière, but which would take better with the audience. The overture is better, so is the incidental music. Why the Spanish "Cachucha" is played for the Mexican "Fandango" is also a mystery to me. There are sufficient Mexican dances published so that it is not necessary to resort to Spanish music

The success of "Mother Earth" was instantaneous and the management decided to retain the piece for another week. It will be followed by "Dr. Bill," when Ernest Hastings will again make his bow before the Alcazar audiences.

Columbia

FREDERICK WARDE, together with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune, will begin a limited engagement at the Columbia on Monday evening. Supporting them will appear an exceptionally strong company including among others Charles D. Herman, John Sturgeon. Raymond Gilbert, Charles H. Clark, Frank Henning, Henry Buckler, Harry C. Barton, Alexander McKenzie and Louise Meredith. The opening play of the season is to be Henry Guy Carleton's fine romantic work, "The Lion's Mouth," in which Mr. Warde will appear in his original role of Rinaldo and Mrs. Brune as Linora. Other plays to be presented during the engagement are "Richard III," "The Merchant of Venice," "Romeo and Juliet," "Virginius" and an entirely new play entitled "Fortune's Fool" Special scenery, costumes and all other necessary accessories are carried for each of the plays in the repertory and productions of only the highest calibre will greet theatre-goers during the Warde engagement. "The Lion's Mouth" will be given at every performance during the week excepting Thursday night and Saturday matinee, when "Romeo and Juliet" is to be the bill. There is already an immense demand for seats. Those who do not recognize the name of Brune will be glad to be enlightened as to the identity of Warde's leading lady. Mrs. Brune is no other than Minnie Tittell, a San Francisco girl, and the sister of Charlotte and Essie Tittell.

With pleasure the news was read this week of the successful career of the popular San Francisco boy, William F. Dunphy, who left here a few months ago to embark in the theatrical business. If a thorough knowledge of the advertising business and the well wishes of a multitude of friends on the coast can bring him success, his goal will easily be attained. Will Dunphy is the second son of Mrs. Annie T. Dunphy, the well known business woman.

Grand Opera House

IN ORDER to discover the real value of the comic opera "His Majesty" by Peter Robertson and H. J. Stewart, I went to the opera house twice and also read the libretto. That the work is of superior merit can not be questioned. I will now be asked: "If it is such a valuable achievement, why has it not met with a respective success?" The reason for this lies in the fact that it has never been produced in a manner worthy of its merit. I understand that Mr. Robertson entrusted the production of the work entirely to the care of Charles H. Jones, the stage manager. This was a mistake. A man may be a first class stage manager, but it does not follow that he is a good stage director, for Mr. Jones proved (excepting the burlesque and march) that he could not do justice to the work, and yet under the circumstances he did well. Mr Robertson should have supervised the rehearsals in person. It could easily be seen that while the lyrics were brought out effectively, the lines were never uttered with that adherence to important points which ought to have been prevalent. The real humor, wit and originality of the story were not brought out, just because there was a lack of dramatic temperament in the interpretation. Although the composer's efforts were brought out effectively, the librettist suffered through insufficient and unsatisfactory rehearsals. Each of the three acts of the opera contains a comical situation, and it is genuine comedy, too. In the first act appears a bankrupt, but vain glorious nation advertising for a king at a salary of fifty dollars per week. The advertisement is answered by one Cadenza who immediately strikes for a raise in salary but who is peremptorily denied this luxury. Pressed for money, the king and queen decide to let furnished rooms in the palace. Now here is an exceedingly comical situation which is hardly prominently enough brought out. This palace lodging house proposition ought to be the axis around which the first act should revolve. Mr Robertson is fully capable of working out this idea and if he should, the monotony of the first act as it now stands will be remedied. The situation of the second act is the preparation for the reception of Prince Moscovy which, owing to a lack of funds, must be accomplished without expenditure. So the king and queen shine shoes, clean the carpets and sweep the palace. But still there remains a court to be secured to give lustre to the reception. Fortunately a comic opera company comes to town and asks the privilege of the royal presence at its performance. This is granted provided the company is willing to act as the court. This burlesque opera company is the central point of the second act and is the feature of the performance at the Grand this week. The second act is good as it stands and the best act of the opera. In the third act we have a situation not exactly new but nevertheless comical and this consists in the clearing of a confusion resulting from mistaken identities. These mistaken identities are so much more striking because two persons of high degree mistake each other for people of low degree while with the other couple it is vice versa. The termination of the plot is that the king's salary is raised to seventy-five dollars, the marriages are consummated and the stranded opera company receives an engagement. With the exception of the first act and a few irregular rhythms in the lyrics the work is remarkable and I have no doubt that it would be successful anywhere. Some eastern company ought to get hold of it.

The music has the advantage of being serious and melodious. I want to attract particular attention to the fact that H. J. Stewart did not deign to resort to trashy stuff that may tickle the ear, but which is offensive to the cultured musical mind. It is music of a high class. And yet there is sufficient color in it to make it pleasant to hear. The second time I listened to it I liked it much better than the first. Among the best musical numbers are a duet between the prince and princess, "A Drop of Water from Its Earthy Cell," and a solo by the prince, "My Dream was of a Simple Village Maid." Both occur in the first act. The second act contains a pretty sonnet by the prince, "Oh, Faded Splendor," and a duet between Betti and the princess, "I Know Not How Love's Message Came." The finales are all well worked out and effective.

With the exception of Bessie Fairbairn the acting is lacking the necessary vigor. It seems as if the performers say their lines like the children in school—simply grinding them out. Wooley as the impresario does fairly well. Persse and Miss Mason sing excellently, but even they show signs of lack of proper stage direction. Thus the whole production has an air of amateurishness which I think should not be ascribed to the play. It seems to me that some manager ought to pick up this work; he would make a good deal of money out of it. The management of the opera house deserves a great deal of credit for mounting the piece properly. "His Majesty" will be given for the last time tomorrow evening, and on Monday "The Chimes of Normandy" will be revived with Woolf as Gaspard.

The TIVOLI will reopen tonight after its rest of five days and there will be a crowded house to greet Ferris Hartman in

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HAS REOPENED her Dancing Academy at 211 Sutter Street, both Evening and Juvenile The Walk and Carriage of the Body a Specialty.

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Try Kelly's Corn Cure, 25 cents 102 Eddy Street.

"Tar and Tartar." Annie Meyers will also be welcomed. Anna Lichter, Tom Greene, Charlotte Beckwith and Alf. C. Wheelan are all of the new comic opera company.

California THE FRAWLEYS are presenting "An Enemy to the King" this week. Contrasting it with "The Prisoner of Zenda" "Phroso," this "Enemy to the King" is rather a tame affair. I do not agree with some of the critics here who put all the blame on the shoulders of Mr. Frawley and his company. How in the name of all that is reasonable can you get dramatic climaxes out of a play which does not contain any? It is true there are some clever lines in this play, but there is no incident which could rivet one's attention to such a degree that one feels the chill of expectancy come over him. Not one instance can I recall that would have any other effect but that of languid interest. We know what is going to happen. It is the old clap-trap of melodramatic artificialities. Not even the duel scene has the desired effect for we know very well that no one will be killed. It is the old story. So it is the play that is to be blamed rather than the players for the lack of "go." Next week "The Fatal Card" a melodrama of much virility which was given during a previous engagement, will be put on for four nights, beginning tomorrow, and the remainder of the week "The Sporting Duchess" will be presented.

Orpheum I AM GLAD to hear that Camille d'Arville has made such a hit at the Orpheum that she has been retained for another week, thus assisting in giving the Orpheum a bill next week the artistic strength of which has never been equalled on the local vaudeville stage. The three genuine master attractions will consist of D'Arville, George Fuller Goldman, by far the best monologuist in this country at present, and Milton Royle, whose prominence as an actor is unquestionable. Another new number will be Hamilton Hill, an Australian tenor. The holdovers consist of Emonds, Emerson and Emonds, the Tennis Trio, Jessie Millar and the biograph.

One of the most interesting articles in the November number of the *Century* is "Wagner from Behind the Scenes," by Gustav Kobbe. Although it is an exposé of the mechanical means by which the "scenery acts," so far from detracting, as is the case with most similar articles, Mr. Kobbe's paper not only adds to the interest of the performance but gives one a proper degree of respect and consideration for those unseen actors, the stage manager and his large force of assistants.

THE PLAYGOER

Miss Lillian Slinkey has returned from Pacific Grove to her vocal studio in Sutter street.

Advance in the Price of Timber Land

Notice is hereby given that on and after the first day of January, 1900, the price of all timber land owned and for sale by the Central Pacific Railway Company and the California and Oregon Railroad Company, will be advanced from twenty to fifty per cent over present field gradings and quotations.

All timber contracts maturing after January 1st, 1900, will be extended only at the advanced rate.

WM. H. MILLS,
Land Agent Central Pacific Railway Co.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Monday, December 11th, Frederick Warde together with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune, in a great repertoire,

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Friday and Saturday nights,

"THE LION'S MOUTH"

Thursday night and Saturday Matinee,

"ROMEO AND JULIET"

Sunday—To be Announced. No increase in prices—25c to $1.

California

The Popular House.

'Phone, Main 1731.

Third week of the FRAWLEY COMPANY.

Beginning Sunday night and for four nights only, the best melodrama ever written,

"THE FATAL CARD"

Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights and Saturday afternoon, in response to the great demand,

"THE SPORTING DUCHESS"

Our Popular Prices—Evening, 75, 50 and 25 cts; Matinee, 50 and 25 cts.

Grand Opera House

Morosco Amusement Co., Inc. Lessees.

Telephone, Main 532.

Last two nights of "His Majesty."

Week of Monday, December 11th, by Special Request, Planquette's charming opera,

"THE CHIMES OF NORMANDY"

Look out for our Christmas Spectacle,

"SINBAD THE SAILOR"

By Special Arrangement with David Henderson.

Prices—50cts, 35cts, 25cts, 15cts. and 10cts. A good reserved seat at Saturday matinee, 25 cts. Branch Ticket Office, Emporium.

Alcazar

FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager

'Phone Main 254

Another week of the triumphant success and hit of the season, Francis Powers' Mexican Tragedy,

"MOTHER EARTH"

Old and New Mexico Life Illustrated with beautiful scenery, costumes and characters.

Seats now selling for next week.

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, December 10th.

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The famous Comic Opera,

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Return of the universal favorites, FERRIS HARTMAN and ANNIE MEYERS.

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Superb Costumes, Scenery and Effects.
Enlarged Chorus and Orchestra.

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Programs comprise Quartets:—Mendelssohn in E minor, Hadyn in F op. 77. Schumann in A minor. Quintets:—Beethoven in C, Mozart in C. Sextet:—Brahms in B flat.

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The Masks of Faces

WHEN the wild revelry of the Thanksgiving Eve bal masque was at its height, Langley entered the Pavilion. He was only a visitor in the city, and the process of killing time led him to the carnival. He was in dinner attire, just as he had left the club where he had been the honored guest at a merry feast of stags. Some of the party had left before midnight, but others stayed, and it was somewhere around two o'clock in the morning when Langley found himself following in Trevor's wake toward the Pavilion.

Bits of the conversation at dinner recurred to his mind, the serious portions that had preceded the gay jests and stories that were passed when the wine had accomplished its insidious work of warming men's hearts and loosening their tongues.

" 'Love that is too hot and strong burneth soon to waste,' " someone had quoted.

"That sort of love is only possible to youth," said Trevor, who at thirty considered he had no more fires left to burn, and was contented in his cynicism.

"Lord! that is the most fallacious reasoning I ever heard," said old General Kurtz, still straight and strong and handsome at seventy, "a woman's kiss tastes just as sweet to me now. Indeed I think I appreciate the flavor better than when I was a callow youth."

"Yes, what does a green lad fresh from college know about women?"

" 'He that voluntarily continues ignorant is guilty of all the crimes that ignorance produces,' " quoted Doctor Bean.

"You cannot lay that crime at my door," quickly observed little Dick Dawes, who had just matriculated in the medical college of which Dr. Bean was dean.

The talk had flitted to other subjects, but Langley remembered particularly something that the old ex-army officer had said:

"Old age likes youth. At twenty, I cast my love at the feet of a woman of thirty-five. At twenty-five, I abhorred women's society. At thirty, I was passionately attached to a woman of my own age. At forty, I married a girl of twenty-two. At fifty and sixty I began to admire little maids at school and now, at seventy, sweet eighteen is just to my taste."

"And suppose woman's taste runs after the same lines?" queried Trevor.

They all laughed at the idea of a woman of seventy casting eyes of love at a lad of eighteen. The absurdity of it was so apparent.

* * * * *

Langley had scarcely entered the ball room when he was set upon by a horde of fairies, Cupids and plain dominoes. He shook them off and pursued his way along the passages back of the tiers of seats where the spectators had sat during the early part of the carnival to view the grand march. The scenes of voluptuous abandon about him were disgusting. Though familiar with the riotous revelry of the students' balls in Paris, and of the New Orleans Mardi Gras, yet such sights as these were shocking even to him.

A figure standing by the stairway, gowned as a nun, drew his gaze. Something in the pose, something that suggested a warm heart beneath the sombre concealing folds of the nun's mantle, made Langley pause. Almost unconsciously he spoke:

"Will you dance?" he asked.

The woman turned. He saw she wore a half-mask, but beneath it were a mouth and chin that seemed formed purposely for caresses. Langley was not easily moved through his senses but his prescience told him that this woman had been waiting—and for him.

They danced and afterwards they left the Pavilion together, the nun not entering a single protest when Langley proposed a petit souper.

Langley, usually cold and impervious to feminine wiles, was moved to the innermost parts of his being by the mere proximity of the masque. She enthralled his senses. When she spoke, he felt an instant sympathy with her.

From her manner, her carriage, her trainante voice, he knew that she was—or at any rate had been—a member of the inner circle. In her half-shy repulse of his caresses, he felt that she was being overcome by natural diffidence. He was satisfied that she was not acting, that her conduct was real and that she was struggling with her scruples. But he had drunk so much champagne that he was in no condition to make an accurate analysis.

As Langley speeded on his southward way, a day later, he puzzled his brain to know when and where the lady of the bal masque had left him. Into his recollection came a confused jumble of passionate words exchanged, warm kisses, flashing black eyes, a rounded, yielding figure—then all merged into obscurity.

On the veranda of the Hotel Coronado some months after this Langley paced up and down, murdering time after his usual mode, smoking and meditating. From an open window of a room above voices floated upon the night breezes.

"I married too young," said a woman's plaintive voice. "Never cast yourself away, my dear, even if he is as rich as Crœsus. Think of my wasted life. My marriage was of my father's making. Of course, I felt very grand to be chosen—a little girl from a convent—to be the bride of a great professor in a college. But I did not know—I could not know. Think of me, a child with a woman's heart, not yet awakened, married to a man four times my age! He was good and kind—but what are goodness and kindness to a hungry heart? He was absorbed in his books, while I—I was starving for affection."

"You should have consoled yourself," said a girl's voice, the voice of a modern young woman.

But there was a note of horror in the other's tones as she replied:

"Oh, no, we had different ideas of the proprieties in those days."

"You should have flirted," said the girl, "gone around and had a jolly good time."

"My husband was jealous, always," said the other, "and when he died—oh, then I was too old to attract."

"You, old!," exclaimed the girl, "you beautiful, graceful, lovely creature!"

"I am sixty years of age. My hair is white."

"I begin to believe in Ninon d'Enclos," said the girl, "whom I had always considered a myth."

A burst of silvery laughter made Langley look up at the window. There was something familiar in the sound. There was also something reminiscent in the shape of the white hand that was raised in protest.

"If I were you I'd go a-masquerading," said the girl, with a laugh, "dress up and flirt with college boys. What a glorious joke!"

There seemed to be some hesitation before the other answered this jest.

"Nonsense," she finally said, "why, I am a respectable old lady of sixty."

"With the heart of a girl of twenty," added the other, and then she pressed a score of kisses upon her friend's lips.

To satisfy himself that he had never met the speakers, Langley dallied in the dining room the following morning, until he could identify the ladies' voices. In vain. Only once a smothered laugh made him turn toward the next table. But there was nothing familiar to him in the face of the young girl whose gaze answered his, or in the white hair of the old lady who was her companion.

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World of Letters

"BOHEMIAN PARIS OF TODAY," by W. C. Morrow and Edouard Cucuel, should be one of the books of the year. It was evidently written con amore and its descriptions of the various resorts and doings peculiar to bohemian Paris fairly tingle with life and vividness. The Quartier Latin has been the theme of many a writer before now; the student and his grisette have tripped over more than one page of romance and poetry. Bohemia has never lacked for scribes and chroniclers. But the theme is inexhaustible and seems ever susceptible of new handling. Mr. Morrow's book brings it down to the present day and hour. He deals with certain phases of student life—that free and unconventional life of which Du Maurier has given us glimpses in "Trilby," which glimpses, by the way, constituted the charm of the book and accounted for the popular craze over it. It is strange what a fascination any form of untrammeled, unfettered living possesses for those who are held down to the routine and grind of every-day life. We who are not of bohemia admire and envy its recklessness, its dash and its freedom—too often we see only these aspects of it and ignore the hard work, the privation and the sordidness that form the reverse of the medal. Mr. Morrow's book is entirely frank and does not conceal the darker phases of student and artist life. And the work has other than a passing interest and it is destined to do more than amuse an idle hour. It is a lively picture of manners and as such deserves a place on the study table of the serious student of humanity. Like "Pepy's Diary," the "Memoirs of Grammont," and many other works of both ancient and modern times, it forms a record of certain passing phases of life and manners. Such books by their very frankness and freedom from search after literary effect are mines of rich findings for the grave historian and sociologist, for they furnish him with data upon which to base his learned deductions. Mr. Morrow's book will not be overlooked by the historian who will in future centuries strive to explain the puzzling record of our own. In this effort the illustrations of Edouard Cucuel will render him valuable assistance. Free, bold, vigorous and dashing, they hit off like photographs certain fleeting aspects of life in the great modern Babylon. They depict the café, the ball, the swish of a dancer's skirt, the tilt of a cocotte's hat, the waiter, the soldier of the Garde Muuicipale, the big bully of the Moulin de la Gallette.

———

It is impossible to read this book and to examine the sketches of Monsieur Cucuel without grave reflections beneath our amusement. Mr. Morrow tells us that certain reckless peculiarities of student life are overlooked from a belief that the experience gained is valuable to art. To a certain extent this may be so, and indeed no one but a Puritan would deny to youth, and especially artist youth, certain privileges. But it may be gravely questioned if the presence of the "eternal feminine" in the guise of the cocotte is not responsible for much that is flashy and meretricious in French art. And the cocotte is quite in evidence throughout the pages of Mr. Morrow's book. One of the closing chapters is devoted to "A Night on the Montmartre," and we are thereby introduced to some unpleasant evidences of French decadence. This is not the bohemia of the students, that at least is spontaneous and genuine, but the cabarets of Heaven, Hell, Death and Bruant represent the studied and disgusting extravagances of blasé minds in search of the prick of a new sensation, and which have lost all reverence for things sacred. Some of the vagaries described are positively blasphemous and make us already to believe that there are indeed people capable of celebrating a Black Mass and seriously following the cult of the Devil. There is not a dull line in "Bohemian Paris," and the reader will find in it either amusement or instruction according to the bent of his mind. —IRENE CONNELL.

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MUSICAL NOTES

The third concert of the Minetti quartet will take place at Sherman-Clay hall next Friday afternoon. An especially interesting and meritorious program has been prepared for this occasion. Particularly worthy of mention is the grand Mendelssohn string quartet in E flat with that beautiful concernetta so well known and admired by every true musician. Another very valuable number is the magnificent Goldmark piano quintet in B flat major which is famous because of its striking movements and the poetry embodied in its adagio. Another matter not to be forgotten is the first appearance with the quartet of Ferdinand Stark who will henceforth play second violin. No doubt the careful listener will not have omitted to note a particularly rich and broad tone in the Minetti quartet. This is due to the first class quality of the instruments used. Mr. Minetti plays a Nicolaus Amati (1718); Mr. Stark uses a Domenicus Montagnana instrument (1650); Mr. Heinsen's viola was made by Petrus Guarnerius, filius Andreas (1710). Herman Genss will be the pianist on this occasion and Miss Margaretha Bruntscher the vocalist.

¶ ¶

The second lecture of Robert Tolmie on "Music and its Relation to Other Arts" took place at his studio last Saturday afternoon. Once more Mr. Tolmie demonstrated his thorough knowledge of the subject at issue and once more those who attended left with a consciousness of having acquired additional information in musical and artistic matters. The third and last lecture will take place next Saturday afternoon and those who omitted to witness the first two discourses should not fail to attend this last one.

¶ ¶

The Century club gave one of its swell and artistic recitals last Wednesday afternoon. The participants on the program were Miss Meta Asher, whose talent is paving for her a way into the most prominent and select affairs; Miss Alma Berglund whose ability as a vocalist entitles her to complimentary recognition as an artist of prominence; Miss Bessie Wall, an accompanist of experience and fine facility and Samuel Savannah whose artistic temperament and natural gift have long ere this won for him a respected position in local musical circles.

¶ ¶

The music world is interested in the marriage on Thursday evening in Oakland, of Miss Margaret Olcese of that city and A. A. Borlini, the well known singer of San Francisco, who has appeared so successfully in many amateur productions of grand opera. The wedding was celebrated at St. Francis de Sales church.

¶ ¶

Emma Nevada is coming west. The ex-Californian songbird has scored an immense success in New York. A. M.

SLIGHTLY MIXED.

A Boston dramatic contemporary, in discussing William A. Brady's production of a version of Marie Corelli's "Sorrows of Satan," refers to the book as the "Sorrows of *Satire*." Now how would the Hub treat anything of that kind if it appeared in one of our papers? Of course it *may* be only a typographical error, and then, again it may be the work of some female comp. whose mind was diverted to the unsatisfactory quality of her latest purchase in the dry goods line. Any way, where was the proof reader? Marie Corelli has advanced to that rank in fame where she has race horses called after her and woe is me! the turfmen, who are not "up" in matters literary, are given to calling them "Mary Gorilla."

—THE CARPIST.

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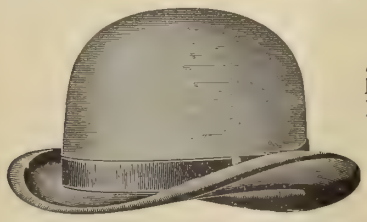

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Music World

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KNOWING the demand of my readers for European news and also aware of the fact that local papers do not devote any space to this phase of musical journalism, I have just concluded arrangements with a young student in Berlin whose intelligence in artistic matters had impressed me while I knew him in San Francisco. Notwithstanding his youth he possesses a mature judgment and as a musical judgment is rather inborn than acquired by age I have full confidence in the young man's accuracy of relating current musical events in the German metropolis My correspondent's name is Irvin Eveleth Hassell who is at present studying with Xaver Scharwenka, and from all sides come reports that he is making rapid strides in the direction of artistic success. I am sure the readers of this department will be interested in the following letter:

¶ ¶

"We went to hear the Joachim quartet at the Sing Akademie. I liked it much more than the last one, perhaps because one of the works was more modern. The Haydn quartet was much enjoyed, much more so than the one played at the previous concert. A quintet by Berger was excellent, the slow movement being one of the most exquisite I have heard since I have been here. Its character is quite modern. I think we learn a great deal from those Joachim evenings, but it is such a mental strain to follow through two quartets that when the third one comes one is very weary and dry, so when the Beethoven quartet arrived I did not enjoy it as much as the other two. Another drawback is the ventilation of the Sing-Akademie which is at times almost unendurable. I had to leave the hall between intermissions in order to get fresh air.

¶ ¶

"The other day I attended a symphony concert by the Philharmonic orchestra under the direction of Rebicek. The first number consisted of a symphony by Haydn, and a fine one it was, too, so rollicking, so full of humor. The next one was Mozart's great G minor symphony which by many is considered his best. It was splendid but I did not like it as much as the one by Haydn which preceded it or the Beethoven that followed The latter was a major one, sometimes called the battle symphony. Nikisch played the F major symphony Monday and Mascagni the Symphony Pathetique of Tschaikowsky. Mascagni plays in the Philharmonic with the La Scala orchestra of ninety artists amongst whom is his little son Mimi. They play a good deal of Dvorak here. We will have a symphonic poem of this entitled 'Heldenlied' at the Nikisch concert tomorrow.

¶ ¶

"I went Thursday to the Mascagni concert and did not like to stand up so I went there the next night to the concert given by the great Lilli Lehman. The William Tell overture which opened the program was almost a revelation to me. The first three movements were taken in that dreamy manner peculiar to the Italians. The Tschaikowsky Symphony Pathetique which followed was admirable. The second movement was bewitching and the first was grand. Iris was fine and had to be repeated and the Poem Symphonique by Bazzini was very neat. It is called "Saul," which title must have been labeled on after the piece was written, because it was no more Saul than a watermelon. The Traeumerei by Schubert was beautifully played although I liked the interpretation given it by Anton Hekking on the cello with orchestra accompaniment at one of the Ribecek concerts better; the last was a real dream. At both places it had to be repeated. The overture of Tannhauser was the tail piece of the program. It was well rendered but I liked it better when I heard it played by Scheel in San Francisco. The orchestra contained excellent brass and wood wind and good strings. After the conclusion of the program there was an ovation the like of which I have never seen before and many an American had the pleasure to grasp the hand of the great Mascagni. His son Mimi is a handsome little fellow with light curls clustering around his head and neck and he can fiddle away as good as anybody. He laughed at the ovation given his father.

¶ ¶

"Friday I went to hear Lilli Lehman's song recital. She is about fifty-five or sixty years old and has gray hair. Wilhelm Berger, the composer, was accompanist and he played a very clear accompaniment. I like the great prima donna's voice exceedingly well. It has a soft quality and she rarely ever rises to a forte. Last night I went to the third Nikisch concert and it was decidedly the best so far. Nikisch rose to great heights. The first number was the Beethoven symphony in F, No. 8. It was delightful. No trace of sorrow or misanthropy crosses the genial current of the piece. The next was the Liszt concerto in A minor for piano and orchestra, Risler from Paris being the pianist. I did not care much for the concerto as a piece, although the last part was quite martial and at times beautiful. Risler is a good pianist, but not one of the immortals as Rosenthal, Paderewski and others. I liked him as well as Carreno, however. 'Heldenlied' by Dvorak was the gem of the evening. I could use all my superlatives to give expression to my admiration of this great poem by Dvorak. Herr Nikisch brought out the most crushing climaxes. It was Dvorak from top to toe—the Dvorak of Legendes. The last number was Schumann's symphony in D minor, which was very artistic, especially the last movement.

¶ ¶

"For last evening the Philharmonic was to be led by Dvorak and two of his compositions ('Variationen Symphonique' and 'Heldenlied') were announced. Dvorak, however, was ill and could not attend so they played a symphonic poem by Berlioz, an adagio from a Beethoven quartet and a Liszt symphonic poem called 'Les Preludes.' We enjoyed the whole program including the Pastorale symphony. Next week they play the whole Niebelungen Ring at Nikisch concerts, namely, Rheingold, Walkure, Siegfried and Gotterdammerung. We had to stand an hour in line (and in the frost at that) last Sunday to discover the sale of tickets for the Ring would not open until Tuesday, so we sent a postal card asking for reserved seats and once more we had to stand an hour in line in order to get tickets—but we got them just the same.—*Berlin, November 6, 1899.*—IRWIN EVELETH HASSELL."

¶ ¶

Samuel Adelstein has recently received a composition for the mandolin by Mauvier Pietropertosa, one of the leading mandolinists of Paris, which is dedicated to him. It is entitled "Mandolina, Serenade Venitienne" and is arranged for first and second mandolin, mandola, guitar and piano, published by Y. J. Pisa, Rue Pigalle. This is the fifteenth composition dedicated to Mr. Adelstein by the composer and published both in Italy and France.

¶ ¶

Of all the flattering notices bestowed upon Vladimir de Pachmann by the eastern critics the following, by Philip Hale, written at the Worcester music festival was among the best—in fact, it is so good that I publish it verbatim et literatim as a splendid illustration of good musical journalism: "It is our old friend, Vladimir de Pachmann, who, after all, is the chief prima donna of the festival. He is one of the very few pianists who reconciles me to the prevailing and too popular theory that the piano is a musical instrument. * * * For Mr. de Pachmann knows the limitations of the piano and he respects them. Why speak at this late date of the indescribable beauty of his touch, of the exquisite finish of his runs and ornaments; of the keenly defined rhythm, of the poetry, of his phrasing? There is no pianist heard in this country for the last ten years who so appreciates the twilight that was dear to Chopin or understands so thoroughly the neurotic nature of the composer. There is no pianist who is so intimate with

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Chopin or to whom Chopin himself would have so gladly and so sadly listened. * * * De Pachmann's triumph was instantaneous and overwhelming. He played in response to imperious recalls the ballade in A flat and the waltz in D flat." De Pachmann will play here at the California Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons, December twenty-sixth, twenty-eighth and twenty-ninth, at half-past two o'clock.

¶ ¶

An Evening of Song and Music was given at the studio of Robert Tolmie on Friday evening of last week. Did you ever experience the invigorating influence of a musical and literary atmosphere in the home circle? Did you ever find that congenial sentiment which inspired you to higher aspirations? Were you ever spurred on to energetic activity in the interests of that which is pure in art? If not you ought to cultivate the acquaintance of Robert Tolmie and his circle of friends and you will have before you an illustration of the origin of what is termed musical atmosphere. It is just in such a home circle as assembles beneath Mr. Tolmie's roof whence the breezes of artistic purity come forth and afterwards spread throughout the community. We have here a few people who make no great pretensions but whose efforts fan the glowing embers of true efficiency. Mrs. Olivia Warfield's refined dramatic readings, her delicate interpretation and intelligent exposition of the classics would have brought more ambitious and stronger applause had she chosen a dramatic career. But she, like her brother, Mr. Tolmie, prefer the home and let me tell you they accomplish there perhaps more than they could have otherwise. It is true there is not so much noise or notoriety in this sort of work but it is just this silent endeavor which confers the most honor and bears the most luscious fruit. Miss Theresa Ehrman assisted by playing a few piano solos with that fluency of execution and adherence to the spirit of the composition that is always a characteristic of a musical soul. Miss Blanche Tolmie sang compositions by Chopin, Grieg and Schumann. The young vocalist has splendid material. Her voice is well rounded, soft and delicate and withal flexible. It is one of those organs which are just created for the illustration of the greater works of vocalism.

¶ ¶

A successful social and musical event occurred at the Hotel Vendome, San Jose, on Thursday evening of last week. It was a concert given for the benefit of the Sheltering Arms and Pratt Home. Among the participants were Mr. and Mrs. Henry McCauley whom the San Jose *Daily Record* speaks as follows: "A soprano solo, 'A May Morning,' by Mrs. Mary Weaver-McCauley was one of the most satisfactory selections of the evening. Mrs. McCauley is the possessor of a fine voice and has an attractive way of using it, and last evening she was loudly applauded by the audience. * * * Mr. Henry McCauley's first appearance in public on the coast was greeted with applause. He sang in his rich tenor the 'Thanksgiving Song' by Alliston. His efforts last evening were all that could be desired. * * * 'Deep in My Heart' by Centemeri was followed by the closing number, a duet by the McCauleys. Here the two talented vocalists had an opportunity to appear together with excellent results. Although the selection was difficult the two masters executed it in a faultless manner, much to the delight of their hearers."

¶ ¶

The fourth concert of the Holmes quartet occurred at Century hall last Tuesday afternoon. It was so far the best effort of this able body of musicians and manifested more than any of the previous affairs the musicianly instinct of Henry Holmes. An excellent idea was to play Mozart's string quintet in C and Brahms' sextet in B flat at one concert. Both works are representative ones and both contain the individuality of their creators in a remarkably strong degree. It was then possible for the interested listener to contrast that which is termed "the old school" with what some are pleased to call "modern" and no two masters are better adapted for such contrasts than are Mozart and Brahms. If we follow the quintet of the former master we find it infused with a gentleness which the German terms so effectively "graziöes." It never rises to grandeur but remains within the limits of polite sentiment. The poetic sentiment of the composer receives ample demonstration and never is fierceness allowed to peep even through the lines of notation. In fact as in all compositions of Mozart this quintet mirrors his tender emotions and the almost feminine tenderness of this beloved master. In the Brahms sextet there is no more trace of gentleness or tenderness but this modern master speaks more with determination than poetry. Like the politician who emphasizes his oration by striking with his fist on the table, thus Brahms punctuates imperative phrases by rhythmic embellishments. The pizzicato and the crescendo are used frequently and with much effect. When this composer desires to imprison your heart he becomes as alluring as the song of the siren. When he desires to imprison your brain he becomes commanding and autocratic. Brahms knows nothing of that enchanting tenderness with which Mozart's works are impregnated, but he speaks with the authority of your superior and the emphatic positiveness of the man of power. Once more am I inclined to term Mozart's work feminine and Brahms' masculine. By this I do not desire to illustrate a contrast between weak and strong, but between that which is admirable in the woman and that which is imposing in the man. The quartet was strengthened by Walderman Lund, second viola, and William Wertsch, second cello. The vocalist was Mrs. Charles Olcott Richards and the accompanist Miss Constance Jordan. The fifth concert will take place next Tuesday evening at eight o'clock. The program will consist of the string quartet in F op.77 by Haydn, sonata in F op 78 for piano and violin by Brahms and the string quartet in A minor No. 1 by Schumann. I may add that Henry Holmes is the best exponent of Brahms quartets I have heard so far and my list of quartet leaders includes Joachim. Miss Ernestine Goldman will play the piano parts in the Brahms sonata.

¶ ¶

As I predicted, the concert of Mrs. J. E. Birmingham was one of the few musical events of prominence this season. I have repeatedly spoken of Mrs. Birmingham's magnificent contralto, her scholarly manner of using her voice, her excellent judgment in phrasing, the striking quality of her tone production and finally her excellent diction. It is superfluous to reiterate once more what I have stated so often previously, so let me add that Mrs Birmingham sent home her audience enriched with the conviction that San Francisco may pride itself upon harboring at least a few artists whose pure sentiments exercise an ennobling influence over their fellow-men. Mrs. Birmingham's assistant was Harry Girard, who, although arrived here but a short time ago, has already achieved marvelous success on this coast. I can easily understand this. Mr. Girard is endowed with a baritone of rare timbre and power. It is a voice moulded by nature. Judging from his execution he has received excellent training and his phrasing shows temperament and good judgment. Some time ago Mr. Girard told me to tell him the truth in print whenever I got a chance and I now take him at his word. There is a slight defect which he should try to get rid of and this consists of a tremolo-like vibration of the voice which for aught I know may be nervousness, but it seems to me Mr. Girard is too experienced a vocalist to be hampered by stage fright. It should be easy for him to remedy this little weakness. He sang the prologue to "Pagliacci" in a remarkably finished manner, and I am sure his future on the concert and, perhaps, operatic stage will be a rosy one. Mrs. W. J. Batchelder acted as accompanist.

¶ ¶

Owing to poor health W. H. Holt, organist of the Grace church, is compelled to go to Southern California for a complete rest. His expenses for this trip are generously defrayed by some members of the church. In the meanwhile Theodore Vogt will take Mr. Holt's place, and the latter expects to return at the end of this month.

¶ ¶

Alfred J. Cramphorn announces the marriage of his sister, Miss Lily Cramphorn, to James Hamilton Howe, Mus B. The ceremony will take place at the First M. E. church, San Jose, on Tuesday afternoon December twelfth.

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Grand Symphony Concert

THE Grand Opera House was packed from parquet to gallery last Thursday afternoon when the Symphony orchestra and Henry Holmes appeared for the first time before a San Francisco public. It was a representative audience both from a social and financial standpoint, and I may just as well add right here that as an artistic success the affair will go down as one of the most successful in the history of music in this city. The largest audience that ever assembled at a symphony concert (about three thousand people) listened to the largest symphony orchestra ever playing here (sixty-six members). The most important subject to discuss now is the facility of Henry Holmes, who presented himself on this occasion as a symphony leader anxious to receive the unbiased judgment of our musical community, for that we are a musical community cannot be questioned now when three thousand residents attend a symphony concert. It is a thing to be proud of—a fact which will ere long be spoken of in every corner of America. Well, then, hats off to Mr. Henry Holmes! who on this occasion demonstrated in a decidedly satisfactory manner that he is the only man here who can now make a success of the symphony season. He has proved beyond a doubt that he is a musician in the truest sense of the term, a man of genius, a deep student of that which is noble in art and a connoisseur of the works of the masters. He guides the baton with surety, holds his orchestra in good control and has his eyes and ears wide open at all stages of a rendition. The best work done by the orchestra was the Beethoven Leonore overture. There was decidedly vigor and spirit in this selection. It was one of those brilliant executions which keep your blood dancing for enthusiasm for all that is noble in art and showed the great Beethoven in his very best mood. It showed further that the orchestra was made up of artists of no mean ability and put the finishing touches to a concert the like of which has been but rarely witnessed in San Francisco. And now having said

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all that is good, let us focus the critical rays. The Brahms symphony in E minor did not go with that fluency that one was justified in expecting. Whether it was a lack of sufficient rehearsals or a timidity occasioned by its being the first number on the program, I am unable to tell, but there was throughout a lack of certainty prevalent which was more noticeable in the brass than in any other group and which also perverted the necessary vigor and emphasis which are so characteristic of Brahms. But the balance of the program, including the Bach Suite in C, and Wagner's Siegfried Idyl together with the Leonore overture, made up fully for any other discrepancies and thus I am not backward in terming this concert a complete success well worthy of seeing a good many repetitions. I heard the concert from various parts of the house and found that in the family circle the tone mass was not so strong as in the parquet and boxes, so it is to be hoped that people who were not sitting at advantageous places will not confound the disadvantage of their position with a lack of vigor on the part of the orchestra. Casting a glance over the orchestra I found there the best material San Francisco possesses and there is every reason to believe that the men were inspired with sufficient ambition to work as well in the future as they did last Thursday. In the distribution of credit let us, beside the orchestra and Mr. Holmes, include Mrs. Phœbe Hearst, to whose generosity San Francisco is indebted for one of the finest musical treats it ever enjoyed. One word in praise of Louis Newbauer, the talented flutist whose frequent solo work was delightful and then let us hope that arrangements will be made for a series of symphony concerts. The people of San Francisco have shown that they want them and their wishes ought to be gratified.

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"And phwat'll Jimmy McGinn be doing?"

McGinn, I beg leave to state, was an undertaker.

—THE REPORTER.

LEGAL NOTICES

SHERIFF'S SALE

BEN B. HASKELL, Plaintiff vs. MARGARET DUNTON, Defendant.	Sale. Justices' Court, No. 14661. Execution.

Under and by virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Justices' Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of November A. D. 1899. in the above entitled action, wherein Ben B. Haskell, the above named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Margaret Dunton, defendant, on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1899, which said Judgment was recorded in the Clerk's Office of said Court, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Seventeenth street distant thereon easterly fifty-five feet from the point of intersection formed by the northerly line of Seventeenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, and running thence easterly along said northerly line of Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; and thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet to the point of commencement.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 18th day of December A. D. 1899 at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said Execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said Judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money, of the United States.

HENRY S. MARTIN, Sheriff

San Francisco. November 25, 1899.
BEN B. HASKELL, 409 California street, San Francisco
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VOL. 8—NO. 381 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 16, 1899 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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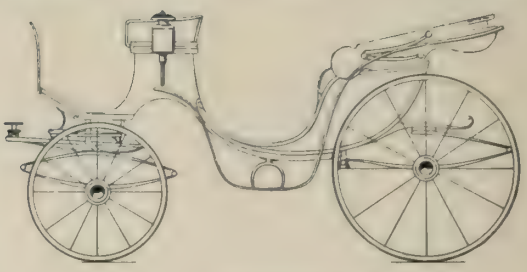

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, December 16, 1899

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor

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OUR OPINION

Costliness of Cleanliness at the City Hall.

GLORIOUS times they have in the City Hall when the municipality goes to housecleaning. At the same rate of expenditure the average householder would find it cheaper to set fire to his domicile, and rebuild and refurnish from the ground up. But fortunately housecleaning at the City Hall occurs only biennially, or after a change of administration. The new broom that sweeps clean is put into operation immediately after the change, and after that the building is cleaned in spots. If it were kept clean under the system or lack of system provided for by the consolidation act the municipality would probably be forced into bankruptcy. The stove-blacking bills are a revelation. She is a poor housewife who cannot keep her kitchen range in pot-pie order at an expenditure of less than ten cents a month and ten minutes a day, and there is a mighty difference between the accidents and incidents which befall the cook stove and the courtroom heater. Here are a few items from the records.

To blacking and polishing stoves in court room of Judge Seawell; man and helper	$6 30
To repairing stove, Justice Barry's room	3 50
To blacking same	3 00

And so on right through the list. It would puzzle anyone who was not used to political methods to know how two men could while away seven hours in setting up one stove, but the process is simple. Two mechanics arrive in the morning, and by carrying in one joint of stove pipe or one nail at a time, and making an extra trip after hammer, wire and other necessaries, can easily stave off the job till noon; a few drinks of—water—and extreme care not to overstrain themselves will finish out the day. And then, why, there is no platform under the stove, and it will consume another day to make one and still another to take down the first day's work and do it over. A man can put in a day merely opening and closing doors, if he puts on an apron with a few screws in the pocket and carries a hammer and screw driver. It is all easy enough when you know how. One would suppose that the various office holders appropriated the furniture as a perquisite, to judge from the number of times that desks, lounges, hat-racks, tables and leather-covered chairs must be replaced. It might be a good idea to inventory the furniture at the beginning and call for the relics at the end of each term. A leather lounge at a cost of $60 or a walnut desk charged at the rate of $117 ought to give an account of themselves, and chairs at the rate of $20 to $50 each should last a year or two, and then be as good as new if recovered. Taxpayers have a right to expect an improvement over the old methods under the new charter.

The System of Which Judge Coffey Complains.

JUDGE COFFEY has just discovered that the Presiding Judge of the Superior court hearkens to the request of attorneys concerning the assignment of cases. It is surprising that Judge Coffey has been so long making the discovery, particularly in view of the fact that his court has been tabooed by many practitioners for years. No attorney who hopes to fleece an estate out of an exorbitant fee permits it to get into Judge Coffey's court if he can have it assigned to a department in which the rights of litigants are less jealously guarded. And there are other attorneys who regard Judge Coffey as somewhat of a crank, and who, though they are conscientious, do not hesitate to resort to wire-pulling to keep their cases out of his department. The auburn-haired jurist is somewhat of a crank, for he has positive ideas on the earning capacity of the average lawyer, and during his long career on the bench he has pricked the bubble of more than one high-priced attorney's conceit. He has proved himself a crank in other ways; nevertheless he is the sort of a crank that we need on the bench. When he was Presiding Judge, the request of an attorney to have a case assigned to any particular department was deemed sufficient reason for sending it to some other one. It was not safe then to approach the Presiding Judge with such a petition. And if all Presiding Judges were such cranks as to ignore such petitions there would be less juggling with justice at the City Hall. There are men on the bench who are under obligations to attorneys for political and other kinds of favors and it is one of the common coincidences of legal practice that when an attorney has an important case involving large interests it goes before the judge on the bench who is friendly to him. Judge Coffey says that it may come about that culprits may seek their own juries. It has already come about that they seek their own judges for the district attorney suggests the court in which he prefers to try a particular case, and there have been times in the history of this city when the prosecuting officer preferred a verdict of acquittal to that of conviction.

Suggestions for Solution of the Race Problem

THE race problem is still puzzling Uncle Sam but its solution appears to be not far distant. It has lately been solved in Indian Territory to the satisfaction of one thousand white men and the same number of blushing Choctaw maidens. A government commission recently issued an edict to the effect that no white men who married Choctaw women after a certain date would be allowed to share in the lands and moneys of the Choctaw tribe. As a result there was some very speedy love-making in the Indian Territory. One thousand white men wooed and won Choctaw brides with the land and money that accompanied them, and all within the space of a few weeks. According to all acounts the Choctaw girl is pretty and well educated, and in addition to her own five hundred and fifty acres of land an equal amount is given to her husband. So the inducements for the match are manifold, but meanwhile the Choctaw male is in distress. He is not appreciated by the female of his tribe. She turns up her nose at him when there are white men around. It therefore remains for the government to solve the problem so far as poor Lo is concerned. If white men like Choctaw women why should not white women like Choctaw men? In New York and Massachusetts, where spinsters are a drug on the market, the Choctaw brave should have no difficulty in promoting matrimony. New York society is at present lionizing an Indian in the person of Antonio Apache, a grandson of Cochise, the Apache chief who, a short time ago, was the terror of the trail in Arizona. Antonio is described as a most entertaining person, and he was the guest of Mrs. John R. Drexel at the Horse Show. It would not be surprising if he succeeded in scalping an heiress. It was not so long ago that Miss Florence Jewell wedded a Matabele savage, who has none of the charms of person of the average Choctaw. Society was shocked by the marriage, but now that New York's Four Hundred has placed the stamp of approval on the social qualifications of an Apache warrior, Uncle Sam should not hesitate to send the lonely Choctaw east to grace the afternoon teas of the smart set. There is a splendid field for the red savage at the eastern summer resorts, and who knows but what his presence there might solve that other problem—how to prevent our heiresses from bestowing their fortunes on titled foreigners.

The Silk Hat and Sack Coat Crime

SAN FRANCISCO is not the only large-sized jay town on the map. People that come all the way from New York would like us to believe that as soon as they get beyond the confines of the metropolis they begin to see things which cause them to regret that they failed to carry a gun. They declare that they encounter all sorts of strange and unnecessary creatures outside of New York. The man whose dress violates all rules is probably the most shocking spectacle that the traveler from the effete east meets on his journey. This vulgar creature is impossible in gay and cultured New York. If he were to appear on Broadway he would derange the city government, and the automobile would shy at him. At least that is what visiting New Yorkers would like us to believe. Nevertheless the New York *Sun*, which is an instructive journal that seeks to educate the public, published an editorial the other day on the subject of the silk hat, and how and when it should be worn. It appears that the practice of assimilating the plug tile with tan shoes and a sack coat is not unknown among the fastidious inhabitants of the Tammany burg. The *Sun* very properly declares that that particular style of headgear harmonizes with only those coats that have tails and with none but black shoes. Evidently the dictates of fashion and good taste are not as strictly complied with in New York as visitors from that city would have us believe. The silk hat and sack coat combination has become a rarity even in the wild and wooly west. That it should still obtain in the cultured metropolis is most surprising. Common sense should suggest the impropriety of combining a hat which is a disinct mark of leisure and luxuriousness with a coat which is particularly suited for wear in business hours. San Francisco has one prominent citizen who has been addicted to the silk hat and sack coat habit, but he was sent to jail some months ago for expectorating on the floor of a street car. There are some crimes that we cannot tolerate, and when a citizen offends beyond endurance by the grotesqueness of his attire, and there is no law in the statute books to apply to his case, we catch him doing something for which a penalty is provided and he is summoned to the bar of justice.

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LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
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A PARTING SHOT

Farewell! not so that blessed word would be
  Profaned if even breathed to wish thee well;
  May maledictions such as fiends in hell
Hurl at each other in their agony,
Pursue thee over every land and sea.
  Go! like the leper, far apart to dwell,
  Go! live and die like painted Jezebel,
On whom the dogs did feed, and may on thee.
Thou choosest all the crooked paths of sin,
  When virtue's ways are smooth before thy feet;
Thy facile lips the lie can deftly spin,
  And only move to breathe thy heart's deceit;—
Go! like the Ishmaelite, to wander on
Without one solitary benison.

THE FORSAKEN.

The Saunterer

ONE OF THE best known young matrons in our gilded aristocracy called me up on the 'phone last Saturday morning to express her disapproval of one of my paragraphs. She said that I had wounded her highly sensitive and refined feelings by "roasting people" who had been dead sixteen years. I was puzzled to know to whom she referred for I could not remember having grilled any sixteen-year old corpse. After mature reflection, I have concluded that she was guilty of misrepresentation; that her feelings were wounded not by my disparagement of the dead, but by reference to the impending début in smart social circles of a young woman who made her début a decade ago in a less gilded set. I disparaged her in no way. There was no occasion for me to do so, for she is an estimable young woman, and I referred only incidentally to the fact that she became an heiress through a tragic incident. In another paragraph I made brief reference to the victim of the tragedy, but said nothing to his discredit. There was nothing in that paragraph to give offense, so I must conclude that the gilded matron, who by the way became a co-heiress through the same tragic incident and who has since married, elevated her haughty nose in indignation because of my comments on the impending début.

———

It is all very amusing to me and it suggests a homily on the stupendous conceit of our proud and pompous plutocrats. My telephone correspondent, knowing that TOWN TALK is read by cultured people, and that it deals with the doings of people of wealth and leisure, has been laboring under the delusion that I am willing to pen my paragraphs in deference to the whims of the snobocracy. Somebody has told her that it is wrong to speak disparagingly of the dead and she affects to be offended at my disrespect for the defunct. Poor woman! How it must have pained her to read history! I suppose her heart bled when she read about Nero. But Nero has been dead over sixteen centuries, and the Californian millionaire whom I did not roast is dead only sixteen years. And that is quite a difference. Besides, Nero's blue-blooded heirs have lost their identity in the obscurity of a multiplied posterity, and they can have no sympathetic regard for his memory. The Californian millionaire wasn't such a bad chap either. But he was killed and the man that killed him was not even tried for murder. He was discharged on preliminary examination—a rather bold thing for a police judge to do, but he did it in deference to public opinion. No, I am not writing paragraphs for the delectation of the snobocracy. I should prefer to be the man with the hoe.

———

Many of the representatives of the local snobocracy would make interesting characters in a society farce. Prominent among them is a dear old soul whose daughter, having inherited a large fortune, expects to cut a wide swath in social circles before the end of the winter. The old-fashioned person, who is not to the manner born but who has been given a thin veneer of polish so as not to embarrass her daughter in the furtherance of her social aspirations, is naturally addicted to malapropisms. In trying to make the bluff plausible she is guilty of an occasional gaucherie which is shocking to the nerves of refined swells. It is related of this materfamilias that at a luncheon given by her daughter, the young woman who chaperoned the latter through Europe and who is a sort of a social mentor to the family, occupied the head of the table, and during the repast she suggested that the old lady might have some turkey.

"Well, I guess I can have turkey in my own house if I want it," was the reply in a tone of wrathful indignation.

———

The subject of corns, I respectfully suggest, should be tabu at afternoon teas and other functions that involve gastronomical diversion. There is a time

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Universally acknowledged by connoisseurs the Highest Grade Champagne

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for all themes, and the subject of dressing the feet is not of absorbing interest either in the dining or the drawing room on the occasion of social gatherings. I have no desire to instruct the snobocracy in the usages of polite society, but I cannot forbear calling attention to the fact that even though a dutiful wife is proud of her devotion to her husband's feet, she should refrain from telling her friends about their topography, and her skill in paring the excrescences. Mrs. Malaprop of our newly rich set has been making her husband's feet famous. She has thrust them into afternoon teas and after-theatre suppers. They have been served up at all times and under all circumstances and they have become positive nuisances.

I am glad to see that Horace Platt is going about this season, and enjoying the pleasures of the dance as well as of the table. Mr. Platt belongs—not so much by his age as by his desire—to the category of passé beaux. He has kept bachelor hall for so long that he had to make an enormous effort before he could summon up sufficient energy to crawl from his shell. But he got out at last, and is now counted a favored guest at homes where buds are numbered in the family. I hear that more than one matchmaking mamma has settled upon Mr. Horace Platt as a possible son-in-law.

It was a brilliant idea, that of the late Dave Scannell, to have the authorities place red glass on the top of the street lamps nearest the fire alarm signal stations. The purpose was to facilitate the finding of the signal boxes at night. The red lights are conspicuous on all except corporation moonlight nights, which are the nights of full moon, the night before and the one after, as designated in the almanac. On those nights the lamps are not lighted and should a belated citizen discover a fire a great deal of time might be lost before he would be able to send in an alarm, owing to the absence of the beacon that leads to the alarm station. Possibly the authorities are of the opinion that fires cannot occur on corporation moonlight nights.

The marriage of Miss Frieda Sylvester and Dr. J. E. Sand was celebrated on Wednesday of last week, at the home of the bride's mother in Eddy street. Owing to the illness of Dr. Sand's mother, the wedding was solemnized with no display. The happy pair are now enjoying their honeymoon in the south.

Mrs. Byron Mauzy entertained the members of the Bee Hive Sewing Circle last week with a Cushion Tea. The ladies assembled early in the afternoon and devoted themselves to making cushions. At half-past six an elaborate dinner was served. The large round table was handsomely decorated with pink ribbons, carnations and colored fairy lamps. At nine the gentlemen arrived and a delightful evening was spent.

Most of the reviewers who have passed upon the book of published sketches of Edouard Cucuel, edited by W. C. Morrow under the title of "Bohemian Paris of Today" have referred to the artist as "Monsieur." This designation must naturally be a source of amusement to Ed Cucuel, who might with much better right be termed "Herr." The artist, who is a San Francisco boy, wrote the notes accompanying the sketches when he was an art student in Paris and many of them appeared in a local weekly. Young Cucuel has for a long time resided in Germany and is on the staff of the *Fliegende Blatter*. He married a charming German girl and their little boy was born in Germany. This is why I say "Herr" would be a more suitable title for Ed Cucuel than "Monsieur." Cucuel senior resides in San Francisco and it was through his desire that his son's sketches were put into sumptuous book-form, and the brief text whipped into readable shape by Mr. Morrow.

A great lump of envy rose in the throats of many young women on Thursday morning, when it was learned that one of the season's buds had announced her engagement. She is a very charming girl, and very clever, but charm and cleverness are also the possessions of other buds who have not been so fortunate in landing husbands thus early in the season. A seasoned belle, whose two younger sisters in spite of their great wealth have not yet been sought as wives by any but "ineligibles," could not say enough in dispraise of the lucky bud. It is really astonishing to what an extent the green-eyed monster has been able to make an impression this winter. It is probably on account of the enforced mixing of the social cliques, by reason of a lack of débutantes in the inner circle, that has caused jealous feeling to be rampant.

The pictures shown at the Bohemian club's exhibition cannot be appreciated at a glance. In previous exhibitions the exhibitors have been members of the club only, but this year woman's work has also been admitted to the walls. The new jinks room is finely adapted for the hanging of pictures, the light falling from just the proper angle. The portraits, of which there are more than the average number in the collection, challenge instant attention. While "Miss H" by Clawson, a Jewish type of beauty, has attracted the most widespread comment from the critics by reason of the originality of the pose and treatment, Orrin Peck's portrait of his sister Janet occupies equal prominence. The latter shows a beautiful childlike face and figure, in costume, charming in sentiment and pose. I do not like so well the pose of Peck's portrait of Mrs. F. G. Sanborn. It is conventional and not artistic, though the heavy breadths of the white gown are ably treated. It is rather the portrait of a gown than of a woman.

Mrs. Olga M. Ackerman shows three portraits. One of Mrs. Elizabeth Curtis O'Sullivan is particularly lifelike, admirable force being used in depicting the soft, healthy brown tints in the flesh. Clawson's portrait of Ex-Governor Budd has a fine human touch. Clawson also shows a portrait of a prominent society woman, a study of a mature blonde. There is a characteristic charm of color and composition in H. J. Breuer's

Chapin and Gore's Rye Whiskey is a splendid tonic during this unsettled weather.

"Will Gladden the Hearts of Children"

THE RAG TAGS

BY ARTHUR M. LEWIS

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"Hill Forest of Fontainebleau" and in "The Desert" by the same artist. Charles J. Dickman sends a "Moonlight on the Grand Canal" and "Ebb Tide," showing that he has emerged from the teething stage and even grown beyond knickerbockers.

R. I. Aitkin's figure, "Art Lured to Bohemia," has brought forth as much discussion anent the build of San Francisco feminines as did Flora Eunice Waite's cheese-cloth Californian Venus. The fact that below the waist the figure is so much more massive than above it is what has drawn forth the criticisms. But it is well known that the hilly situation of our city produces large hips and muscular limbs, while unless the local Venus goes in for athletics she is apt to be deficent in chest development, and small arms in comparison with well rounded lower limbs are observable at all the swimming tanks where women enjoy this sport.

It needed no affiche to advertise the fact that Clawson's portrait of "Miss H." was that of Miss Hadenfeldt, the radiantly handsome daughter of the wholesale jeweler. "Miss H" stood beneath her portrait on Wednesday, the "ladies' day" and in her street suit challenged comparison with her painted presentment in the décolleté black velvet gown. On Saturday, she was again at the exhibition and held an impromptu reception. Upon this occasion she wore a striking gown of black and white, and the wide brim of her hat completely concealed her pompadour and half-veiled her eyes. When one of her friends asked her the reason of this attempt at disguise, she said:

"Well you know on Wednesday I wore a hat that showed my face, and so many people followed me about that it was really annoying. So today I determined to wear my hat over my eyes."

Miss Hadenfeldt has a penchant for artists and haunts their studios. Clawson was not the first to pay tribute to her charms of person. That rollicking gay bohemian, Joullin, was for quite a while a warm admirer of the ravishing model, and Cadenasso was much impressed by her voluptuous beauty. And I believe that she, too, has an eye for the beautiful, for it is related that she once paid the modest Cadenasso a very high compliment on the superb lines that were revealed through the opening of a negligé shirt which he wore in his studio. Miss Hadenfeldt would make a great hit in the Quartier Latin of Paris. She is the sort of a woman that the French artists rave over, but evidently she is not unappreciated in San Francisco.

A loan exhibition of pictures by foreign and American painters opened at the Hopkins Institute on Thursday evening and will be continued for a week, closing next Thursday night. Some of the most valuable pictures in the possession of private galleries are included in the showing.

A woman is never so conceited as when she persuades herself that she does not think she is any handsomer than she really is.

If Congress would rush the Roberts case through, the we-the-people signers of the petition to exclude him from his seat would settle down once more and "tend to their knitting" One cannot help wondering how many of the seven million and odd signatures said to have been signed to the anti-Roberts petition belong to people who are surreptitious polygamists, and how many were written by people who have resorted to trickery and deception in order to legalize their polygamy under the shelter of divorce. The prosecution of Roberts suggests that possibly he is expected to emulate a certain savage chief who had been converted to Christianity by a good missionary, in all particulars but one. The savage had two wives and he could not determine which one to discard. Therefore he could not be received into the church. Finally he reported to the missionary that he had succeeded in solving the problem, and was prepared to go through life with only one wife. He was accordingly baptized and after receiving congratulations, it suddenly occured to the clergyman to ask the ex-savage how he had disposed of his superfluous spouse. The answer was somewhat startling—"Me eat her."

It appears from the records in the Roberts case that his present troubles date from the birth of twins. He swore off polygamous dispositions and intentions under the amnesty proclamation of 1893 and 1894, and everything was going smoothly in his professional career when Mrs. Roberts No. 2, an indiscreet woman, presented him with twins. As a consequence of their appearance Mr. Roberts was put under a cloud. The twins warranted the suspicion that Mr. Roberts was not as strictly monogamous as he had declared his intention to be. Either he had violated his amnesty obligations in an important particular, or he had suffered a lapse of morals. He is therefore in a somewhat embarrassing predicament. He must either plead lapse of morals and thereby tarnish the twins or acknowledge himself to be a full fledged polygamist in good working order. If he is merely immoral the House would not dare expel him, because such action would establish a precedent which would make it extremely difficult to secure statesmen. The probability is that it will be shown that he is a polygamist, but even so his case does not warrant the fuss that has been raised, for polygamy is now a defunct institution in the Mormon church, and those that practice it now are merely carrying out their contracts.

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The return of Mrs. Charlotte Perkins Stetson to town suggests an inquiry as the whereabouts of Mr. Stetson. Many people have probably forgotten that there was such a man, for the woman that bears his name has for several years monopolized the centre of the family stage. Her work has attracted a great deal of attention in the east and she now has an established reputation in the literary line, but Mr. Stetson is deserving of a better fate than to be overshadowed by Charlotte P. Charles Walt Stetson is an artist, a follower of the impressionist, Jimmy McNeal Whistler, and his work as a figure and portrait painter has received very favorable notice in Europe as well as in this country. The Stetsons did not get along harmoniously and when their domestic affairs were under discussion some years ago there was talk of a marriage to follow an impending divorce. Back in 1892 Mr. Stetson sued his wife for a divorce in an eastern court. I believe he charged her with having deserted him, and he complained that she was not fitted for wifely duties. Shortly after her marriage she devoted much of her time to gymnasium work, and in her efforts to accumulate muscle, she neglected many a button on the Stetson shirt. The artist complained that his wife's attention was engrossed by too many fads. She was bent upon enlightening her sex, and she went without corsets or waistbands to demonstrate that those articles were not essential to the enjoyment of life.

The eastern court refused to grant the divorce and a few years later Mrs. Stetson brought suit against her husband in Oakland. Then the tea tables were a-titter. One of the stories in circulation was reminiscent of the gifted Ruskin who magnanimously relinquished his claim to his wife's heart in favor of an artist who had come to paint her portrait and ended by loving her and winning her love. The story was that Mr. Stetson had fallen in love with Grace Ellery Channing, the Pasadena poetess. Miss Channing and Mrs. Stetson were inseparable friends but it was said that the poet and artist had fallen in love, and that Mrs. Stetson's purpose was to make them both happy by restoring her husband's liberty. Miss Channing was the daughter of Dr. Channing, the scientist, and grand-daughter of the founder of the Unitarian church. Mrs. Stetson is a niece of Edward Everett Hale.

Oakland is always having tempests in teapots. There is no apparent reason for storms being aroused when any society woman announces her intention to do this, that or the other, but the golden rule of attending to nobody's affairs but your own does not seem to work in Oakland. They are always quarreling about the drinking habit over there. For my part, in spite of that convivial episode in a Mason street tavern in which three of Oakland's smart set figured, I do not think the swim over there is any gayer than our own. But the fact that it was found necessary to banish punch and substitute lemonade for the liquid refreshment at the cotillons last season certainly pointed to the possession of a thirst on the part of at least some of the members of the smart dancing club.

And now Mrs. F. M. Smith, who likes to dispense hospitality by the wholesale rather than in small parcels, has made herself the point for a moral and the adornment of a tale because she wishes to "receive" on New Year's day. The clergymen from Dr. Dille down the list are hurling denunciations at Mrs. "Borax" Smith because she intends to serve something more cheering than coffee to the young men who will call at Arbor Villa on January first, nineteen hundred. As at Mrs. Smith's big reception last year champagne flowed like the Mississippi at high tide, there is no doubt that her New Year's day reception would eclipse any function that has been given in Oakland since early days. While the clergy and the Temperance Union talk about the refreshment side of the purposed affair, that part of the smart set of Oakland which is headed by Mrs. Emma Shafter Howard is exercised in spirit for quite another reason. The oracles of the inner circle want to know why anybody should make such a fuss because Mrs. "Borax" Smith is going to receive on New Year's day. They are advancing the idea that there is only one criterion of good form in Oakland and that is not Mrs. F. M. Smith.

The engagement of Miss Anna Voorhies, third daughter of Dr. and Mrs. A. H. Voorhies, and Thomas Porter Bishop, son of T. B. Bishop, was the outcome of a boy and girl attachment, and it is very refreshing in this day of mercenary marriages to find occasionally a love match. Miss Voorhies is a bud in her first season and Mr. Bishop is attending the Hastings College of the Law, while gaining experience in his father's office. The engagement was announced at a luncheon on Thursday. The bride-elect has two unmarried sisters, Marie and Leila, and the second of Dr. and Mrs. Voorhies' daughters, Katherine (Mrs. Malcolm Henry), resides in Washington, D. C.

Those who have been under the impression that James Hamilton Howe had been secretly married for a year past, but concealed the fact for professional reasons, will be glad to have their doubts set at rest. Mr. Howe is a benedict, that is true, but only since last Tuesday. At high noon on that date the organist and director of the California Oratorio society led to the altar Miss Lily E. Cramphorn, the ceremony being performed at the First M. E. church, San Jose, by Reverend Alfred Kummer, D. D. The church was beautifully decorated by the San Jose Oratorio society. For half an hour before the service a large number of friends of the bridal pair listened to an organ recital by Dr. Franklin Palmer, organist of St. Dominic's church.

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CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS
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As the bride came up the aisle Mrs. Mary Weaver McCauley sang DeKoven's "I Promise Thee." Miss McMillan of San Jose was the maid of honor, and Professor McFarland of Stanford university officiated as best man. The bride and groom received many beautiful presents, among them an upright grand piano from the bride's brother, and an elegant music case from the San Jose Oratorio society. On Wednesday evening a reception was given them by the San Francisco Oratorio and the Philharmonic society. They will be at home to their friends after January first, on first and third Fridays, from two o'clock to five, in Mr. Howe's studio.

The Frawleys are not denying themselves the enjoyments of life during their present engagement, but are mingling with their hard work a large percentage of fun. On Christmas eve Miss Mary Hampton will give a reception to the members of the company of which she is the leading lady. The function will be given after the performance at the theatre and it promises to be a very jolly affair.

The annual inspection farce in the National Guard of California is always amusing. The Brigade Inspector, a man with a high sounding title, once a year goes around from company to company and inspects the field and staff of the regiment and the band and then makes a voluminous report which he sends to that ornamental institution at Sacramento called the office of the Adjutant General, where it is filed. Subsequently it is perpetuated by insertion in the adjutant general's report at public expense. The recommendations and suggestions of the inspection are never acted upon. Major Charles Jansen, inspector of the Second Brigade, made a report two years ago that certain state property was missing from the armory of Troop A. It was at the time the late Captain Jenks was in command. The missing property included twenty-one revolvers, valued at three hundred dollars. The inspector suggested a court of inquiry to fix the responsibility for the loss of the property but Adjutant General Barrett, to whom the report was made, ignored it. It has lately been suggested that Captain Marius Burnett, who succeeded Jenks, ought to know what had become of the missing property, as he was first lieutenant of the troop at the time it was "lost.' But the present adjutant, Rising Inflection Seamans, evidently regards the matter as too trivial for serious consideration. Had the matter been attended to in time, the bondsmen of Captain Jenks would have had to make good the loss.

The name of Miss Anna Spreckels has begun to attract attention in local art circles. It is not generally known that this talented young woman is a niece of Claus Spreckels, or that there was any artistic strain in the Spreckels blood. But Miss Spreckels, be it known, is a wage-earner, depending on her skill as an artist for success. She is a porcelain painter and her exhibition of decorated china opened yesterday at 428 Sutter street and will continue today. Her sister, who is musically inclined, is also a bread winner. They are residents of Alameda.

I think that Joaquin Miller has missed his vocation. He ought to be a poetess of passion, instead of a plain, ordinary poet. Though he has plenty of sentiment in his soul, you would never suspect from his poetry that it was of the quality that animates authors of passionate verse. Yet the old gentleman confesses himself to be an ardent admirer of physical beauty. He relates that when he met Queen Lil of Honolulu in Washington some years ago his soul went out to her. He was telling about it the other day.

"May I kiss you?" was one of the first questions he asked of the buxom, dusky damsel.

Think of that! Joaquin Miller, the long-haired poet of the Sierras filled with a burning desire to embrace the Kanaka queen on sight! Surely he must be an amorous old rogue. And Queen Lil's reply was an interrogatory:

"Will you?"

How is that for a delicate compliment to the sentimental old gentleman? Of course he would, and they embraced.

"How queenly!" is Joaquin's characterization of Lil's response to his request for an osculatory favor.

They were at the Bohemian club art exhibition and young Speedleigh was engaged in an entranced study of the beautiful statue of the nude.

"Come," said his wife, "people will think you never saw anything like that in your life "

"Well, if they do," he replied, "they will also think I am an exceptional husband."

A new eligible among gilded Californian youths threatens to usurp the popularity now enjoyed by Francis Bruguière and Fred Poett. This is Carl Howard, son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Webb Howard. His mother, who prefers to be called Mrs. Emma Shafter Ho vard, gave a dance in honor of her son, at her home in Oakland on Wednesday, and among the guests were nearly all of this season's débutantes.

The smart set of London no longer talks plain Anglo-Saxon. A patois has been introduced and is quite popular among the swells. The characters in Mrs Langtry-De Bathe's new play, "The Degenerates," being of the London smart set, use the fashionable tongue, and I presume it will find favor among the snobs of New York and soon spread over the country. Here is a glossary which may serve as a key to the fashionable language:

Undies	Underwear
Tellie	Telegram
Hay	Hot (referring to temperature)
Diskie	Disgusting
My twee	My Sweet
Deevie	Divine
Expie	Expensive
Tremie	Tremendous
Horrie	Heart

One of the characters in the play has this to say, "She is a tremie expie woman but luxies come high and I must have them; if she wants a jeweled gartie why my twee horrie must be gratified." This dialect is supposed to have been invented by Mrs. Hwfa Williams, the most fashionable woman in London.

CHRISTMAS TOWN TALK

It will be in the hands of the news dealers December twenty-third. It will be the brightest, breeziest, newsiest paper of the year. It will contain epigrammatic sketches and paragraphs written by members of the staff; a Christmas sermon by Rev. J. A. B. Wilson, D.D., stories by Sarah Williamson, Beatrice Hastings, William B. Meloney and other talented writers; a review by Alfred Metzger, San Francisco's premier critic, of Musical Events of the Year, including the Grand Opera Season and the Symphony and Chamber Concerts, illustrated by beautiful half-tones, and poems by Louis A. Robertson, Irene Connell and L. Clare Davis.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

During the last fair held by the Mechanics' Institute I took occasion to call attention to the fact that it was a frost. That I was not mistaken is evidenced by the report of the board of directors which shows that the institution lost seven thousand six hundred dollars. The Institute is evidently going from bad to worse. It appears to have a perpetual financial problem to face. There must be something wrong with the management. One of the latest propositions under discussion is to lease the Mechanics' Pavilion and to retire from the business of giving exhibitions for the development of mechanical industries. I suspect that certain active members of the board are intent upon abandoning the objects of the institution, and engaging in the athletic business. They recently spent five thousand six hundred dollars in the erection of a grand stand for spectators on their grounds at Sixteenth and Folsom streets. This expense was incurred upon the strength of a lease of the grounds to the university football players By the terms of the lease the institute is to receive about twelve hundred dollars in two years—not enough to pay for taxes—and insurance for one year. There were sufficient accommodations on the grounds for ordinary occasions, and yet the directors, who are supposed to be business men, expended five thousand six hundred dollars for a grand stand which is to be occupied once a year.

Brown: There is only one objection to my new cook. She receives her company in the kitchen and permits my wife to be the mistress of the house. It is unfortunate that such an amiable woman does not fill the bill.

Jones: What is the objection?

Brown: She can't cook.

Some years ago both Kipling and Israel Zangwill put forth a scheme by which the autograph hunters were to be discouraged. It was nothing else than requiring payment for the solicited treasure, but not as a means of personal gain. The seeker for signatures was requested to produce a receipt from any charitable association which she might select for two dollars and a half upon the presentation of which the coveted autograph would be given. Naturally this had the desired effect of cutting off the demand. Recently a young lady of Philadelphia solicited Kipling's signature, which she obtained upon the established terms. She paid her contribution into the treasury of the Children's Fresh Air Fund and was duly rewarded. I now suggest to Frederick Warde, whose mail daily contains a batch of requests for autographs, that he make a charge for the privilege. He has never done so in the past, but there is no reason why the Actor's Fund, the Forrest Home or some other worthy charity should not benefit through the desire of high school girls to place Frederick Warde's signatures in their collections.

I am inclined to the opinion that W. C. Morrow is a trifle out of the way in the topography of his book. "A Man, His Mark." Wilder's stone hat is described as being located on a shoulder of Mt. Shasta, in the neighborhood of a canyon where flows the Sacramento river and not far from a wagon road. In reality Mt. Shasta rises in solitary grandeur from the level meadows of Strawberry valley. It has no immediate mountain neighbor except the volcanic cone of Black Butte, just half its height. Its lower slopes are clothed with chaparral to the height of five or six thousand feet. At eight thousand feet vegetation ceases, and the higher slopes are composed of loose volcanic rock, crumbling and treacherous and giving way at every step. On the flanks of Shasta are several glaciers and the creeks to which they give rise. The Sacramento is for a considerable distance a subterranean stream, and the point at which it gushes out of the ground from a double spring is one of the most interesting spots in the locality. Through the Sisson meadows it flows placidly for a while before it enters the canyon so familiar to all travelers by the Northern Route.

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

Shasta stands isolated. It is not one of a mountain company as those who are familiar with the Coast Range and the Sierras might easily imagine, and so far as I am aware it lacks the tree-clothed canyons and water courses so common in those ranges. Were Adrian Wilder's stone hat where Mr. Morrow has placed it he would have had for his neighbor neither road nor canyon, and would have been some miles from the Sacramento river. For all that he would not have been out of the reach of humanity. Sisson is still a well populated mountain village, and until the decay of the lumber industry Mott was a flourishing town. It might be interesting to state that the material for the Geodetic monument on the summit of Shasta (erected in 1875), was carried on the backs of Indians and white men from an elevation of eleven thousand feet to which it had been conveyed by a pack of animals. The whole trip from Strawberry valley required but four days, although the weight carried was thirty-five hundred pounds.

Miss Edna Howell, one of the débutantes of the Alpha Cotillon, recently entertained the club at the Sorosis club rooms. Progressive euchre was played until a late hour when a delicious repast was served. The first prizes were won by Miss Martha Göttig and Dr. Roese; the consolation, by Miss Ada White and Mr. Rourke.

The members of the Alpha Cotillon were surprised by the appearance of Santa Claus during the german last Friday evening. The old fellow was in the best of humors, smiling benignly on the young people as he deposited his pack of toys under the beautiful Christmas tree. There were balls, horns, crickets, croaking frogs and dolls, and these he distributed with a merry speech to each participant. The german was led by Mr. Chase, assisted by Miss Gertrude Burnett and Mr. Rose.

Only a short time ago I predicted that it would not be long before the work of Eustace Cullinan of the *Bulletin's* staff would attract attention. He is a newcomer in the literary field and has only recently reached his majority, but he has a fertile imagination to which he has given rein both in prose and verse, and with a skill that betokened ability. His efforts have been of a modest character and have been confined to anniversary poems and newspaper sketches. A few weeks ago he penned his first sonnet and sent it to the *Atlantic Monthly* and the other day he received notice of its acceptance. The judgment of the *Atlantic* is not infallible but it is at least as sound as that of Mr. Millard, who, I had supposed, enjoyed the exclusive right of discovering poets in this neck of the woods.

The dinner dance given by Mrs. A. H. Voorhies on Tuesday evening, in honor of her youngest daughter, Miss Leila Voorhies, and her friend, Miss Elizabeth Huntington, was noteworthy for the beauty of the decorations. There was no doubt that Miss Marie Voorhies' artistic taste and fairy fingers were the chief factors in the arrangement of the table decorations.

Minnie Tittell Brune, at the Columbia

Pink was the prevailing color and as the gowns of the two pretty débutantes were also of pink, an harmonious effect was thus produced. There were forty-five covers laid and after the service of a delicious dinner Huber's stringed orchestra rendered dance music.

The largest herd of Elks that ever invaded a town in this state took possession of San Jose last Saturday evening. Over one hundred members of San Francisco lodge, seventy of Oakland, sixty of Sacramento and fifty of Stockton went down to San Jose to initiate a lodge in that town. The ceremonies took place in the new St. James hotel, which was opened for the first time Saturday night. Over one hundred of San Jose's representative citizens, including the Mayor, were on the charter roll and over four hours were consumed in the ceremonies. At half after one o'clock in the morning the entire herd sat down to a banquet which ended at daylight. Jackson Hatch is the Exalted Ruler of the new lodge.

The favorite beau in La Jeunesse club is generally conceded to be Bank Somers. He is a most affable young man and nimble of foot. He is not a bud, having acquired his experience in the arts of society after several years of apprenticeship at Mission cotillons and dances across the bay. However much the feminine members of La Jeunesse express their liking for Mr. Somers, I feel it necessary to warn them that he will be a hard fish to catch if any of them have intentions matrimonial. Mr. Somers belongs to a club of deep-dyed bachelors who have sworn a vow never to marry. If any one of the club goes back on his oath, a heavy penalty is attached to the lapse from allegiance.

If the accumulation of filth in the City Hall does not breed a pestilence before the incoming administration puts the new broom into operation it will be by reason of sudden activity on the part of the Board of Health. This is the last month of the present administration, and the janitors employed by the Supervisors, having no doubt discounted their December salary warrants at an obliging broker's, are no longer seen in the building. They appear to have been overcome by that tired feeling, and as a consequence the building has been shamefully neglected. It was never before in such an unsanitary condition. I respectfully suggest that a blacklist of the names of the delinquent janitors who have defrauded the city of their last month's salary be formulated, and that the wretches be forever debarred from employment in the city government.

Marguerite Cornille, the little vaudeville artist, who is considered by many to be far more fascinating than Anna Held, is disporting herself in San Francisco at present at a very lively rate. She is enjoying a respite from wage-earning on the stage, and availing herself of the liberal hospitality of the beaux esprits of club circles. She finished her engagement at the Orpheum a few weeks ago, and then went to Los Angeles where she brought her theatrical tour to a close. Then she hastened back to this city to renew the pleasant companionship commenced shortly after her first appearance before the footlights here. Cornille is not a Parisienne as her name would imply, but she has all the piquant abandon of the fair comedienne of the French stage, and like her counterpart of the Folies Bergères she knows how to flirt over the footlights. She was born in an American city and like Yvette Violette, the imitator of Yvette Guilbert, nature

William Wolff, at the Grand Opera House
The Foremost Comic Opera Comedian on the American Stage

has endowed her with true mimetic talent. I saw her in a stage box at the California theatre Monday evening. She distracted attention from the play by her animated conversation, her auburn hair and her much bespangled gown of black lace. From all accounts Marguerite is having a highly spiced round of pleasures in gay Friskee.

Mrs. Edward Parker Deacon is reported to have arrived in town a short time ago. I do not know how long she intends to remain or whether she expects to take an active part in social affairs at Blingum. Since her return to America Mrs. Deacon has lived very quietly. There was much speculation in the New York swim as to whether she would be given the social recognition which she enjoyed previous to that unfortunate tragedy of the French capital in which she figured so conspicuously, but she appears to have made no effort to test the loyalty of her friends. Charley Baldwin, the brother of Mrs. Deacon, never faltered in his devotion to her, and I presume she will enjoy his hospitality during her sojourn here. The return of Mrs. Deacon naturally revives recollections of the sensational shooting of M. Abeille in the apartments of the Deacons in a Parisian hotel. It will be remembered that Edward Parker Deacon found Abeille in the company of Mrs. Deacon and sent a bullet into the intruder. The affair was followed by divorce proceedings instituted by Deacon, who obtained the decree.

Not long ago it was rumored that Mrs. Deacon was engaged to a Belgian nobleman, but the rumor has never been substantiated. A writer in the London *Graphic* referring to this engagement states that ten or twelve years ago, shortly after marriage, the Deacons were the most devoted couple he ever saw. Mrs. Deacon was very beautiful then, and was living at Cowes with her husband. She was a belle of that smart yachting resort. At a large ball given by the late General Charles Baring, the Prince and Princess of Wales being present, she attracted much attention. The *Graphic* correspondent was rather surprised that the Deacons, being Americans, behaved themselves properly during the time they were visiting the house.

"Mr. Deacon," he wrote, "was a particularly pleasing specimen of an American, and Mrs. Deacon the most quiet, sensible, unworldly and well-behaved American woman I ever met."

Mrs. Deacon is a daughter of Admiral Baldwin of the Navy. Before her trip to Europe which ended so disastrously she was one of the queens of New York's Four Hundred.

"What was the ground of Mrs. Jones' suit for divorce and alimony?"

"Ground enough: why he beat her several times."

"A pity his creditors can't sue for alimony on the same ground."

Miss Azalea Keyes, who made her début at a ball given by her father, Winfield Scott Keyes, made a first appearance in another capacity on Thursday afternoon at Century hall. This was at a recital by pupils of Dr. H. J. Stewart and Miss Keyes sang Tosti's "Invano," showing the possession of a very pleasing, well trained voice.

Mrs. Eleanor Martin and the J. Downey Harveys will start for New York today. Mr. Harvey's two daughters, who are at the convent of the Sacred Heart in New York, will spend the holidays with the family at the Holland house. In January Mrs. Martin will go to Washington where she will spend some weeks as the guest of Mrs. Stephen J. Field.

The rumor of General Barnes' contemplated marriage will not down. A lady who has enjoyed enviable prominence for some time is said to be the object of his affections. Though the general is no longer a young man he has lost none of the charm of his personality. I have received no authoritative corroboration of the rumor; nevertheless, knowing him to be an eligible beau with a capacity for appreciating the gentle sex that years cannot diminish, I should not be surprised if the bans were soon proclaimed. It is a singular coincidence that, at this time, there should also be a report of a contemplated divorce in the Barnes family.

The spectators thought it was a comedy, but the central figure believed it to be a tragedy; at any rate it was impromptu and was much more exhilarating than the ordinary tank drama. It occurred at Larkspur last Sunday just before train time. The young man and young woman, who are prominent in society on this side of the bay, were hurrying, in the boat, from the ark where they had been enjoying themselves to the landing. Suddenly there was a scream of horror and all eyes were riveted on the boat, or more accurately speaking on the young woman who had been standing in the boat. It required no calcium to concentrate attention upon her. She had taken a header, and just before she disappeared there was a glimpse of red silk petticoat beneath a skirt of sombre hue. Over went her escort too, and it was with difficulty that both were rescued. They were obliged to remain at Larkspur until Monday morning.

I am told that the four-in-hand coaching parties which were to have been given in Oakland this month from the golf links at Adams point, by Mrs. John Charles Adams, in honor of several of the season's débutantes, have been set for a later date, when the holidays are over.

The reason of I. L. Requa's trip to Washington, D. C., has leaked out and has given the Oaklanders something more to talk about. Mr. Requa is the father-in-law of Colonel Oscar F. Long and he wants his daughter's husband to be converted into a brigadier-general. As the Requas are among the richest and most influential people in California, and Senator Perkins is backing up the application of Colonel Long, it is likely that the powers brought to bear upon the President may have effect, and that he will favorably consider the appointment.

The Lobster club is the latest thing in social organizations. Though the members call themselves, lobsters they are from far being what the name implies. The Lobster club is an organization of talented young bohemians who can sing, dance and make merry upon the slightest provocation. Their excuse for organization is that they desire to promote conviviality in feast of reason and flow of soul. But they are willing to discount reason and substitute bowl for soul. The Lobsters are largely addicted to music, and they have a quintet that is unexcelled in the town. It consists of such well known singers as Frank Coffin, Edwin F. Sagar, Arthur J. Kennedy, Frank W. Thompson and Ben L. Tarbox. The president of the club is Carlos F. Montealegre and Edwin Sagar is secretary and treasurer. The directors are J. F. Fleming, Arthur Kennedy and E. E. Parker. A high jinks recently given by the Lobsters was remarkable for the quality and variety of talent that participated.

News comes from New York of the swindling operations there of a young man who by means of letters of introduction from clubmen of this city succeeded in invading the inner circles of the Four Hundred. The young man is H. J. Atlee de Haven. He is a plausible individual who claims relationship with the noble family of De la Rochefoucauld. He includes among his victims women and girls, hotel-keepers, and shrewd members of the Union club. When in this city he told a story of how his mother's death in Chicago involved his affairs and tied up his income. On the strength of this yarn he borrowed sufficient money to defray the expense of a return trip to France with his mother's body. He appears to have stopped over in New York long enough to swell his purse.

Mrs. Ollie Williar, who chose the suicide route in saying good-bye to her debts and worries, was very well known in more than one of the city's boarding houses. She was a pretty woman and always wore expensive and becoming gowns that enhanced her blonde beauty. Though she was divorced from her husband, Harry Williar, the agent for an eastern paper firm, the two, I have heard, were seemingly the best of friends and the husband was among his ex-wife's most frequent callers. At one time, before the divorce, the Williars lived at the Hotel Savoy and the guests at that hostelry used to be much interested at the little comedy played daily during the dinner hour, in which the chief actors were the Williars and a rather bohemian looking, artistic foreigner. The family later moved to the Bradbury, the boarding house owned by the expectorating millionaire. Later on Mrs. Williar and her children moved to the Richelieu. At all her places of residence the little blonde made friends, particularly among the masculine boarders, for she possessed an indescribable quality of fascination. It is a matter of surprise that poverty should have been ascribed as the cause of Mrs. Williar's dependency. Notwithstanding her fickleness, her ex-husband rendered her financial assistance to the end. I believe that he allowed her one hundred dollars a month. She had recently been an habitué of the race track and was probably one of the losers.

In club circles the theory regarding the cause of Mrs. Williar's suicide is that her despondency was caused by the marriage of the head of a large and prosperous coffee and spice firm to a very wealthy widow who inherited her fortune, which is now among the assets of a family corporation. The bridegroom and bride are now doing Europe with the coffee merchant's step-children. Mrs. Williar was very fond of the coffee and spice man and his marriage was no doubt a severe blow to her. Much sympathy is expressed for Williar in the clubs of which he is a member.

Ever since Gertrude Howard, Hattie Brown and Alice Ames married Boston boys, there has been a great liking expressed for the Massachusetts masculine when any of his gender has made San Francisco the objective point of his travels. And the latest of the pork-and-beans and brown-bread swim to reach us, young Stowell, has found his way through society a continual path of roses. The tales wafted from Boston of the beautiful homes and the social prestige enjoyed by the Californian girls who have married residents of the Hub have set a-flutter the hearts of their sisters and cousins here. The visitor from Boston is therefore a general favorite at the cotillons and dancing classes, and has the entrée to the drawing rooms of the most select of the local swim.

As Mr. Alex Truman and his absurd confreres of the republican county committee are impregnably armored in their own conceit it would be fatuous to attempt to point out to them the error of their ways. At a pow-wow the other night they were in high dudgeon over the report that Mayor Phelan was likely to overlook them in the distribution of patronage. They were in favor of adopting a resolution protesting against the appointment to office of republican citizens who were not in sympathy with their tabooed organization during the late municipal campaign. I have not the faintest idea of Mr. Phelan's intentions, but I think that the people of this city are familiar enough with the Mayor's character to know that in selecting republicans he will neither discriminate in favor of those that voted for him nor against those that voted for Horace Davis. But he will surely not confine his selections to those men who were identified with the republican organization of the campaign. Too close identification with the gang that fathered the literature which emanated from the Baldwin annex should be a sufficient reason for barring a man from public office.

Christmas Bulletin

TO BE ISSUED SUNDAY MORNING

December 24th - - Forty-Eight Pages

BEST AND BRIGHTEST

Some of its Attractions will be

Utility of Beauty
Hon. James D. Phelan
Future of the State University
Benjamin Ide Wheeler
Future of Stanford University
David Starr Jordan
The Advance of Thought in the Twentieth Century
Rev. Dr. Voorsanger
Should Consumptives be Quarantined?
W. F. McNutt, M. D.
Gloria in Excelsis
Rev. Wm. Rader
What the Christian has done for the Jew
Henry Weinstock
Anglo-Saxon Alliance—a Poem
Joaquin Miller
Jean Pitou, the Good Gardener
William Greer Harrison
Bid Broil and Battle Cease, a Christmas Poem
Eustace Cullinan
The Conversion of Choy Sing and Other Sketches
Miriam Michelson
Where Newsgatherers Look for Stories, with Local Character Illustrations
James S. Tyler
A Strange Christmas Bridal
George Homer Meyer
The Wraith of Ambasamudram
James Hamilton Gilmour
The Making of Christmas
Elinor Croudace
The Money Maker—the Spendthrift
James S. Tyler
Winter Sports in Canada
E. K. Johnston
Silly Billy and the Alley Jury
Eustace Cullinan
Diane de Vainquer of San Juanita
Cora M. Older

All Beautifully Illustrated - - Price Five Cents

THE PHOTO ON HIS DESK

DURING the pauses between the clicks of my machine I had time to note what happened in the offices opposite ours The windows of the offices opposite were never disfigured by shades and when I became tired of watching the draughtsmen in the surveyor's office flirting with the bookkeeper whose office was next to ours, I cast my eyes upon the private office of the young lawyer who has always interested me the most.

I call him Darling, not knowing his real name, and he is one of the handsomest men on our block. Never very busy, he spends hours staring into space, or else greedily devouring the the features of the photograph on his desk.

That picture has always aroused my curiosity. I cannot see it very well, but it is the portrait of a girl in evening dress, the waist cut low. I don't wonder Darling likes to stare at that neck and shoulders

One day I brought my opera glasses down to get a closer look at the photo, and I could see the features a trifle better. They seemed rather strong for a girl. Darling, now, strikes me as a fellow who would love a dear, sweet, soft, tender little woman.

One day a girl came to see him. They talked together and laughed a good deal. I began to think she was the original of the photo. I was sure of it when he kissed her, not once but several times. Then she turned and looked quickly out of the window No, she was not the right girl, and I felt sorry for the girl of the photograph whom Darling was not treating just right.

My desire to learn who the girl of the photo was induced me to visit several galleries hoping to see a reproduction of it, but I was unsuccessful

I never saw anything like the admiration and adoration Darling displayed toward the picture.

But I understood one day. I came down to the office one morning, and as usual, looked over at Darling's office. His desk was empty of ornament The photo was gone.

I could have cried, but I had to take some notes from my lawyer instead. I was so afraid Darling had moved; and the draughtsmen could never make up for his loss.

The elevator boy came in with the morning paper.

"Here," he said, "here is something about one of our neighbors."

I wondered what he meant. Then he showed me an article about a minstrel show given by a club of law clerks. The principal performer, a female impersonator, was my Darling. They had his picture in, in his costume.

It was the photo of the desk!

—THE TYPEWRITER.

LINES

To a Chorus Girl who displayed an Unbounded Thirst upon the Occasion of our last Meeting.

I shall play with you no longer
  Though it breaks my heart in two;
For the shock you gave was stronger
  Than I care to own to you.

Seven cocktails did I give you
  Mystic seven decreed by fate;
But the thirsty demon in you
  Made you steal *my* whisky straight.

Think a moment, gentle maiden,
  Ere again you freeze my heart;
If your thirst you cannot deaden
  Then myself and you must part.

—THE CHAPPIE.

LESS EXPENSIVE THAN THE ORIGINAL

They were speaking of devoted husbands.

"Mrs. Willie Swell told me that for the last two years after their marriage," said Mrs. Nob Hill, "Willie would not take even a short trip out of town unless she went with him."

"And now?"

"Oh, now he takes her photograph instead."

THE CYNIC.

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

SHE LACKED CULTURE

[AT THE BOHEMIAN ART EXHIBITION]

"I cannot say that 'San Francisquita' appeals to me," said the lady in the sealskin sacque with a diamond hat-pin ornamenting a violet velvet hat, "perhaps I am dull but I do not like impressionists."

The dainty maiden all in brown heaved a sigh as she remarked:

"That is why these glorious greens make no impression upon you."

THE CONNOISSEUR.

THE SONG OF THE SILURIAN

SHOULD you ask me why a paper,
Dubbed the "saffronist of dailies"
Dares to lift its filthy features
In the presence of the public;
Should you ask me why and wherefore,
Such a bloated boodle hunter,
Such a sheet of blatant bunko,
Such a rag of raucous bluster,
Could for any little season,
Hold the field with cleaner journals.

I would answer with a question:—
I would ask you if you'd ever
Stood beside some stagnant water—
Pool or puddle—wherein garbage,
Refuse and uncleanly matters
Find a place to rot and stew in?
I would ask you if you'd ever
Seen some putrid carcass floating—
Say a poisoned pup or donkey—
Swollen to such vast proportions,
Like unto a mighty hogshead,
With the generated gases
Which inflate its rotting corpus,
Till within the foul surroundings
Of the slimy pool or puddle,
It did seem a mighty mountain?
Then I'd ask you if you'd ever
Seen the swarms of flies that gather
'Round about the fœtid banquet,
Leaving fields of fairest fatness
There to batten on its foulness.

If your eyes have ever rested
On a scene like this, it symbols
Forth in faithful 'presentation,
How the yellowest of dailies
Looms so largely to the vision.
It is swollen with the gases
Of the filth it oft has swallowed,
Till its poisoned body rises
Buoyantly to view so plainly,
That the flies, poor little creatures!
Swarm in thousands to the filthy
Feast of decomposing foulness;
All unconscious of the poison,
Dining on a putrid donkey,
And, by Gad! they seem to like it.

—THE PARODIST.

ST. PETER AT THE GATE

"You cannot enter unless you show your card," said the Lady Patroness to the Youth who wanted to Dance.

"My face is my card," replied the Youth.

"Well, faces don't go here," said the Patroness, who knows the value of gold, whereupon the young man punched the face of the Doorkeeper, ignored the face of the Patroness, and selecting a pretty face in the Ballroom proceeded to Dance.

The beautiful combinations of colors in monogram stamping as executed by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show the very great superiority of their ability in this particular line.

Dramatic World

At the Show this Week

COLUMBIA—"The Lion's Mouth" and "Romeo and Juliet"—Frederick Warde still holds good as a matinee idol.

CALIFORNIA—"The Fatal Card" and "The Sporting Duchess"—the Frawleys disport themselves willingly and pleasingly in melodrama.

ALCAZAR— "Mother Earth" and "Up to Watkins"—a second "First Born" success, is the former.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE—"The Chimes of Normandy"—Wolff's biggest hit is made in this opera.

TIVOLI—"Tar and Tartar—with Ferris Hartman as the star.

ORPHEUM—Vaudeville—still ahead of the record.

WITHIN the last few years the various phases of art have experienced a revolution so striking in its character that the pious adherents to traditional principles stood horrified at these changes and went even so far as to condemn the followers of these modern "revolutionists," as renegades to the old cause. It is not so long ago that Richard Wagner stood before the tribunal of offended musicians, and what is true of music is equally true of literature. Thus the drama had necessarily to follow in the beaten track of this modern tendency and be moulded according to present conditions. So we listen with interest and delight to the works of Anthony Hope, Hall Caine and, I will add, I. Zangwill, for the time will come when "The Children of the Ghetto" will be pointed out as a striking example of the modern dramatic art. While in former days blank verse was considered an inevitable embellishment of dramatic declamation, this rule is followed no more and our modern dramatists take liberties in the construction of their dramatic action at the audacity of which the old masters would have cried out in protest. But as we have become used to modern composition and in fact, begun to admire it, so have we commenced to admire the modern drama and enjoy its magnificent instruction. As in music, the passionate vein which runs through these modern dramas and which is permitted to impress itself upon our minds unfettered by conventional chains, puts the blank verse works of the old masters into the shade. Of course no one will deny that the old dramas are still to be regarded as belonging to the cream of literature, but we have arrived at a time when grand thoughts should be expressed in grand rhetoric and not inclosed in a casket of blank verse which is to dramatic action what the cage is to the singing bird. And thus we come down to Henry Guy Carleton's Venetian love story. "The Lion's Mouth." Imagine for a moment that Francesco would express his passionate hate and torturing fears in that graceful prose which marks the modern drama. Picture to yourself Paul of Navarron setting forth his sublime thoughts in the effective simplicity of poetic prose. Suppose for a moment that the young hero would pour into the ears of his beloved the essence of his admiration in phrases clothed in the garb of modern dramatic declamation. Would this not be far more impressive than blank verse and antiquated rules and regulations? But of course in this instance a Frederick Warde could not be Paul and this tragedian, after all, is the central figure in the company that plays at the Columbia and the main attraction, too. Without him there would hardly be any audience to see "The Lion's Mouth." So we have to admit as long as Warde is in the company so long will it be obliged to resume the old form of drama, for a member of the old school would be a sad spectacle in our modern works. Frederick Warde adheres religiously to the principles of the earlier classics and I must admit that he is successful in his mission. One of the most difficult tasks an actor can set himself is the transmission of ideas in blank verse so that they are brought strongly to the notice of his listeners and Mr. Warde possesses this ability in a high degree. "The Lion's Mouth" is a good old drama and it is presented by a good actor of the old school.

There seems to be a painful effort made to star Minnie Tittell Brune. Aside from the fact that she is a 'California girl," I cannot understand the reason. There is nothing out of the ordinary dramatic talent in Mrs Brune. There are a great many other actresses who possess just as much facility as Mrs. Brune. Of course the lady is an accomplished artist—such as are frequent on the dramatic stage—but she does not possess that force and vigor which a tragedienne of star fame must have. Part of this lack of dramatic fervor may be ascribed to her voice, which is devoid of resonance and sounds very weak when called upon to give vent to vehement thoughts. I think it is about time that this star habit should cease. Both Frederick Warde and Louis James have had sad experiences and ought to know that it is far better to have a well balanced company than one star and the rest wind. If Mr. Warde had a few more actors like Charles D. Herman and a few more actresses like Mrs. Brune he would meet with much better success. A good play presented by a good company is good in its way, but unfortunately we expect more than that from the Columbia, which is regarded as the leading theatre on this coast. Since the engagement of Henry Miller we have had not one company that came up to the standard of that playhouse. But "The Christian" is coming aud in that we shall have a play worth lauding.

Tomorrow night "Richard III" will be the play and on Monday evening "Virginius." On Tuesday night and at the matinee on Saturday Mr. Warde will, in the guise of Shylock, seek for his pound of flesh. In this production of "The Merchant of Venice" Minnie Tittell Brune will be seen as the law expounding Portia. On Wednesday night "Richard III" will be repeated for the last time. "The Lion's Mouth" is announced for Thursday and Sunday nights and "Romeo and Juliet" Friday night.

California TWO YEARS AGO the Frawleys played "The Fatal Card" for us. I have no new faults to discover in this melodrama, which is said to be the product of the combined brains and pens of C. Haddon Chambers and B. C. Stephenson. There is a good deal more of pen in it than brain and a good deal more tongue in it than pen. "The Fatal Card" is pitched at a higher key than "The Sporting Duchess." I do not think Alas P Yorick of the

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
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OPEN EVENINGS, commencing December 18

Post can pick any flaw in its morals. There is a very bad villain, it is true, and he is flanked by several lesser villains, each one more villainous in his makeup than his predecessor. There is a Spanish girl, the ex-ladifriend of the chief villain And there is a loving, lovely daughter, who is beloved by the hero. A bathing scene, a pretty ingenue whose lover makes his proposals while she is on land and he is under water, and a maiden aunt who writes poetry, are the elements that form the comedy. A murder and an explosion make the tragedy. "The Fatal Card" is a first-rate melodrama. It neither minces words nor phrases but strikes the nail on the head every time. It was some time before I recognized Timothy Daniel in "The Fatal Card." He had a boy's part and not until he began to speak, and the familiar lisp got in its work, did I place Frawley's identity with that of Harry Burgess, a nice young fellow with a fondness for bathing à la Venus-rising-from-the-sea, and for pretty Cecile Austin. Pearl Landers was a charming Cecile and I do not blame Frawley for casting himself in a juvenile role so as to get a chance to forge a few lengths ahead of the real juveniles in his company. And he ought to keep on playing juveniles for he is an all-round success as Harry Burgess. Harrington Reynolds is a powerful villain, one of the kind whose villainy is so refined in its workings that it holds the audience breathless until the end comes. The villain is the father of the heroine. Wallace Shaw shows the effects of his early training in a stock company by the brave melodramatic touches he gives to his role of Jim Dixon. The manner in which he manipulates the handkerchief saturated with chloroform shows that he has had admirable practice in this branch of the dramatic art. Mary Hampton does not shine in this melodrama. She has a large, sweet smile, and a large sweet way about her that fail to fit such a part as Margaret Marrable. But Mary Hampton is too large anyhow for girlish roles. Mr. Frawley must get a more slenderly built woman to play willowy heroines' parts. Miss Hampton did her best with Margaret but she failed to look the part. In the third act, the drawing room scene, Margaret's gown brings to mind the old query of the child seeing her mamma for the first time in a ball frock.

"But, mamma, where is your waist?" she asked.

There is a degree of décolleté that would not be passed by a young woman of Margaret Marrable's age—but Margaret's present interpreter passed the limit and reaches the freezing point. Mercedes might have worn such a gown, but Mercedes did not get a chance to wear anything but street costumes throughout the play.

Beginning tomorrow afternoon the Frawleys will take a vacation of one week, giving place to the latest ragtime sensation, "The Hottest Coon in Dixie," with original "Clorindy" chorus. On the Sunday night following the Frawleys will will return, appearing in "Cumberland, '61."

Alcazar PACKED HOUSES have enjoyed 'Mother Earth" through the two weeks of its run. When its author has made some revisions in the dialogue the play will likely be revived later on. That jolly farce "Dr. Bill" will be next week's bill and Monday night will mark the return of Ernest Hastings. No leading man who has appeared with the stock company of late years attained such popularity as did Mr. Hastings, and his "welcome home" will be sincere. "Chimmie Fadden" will be the Alcazar's holiday attraction.

Grand Opera House THE REVIVAL of "The Chimes of Normandy" has resulted in a week of crowded houses. It will be given for the last time Sunday evening and Monday evening "Die Fledermaus" (The Bat) will be sung. This is one of the most interesting of Strauss' operas, and it has been many years since it was sung in San Francisco. Our German residents always find the humorous situations of "Die Fledermaus" to their taste, and there is something peculiarly attractive in the fact that all the characters appear in modern dress.

Orpheum HAMILTON HILL had to stand up against a good deal when he chose to give "The Holy City" as his prime number at the Orpheum. Hill has a fine voice, a rich and resonant high baritone that reminds me of Denald de V. Graham when the latter was at his best. "The Holy City" is in a manner sacred, to many San Franciscans, to Frank Coffin, the Loring club tenor who is going abroad next year to tack British cultivation on to his voice. Then there is W. B. Hopkins of the Bohemian club, who

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Monday night, second and last week of Mr. Frederick Warde together with Mr. and Mrs. Clarence M. Brune.

Monday and Saturday nights - - - - - - - - - "VIRGINIUS"
Tuesday night and Saturday matinee "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE"
Wednesday night - - - - - - - - - - - - - "RICHARD III"
Thursday and Sunday - - - - - - - "THE LION'S MOUTH"
Friday night - - - - - - - - - - - "ROMEO AND JULIET"

Xmas night - - - - "THE CHRISTIAN"

California The Popular House. 'Phone, Main 1731.

SPECIAL.

Commencing Sunday afternoon, December 17th., the big rag-time sensation from the east.

"THE HOTTEST COON IN DIXIE"

Presented by forty of the leading colored singers, dancers and comedians of their race, including

THE ORIGINAL CLORINDY CHORUS.

Sunday night, December 24th, the Frawley company in "CUMBERLAND"

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Week of Monday, December 18th. Matinee Saturday at 2:15

The Charming Comic Opera,

"DIE FLEDERMAUS"

By Strauss, the Waltz King.
First production in this city in nine years.
Perfect cast of principals. Superb Orchestra and Chorus.

Prices—50cts, 35cts, 25cts, 15cts. and 10cts. A good reserved seat at Saturday matinee, 25 cts. Branch Ticket Office, Emporium.

Alcazar FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprieto: MARK THALL, Manager 'Phone Main 254

Week of December 18th. Matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Reappearance of the popular actor, ERNEST HASTINGS, in the great laugh provoker,

"DR. BILL"

The Brightiest, Funniest and Wittiest Comedy of the Season.

Alcazar Prices—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.

Christmas week - - "CHIMMIE FADDEN"

Orpheum O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, December 17th.

La Sylphe. Harrigan the Juggler. Llewelyn Sisters. Gertrude Rutledge. The Averys. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle and Company. George Fuller Golden. Hamilton Hill. Biograph.

Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c
Regular Matinees Wednesday. Saturday and Sunday.

Tivoli Opera House ERNESTINE KRELING, Prop. and Mgr.

The great Comic Opera,

"TAR AND TARTAR"

With its superb cast and Ferris Hartman, will be continued next week. Last performance Friday evening, December 22nd.

The gorgeous holiday extravaganza,

"LITTLE BO-PEEP"

Will be produced Saturday evening, December 23d.
All the favorites will appear. Most sumptuous presentation ever seen.
Seats on sale one week in advance.
Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents. Telephone for Seats, Bush 9.

sings "The Holy City" whenever he is called upon for a solo. That Hamilton Hill sings the Adams song so as to hold his audience in a delighted trance until the last "Hallelujah" has died away proves his worth as a vocalist. And it also shows that the Orpheum's patrons like sacred music when Camille d'Arville gets applause for "The Palms" and Mr. Hill is permitted to warble "The Holy City." Apropos of Camille d'Arville her present engagement at the Orpheum was exceedingly successful and proves sufficiently that the Orpheum audiences are able to select good artists. Madame d'Arville does not only possess a brilliant voice of a magnificent timbre, but her execution is so careful and manifests such musical training that one is obliged to acknowledge this artist's superiority to any other comic opera prima donna in this country. And in this connection I might add that the musicians and music lovers of this city ought to look more seriously to the Orpheum as a home for music as well as vaudeville. Vocalists of the D'Arville and Hamilton Hill type cannot be regarded other than from a purely artistic standpoint. And the Orpheum is entitled to the gratitude of the musicians in offering the cream of the concert stage for a sum accessible to everybody. Next week's bill have La Sylphe, the beautiful danseuse; Harrigan, the funniest of tramp jugglers; the two Llewellyn sisters, operatic stars; Gertrude Rutledge, ballad singer; Dan and Lizzie Avery, clever coons. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle and their company who have been acting in their last season's success, "The Highball Family," this week will remain on the bill and will present "Captain Impudence."

Tivoli FERRIS HARTMAN'S return to the Tivoli forms an important epoch in the annals of that playhouse for it enriches it once more with the cleverest and hardest working comedian on the American opera stage today. I have seen a good many comedians, but cannot recollect having found among them a more finished artist nor a more original actor than Ferris Hartman. I hear occasionally the remark that Hartman is not really so clever, because he was not a success east. The people who make these statements are either ignorant of the actual facts or they have never been east. First of all Hartman was very successful in the east, fully as successful in the east as are all other comic opera comedians. Nearly all comedians appearing in comic opera in the east merely last one season, long enough to bring out a certain work. As soon as the opera or extravaganza becomes worn-out, then the comedian's doom is sealed. Teddy had the misfortune to appear in plays which did not make extraordinary hits and no opportunity was thus given him to assert his true ability. Furthermore the eastern comic opera audiences have no regard for the truly artistic in comedy and I may add that burlesque is the fad. Ferris Hartman could not please the coarse taste for low burlesque and hence he returns to us the same finished artist which he was years ago and we ought to be grateful to the eastern public for not keeping him there. I dare say that Ferris Hartman is mighty glad to be "among the old folks once again." His Muley Hassan, although not by any means his best character, shows the finish of his talent. It is genuine fun and wit that we hear from Hartman. There is a great deal of difference between funny and punny; unfortunately nearly all comedians here are the latter. This able comedian cannot complain about the reception the Tivoli patrons gave him; twice he had to make a speech and on Saturday night he was literally buried beneath flowers. Annie Meyers has improved wonderfully since her last appearance. Her voice has gained in brilliancy and volume and her dashing deportment exercises quite an enlivening influence. Ferris Hartman seems to have made a different company of the Tivoli thespians. Alf Wheelan gave a decidedly artistic impersonation of Pajama and even Phil Branson awoke from his slumber and did some clever work as Khartoon. Tom Greene is making a tremendous hit with his tenor solo in the last act and Anna Lichter looks strikingly handsome and sings bewitchingly as Farina. The final performance of "Tar and Tartar" will be given next Friday evening and there will be no matinee on Saturday owing to the heavy work entailed in the production of the annual holiday extravaganza. This year the Tivoli selected "Little Bo-Peep" as its Christmas spectacle and no effort has been spared to make it elaborate.

R. H. Russell of New York has issued in sumptuous style an acting edition of "Romeo and Juliet" with drawings of Maude Adams by Ernest Haskell and C. Allan Gilbert. All that good paper, clear print and beautiful illustrations could do for this little book has been done, and the result is a thing of beauty and a joy. The version is the one adapted and arranged by Miss Adams, and many of the illustrations are from photographs taken by Sarony and Joseph Byron. The head and tail pieces are in the style of old English wood cuts, and the entire workmanship is of the kind which delights a book-lover. In the same sumptuous style Mr. Russell has issued a collection of drawings showing Julia Marlowe as "Barbara Freitchie" and several of her other successful characters, Beatrice, Constance, Viola, Juliet and Colinette. The style of these publications speaks highly for the taste and cleverness of Mr Russell, and argues well for the excellence of forthcoming books of the same series.

THE PLAYGOER.

Miss Eliza D. Keith will resume her lectures at the Hotel Berkshire on the second Wednesday in January. This week's discourse was devoted to Barrie and readings were given from "Sentimental Tommy" and "A Window in Thrums."

AMUSEMENTS

RACING! RACING! RACING

California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900. From December 18th to Dec 30th inc.

Oakland Race Track

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday rain or shine

Five or more Races each day

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the rack in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President

R.B. MILROY, Secretary.

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Her Defense.

MADEMOISELLE AIMEE DE JANON, "the divine and only Aimée," as an adoring public called her, sat on a table in the wings, swinging her shapely legs to and fro to the lively music of the orchestra. Mademoiselle was in a merry mood and, consequently, most charming and vivacious. When Van Bergen appeared at the small door leading to the stage, she hailed him with delight and sang out a loud and cheery,

"Hello, Monsieur Van Bergen!"

Van Bergen raised his eyebrows with a slightly annoyed expression on his handsome face, as he came gravely toward her. Mademoiselle Aimée pouted and looked at him sharply from her great black eyes:

"Mon Dieu! Monsieur," she exclaimed, "why so serious? Have you led a german ungracefully or has some belle shown herself cold? Ma foi! I feel so gay, so happy! I can hardly wait for my call—but you, you are like death at a feast. What is wrong with you?"

And she peered anxiously into his face.

Van Bergen smiled a little sadly as he leaned against the table on which she sat, and looked thoughtfully at the pretty, perplexed face of the première danseuse.

"Nothing, Mademoiselle, is the matter with *me*," said Van Bergen, looking into her eyes.

"But with *me*, eh?" cried Mademoiselle Aimée quickly. "Monsieur, I saw your face change oh, so suddenly, when I called out to you as you entered. You think, I know, that I am growing—well coarse," she added slowly, with a great, sad bitterness in her voice.

Van Bergen winced under the steady solemn gaze of her black eyes, but with ruder determination said frankly:

"Mademoiselle, you have changed very, very much since I first saw you two years ago. I remember what a sweet, shy little creature you were then. I used to pity you from the bottom of my heart."

"The stage, Monsieur, at least the ballet part of it, is hardly refining you know," she answered with downcast eyes and such a pathetic shrug of her bare, white shoulders that Van Bergen burst out impulsively:

"I am a brute! I've made you feel bad. I know how hard your life is and what you have to contend with, and how flattery and attention is showered on you by fool and knave alike! But see, with your accomplishments, your education, you could do so much, you could leave it all. Teaching, for instance, would be better for you. From my heart, I wish you were off the stage, that this would be your last appearance!"

"Now, now, Monsieur!" she cried, jumping to her feet and throwing out her rounded arms as if to ward off a blow. "Hush! do not speak so. It is wicked—it will bring me bad luck. I—leave the stage! Monsieur I love it! and why?—because, when your fine ladies begrudged me the pittance I received from them for teaching, the stage opened its arms and welcomed me and my starving boys."

Her eyes were flashing angrily now and her voice was filled with sobs.

"Oh, yes, teach!" she exclaimed; "I have taught and your ladies ground me down to teach for almost nothing. No mercy, no sympathy, and many of them knew I was well born, a widow with two baby boys, a stranger in a strange land.

"Do you know how I came here, that first day I determined to sing, to dance for mes petits? I was cold and hungry; my boys at home were without food I was so bedraggled and frozen that old Herr Kaufman had to take me into the manager's office to warm my chilled body before he could try my voice and dancing.

"Ah, mes petits, they are so sweet, so pretty, monsieur," she added, a wonderful softness coming suddenly into her excited voice.

"The stage! I love it! Every kick I give is so much for my babies; every bit of applause is theirs, for," she cried, gaily, "without them Mademoiselle Aimée would not be 'votre première danseuse.'"

Van Bergen smiled with eyes that had grown suddenly misty. With half a sigh he held out his hand to her.

"You are a brave little woman and Heaven knows I don't blame you for sticking to the stage."

"Voila, my call, my dance! I must go, but, tell me, Monsieur Van Bergen, you would have this, would you, my last appearance?" she cried gaily as she tripped off in her bright beruffled skirts.

"Non, non, Mademoiselle," answered Van Bergen, remembering her own answer to that question, while he returned with a frank and approving smile the kiss she threw him from her little hands.

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World of Letters

THERE is nothing soporific about "A Man; His Mark" by W. C. Morrow. The author has constructed a strong tale out of simple materials. Adrian Wilder and Laura Andros are imprisoned by force of circumstances in a lonely mountain hut. The man not only saves the woman's life by his skill, but starves himself in order that his scanty store of food may be enough for both, and this even after he has found out that she was the one who has caused the death of his beloved and made him a lonely wreck. The woman is ignorant of her saviour's identity and blindly allows him to immolate himself for her. At last they escape from their winter prison, she to find out the truth and he to die. As may be imagined the psychological interest of the book is intense, notwithstanding it is so short it may be read in a few hours. Mr. Morrow treats us to no fine spun dissertations, no long-winded moralizing. But the story challenges and compels thought, and subtle thought, too, on the part of the reader, and therein lies the value of the book and also the highest praise of Mr. Morrow as a writer of tales. As usual, Mr. Morrow's style is clear and terse, for he is a writer who understands the use and value of literary technic. Nevertheless, as the tale does not belong to the realistic school, but depicts an extraordinary nature in an extraordinary situation, the reader must accept some rather doubtful circumstances. I am hardly willing to allow Wilder's extraordinary skill in surgery for one who had neither knowledge nor practice in the art, and it seems as though his slow starvation were an unnecessary and quixotic sacrifice of himself. * * * The book is prettily bound in cloth with a neat cover design and is published by the Lippincott Co.; locally for sale by Robertson and the other booksellers.

— —

Bram Stoker's "Dracula" is what Thomas Hardy would call a "nice, ghastly hair-on-end story." As a tale of the weird and uncanny it double-discounts even Poe's "Manuscript Found in a Bottle," and the ordinary ghost story is in comparison as mild as "Mother Goose." The narrative is set forth in the form of letters, journals and diaries, a style once much affected by Wilkie Collins, but Bram Stoker has brought his records quite up to date, for some of the records are made in short hand, one is talked into a phonograph and all are transcribed by means of a typewriter. The time occupied by the astonishing events chronicled is about six months of one year not definitely specified, though references to electric lights, the new woman, the phonograph, etc., leave us no choice but the most modern of settings. "How these papers have been placed in sequence will be made manifest in the reading of them. All needless matters have been eliminated so that a history almost at variance with latter-day belief may stand forth as simple fact. There is throughout no statement of past things wherein memory may err, for all the records chosen are exactly contemporary, given from the standpoints and within the range of knowledge of those who made them." Such is the brief foreword, which, however, gives no clue to the nature of the history. The story opens in Transylvania, where Jonathan Harker, a London solicitor's clerk, has been sent by request of Count Dracula to explain the details of the purchase of an estate in England. As soon as his destination is known it is manifest to him that there is some mystery in connection with the count, but as he can secure no satisfactory explanation, he credits it to the superstition of the peasants and proceeds upon his journey to the castle. What befell him then and how he escaped from Castle Dracula still in possession of his sanity and what connection these affairs had with a series of mysterious and monstrous events in England, or how the end was brought about, must all be left to the reader. No attempt to condense the plot or narrate any of the incidents would give the slightest idea of the appalling nature of the story which the author has conceived. Of the characters, which are few, one is a vampyre and one a "Zoophagous" lunatic, the resident physician of an insane asylum, the husband of one of the victims of the vampire, the fiance and a lover of another, and a German scientist versed in demonology and exorcisms to complete the list. Hypnotism, superstition, transference, were wolves, and the "dead undead" all play their part. The book is not without a certain grim humor, and bearing in mind H. C. Bunner's allegory of the pea-green dragon with seventeen legs and three tails, parading Fifth avenue and tearfully inquiring his way to a cheese shop one cannot deny its realism. To people with strong nerves and a liking for the grewsome, "Dracula" will prove entertaining, but a chapter read to the children at bed time would scarcely induce sound slumber. The book has a compelling interest, and once begun one must go on though every separate hair is on end. Those whose imagination went wandering after read-

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ing "An Itinerant House" have but one safe course to pursue—let 'Dracula" severely alone. [Doubleday and McClure, New York.]

———

"The Man and His Kingdom" is one of the latest of the Lippincott productions. The scene is laid in San Martina, an imaginary republic, located in South America in the neighborhood of Argentine. Though nominally a republic, the government is an actual despotism with the sole power lodged in the hands of the so-called president, who uses the public treasury as his private purse and the army as his body guard. One might be tempted to call the story melodramatic were we not so close to Central America where revolutions are hatched out over night, executions and assassinations are a matter of common occurrence and the idol of today the despised of tomorrow. Gregory Dene, a wealthy English enthusiast who has become converted to a practical form of socialism, instead of preaching reform has established a colony on land purchased from the government of San Martina. The money which he pays for his charter extricates the president for the moment from the embarrassment of having absolutely no means, public or private, and it also hastens another revolutionary project to a climax. Arnold Sagasta, who, despite his name, is also an Englishman, a college mate of Dene, and a socialist, for the time the idol of the populace, has been imprisoned and sentenced to death for his attempt to reform the government, having been betrayed by his accomplice, Eugene Rimarez, son of the president, a scoundrelly good-for-naught who is too well treated by the author, for he escapes death by both pistol and rope, and is tenderly cared for in the end by the woman whom he has duped into giving up Sagasta and marrying him. Lucia Rimarez is something of a problem. She is in no respect the daughter of her parents, nor the sister of her brother, nor even a child of her race. Instead of being the indolent, selfish product of her education and descent, she has principle and courage to execute her plans. Knowing that her father has ordered the execution of Sagasta, she manages to liberate him, though the immediate result is to precipitate the revolution, and later when she has decided to no longer live the life of her San Martina home, she quietly arranges for her departure for Buenos Ayres, where she means to study the profession of nursing, which plan, however, was not carried out, owing to the objection of Gregory Dene E. Phillips Oppenheim the author of the story, is not given to dealing out "poetic justice." Eugene Rimarez richly deserved to die a violent death yet he escapes. Ternissa Denison, the girl whom he had duped into marrying him deserved a better fate than one could forecast as the wife of such a man, and Sagasta, having been cheated of his love and cast into prison through Eugene, is forced to become an outlaw and died mad. Madame Rimarez and her husband, the president, instead of being obliged to flee for their lives, leave on their own notion to live happily in Paris, having, so to say, bequeathed the government to their son in law, Dene, who extricates the country from all its difficulties simply through the force of his being an Englishman. The story moves rapidly, and though it has an air of unreality there is little in the book which has not been duplicated in the history of Spanish American republics.

———

Now that the insolvency of the Harper's Publishing company has been made public it transpires that the reported consolidation of that firm with the Doubleday-McClure company was never consummated, and instead of being the nucleus of a publisher's trust the project, on the part of the Harpers, was simply the attempt of a drowning man to clutch at a straw. The Doubleday-McClure company, though comparatively new in the business, has built up for itself a name and a reputation for which it is justified in asking something more substantial than a share of five and a half million of debts Harpers' publications have not been in the first rank for these many years. Though the *Monthly* has been better than any one ten-cent magazine it has not been worth four times as much. The illustrations have been poor and cheap, and the subject matter far behind the *Atlantic*, *Scribners* and the *Century*. The *Weekly* long ago lost prestige and the *Bazaar* has suffered in its subscription list by competition with the *Ladies' Home Journal* and similar monthlies. The *Bazaar* is, of course, far better than these new comers, but also more expensive. It has been the fashion to refer to the Harpers as "very conservative" and to judge them by their past rather than by present achievements, but now that the cat is out of the bag we hear of "iron-backed stubbornness," "fixed ideas," etc. One cannot but regret the misfortunes of the house which has done so much good work in the publishing line, yet there, as elsewhere, to stand still is to retrograde. "The old order changeth, giving place to new."

———

The Raven is the title of a new monthly published in Oakland and devoted to short stories. The December number contains five from the pen of Mary Lambert. The *Raven* will contain five original stories, silhouettes or verses by one or more writers each month. Four prizes will be awarded for the best story, in amounts of twenty, ten, five or two and one-half dollars. The prize story will be published in June.

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Music World

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

INASMUCH as it is the sense of this department to be instructive as well as informing I take pleasure in publishing the second lecture of Robert Tolmie on "Music in Its Relation To Other Arts. It will be found very interesting. "All arts spring from the same faculty of the soul, the struggle to uplift self or race. In giving expression to an art-idea, the first step necessary after gaining an inspiration is to find a form adequate to the thought, into which the material may be moulded, a vehicle fitted to the need of the message. Each art has its peculiar form: architecture deals with material forms and perspective, sculpture with complete form and repose, painting with form and color, poetry with thought expressed in rhythm, music with sound and motion. Music like all art has its origin in nature, but like all art has been the growth of man's advancement. Man in his earliest development drew his inspiration from the same nature—that inspired the chisel of Michael Angelo, or the fingers of the artists of succeeding centuries; but how different is the interpretation. In place of the magnificent piles with which the Greeks glorified the world and the Romans their religion—witness the Parthenon and St Peter's Cathedral – we find monuments of unhewn stone and mounds of earth, the expression of the ideals of the primitive man It is difficult for us today to appreciate mural paintings of the Egyptians, as paintings, or the colossal head of Ti-guanaco, of Peru, which bears as close a relation to our conception of beauty as do the heads of the gods on Alaskan totem poles. Neither can we appreciate the music of Aborigines, or even the Chinese, a nation which has failed to fulfill its promise,whose musical art has become distorted and grotesque as if possessed by an evil genius, the restriction of form imposed by the state or by religion having hampered the advance of thought in that line. The Chinese melodies lack outline and form and are merely aimless wanderings among sounds, which present no picture to our musical vision. We modern thinkers must have symmetry, order and design, otherwise art conveys no message to us.

¶ ¶

"Lines considered in the abstract are the most concentrative of human ideas,and as such are peculiarly sensitive tests of all theories of the beautiful. In abstract lines we obtain from the outward world—as we do in music—only the most distant motives of composition. In the line of escaped human beauty familiar to us all, we have by suggestion the means at hand with which to create the form divine,not however by the use of geometrical rule such as the Romans strove to establish, but through the manifestation of human thought and human feeling. The natural world passing through the mind of man is interrupted and humanized by his creative powers, and assumes the colors, forms and harmonies of painting, sculpture and music. Advanced art is the accumulation of ideas borrowed from nature, many of which ideas for a long period perception, and suddenly are brought into use by some great artist. At the period of the Greek drama, although men and women sang in chorus, they were for a long time unconscious of the fact that the men's voices were an octave deeper than those of the women At that time there was no polyphony, no harmony, the simple chants rose and fell in single tones, made melodic figures, but gave no expression of form. Not till the time of Adrian Waellert in the seventeenth century did we have harmony as we understand it today, and only then did music take on proportions that made it worthy of a place among other fine arts. After Waellert came the Netherland School which prepared the way for Palestrina, who by his serene genius and sympathy exalted polyphony to as lofty an eminence as the allied arts painting and sculpture had been raised by Raphael and Michael Angelo. It is to Palestrina and his followers influenced by needs of religion that we owe the spiritual expression found in the works of Bach and Handel. In the upward and onward struggle for musical utterance, the simple grandeur and melodic grace of Palestrina, was a great relief from the restriction of the earlier schools If there ever has been a Greek age in music, an epoch in which the purity of architectural lines existed,it was from the time of Palestrina in 1565 to the time of Bach in 1700, During this period simple and direct utterance was sought,perplexing intricacies avoided, and grace and purity cultivated in a way unknown before.

¶ ¶

"A leading spirit of this period was Scarlatti. This composer did not strive to resuscitate a form of genius peculiar to a former age, but to adapt to modern conditions what the ages had bequeathed, and to reflect the passionate unrest prevalent in his own city of Naples. He substituted for the old thematic counterpoint a freer development of parts and breathed a voice of humanity into his works which soon gained the favor of the musical world and eventually influenced all Europe, especially Germany, whose masters were later to give music its renaissance. Thus music slowly developed though still under restriction, till Hayden came to free the music of the world, and Beethoven came to bring the music of another world " Then followed illustrations in poetry of Gray's Elegy, Tennyson's Lotus-Eaters, The Dying Swan—perfection of form—and compositions of Bach and Scarlatti as a proof of the fact that form must not restrict thought.

¶ ¶

I am very glad to know that Miss Clara Kalisher is very successful in the eastern concert stage. The New York *Home Journal*, a prominent weekly, of November twenty-second, speaks in high terms of Miss Kalisher's talents and I am glad to append some extracts here for the critic who penned them speaks the unvarnished truth: "One of the features of the Metropolitan concert on Sunday night was the appearance on the stage of Emma Nevada; another feature was the appearance in the boxes of the hero of the Santiago sea fight, Admiral Schley, but the feature of the evenihg was the New York début of the young Californian contralto, Miss Clara Kalisher. * * * Miss Kalisher is entitled to more notice and greater attention than Emma Nevada; her voice is of finer quality. Nevada's organ is cultivated to a high degree; her vocal fireworks, as they are called, are marvelously beautiful, but her singing is nearly all art; it is only the result of years of masterly training. It is diamond-like in its brilliancy, but it is cold as an icicle. On the other hand, the new singer's voice is naturally sweet and pleasing, the quality is very rich and she sings with soul and feeling; it reaches and touches you With experience, further training, and when she gets over her nervousness, the effect of facing a new audience, she will show herself a true artist of fine quality. Meanwhile let us encourage native talent and render unto Cæsar, etc. The Californian girl made an undoubted success; we congratulate her and her native state."

¶ ¶

Byron Mauzy hall was crowded last Friday evening, the occasion being a violin recital by pupils of Bernhard Mollenhauer. The participants were: Miss Catootje Barbé, Miss Jean Henry, Master Raymond Gott, Miss Caroline, Otto Rauhaut, Eugene Redeville, John Lewis and Miss Lillie Spink. The Christmas concert given at the same hall on Thursday will be noticed next week.

¶ ¶

A concert was given by Charles F. Hamlin, a pupil of Henry Heyman, at Twenty-third Avenue Church on Tuesday evening of last week. I know Mr. Hamlin's work thoroughly and am well aware of his artistic temperament, his excellent bowing and fine execution. Without having attended the concert, I am satisfied that it was a splendid success. The young man was assisted by Misses Maybelle R. Morse, soprano; Etta Mae Wilson, elocutionist, and Iola G. Williams, pianist.

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Last week I announced that I had made arrangements with Irwin Eveleth Hassell for a Berlin letter containing the most interesting musical events in that city. This week I publish the first letter from Vienna where Emil Steinegger will look out for affairs of interest to musicians here. Before long I shall receive regular news from other large European and American music centres so that the readers of TOWN TALK will receive direct and exclusive news from the large cities But let us see what Vienna has to offer lately: 'Tonight I heard D'Albert at the Börsendorfor Saal. He is certainly a great artist and the immense audience present testified to his popularity and worth. The Chopin 'As-Dur' polonaise, op 53, was especially well rendered He was assisted by his wife who is a singer of considerable facility. She sang one of her husband's compositions entitled 'Seejungfräulein,' with orchestra accompaniment directed by himself. Another composition of his—a 'cello concerto—was played by Hugo Becker. I liked the former much better than the latter. Both these compositions were played for the first time on this occasion. The orchestra which participated was of the Royal Court Opera, and played of course in a scholarly manner. Max Pauer gives a piano recital Thursday night and D'Albert one on Friday evening. Next week we will have Stavenhagen.—*Vienna, Monday November 20, 1899*, EMIL STEINEGGER."

¶ ¶

The Holmes quartet gave its fifth concert at Century hall last Tuesday evening before a large audience. As I am one of those who do not let sentiment interfere with facts I must point out that two thirds of the program was tiresome and weary. I refer to the Haydn string quartet in F, op. 77, and the Brahms sonata in A op. 78, for piano and violin. Although both quartets contain some lively movements, it was impossible to distinguish them, because a certain spirit was lacking. I do not mean to blame Mr. Holmes for this, but the cômposer who strung together so many slow movements devoid of positive character. The Haydn quartet is composed largely of simple phrases which, not being imbued with expressiveness, exercise a tiring influence. For this reason I saw half of the audience almost going to sleep and the other impatiently awaiting the end. The applause that followed did not have that enthusiastic ring which it usually possesses. The same may be said of the Brahms sonata. I do not know why I cannot become interested in Brahms piano works. It must either be my ignorance or my dullness of comprehension, or is Brahms really dull on the piano? The opinions differ in this latter supposition The vivace ma non troppo movement was anything butvivace and the adagio was anything but broad and imposing. Miss Ernestine Goldman played the piano score masterly and Mr Holmes executed the violin part tastefully, but after the conclusion of this sonata the audience appeared still more bored than at the end of the Haydn quartet. Now what is the reason of this deadening influence? I cannot find any better solution than the monotony in the succession of too many slow movements devoid of character creating in the mind of the layman as well as musician a feeling of ennui. But what a difference there was in the Schumann A minor string quartet, No. 1, op. 14! It awakened the almost slumbering audience from its lethargy and fixed the attention of everyone present. There were life, spirit, variety of themes, well moulded phrases and a positive expression of grand musical thoughts. Like an orator, a composer must be able to form his ideas into such shape that their purpose may easily be disciphered. So we know very well that when Schumann marks a movement "scherzo presto" that it contains humor and musical wit. We involuntarily smile at the comical situations and know that the author wants us to be cheerful And when after this the adagio begins with its sad strains and sorrowful sobs then we are reminded that this life contains tears as well as laughter and that in times of joy we should never forget the sorrow that reigns in this world. So we know the ideas of the author and do not fall asleep but are interested to the end. That is the reason why the enthusiasm of the applause was so great when the Holmes quartet had concluded this work of Schumann's in a finished manner.

¶ ¶

H. M. Bosworth recently gave a lecture on his Harmonic Cycle at the Von Meyerinck School of Music. He endeavored to point out the advantages of the cycle, but found himself, without knowing it, expounding the laws of harmony, and before he had an opportunity to come back to the old track, viz, explaining the purpose of his cycle, Arthur Fickenscher drew him into a discussion of overtones. Mr. Fickenscher contended that in striking a certain key you are able to hear tones above and below this key. Mr. Bosworth contends that a bass is a bass and that an overtone is an overtone, which means that there cannot be anything beneath a basis, nor can there be undertones where we are only apprised of overtones. So all these discussions prevented a feasible exposition of Bosworth's Harmonic Cycle. I think I shall have to go to work and discuss the subject fully in one of the next numbers of TOWN TALK. It is certainly worth the time and labor.

¶ ¶

The Pacific Coast Conservatory of Music gave a pupil recital at Sherman-Clay hall last Tuesday evening at which the participants were: Misses Weymouth, Mueller and Lewis, Elizabeth Deering, Eleanore Joseph, Alice N. Weymouth, Marguerite Copanann, Maud Miller. Lucia Thompson, Mrs. Mae Buss, Mrs. Alfred E. Palmer and Jessie Lasky. Mrs Gustavus Arnold, accompanied on the piano by Miss Olivia Edmunds, sang "Marguerite" (A. L) and "Frühlingszeit" (R. Becker).

¶ ¶

Fritz Scheel is reported dangerously ill with pneumonia at his residence, Girard avenue, Philadelphia. His daughter arrived from Vienna in time to take care of him. * * * The Metropolitan Mandolin and Guitar club gave a concert at Association auditorium last Thursday evening under the direction of Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood. It was a very successful affair. * * * Miss Jessie Foster who located here recently sang at a concert given by the Native Sons of Vermont at Odd Fellow's hall Friday evening of last week and was much complimented upon her excellent work. Miss Foster is a conscientious worker and deserving of success I understand that her class is increasing handsomely and that her students are delighted with her work. * * * Richard S. Copley, Henry Wolfsohn's representative who pioneered the Henschels and Henry Marteau on their visits to the Pacific Coast, will arrive from the East tomorrow morning in the interests of De Pachman.

¶ ¶

The Mark Hopkins' Institute of Art gave an opening reception and promenade concert in connection with the fortieth exhibition of the San Francisco Art association, from eight to eleven o'clock last Thursday evening. The orchestra, under the direction of Henry Heyman, rendered a delightful musical program. A special concert will be given on Thursday evening, December twenty-first, under the direction of Henry Heyman in which the following artists will participate: Mrs. Jenny Twichell Kempton, contralto (first appearance in San Francisco after many years absence); Mrs. Mary Roth Hamilton, soprano; William N. Epperly tenor; Adolph Locher, composer; Mrs. F. S. Gutterson, accompanist; Emil Cruells, accompanist, and Otto Fleissner, organist.

¶ ¶

It will interest my readers to hear of the success of the "Hymn of Praise" as rendered by students from the Von Meyerinck School of Music, under the direction of Arthur Fickenscher in Stockton recently. A Stockton paper has the following to say of this affair: "A brilliant rendition of Mendelsohn's 'Hymn of Praise' was given last evening at the Central M. E. church by a select chorus of sixty voices. The beautiful oratorio was given most ably and was received with much enthusiasm. * * * * Previous to the oratorio a concert program was given, the first number of which was an organ solo by Mr. W. A. Sabin, organist at St. Luke's, San Francisco. It was well rendered with excellent execution. Mr. Sabin presided at the organ during the singing of the oratorio. Miss

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Decker of San Francisco, who has a rich, full alto voice, sang with feeling an aria from 'Semile' (Handel) and the double quartet of San Francisco ladies, Mrs. Roper von Benzon, Miss Brinn, Miss Fanny Denny, Mrs Seibel, Miss Stella Friedlander, Miss Cecilia Decker, Miss Lulu Feldheim and Miss Florence Boston, sang very sweetly the 'Twenty-third Psalm.' These ladies also took part in the oratorio, and their efforts had a telling effect in the evening's success. The final concert number was the most brilliant of any, being an aria from 'Dinorah,'(Meyerbeer)by Mrs.Von Benzon. It is a beautiful selection and was magnificently sung. Mrs. Von Benzon has a matchless soprano voice, clear, smooth and sweet, of good range and control. Her high notes were clear, pure and liquid. She has considerable power, but the rare quality of excellence was its timore. Mrs. Von Benzon's is a voice that is a delight to hear, and one, too, so seldom heard. The audience last evening was deprived of the encore upon which it was so insistent. The sympnony which gave the most of the oratorio was skillfully executed by the orchestra which played with harmony and spirit the themes under the direction of Mr. Arthur Fickenscher of San Francisco, who is organist of the church and under whose able management the program was given. His was the work of training the choir, and his efforts and hopes were realized in the smooth and excellent singing of last evening." The duet in the "Hymn of Praise" was sung by Misses Boston and Friedlander, and I am told that they did exceedingly well.

¶ ¶

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tion of this orchestra to give an invitational concert soon. It is gratifying to find our students take a visible interest in music as an art, and under the direction of Mr. Minetti these ambitious young musicians will progress rapidly. The orchestra consists of strings only. Among the members are: Mrs. C. A. Gwynn, Misses Grace A. Hecht, Florence Lewis, A. Lewis, L. Barbagelata, R Lane, M. Gunn, C. Nash, F. L. Beckhusen and the Misses Pasmore and Messrs. C. A. Gwynn, L. Elsesser, A. Kaufman, H. Barth, J. Hecht (who is the secretary) and E. Hecht. ALFRED METZGER.

¶ ¶

An Evening with Beethoven was lately enjoyed by several of the pupils of Mr. Percy A. R. Dow at his residence-studio, 1654 Pacific avenue. Several songs of various composers were first heard, the songs and singers being: "The Robin Sings in the Apple Tree," Macdonald, "The Silver Ring," Chaminade, Mrs. H. B. Monges; "Out on the Deep," Löhr, "Beam From Yonder Star," Bullard, Philip Koch; "Le parlate d'amour," Faust, "If on the Meads," Gimbert, Miss Florence Chittenden; 'Dreams," Strelezki, "The Ring," Hawley, "Wind in the Trees," Goring Thomas, "Little Red Lark" (old Irish), Miss Jessie Doty. Then followed songs illustrative of the different styles of Beethoven's writing, the earlier showing the influence of Haydn and Mozart; and the later the individuality of the master. These had been prepared as follows: "O Du," by Miss Anna Haas; "Bitten" and "Night," by A. Y. Wood; "In Questa Tomba," Miss Wilhelmina Koenig; "Adelaide," H. B. Monges; "May Song" and "O Hoffing," Mr. Dow. Bright, brief topical sketches and anecdotes of the man and his music were given by Mrs. Weller, Mrs. Bishop, Mrs. Monges, Misses Rice, Hostetter, Gyle, Kent, Monges and Doty, and Messrs. Stevens and Monges. The next Pupils' Evening will be devoted entirely to the music and a biographical study of living woman composers.

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Edw. Mayer ought to receive an autograph letter of appreciation from Mr. Barrie for his blithe sketches of "The Little Minister" in the 1900 calendar thus titled. Babbie is shown in all sorts of poses, in her gipsy garments and the smart costumes she wore when "a lady;" Babbie flirting with the little minister, Babbie barefoot, Babbie dancing in the snow and Babbie weeping—the pictures are all original in conception and well carried out. But the little minister himself is not one-half so fascinating as Babbie. He was a poor creature, at best, in the book, and the artist seems to have taken that view of him for, with the exception of the back view in the 'half an hour" sketch, the little minister is utterly lacking in spirit.

A new edition of the California Mission's calendar, after paintings by William H. Bull, is out for 1900. And a new "American Girl" calendar is on the market, six pen and ink drawings by Gertrude Partington and Edw. Mayer. "In 1760" is a beautiful pose of great-grandmamma. "The Girl of 1900" is very modern indeed, a "jolly good fellow" evidently. The other poses are full of character.

Another calendar seen at Dodge's is "The Madonna" showing the Virgin as she was painted by famous artists. The copies are fine photogravures.

All of the above calendars are published by Dodge, 123 Grant avenue. "The American Girl" is priced at 50 cents, on board, $1.00 on Japan proof; "California Missions," 75 cents; "Coon" and "The Little Minister," small, 75 cents; large, $1 50.

A pretty calendar is "Californian Violets," views of the Golden Gate, Santa Cruz, San Gabriel and other missions, Yosemite, etc., with purple violets as their frame. Appropriate verses accompany each sketch, by Californian poets. The calendar is a very dainty souvenir to send to eastern friends, and is published by Sanborn, Vail & Co.

The drama "Peter Stuyvesant," which is the joint work of Bronson Howard and Brander Matthews, has not met the favor of eastern critics, one of whom says we know the old Dutch governor had at least one wooden leg to stand upon but the play has not even that much.

W. H. Keith, the Californian baritone, is in Paris for the winter. His mother, Mrs. W. H. Keith, is with him.

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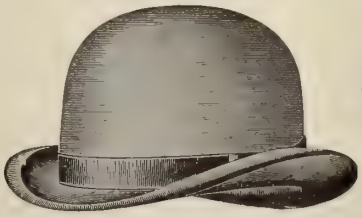

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EASY OF SOLUTION.

Apropos of Robert Duncan Milne's article upon the Twentieth Century problem, in a recent number of TOWN TALK, a correspondent writes:

The Twentieth Century problem seems to be very easy of solution. A century must consist of one hundred years. The first century then began with the year 1 and ended with the completion of year 100. The second century began with 101 and ended with 200. The nineteenth century will not be completed until the close of 1900, and the twentieth will begin with 1901. The current year of 1899 is only the ninety-ninth year of the nineteenth century.

Perhaps others may find this answer as much of a riddle aa the conundrum itself.

I am in receipt of the latest issue of the Statistical Year Book of Canada, which contains much valuable and interesting information.

—THE COMPILER.

LEGAL NOTICES

SHERIFF'S SALE

BEN B. HASKELL, Plaintiff vs. MARGARET DUNTON, Defendant. } Sale. Justices' Court, No. 14661. Execution.

Under and by virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Justices' Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of November A. D. 1899. in the above entitled action, wherein Ben B. Haskell, the above named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Margaret Dunton, defendant, on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1899, which said Judgment was recorded in the Clerk's Office of said Court, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Seventeenth street distant thereon easterly fifty-five feet from the point of intersection formed by the northerly line of Seventeenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, and running thence easterly along said northerly line of Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; and thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet to the point of commencement.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 18th day of December A. D. 1899 at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said Execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said Judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money, of the United States.

HENRY S. MARTIN, Sheriff

San Francisco. November 25, 1899.
BEN B. HASKELL, 409 California street, San Francisco
Attorney in pro. per.

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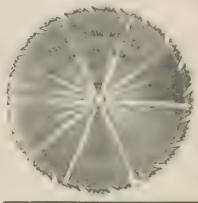

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, December 23, 1899

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

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Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor

40 Ellis Street, Third Floor Telephone Main 5725

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Pay no money to persons representing themselves to be connected with TOWN TALK unless a written authority to receipt for the same is shown and accept no receipt unless it be on our printed blanks.

OUR OPINION

War on Earth and Dissension Among Men

THIS IS the season of the year when peace on earth is devoutly to be wished, together with good will among men, but to wish what cannot be is vain, and therefore TOWN TALK refrains from the customary Christian salutation of the yuletide period. It would seem like hilarious mockery to wish for a cessation of hostilities in South Africa, or to express the hope that Mr. Aguinaldo would be a good fellow and come in out of the wet so that General Otis could enjoy his Christmas plum pudding. The British are engaged in trying to demonstrate that they have certain rights in the Transvaal which must be respected, but unfortunately the Boers are stubborn, and are sustaining their side of the debate with serious damage to the hides and reputation of their adversaries. The British generals were expected to do great execution and their admirers hoped that such men as Gatacre and Buller would by the exercise of great strategy do much toward the promotion of peace on earth. But their failure to come up to expectations in the matter of strategy and caution warrants the fear that good Christians will be spilling each other's blood in South Africa as late as the ides of March, 1900. In the Philippines the prospects are not so unpleasant, but at any rate the century is winding up in a blaze of fireworks. Meanwhile, however, TOWN TALK knows of no reason why it should not wish all its readers outside of Africa and the American Archipelago a merry Christmas and a happy New Year, and at the same time express the hope that those in the war belt will suffer as little inconvenience as possible under the existing distressing circumstances. It may be apropos at this time to assure our readers that we have had a successful year, having doubled the circulation of the paper in less than ten months, and being confident of continued prosperity.

A New School of Scriptural Exegesis

A GOOD DEAL of discussion has been raised, and flutter felt in ecclesiastical circles over a homily delivered in Oakland by Rev. Charles R. Brown, pastor of the First Congregational church in the city across the bay. The said homily, or discourse, took the shape of an address to the adults of the congregation, among whom it is proposed to form a Bible class for a more extended exposition of the true meaning of the Scriptures that would be appropriate or intelligible to the ordinary junior Sunday class. The reverend divine, who is credited with somewhat liberal and latitudinarian views, very properly approached his subject ab ovo, taking for his text the allegorical nature of the doctrine of the Fall of Man. He held that the episode of the serpent and the apple was not an actual statement of literal fact, but merely symbolical of the sin of disobedience, which led our first parents—in other words, primitive man—to desire a more intimate acquaintance with the affairs of the outside world, bringing of course a knowledge of good and evil in its train, that could be acquired in the indolent ease of tropical or sub-tropical surroundings, where nature provided all the fruits of the earth without the need of cultivation or labor. The speaker also alluded to the fact that the Mosaic record, or rather the Pentateuch, gives two distinct and separate versions of the order, or sequence of the creation—versions which do not interfere, however, with the broad basic principles which underlie the creative scheme as a whole, whether the days during which the creative power was exercised, were days of twenty-four hours each, or periods—æons—of indefinite length, as has been suggested by modern leaders of thought, and as seems to be borne out by latter-day geology. It would naturally have been as impossible as it was unnecessary to attempt to impress upon the simple and childlike primitive man the relation between the history of creation, as formulated in the Hebraic records, and the testimony of the rocks as interpreted by Hugh Miller and other recent geological authorities. It was sufficient for all religious purposes to express great esoteric truths in allegorical or symbolic language, in the form of the trope or parable, the hidden meaning of which would afterwards become apparent to students and critics of a more enlightened age. It would be quite in keeping with the advanced school of scriptural exegesis, for a theological teacher of the present day to go much farther in his interpretation of the Mosaic narrative than has been done by the Oakland pastor. A happy parallel might be drawn, for instance, between the expulsion from Eden, consequent upon the eating of the apple, with its attendant curse of work, and the enforced emigration of the primitive races from their tropical paradise of bananas, plantains and mangoes, to more temperate zones, where the apple was the only fruit indigenous to the soil, and that soil could not be coaxed into producing anything without the aid of the spade, the ploughshare or the hoe. A still bolder flight into the realms of metaphor might be taken by pointing out that the assassination of Abel, the shepherd, by his brother Cain, the gardener, was merely an allegorical illustration of the

ruthless manner in which the agricultural interest has been crushing out the pastoral interest all the world over, and in California in particular, ever since the plains and valleys were found to be more valuable for farming than for stock-raising. Parallels of this kind can be multiplied at the will or skill of their drawer. The allegorical method of inculcating historical truths by associating them with personal entities is common to the earliest annals of all the more intellectual types of the human family. We find it in the mythology and hero-worship of the Hindoos, Egyptians, Greeks, Romans and Teutons. It is singularly adapted as a vehicle for conveying race traditions from sire to son, in those early epochs of national existence when oral instruction was almost the only species in common use. And it is complimentary to the intelligence of a church congregation, when a pastor can venture to explain the great allegorical truths of Scripture in an interesting, attractive and intelligent manner.

Labby Keeps Tab on Crooked Contractors

WHEN the embalmed beef scandal was agitating our war department the military authorities of Europe were very much aroused. They talked about the mercenary spirit of the Yankee and declared that our patriotism could not offset our cupidity. The British press was particularly exultant over the exposure of the frauds that had been practiced by the Chicago canned beef merchants, and intimated that in no other nation would such crimes against the military arm of the government be tolerated. The supplying of an embalmed beef diet to the country's defenders was regarded abroad as a peculiarly American trait, and was pointed out as evidence of Yankee thrift, but it now appears that the safeguards against corruption of that sort are no stronger in England than they are in America. Shortly after the opening of hostilities in South Africa Labouchere of London *Truth* began keeping a record of administrative scandals in connection with the war and here are a few of the items: (1) a hundred bales of hay loaded on the *Antillian*, and subsequently removed as musty; (2) a whole consignment of meat supplied for the provisioning of the troops on board the *Nubia* found to be absolutely uneatable and thrown overboard before the ship reached St. Vincent. (3) a large quantity of hay found to be utterly useless. "I wonder," writes Labby, "what the list will look like when the news begins to comes in from South Africa?" Judging from the very promising beginning the list is destined to be a long one, and the day of reckoning a most exciting one. But it seems as though the American meat packer is fated to have his reputation tarnished abroad as well as at home. The uneatable meat mentioned by Labby bore this brand: "New York 1899." It is once again Chicago's time to have the laugh on New York.

The Bond Debt and the Silurians.

NO ARGUMENT is necessary to convince the intelligent taxpayers of San Francisco that the creation of a bonded debt to provide funds for public improvements is being urged in the interest of the city. The intelligent voter has the capacity for appreciating the necessity for a sewer system and modern public school-houses and the advantages that shall accrue from the establishment of such a system of boulevards as is contemplated. The necessity and advantages of the proposed improvements are manifest. The city needs a sewer system and school houses, and there is not a man, woman or child from Meiggs' wharf to Ocean View who would not like to see Golden Gate park extended to Market street. But there are a few surviving silurians who tremble at the suggestion of a bonded debt. It would be idle to attempt to persuade them that a bonded debt is an expedient for compelling future generations to share the cost of the luxuries that they are to enjoy. The ramifications of municipal finance are so complicated that it would be an herculean task to attempt to convince them that no great burden would be imposed on them by a tax for a sinking fund. They regard taxes of all kinds as unjust burdens, but the silurians are quite active, and they will be sure to vote. It is therefore important that those who are imbued with civic pride and who are in favor of the improvements of the city shall offset the votes of the obstructionists. It is time for San Francisco to throw off her swaddling clothes and take her place among the great cities of the world. We are about to start under a system that bids fair to revolutionize methods of municipal government. We are assured that business methods are to be substituted for those that entailed extravagance and waste of public moneys. The amount necessary to be raised for a sinking fund in the event of the creation of a bonded debt is not larger than the sum out of which the taxpayers have hitherto been plundered annually. We have meekly submitted to being sandbagged by political blacklegs; surely we should not object to having our money wisely invested for our own benefit by trustees in whom we have confidence.

ONE OF THE most interesting publications that comes to TOWN TALK'S office is the Merchants Association *Review*, edited by J. Richard Freud. Its purpose is to disseminate knowledge of municipal affairs and to advance the interests of the city by presenting to the merchants and taxpayers useful information on topics pertaining to municipal government. No advertisements are inserted and no subscription price is charged. The *Review* for December contains an article from the pen of D. V. Kelly, a director of the Merchants Association on the subject of the proposed bond issue. He states that the defeat of the proposed issue for parks and panhandle extension would be a serious calamity to the city, and he argues that we should not refuse to do now for four millions what we will have to do some day maybe at a cost of twenty millions.

The beautiful combinations of colors in monogram stamping as executed by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show the very great superiority of their ability in this particular line.

"THE HUB"

CHAS. KEILUS & CO.

132 KEARNY ST., Corner Sutter

EXCLUSIVE
HIGH-GRADE
CLOTHIER

Winter Ideas Right and Ready

COME TRY SOME ON

THE STORY OF THE STAR

Matt. II 2. "For we have seen His star in the east and are come hither to worship Him."

I request your attention this Christmas morning: First, to THE STORY OF THE STAR, and secondly, to ITS TEACHINGS.

I. The Story of the Star.

IT IS OF the Christ Child. Seventeen hundred and fifty years of Roman conquest had brought almost the whole world under that sway. Her laws, her civilization, her roads were everywhere; highways cast up for the feet of the Prince of Peace, and of His messengers. A time of general concord had come to the world. The temple of Janus was closed in token of the cessation of war. Some knowledge of the Jewish Scriptures had spread over the earth, and there was an universal expectation of a great delivering King—from the East, to the more western nations, and from the West to the more eastern, such as China, Persia, Assyria and Babylon. In the eastern countries were Maji, wise men who gave their lives to the study of science and religion; men whose astrology had made them astronomers and who followed and used all the light they had. They were the counselors of kings. Herodotus speaks of them as a priestly class among the Medes and as interpreters of dreams; men of rank, wealth and learning. Daniel was made the chief among them in Babylon, and doubtless it was from him that was derived their first knowledge of the Messiah and their expectations concerning Him. And through them and their disciples as well as the Jews traveling everywhere, this knowledge extended, spreading over all the East.

And for this information we are not dependent upon Christian writing and tradition. The Roman historians, Tacitus and Suetonius, seventy years later, tell us that this expectation had been for a long time widely diffused throughout the world. Everywhere in the east men were looking for the advent of a great King who should rise among the Jews; even in the far off exclusive China, so vivid were their anticipations of the Messiah that the great saint whom Confucius, five hundred years before, foretold to appear in the West; so fully sensible were they of His birthplace and the time of His coming that about sixty years after his ascension, weary of waiting for Him to come to them, they sent envoys to find and bring Him or His teachings back with them. These representatives, on their journey, encountered missionaries of Buddhism coming from India, announcing an incarnation of Deity; and, mistaking them for messengers of the true Messiah whom they were seeking persuaded them to return with them. And so Buddhism was introduced into China.

What reply to God in the judgment will the tardy early Christians be able to make for failing to anticipate, to obey their own missionary commission and the Buddhists in the occupancy of this great umpire? Let modern Christians study their example and beware of its imitation in the neglect of their Saviour's command to go everywhere and to everybody.

Be it remembered also that Jesus was born in a civilized, literary age, not in a time of intellectual darkness. Cicero, Virgil and Horace all died shortly before; Tacitus a few years later, and Livy was living at this period. The country also where these events occurred was the great high road from west to east, ordered by Greek civilization on the North, and the Alexandrian on the South. It was not an age in which myths could spring up and flourish. These eastern astronomers, given to devout and reverential study, had already, for some reason unknown, accorded to the Jewish people and to Palestine the patronage of the constellation of Pisces regarding everything occurring in it as of especial significance to that nation, with expectations of the Messiah or universal King to come from the Jews They came to Palestine, to the capital of the country, to the residence of the reigning monarch, looking for a kingly birth, inquiring, "Where is He that is born King of the Jews, for we have seen His star in the East." That is, while still in the East they saw His star in the West.

What was this star? This question has furnished scholars with ample ground for speculation. In the star some have found a comet, some a meteor, some a constellation, some a seraph, some a reproduction of the pillar of fire, and some a miraculous planet or star provided for the one purpose; which no astronomer has been able to find again.

But why look for the miraculous until we have fully explored the world of natural phenomena? Solar calculations have revealed a wonderful blending of planetary light about the time of the Holy advent. In December, 1604, the eminent astronomer Kepler saw a strange illumination in the heavens, triplicating itself in a few months; and which is repeated but once in eight hundred years. It was a conjunction of the bright planets, Jupiter and Saturn, in the heavens. Five months later, in the following May, the wonder was repeated marvelously. Mars joined with Jupiter and Saturn, a fiery trygon in the constellation of Pisces. The attention of the whole astronomical world was drawn to it. Devout as he was scientific, these unusual appearances led Professor Kepler to think that they might help to explain the strange star seen at the birth of the Saviour, and which the wise men saw in the far East and by which they were led to this cradle.

His calculations showed that the conjunction of these planets could occur but once in eight hundred years. Taking twice that number in 1604, it would bring it to within a few months of Christ's birth, the exact date of which is unknown. Several other celebrated astronomers since Kepler's day have made the same computation and reached the same conclusion; particularly Professor Pritchard of the Royal Astronomical society, and Professor Stockwell. And it rests on certain ground that about the time of the Saviour's birth, in the month of May, occurred this conjunction of Jupiter and Saturn, rising about three hours before sunrise and therefore seen in the East. Suppose these wise men of Persia had started on their seven months' journey to Jerusalem about the end of May. The planets then being on, separated until the end of July, when they slowly drew together again and repeated their conjunction in September, when the Maji had reached the border of the desert—the nearer East. Then Jupiter was at its brightest being in its nearest approach both to the sun and earth; and aligned with Saturn presenting a most brilliant spectacle. And the glorious illumination continued almost unaltered for several days, when the planets again drew apart many degrees; then again Jupiter gradually approached conjunction with Saturn, just at the time the Maji may be supposed to have entered Jerusalem in December. And if, as it may reasonably be supposed, from the implication of the narrative, they completed the journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem in the evening, then about half an hour after sunset, the two planets and perhaps Mars with them might have been seen from Jerusalem hanging in the meridian suspended over Bethlehem, in the distance, casting an unearthly light upon the village and even upon the house where the young child lay. For He is no longer in the stable, it being almost forty days from His birth.*

This natural phenomenon, so exactly agreeing in time and place and circumstances, forms a wonderful coincidence to the text, still to be accounted for, even if it fails to satisfactorily indicate to the mind the star of Bethlehem.

The star would lead them to think of the Messiah because discovered in a line with, or in common parlance, in Pisces, which was the patron constellation of the Jews and their country. Peculiar conditions of stars were then regarded as signs of great events. They knew from the prophesies of a mighty delivering King whose advent was daily expected. They were pious men looking for the hope of the world. God may have made to them before, as he did afterwards, some special revelation. Or as serious thinkers, they may have reasoned it out.

The star would cause them to think of the Messiah because discovered in the constellation of Fishes the Patron of Palestine. And they, knowing the expectation of a great delivering Judean King, what else could they do but connect this extraordinary appearance with the expectation, and come to the capital city and to the kingly residence for the kingly appearance? Balaam one hundred and forty-five years before in prophetic vision saw and died: "I shall see him, but not now: I shall behold him, but not nigh: there shall come a Star out of Jacob, and a Sceptre shall rise out of Israel. Numbers XXIV:17." And Micah seven hundred and forty-two years after, by the same preternatural vision located the place of his advent in the very language which became the directory of the Scribes when they would aid Herod the King in answering the inquiry of the Saviour-seeking Maji.

"But thou, Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is

* (See Pelonbet's notes for 1893.)

to be ruler in Israel; whose goings forth have been from of old, from everlasting.

And he shall stand and feed in the strength of the Lord, in the majesty of the name of the Lord his God; and they shall abide: for now shall he be great unto the ends of the earth." Micah, V:2-4.

But, whatever may be to you an acceptable theory of this phenomena, whether an actual member of the stellar heaven, a planet secondary or primary; whether a comet, a seraph a pillar of fire, a special luminous creation for the purpose which disappeared when the end of its being was served; or whether to my mind, the still more miraculous, wonderful and satisfactory solution of a planetary conjunction, in any event the star was the guide divine to these Eastern inquirers. Nor will the serious seeker after truth ever be left without a pilot to the Saviour. "*If any man will do my will he shall know the doctrine.*" For, "*The secret of the Lord is with them that fear Him and He will show them His Covenant.*"

"When, marshalled on the mighty plain,
The glittering hosts bestud the sky,
One star alone of all the train
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

"Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem,
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

"Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud, the night was dark,
The ocean yawned, and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

"Deep horror then my vitals froze;
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

"It was my guide, my light, my all
It bade my dark foreboding cease;
And through the storm and dangers thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

"Now safely moored, my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
Forever and forever more,
The star, the star of Bethlehem."

THIS IS THE STORY OF THE STAR

II. ITS TEACHINGS ARE THAT *There is an east to everyone to whom this star appears.*

I mean that there is a point in life from which indices of the Master may be recognized. Suppose the hypothesis of planetary conjunction to be the true Star of Bethlehem, the analogy holds good; for, as by the paralleling of Mars, Jupiter and Saturn in their widely different orbits there was made an illumination so splendid as to arrest the attention of all, portending some important crisis in the life of the world, so there comes into the life of everyone a conjunction of three mighty luminaries, the revelations of God in the word and in nature, the strivings of the Holy Spirit, and the workings of an awakened conscience.

O, man, woman, child! When the world enlightens thee, and the Holy Spirit applies it to thine understanding, arousing the conscience into activity, remember it is the Star of Bethlehem shining to guide thee. And you cannot disregard it without tremendously unspeakable loss.

2. *When the star is recognized it is the part of good wisdom to follow where it leads,*

How many Easterns—yea, even Maji, saw the star and gazed awe-stricken upon its illuminations. Aye and saw it in the constellation of Pisces. But alas, only Melchoir, Caspar and Belthazar had faith and interest and devotion to essay the long journey to find the Christ it indicated. And it has ever been so. It is so today.

3. *If rejected, the conditions of guidance fail and the conjunctive planets separate.*

Herod, Pilate, Herod Antipas, Felix and Aggrippa are Biblical examples of those who turned from the three-fold enlightenment and to whom it returned no more forever.

"There is a time, we know not when,
A place we know not where,
That seals the destiny of men
For glory or despair."

One of the most solemn of life's responsibilities lies in the utilization or rejection of light. Which choice are you making? Which will you make? "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."

4. *The terminus of the guiding star is to adoration of the God-man.*

The Maji discovered Palestine, but it did not satisfy; they came to Jerusalem but it brought no content; they found Herod but their souls were not gratified. The star guided them through and past them all. It did not and does not lead to a creed but to the Christ; not to a picture but to a person, not to an experiment but to an experience, not to a theory of science but to the salvation of God.

Come hither and learn to worship the Christ of God. Bow down in humility with aged Melchoir, old man, and remember that the critical scholarship of the world was at His feet before you. Young men and maidens draw near with youthful Caspar and devote the glow of early manhood and womanhood to the King who has come to redeem. Ye who are in the strength and vigor of maturity look up and behold with the ripe manhood of Belthazar the sign of the Christ in the heavens still leading to the place where He lay.

We have seen his star in the East. What are sublunary attraction after that? Oh, world, world, world, show me your jewels, your gems, your brilliants! One glance at the Star of Bethlehem dim their lustre forever. You know that when the sun shines its brightness obscures the moon from vision. Who henceforth shall sigh for the moonshine of æsthetic or sensuous or sensual allurements when about the horizon, on the face of the firmament, blazes in triune effulgence this star of the hope of glory, of immortality and eternal life? Guiding us to the manger, to the cross, to the resurrection, to the throne, to the King, eternal, immortal, invisible, whom we today accept in all the wonderful relationship in which He came to serve us; and to whom we pledge the fealty of our lives forever.

"Come Saviour Jesus from above,
Assist me with thy heavenly grace;
Empty my heart of earthly love,
And for thyself prepare the place.

"O let thy sacred presence fill
And set my longing spirit free,
Which pants to have no other will,
But night and day to feast on thee.

"While in this region here below,
No other good will I pursue:
I'll bid this world of noise and show,
With all its glittering snares, adieu.

"That path with humble speed I'll seek,
In which my Saviour's footsteps shine:
Nor will I hear, nor will I speak,
Of any other love but thine.

"Henceforth may no profane delight
Divide this consecrated soul:
Possess it thou who has the right,
As Lord and Master of the whole

"Nothing on earth do I desire,
But thy pure love within my breast;
This, only this, will I require,
And freely give up all the rest."

"*For we have seen his star in the east and are come hither to worship Him.*"

JOHN A. B. WILSON, D.D.

A COMMODIOUS HOTEL

The passion for hotel life steadily grows upon San Franciscans, and at this season it is the most popular mode of living. The wealthy man or woman who likes to enjoy the comforts of home without the drawbacks of housekeeping finds hotel life containing all the desirable qualifications. No doubt the favorite hotel in this city is the Occidental, the pioneer family hostelry and the favorite place of residence for the army officers who are stationed here, and those society people who like an exclusive and select hotel. Major William B. Hooper, proprietor of the Occidental, is a pioneer and a member of the Military Order of the Loyal Legion. He is familiar with the management of a hotel and personally superintends everything under his control. The service at the Occidental and the cuisine are irreproachable. No other hotel here has such a complete electric and telephone system as the Occidental. But the chief attraction of Major Hooper's hostelry is the air of refinement that everywhere prevails, and the superior nature of its administration. It speaks well for the reputation enjoyed by the Occidental that of the thirteen delegations sent out from the east to welcome the incoming volunteers, ten of them made their headquarters at this hotel.

THE SUCCULENT BIVALVE

This has been a splendid season for oysters. The bivalve has been plentiful and of most delicious flavor. The oyster beds of M. B. Moraghan at Burlingame and Millbrae were never in a more flourishing condition, and they may be considered very successful rivals of the famous oyster beds of the east. The Moraghan oysters enjoy a well deserved reputation for being the freshest and best the market can produce. The succulent bivalve is served at the counter of Stalls 68, 69, 70 and 71, 47 and 48 California Market, and Moraghan makes family trade his specialty. Oysters are supplied both wholesale and retail, and the purchaser is sure he is getting the very best in buying Moraghan's. One of the first questions asked by eastern tourists who hunger for a taste of their favorite bivalve is: "Where is Moraghan's?"

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A FACE most fair and aureoled above
With such a golden glory, it doth seem
A garland woven in a poet's dream
To crown the brows of innocence and love;
Eyes with the trusting fondness of the dove,
And lips so sweetly parted, they appear
To breathe the heart's pure orisons sincere,
Or with truth's tender vows alone to move.
Ah! whited charnel where the roses bloom,
Only to hide the horrors of the tomb,
Thy ghastly foulness thou canst not disguise;
Those facile lips are skilled in every art,
The ready servants of a venal heart,
While serpents lurk within the dove-like eyes.

—Brontrose.

The Saunterer

A NOVEL ITEM appears in the schedule of current expenses of an Oakland family of social prominence. As the members of the family are entitled to social distinction by reason of the quality of the blood in the veins of their ancestors, the item is in a measure inexplicable. It is the item that usually comes under the head of "operating expenses" on the books of large corporations, representing as it does the cost of advertising. It appears that the members of the family like to see their names in print and an Oakland paper has the contract for chronicling all their movements in the social world, at so much per line. Consequently the members of the family are kept under close surveillance, and the bill each month is large enough to pay the salary of a first-class editor. The old theory that a woman's name should never appear in print but twice, including publication of her death notice, has few supporters in modern social circles. To shine socially it is necessary to bask in the borrowed light of the journalistic calcium.

There are people in society who would like you to believe that it pains them every time they see their names in print. They are possessed of at least a sense of the indelicacy of self sought advertising, but many of them are fakers. Their greatest grievance arises from the omission of their names from the list of "those present" at a social function. The love of the lime-light of publicity is strongest in the most exclusive set. This is regrettable in the case of women, particularly young women. The modesty and refinement that formerly hallmarked the wellbred young woman are blurred by the notoriety which the débutante is accustomed to receive in these days of social competition.

With Robert Duncan Milne's withdrawal in silence from the living comes reminiscences of the eccentricities of one of the quaintest characters of the local literary field. There was no more scholarly man on this edge of the continent than Duncan Milne, and there never lived a more picturesque type of the thriftless bohemian. There was no spark of ambition in his breast, he was always at peace with the world and he never envied his fellow man. He was proud of his literary work but the money derived therefrom was for a day of pleasure. A king today and a pauper tomorrow was his motto. And such a king! To be royally drunk was his conception of superb contentment. When he returned from Los Gatos after writing up his experience as a Keeley cure subject, he declared that he could never have been induced to submit to the treatment if he had not perfect confidence in his thirst and his ability to resist the influence of the drug. And he was never more sincere in his life.

One of the most amusing stories of Milne I ever heard was about his reception of two newspaper men

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who visited him one cold winter's day in his room in a south side tenement. One of the visitors had never seen Milne but was invited to meet him. When they knocked at the door, they were invited, in a sepulchral tone, to "Come in." They entered, and Milne arose from his chair in front of a cheerful grate fire to greet them. His appearance was of a most startling character, for he presented himself to his visitors in the nude. Not one stitch of clothing had he on. He received an introduction to the stranger, asked the gentlemen to be seated and returned to the fireplace, but never uttered one word of apology for his absence of dress. The newspaper men remained with him for an hour, enjoyed his conversation and his whisky, and withdrew. Every moment they expected him to offer some explanation of his strange appearance but he never referred to the subject. His manner throughout was that of quiet dignity and repose, and impressed his visitors with the idea that he regarded it as the height of propriety to play the host in a state of nature.

Milne was quite a wit and his humor was most effervescent when he was deep in his cups. Many years ago it was his custom to visit the editorial rooms of the *Chronicle* when his load was particularly cumbersome. He would take a chair and proceed to recite snatches of the "Iliad" in the original, much to the disturbance of the reporters and editors, who on such occasions regarded him as a nuisance. One night when he was more boisterous than usual, Mr. J. P. Young, managing editor of the *Chronicle*, became vexed and turning to Milne said, somewhat harshly:

"Say, Duncan, why is it you never come around here except when you are drunk?"

Slowly came the reply—for Milne was tongue-tied—"I-I ha-have t-t-too mu-mu-much s-s-sense when I-I-I'm s-so sober."

There was nothing small about Milne. He believed in taking his pleasures in a large way. When paid for his paragraphs, he would go into a saloon and order a dollar's worth of "steams." He would have them brought to him all at once and would seat himself at a table and spread the twenty beers in a half-circle before him. After drinking one he would write a few lines, and would punctuate his sentences in that manner until the entire twenty had disappeared. The flatness of the final ones did not appal him, for he liked the grand look of the semi-circle.

"That's a pretty stiff price," muttered old Von Millions as he scrutinized the bill for the Christmas present which he had purchased for his wife. The bill was for seven hundred and fifty dollars.

But he was reconciled a few minutes later when he was handed the bill for the present which his wife had purchased for him. The bill was for seven dollars and a half.

Thus it is that a husband is taught to appreciate an economical wife.

Though in private life Ernest Hastings is a stranger to me, I am prepared to say that he is modest. He is lacking in that quality of self-conceit which I had fancied was a part of every actor's paraphernalia. On Monday night, when Mr. Hastings made his reappearance as leading man in the Alcazar stock company, he received among other floral tributes a huge piece inscribed "Our Favorite." Now any other actor would have turned that floral piece so that the audience could feast its eyes on the inscription. Any other "Favorite" would have stood by the floral piece in a photographic pose of self-admiration. But Mr. Hastings received all his posies with an air of dignified courtesy pleasing to behold, and he turned "Our Favorite's" face the other way. Little Laura Crews, by the way, whose return to the Alcazar company was also celebrated on Monday night, was quite overcome by the warmth of her reception and there were tears mingled with the smiles she cast at the audience when bowing her thanks for her bouquets.

The Outlaws had their annual dinner in the red room of the Bohemian club last Saturday night. As some of the brightest wits of the club belong to the outlaw band, its annual gatherings are always marked by originality of motif and brilliancy of ideas. There is always a brigandish atmosphere to the red room when the outlaws are in session; the decorations are of sombre hue, and the paraphernalia is in keeping with the spirit of the occasion. Ed Hamilton is the Chief, Black Bart of the band and when he presides there is always a noose dangling over his head. While the Outlaws were in session Saturday night, A. S. Macdonald's bachelor dinner was in progress across the hall. About midnight, the Outlaws invaded the retreat of the diners, kidnaped Macdonald, and carried him off to their den. His head was placed in the chief's noose and there the helpless victim was pelted with epithets and objurgations anent his impending matrimonial alliance.

This bachelor dinner was the prelude to the marriage of Miss Maie Tucker of Oakland and Mr. Macdonald. This marriage bids fair to be one of the smart functions of the season. Mrs. Tucker was a Havemeyer, and I hear that several of the representatives of the sugar family are coming out from New York to lend éclat to the affair. The Havemeyers are up to their necks in the New York swim, but since the recent death in their family they have taken no part in social affairs. They will no doubt be shown a great deal of attention during their stay here.

My New York correspondent writes me of a very delightful studio reception given by Mrs. Hubert Vos on Wednesday of last week. Mrs. Vos is better known to San Franciscans as the Princess Kaikulani of Hawaii. She is a striking looking woman of many accomplishments and most attractive manners. Her

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

CHRISTMAS
PRESENTS
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second husband is Vos, the Dutch portrait painter, and the reception was held in the artist's studio, a most picturesque interior, in Carnegie hall. Mr. and Mrs. Vos returned to New York via San Francisco only a short time ago from an extended oriental tour and in the spring they will go abroad.

Dent H. Robert, one of the chief editors of the *Examiner*, left for the east last Sunday morning after a night of revelry at Norman's café in Bush street. Robert, or Robare as his name is pronounced, is an old St. Louis *Globe* man, but he came hither from New York where he was employed on the *Journal*. He is going to St. Louis to spend the holidays with his family, and Saturday night he was made the central figure of a surprise party arranged by the *Examiner* staff. There was a banquet and a jinks and

Signor G. S. Wanrell
The gifted basso cantante, as Mephisto in the Tivoli production of Faust

merriment flowed as freely as the beer, for it was a strictly bohemian affair. T. T. Williams, who is probably the best postprandial talker in town, not barring Horace Platt, told a few of his choice stories, and there were monologues by "Jake" Dressler, Blinker Murphy, Charley Dryden and other bright members of the staff. Arthur Barendt made a hit with a fake interview between a *Globe-Democrat* reporter and Mr. Robert upon the latter's arrival in St. Louis. A. M. Lawrence presented Robert with a gold brick made of type-metal, and also a traveling case, the gift of the staff. The contribution to the mementoes of the occasion from the art department was a loving cup. It was a tin pail studded with cup handles.

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

Mrs. F. M. Smith is not the only Oakland woman who will keep "open house" on New Year's day. Mrs. A. A. Moore and the Misses Moore will give a large reception on that day, and they will be assisted in receiving by sixteen prominent society women.

I have been waiting for some one to give a children's costume party, and Miss Hager has finally decided to be the one. Mrs. Herman Oelrichs gave a party of this nature in New York, when all the guests appeared in children's clothes. Some of the ladies made very pretty little girls, I am told, with their hair falling in curls or pigtails down their backs. The men were dressed in sailor suits or velvet Lord Fauntleroy costumes. Such a function was given in Santa Monica this summer, and Mr. and Mrs. Roy Jones were the stars. Miss Hager's affair will be a dinner, but all those invited are expected to be dressed as children.

Mrs. George Gould has a good deal of grit. At least I should judge that she is not lacking in pluck, by the determined manner in which she keeps on storming the gates of New York society. She will probably get in some time. Mrs. Gould's latest maneuver is to appear in amateur theatricals at her country home in a performance modeled after the affairs given by Patti at her castle in Wales. For years Mrs. Gould, who as Edith Kingdon was one of Daly's pet actresses, has been trying to enter the Gotham swim, but without avail. Those San Franciscans who have been entertained on George Gould's yacht say that the wife of its owner is a charming woman, gracious and hospitable, and they cannot understand why New York's inner circle refuses to admit her. It cannot be because she is an actress, for Elsie de Wolfe is an actress and she is invited everywhere. It is more than likely the antipathy New Yorkers bear toward the late Jay Gould, which bears fruit in their refusal to extend the glad hand to his children. George Gould is a fine fellow and popular among men.

Apropos of the Chase-Crouch wedding in Los Angeles last week, the *Capital* of that city revived the story of the Crouch-Van Camp engagement for the purpose of denying that the engagement was ever made. The *Capital* states that the story grew out of a summer flirtation at Catalina. Miss Crouch happened to be one of the summer girls at that famous resort at the time that young Mr. Van Camp of Indianapolis was exhibiting a very picturesque wardrobe. They spent a great deal of time together, and the gossips inferred that there was "something doing" in the way of courtship, but when the story came out it was denied. And now it is referred to as a summer hoax. But was it? There is no doubt that young VanCamp was as willing as Barkis, and that he received a great deal of encouragement from Miss Crouch. There is

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also no doubt that the story of the engagement somewhat startled Mr. Martin Chase of Riverside, and that thereafter he was anxious to hasten the wedding day. Those summer flirtations have been known to result seriously, and at times they have been indulged in by strategic maidens to arouse phlegmatic lovers to a sense of their inertness. The Chase-Crouch wedding, by the way, was a simple function but was followed by a reception and ball.

Mrs. Nettie R. Craven has evidently resolved to make herself as disagreeable to the Fair heirs as possible. With some show of consistency she styles herself Mrs. Nettie Fair and paints her name on an office door in the Parrott building. She is in the fight for a slice of the Fair estate to stay, but I have no doubt but that she would be quite willing to compromise at this late stage of the proceedings. It is

Eugenie Fougere, a Holiday Attraction at the Orpheum

not likely that the Supreme court will send her case back for a new trial, but the course of the law is a devious one and the ex-school principal may harass the Fair heirs for many years unless they decide to appease her with a tidy sum. It is not pleasant to have such a woman insisting that she is the only, genuine widow, particularly in view of her early endorsement by Mrs. Oelrichs' attorney, the sagacious and strategic Lloyd. How often, I wonder, has Lloyd regretted that he discovered that distinguished woman, as he called her, and her pencil will? At that time, according to Lloyd, she was one of the grandest women in California, but that was before she sprang the deeds to half the estate.

Hattie Belle Ladd and William Wolff in "Sinbad" at the Grand.

Effie Ellsler has other accomplishments beside acting. She is one of the limited number of stage favorites who possess literary talent. Miss Ellsler writes poetry. In the Christmas number of the Baltimore *Telegram* appears a dialect story told in verse and entitled "In God's Country," and Miss Ellsler is the poetess.

Some very pretty favors, I am told, will be distributed at the golf cotillon. Mr. Greenway has arranged some unique figures and the golf costumes will ensure some startling effects and color combinations. It is the men who will shine at the golf cotillon. The floor will be metamorphosed into links and the talk will be of tees and caddies.

Miss Marion Barrington, Contralto

About once a year the San Francisco Riding club gives an entertainment which the general public may attend. Such occasions are always eagerly looked for and largely attended. The club will give what

With the Frawleys at the California

the members call "a Christmas ride" for the benefit of the Armitage Orphanage of Boys, next Wednesday evening at 1649 Pacific avenue. A program of nine numbers has been arranged, including plain and fancy riding and ending in a high jump. At the last exhibition, the armory which is the club's headquarters was taxed to its utmost capacity. So long as the San Francisco Riding club exists, there is no danger of a decrease in the value of horse flesh. The members are drawn from the ranks of the fashionables. On the roll are Mrs. Fannie Lent, Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lent, Webster Jones, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Sullivan, Mr. and Mrs. Downey Harvey, Mr. and Mrs. J. O' N. Reis, Robert Bolton, Miss Kip, Mr. and Mrs. George Howard, Baron and Baroness von Schroeder, Miss Farquharson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Hobart, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Bothin, Mr. and Mrs. Henry J. Crocker, the De Youngs, Mrs. W. B. Hooper, Miss Rose Hooper and others equally as well known. The star rider among the younger element is Charlie de Young. He is an absolutely fearless equestrian.

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The *Examiner* deplores the failure of justice in the cases of the Mason street club members who were arrested for violating the gambling law. And once more I am constrained to remind the *Examiner* of the fact that the lottery law is being openly violated in this city every day. One hundred thousand lottery tickets are sold in San Francisco every month and the winning numbers of more than one company are published by the dailies, yet I never hear a protest from the editorial sanctum of my esteemed contemporaries. Why this silence? I am not one of those highly moral citizens that believe that all forms of gambling lead to destruction and damnation, and even my knowledge of the lottery evil fails to fill me with holy horror. The mere traffic in lottery tickets is not so greatly to be deplored as the deals that are essential to its indulgence. No person familiar with the triumphs of boodlers supposes that the lottery dealers are immune from molestation on the strength of their popularity. It is unreasonable to suppose that when the police are acquiescing in the accumulation of money by open violation of the laws of the state, they are exercising an unlubricated discrimination. In other words, it is absurd to close one's eyes to the corruption resulting from the lottery evil, and at the same time to protest loudly against the conduct of a faro game in the tenderloin. If I can afford to decline the proffered advertisement of a lottery company, surely a great and prosperous daily can follow my example without plunging itself into bankruptcy.

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I do not see where this fad for changing the date of a theatre's opening night is to end. The Columbia and California have for some time past held their "first nights" on Sunday, The Orpheum gives its premier at the Sunday matinee. The Tivoli has started in its comic opera season with Saturday as the opening night. Now who is going to take Friday night? If this crab-like movement continues we shall soon be at Monday again.

Miss Mabel Bowman a Clever Young Californian Actress

Stockton, writes my correspondent, is beginning to take its place as a musical city. And Stockton has contributed more than the widow's mite of talent to the musical worlds of the Atlantic and Pacific coasts. Miss Louise Elliott, daughter of a well-known Stockton attorney who studied abroad, won triumphs in concert, only to give them up and come home to become the bride of Dr. Whitney of Boston and give her friends a sight of the pretty home wedding. Her sis-

Miss Alma Berglund, Soprano

ter, Miss Gertrude Elliott, also studied in Europe. Miss Hilke is filling an engagement as first soprano in a popular church in New York city. Poor Madge Thornton, who won her first laurels on the amateur operatic stage at home, afterwards accepted a position at the Tivoli and died in San Francisco a few years ago. Miss Martha Rowan, I am told, is singing in a San Francisco music hall. There was some talk early in the winter of Miss Gertrude Hopkins singing at the Tivoli, but she is still among us, teaching music.

Mrs. Gertrude Noble's whereabouts were a state secret to her Stockton friends, after she secured a divorce from Arthur Noble and took up her residence in San Francisco. Mrs. Noble used to be the soprano in the Presbyterian church. However, a news brevity in a local paper shows that she is still much alive and possessed of the old unquenchable spirit, and possibly a shortage of cash, for she has begun suit against her ex-husband for one hundred dollars which she alleges is due her by reason of defendant's failing to pay her the twenty-five dollars a month agreed upon while the divorce suit was pending. As Mr. Noble had immediately after the divorce taken to himself a new wife—not strictly brand new, but one who had also passed swiftly through the divorce courts into second marriage—this anti-climax coming so long after must have made Mr. Noble feel like a suddenly discovered Mormon confronted by his wives' back millinery bills.

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

The story comes to me from a private and reliable source in New York's Four Hundred that the Earl of Yarmouth, who is now a member of the Frohman company, came to this country under engagement to the theatrical manager. He entered the Newport set last summer for the purpose of winning the favor of the aristocracy before going on the stage, and his scheme was carried out brilliantly and with marked success. Nobody suspected that the titled and insolvent foreigner had any intention of earning a living on the stage. He had been an amateur actor in Australia, and although the story was told about his predilection for female roles, society fawned upon him and encouraged him in the promotion of amateur theatricals. After getting a great deal of free advertising through his connection with the smart set, he joined the Frohman company according to contract. He has been a hit, not because of his histrionic ability but owing to New York's adoration of the titled foreigner. Yarmouth is out for the mazuma with the avidity of a San Francisco supervisor. His thriftiness is most striking. When a reporter called on him for an interview, shortly after his theatrical début, he demanded twenty-five dollars and got it. His economy is astounding. He never refuses a cocktail, and has never been known to buy one. In other words he is a cheap and vulgar "eat." New York is probably the only city in America that would tolerate such a cad.

The engagement is announced of Miss Emma Schubert of San Jose and George E. Graham, son of

Vladimir De Pachman, the Eminent Piano Virtuoso.

the late James Graham. Mr. Graham is manager of the business established by his father, and is prominent in manufacturing circles. The family possesses a beautiful country home in Newark. The marriage, I am told, will not be celebrated until February.

Baroness W. von Meyerinck has sent out cards of invitation for a large reception, to be given at her home, 841 Fulton street next Wednesday evening, complimentary to Miss Maude Fay. The affair will doubtless be most enjoyable.

The friends of Mr. Harry Girard, the organist and singer, deplore very much the exposure of his domestic affairs. They say he committed no infraction of the moral code; that he believed it to be his duty to rescue the woman who, he says, is now his wife from the man who had promised to love and protect her, and who maltreated her. From their version of the affair, it appears that there was nothing surreptitious in his appropriation of the lady to his own use. Moreover he was not guilty of the crime of alienating her affections, for she had ceased to love her husband when Girard began to extend to her his sympathy. There are always two sides to a story and from Girard's side it appears that his conduct was that of a good Samaritan, a knight errant, as it were, who discovered a lady in distress and threw out the glad and helping hand. Incidentally it appears that he threatened to throw her husband through a window. I hope, however, that he was either misquoted or mistaken in reference to the divorce. He is represented in the *Chronicle's* scoop story as having said that his wife obtained a divorce without the knowledge of her husband. If she did, the divorce is void. Divorces that have been obtained in that way can always be set aside upon proof of that fact.

Since writing the above I have learned Mr. Girard's side of the story from his own lips. He stated that he had done nothing of which he is ashamed and that his conduct has been grossly misrepresented. "My wife obtained her divorce regularly," he said. "She applied for a decree and her application was granted, and then I married her. The story about my making love to her when she was my pupil is false. I never gave her a lesson in music until after our marriage. I resigned my position as organist of Christ church because I knew it was against the rules of the church to marry a divorced person, but the chairman of the music committee tried to persuade me to retain my position. It is not likely that I would take such a prominent part in musical affairs in San Francisco, under my right name if I had run away from New York with another man's wife.

Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Contralto

Mr. Girard is of the opinion that he is the victim of the jealousy of some local singer or musician.

"Somebody is out with the ax," is the way he expresses it.

He has been prominently before the public ever since his arrival in San Francisco, and he has been offered steady employment on the operatic stage. Some of his friends have congratulated him upon the free advertising he has received, but he declares that he is not looking for that kind of notoriety.

That a woman can preside over a feast fully as well as a man was proved last week, at the luncheon given by Mrs. Ivy Lowenberg to Philomath and Laurel Hall clubs, and Mrs. Benjamin Ide Wheeler, at Maple hall. Mrs. George W. Haight was toast-mistress and very cleverly did she perform the office. This affair was most elaborate and it may safely be wagered that the guest of honor never saw such decorations before at a ladies' luncheon. Scarlet berries and white chrysanthemums were used in the adornments. Two hundred and fifty guests enjoyed Mrs. Lowenberg's hospitality.

Laurel Hall club held its Christmas jinks on Wednesday afternoon. Each of the members brought a little gift for some other member, so that no one was neglected by Santa Claus. And Mrs. J. M. Pierce enacted the role of good St. Nicholas, her ready wit serving her in good stead as she distributed the presents from the tree.

The Earl of Yarmouth is not the only noble lord who has embraced a dramatic career. The Marquis of Annesley is "doing a turn" at a Munich vaudeville theatre. The marquis is first cousin to the Paget who married

A Scene from "Otheilo," the Sensation of the Tivoli Grand Opera Season.
Othello (Avedano), Jago (Salassa) and Desdemona (Anna Lichter).

W. C. Whitney's daughter and the Paget who married a daughter of the late Mrs. Paran Stevens. The Marquis of Annesley is a very clever fellow and it was to obtain relief from the boredom of London society that he decided to delight the Bavarians with the impersonations and imitations that are his stock in trade.

Irene Everett Hayman, at the Alcazar

An occasional correspondent writes me from New York that the climax in high-toned immorality has been capped in R. C. Carton's new comedy "Wheels Within Wheels," at the Madison Square theatre. He describes the play as brutally frank and brilliantly clever, and he declares that the first night audience was large and representative of New York's swaggerest swells. The report had come over from London that the comedy was particularly salacious and snappy, and although it proved audaciously smart and engagingly vicious, it hit the fancy of our plutocratic haut monde. A bevy of beautiful belles, one a recent arrival from San Francisco, led the applause from a box, almost splitting their gloves in their enthusiasm over the gingery dialogue and peppery scenes. "The leading character in the play," writes my correspondent," is Lady Curtoys, a leader of society and the wife of a rising statesman. She carries the latch-key to her lover's apartments and commits adultery through the three acts of the play. The lover is an English gentleman (?) who compels his mistress to elope with him by a species of blackmail, and excuses his conduct with the explanation that he wanted her all to himself.

Her sister-in-law coyly contends that he had nothing to complain of on that score, and the first night audience went into raptures over this pointed allusion to the age and insignificance of the hoodwinked husband. These brief references to the plot may convey a faint idea of the alluring exhibition of vice in 'Wheels Within Wheels.' People that like caviar connot fail to appreciate the comedy. The author has given a fairly faithful picture of life in a smart set of English society with its gallantries and its frailties, and he makes no hypocritical effort to point a moral."

Several months ago I expressed curiosity concerning the qualifications of Vanderlynn Stow to sire a Bohemian club jinks. Mr. Stow is going to demonstrate his qualifications at the Christmas jinks tonight. Evidently the members of the club have confidence in Mr. Stow's ability to preside over a feast of reason and a flow of soul, so why should I care whether he is able to wear the cap and bells with becoming grace? His selection by the club should be a guarantee of his fitness. The invitation to the jinks is of artistic design, the work of H. H. Nappenbach. This is the invitation:

Beloved Bohemians:

On December 23d at 9 of the clock we will assemble to celebrate with befitting merriment

Christmas.

Fail not to come, my brothers, for that night we gather in love, in joy, in peace around our tree; and hark ye, 'tis the last Noel of 1800. Vanderlynn Stow, Sire.

"Bohemia's grateful acknowledgments will be due," reads the invitation; "to Mr. Thomas M Pennell, Mr. Donald DeV. Graham, Mr. Edward Cahill, Mr. Edgar D. Peixotto, Mr. Wm. B. Hopkins, Mr. H. W. Dimond, Mr. W. H. Stafford, Mr. Frank Coffin, General W. H. L. Barnes, Mr. Geo. T. Bromley, Mr. W. Sabin, Musical Sire, and the club chorus." And these are the verses quoted by way of suggestion as to the sentiment that shall stimulate the festive bohemian.

"Heap on more wood! the wind is chill;
But let it whistle as it will,
We'll keep our Christmas merry still.

* * * * *

"In these dear halls, where welcome kind
Is with fair liberty combined.

* * * * *

"Let's mix sobriety with wine,
And honest mirth with thoughts divine."

There is no better season of the year than this to pay one's debts, and I am glad to learn that a rotund and robust young attorney, who was once a popular official, has started out to gladden the hearts of his creditors. He succeeded, the other day, in acquitting a man charged with murder, and he received a good fat fee represented by four figures. Thereupon he decided to liquidate his debts, and he adopted an ingenious plan which betokens considerable financial ability. He prepared a schedule of his liabilities, gave it to a bad debt collector and told the latter to visit the various creditors and offer to collect their bills at the rate of seventy-five cents on the dollar. The collector gladly accepted the employment, and he is now making a reputation in the tenderloin and among tradesmen as remarkably successful man.

Hitherto when any woman was afflicted with a nasal appendage that vied in hue with the red, red rose, the high color was ascribed to one of two causes—indigestion or intemperance. But now an eastern observer has discovered that veils cause red noses. It is said that the veil's thick meshes coming in contact with a delicate skin cause it to redden. Therefore, if you wear a veil and your nose does not get red, according to the new theory it must be because your epidermis is deficient in refinement.

The solution of the problem involving responsibility for the Poodle Dog assignation of the last campaign continues to stagger the wise men of the republican county committee. By prolonging their investigation they are doing an injustice to Mr. Horace Davis, who would no doubt like to forget all about that tenderloin episode. It is not pleasant to be reminded every other day of the incident that cut such an ugly figure in his political battle. Besides he does not like to have it implied that he was in need of a guardian. Mrs. Davis' shoulders are sufficiently broad to bear the reponsibility for the whole affair; so why continue to revive unsavory reminiscences? That poodle dog has pursued Mr. Davis long enough. I have been told that when he orders turkey at the market the poultry dealer sends up a nice fat poodle dog. That is what is vulgarly termed "rubbing it in."

Effie[illegible]r as Glory Quayle in "The Christian," at the Columbia

No man has ever been more diligently angled for than Dr. Harry Sherman, and no man has more persistently withstood the wiles of the matchmaking mammas. Yet even this impregnable fortress was finally pierced by Cupid's shaft, and this week the engagement was announced of Miss Lucia Kittle and Dr. Sherman. Miss Kittle is a cousin of the "other" Kittles and has always been a favorite in society, though like the other women in the family she has always gone in more or less for charitable works. Dr. Sherman has been married before and his former marriage was dyed with the romantic. Miss Rose Barreda was suffering from what was supposed to be an incurable complaint Coming under the care of Dr. Sherman, who had just begun his medical practice, she was restored to health. An attachment was engendered which ended in the marriage of the society girl and the physician. But their short, happy married life was ended by the death of the young wife.

Dr. Sherman is the idol of nurses and patients at the Children's hospital, where he is the orthopedic surgeon. I have heard of many important and successful operations performed by Dr. Sherman on the tiny patients. There was one pretty little girl suffering from hip disease, I remember, who was made strong and well through the skill of the young surgeon, and she ever afterward looked upon him as a god. At the reception given to celebrate the opening of the "Little Jim" ward, Dr. Sherman was among those present. He was followed about during his peregrinations by a string of halt and lame little ones, as if he were Santa Claus. A man whom children love is apt to be an excellent husband.

The announcement of the engagement of Miss Gertrude Forman to Mr. Arthur J. Brander of London came as a surprise to many people who imagine that they can always scent a match. This engagement has been kept a secret for seven months. It is a love match pure and simple. Mr. Brander is the Pacific coast manager of the Pacific Inland company, a shipping firm that deals extensively in copra and other products of the Gilbert and other islands. The marriage will take place in the middle of January, and will be performed by a Catholic clergyman. After a short stay at Del Monte the bridal couple will depart for Australia. Mr. Brander is a well-to do Britisher with a fine position and finer prospects. He is a graduate of St Andrew's college of Glasgow. Since his arrival here he has mingled a great deal with the San Mateo push, being an intimate friend of the Macondrays, Athertons and Selbys. He is a well-liked and well-bred young man.

Miss Forman is a rare type of San Francisco beauty, tall and finely developed. Since her début she has gone about a good deal in society and has always been popular. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Sands W. Forman and their home is at the Occidental hotel. Mrs. Forman has been an officer and active member of the Woman's Exchange for many years, and Mr. Forman is well known as a newspaperman and one of the founders of the Bohemian club. Mr. Brander's fiancée is the granddaughter of Colonel Ferris Forman, who was Secretary of State under Governor Weller. He was colonel of the Fourth regiment of Illinois volunteers in the Mexican war, and of the Fourth California regiment in the Civil war. Colonel Forman is now living with his daughter, Mrs. John D. Peters of Stockton. He is ninety-four years of age.

An interesting dinner was given at the Bohemian club on Monday. There were only four covers laid but the combined ages of the four gentlemen present figured up three hundred and one years. The four were John B. Luther, John Bowen, George T. Bromley and Henry Marshall. The dinner was given by Mr. Marshall to celebrate his seventieth, birthday and the host was the "baby" of the quartet.

Mr. and Mrs. W. G. Ziegler will return from New York in January.

From a Dawson newspaper of late date I extract the following social item which is of special interest to San Franciscans. "Society is to be congratulated by an accession to its numbers of a late arrival in Dawson, Miss Barbier of San Francisco, who comes to spend the winter in the metropolitan city of the north. To enjoy the charming hospitality of so charming a hostess, whose unaffected geniality adds only to her grace and personality, is to be considered one of the favored of those who come into the Yukon. Miss Barbier is taking an active interest in the fair for St. Mary's hospital, and if those in charge will permit us a suggestion, it is to place under this lady's supervision a booth, with the assurance that one glance from the possessor of those flashing eyes will untie the string, and turn inside out the longest poke which will find its way through the fair's admission door."

Louise Thorndyke-Boucicault (Photo by Vaughan & Keith)

JUST NOW

PROMISE me not that you'll love me for aye
(Promise foreshadows untruth)
Dear, 'tis enough that you love me today
With all of your beautiful youth.
What if the future may find us untrue?
(The heart to the will does not bow)
Vows are a-many, fulfillments are few,
Just say that you love me now.

Leavenworth Macnab.

THE YEAR IN SOCIETY

WE ARE now fully launched upon the season of 1899-1900 and the first functions are over, nothing of any importance justifying the predictions made in early autumn that this was to be a gay season. On the contrary it has been a dreary one thus far, the only large function being the ball given by Winfield Scott Keyes for his daughter, Miss Azalea Keyes, to mark her début. But one brilliant ball does not make a winter any more than one swallow makes a summer. It is the old, old story of a roseate dawn that fails to bring a cloudless day, whatever it presages.

The worst feature of the present season is the mixing of the cliques. No good ever came from mixing white blood with brown, or red cabbage with green lettuce; a hopeless indigestion is apt to be the result. And I can conceive of no benefit being derived from a social mixture—merely that buds may fulfill the intention of their being and dance—that forces into an assumed friendliness people who would not think of bowing to one another if meeting casually in the street. We have several distinct swims in San Francisco. There is *the* swim, which consists of the Burlingame set, and of which Mrs. Joseph Sadoc Tobin is the head and front. By reason of her marriage to one of the "high Irish push,"—as it is jocularly and not ironically termed—Mrs. Tobin can claim leadership in two swims. Her own birth and social position, as the daughter of the late General Dimond, gives her the entrée to the inner circle of swelldom, the gate to which is guarded by E. M. Greenway. But the Burlingame set calls itself *the* swim because it does more for the social life of the city than any of the other sets ever attempted. Mr. Greenway, the St. Peter of the Friday Nights, does his best to keep the social ball a-rolling but it is up-hill work, by reason of the scarcity of dancing men.

Mrs. Willie Whittier leads the jolly set, the dinner-giving, new-idea-inventing clique that goes in for bohemianesque pleasures. To be in the Whittier set is to be sure of having a good time. Mrs. Sam Buckbee leads another branch of the jolly side of the swim. This arm likes the theatre-party, the club or restaurant dinner, above all things, and its members are all young people.

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

Mrs. Salisbury's Friday Fortnightly club is a very select organization, and its head guards the gates of admission so closely that it is next to impossible for anybody not showing a pedigree several miles in length, or a big, fat bank account, to enter therein. La Jeunesse, the newest of the dancing classes, has Mrs. Phœbe Hearst for its chief patroness. La Jeunesse is not a club that draws its lines closely. It was projected for the benefit of "the railroad set," and its patronesses are all wealthy. The upper middle-class is admitted to its membership roll and while not so distinctly swell as the clubs of Mrs. Salisbury and Mr. Greenway, its parties are most enjoyable functions. Another dancing club, whose patronesses number the wealth and blue blood of the Mission, is the Carpe Diem.

A notable circumstance in this year's social annals has been the increase of divorce, and divorce suits on statutory grounds, among the smart sets of the large cities—the Oliver Sumner Teales and Sloane divorces in New York, that of the Peter Sells in Columbus, Ohio, the Springs, Joe Nightingales, Charles Shortridges and the Webster Jones' in California and others of like prominence. Infidelity has increased among our wealthier residents, or if it has not increased the evil has certainly grown more open.

There have been several noteworthy marriages during the year. In New York, those of Miss Virginia Fair and W. K. Vanderbilt, Jr., and Miss Julia Dent Grant and Prince Cantacuzene had equal place as newspaper sensations. In San Francisco the most prominent of the weddings were those of Miss Goad and Andrew Martin, and Miss Salisbury and Alexander Keyes. Other weddings worthy of note were those of Mrs. Edith Wilde and Leonard Chenery, Mrs. Hope Sherwood and Callaghan Byrne, Mrs. Clara Cunningham and J. A. Folger, Miss Clara Hellman and E. S. Heller, Miss Sunshine Heydenfeldt and W. J. Love, Miss Hutton and Dr. George Terrill, Miss Mamie Burling and Dr. Page, U. S. N., Miss Rodgers and A. J. Dibblee, Miss Mhoon and Fred Magee, Miss Ethel Pomroy and Beach Soule, Miss Ursula Greene and Houghton Sawyer, Miss Sadie Huie and W. R. Thompson, Miss Ann Clark and Jerome A. Hart, Mrs. Alice Scott Brown and Dr. R. K. Smith, U. S. N., Miss Florence Prag and Hon. Julius Kahn, Miss Alice Beatty and Brooke Wright, Miss Helen Thornton and Mr. Schacher of Paris, Miss Clementine Kip and Dr. Guy Edie, U. S. A., Miss Marion Fritz and James L. Flood, Miss Merriam and Geo. B. Berger, Miss Olive Sampson and Harry Scott, Miss Graham and Lieutenant Scales.

Among people of prominence passing away during

the year were: Lloyd Tevis, Mrs. Hitchcock, Dan O'Connell, Miss Wallace, Mrs. C. D. O'Sullivan, Mrs. Eastland, Henri F. Emeric, Mrs. Crittenden Thornton, Mrs. Faxon Atherton and Walter Hinkle.

The grand opera season gave society an opportunity to spread itself in the matter of evening gowns and jewels, and assisted tradesmen and hack-drivers to accumulate small fortunes. Another stimulus to trade was the large ball given by Mr. and Mrs. John D. Spreckels to introduce their two daughters. This was the most magnificent function of its kind ever given here, even eclipsing the memorable cotillon given by the late Mrs. Hager for her eldest daughter, Emilie.

Mrs. George Crocker did not introduce her daughters, the Misses Rutherford, in San Francisco, but they were formally ushered into the swim of New York at a musicale given at the Waldorf Astoria.

A delightful occasion in the whirl of society was the Mardi Gras ball at the Hopkins Institute, on Shrove Tuesday. The most striking costumes worn were those of Miss Mabel Craft, Miss Marie Wells, Miss Marie Oge and Miss Mary Bell Gwin.

Perhaps the most original function even given in San Francisco was the Press club's "Thirteen Dinner," eclipsing in design and accomplishment the famous Guggerheimer, Lackmeyer and Seeley dinners that New York still talks of. The opening of Hon. J. D. Phelan's new theatre in San Jose, the Victory, was also a prominent social event of the year just drawing to a close. The inaugural ball at Sacramento was a noteworthy event, as was the reception to Governor and Mrs. Gage at the Occidental.

Among the distinguished visitors San Francisco has welcomed during 1899 were Lieutenant Hobson, the Grand Duke Cyril and Lord Charles Beresford.

Among engagements announced were those of Miss Grace Giselman and W. A. Lange, Miss Maude Younger and Dr. J. R. Church of the Rough Riders, Miss Mary Bell Gwin and James Follis, Miss Anna Voorhies and Thomas Porter Bishop. Miss Gwin, whose marriage to Mr. Follis will be celebrated on January first, nineteen hundred, is the daughter of W. M. Gwin and is the most attractive young woman in society, her vivacity and charm of manner adding to her natural beauty. Early in the season, Truxton Beale, the divorced husband of Hattie Blaine, was reputed a favored suitor at Miss Gwin's shrine, but his attentions were not favorably considered. Mr. Follis is the cousin and reputed heir of Miss Jennie Flood.

Not since Miss Marie Baird decided to see her first season in society as a matron, and Miss Alice Ames announced her engagement to the Oakland youth whom she did *not* afterwards marry, has a bud become engaged in her first season. Miss Voorhies, however, has made her decision and will enjoy her first winter in society as a fiancée.

And now, while I am not prepared to assert that the winter will lack vivacity in its social aspect, I really feel compelled to request that the tea habit cease, and that somebody give a big ball, à la Spreckels and Keyes, at least twice a month until Lent comes and stops sport. It would be a thousand pities if the 1899-1900 season should go down in history as The Winter of One Ball. THE CHRONICLER.

Clancy in Society

"I DON'T SHPOSE, Barry, that you iver went to a salong," said Mr. Clancy.

"Do they have 'em in Ireland?" asked Barry.

"Iv course they have."

"Then I've been to 'em. There was nothin' in forty-five miles o' th' home o' th' Barry's that I didn't go to; wakes, crisnins, fairs an' all sich sochil gatherin's pulled off in Roscommon got me thrade. I wuz always in th' thickest iv th' fightin."

"They had no salongs in Roscommon," said Clancy.

"It was only th' arristockrissy iv Dublin that had salongs. It's only th' schmart folks that know how to injoy a salong."

"What do ye know about the arristockrissy?" asked Barry with a sneer on his face.

"Is there anything I don't know about it?" demanded Clancy. "I wuz born with me face in a silver soup tur-reen. Salong, Barry, is Frinch f'r saloon. It's where ye don't pay for th' drinks providin' yer a gintleman an' a schkoler. Ye can't have th' onthray to a salong unless ye know how to crack a joke or open a bonmoat. But what I was about to tell ye, Barry, was in rifrinse to Mrs. Razzlebury's salong th' other night. 'Twas a most silect affair—nobody invited but what had brains, excipt an occasional millionaire, for while Mrs. Razzlebury admirers janeyus she don't despise th' long green. Her salongs are air-tight; ye can't pass th' door without a card with yer pickchure on it, unless ye can lick th' flunkey at th' threshhold. The prisidint iv a bank who lost his card, an' was smaller than th' man on th' door, had to be identified be his own payin'-teller. He sprung a bonmoat as soon as he got in. 'I'm no football player,' he sez, 'or I'd kick a goal,' he sez, 'with that ranyeen at th' door.' After that th' bonmoats flew thick and fast, an' th' salong was a great sucksiss. Clarence Dobber who paints signs f'r Swan, an' who has a reputashin as a rackontoor, told a shtory that convulsed th' aujince. It wuz about Imbassidoor Chote over in England. He wuz at a dinner party wan day when a young woman dhropped an egg that she was eatin' in her lap. 'Oh, wurra, what shall I do?' sez she. 'Cackle,' sez Chote. Billy Pipedream, th' pote who wrote 'Th' Man with the Headache,' an' who is jealous of Dobber, tried to shpile th' shtory by wantin' to know why th' young lady wuz eatin' an egg in her lap.

"'I shpose,' sez Dobber, 'it wuz because she couldn' eat her lap in th' egg,' whereupon ole Flutehopper, th' musishin who plays a drum in Oozeheimer's band, exploded with laughter, blowing out an incandescent lamp without turnin' a hair.

"With such lungs?" sez Dobber to Flutehopper "yer a fool to be playin' th' drum," he sez. "Ye should be blowin' th' big horn." This wuz a joke that they all enjoyed, except Willie O'Connell, th' connosewer, who b'longs to th' Boheemyun club. Willie wuz raised in a salong an' he don't like bum jokes. While th' orchesster was playin' ragtime airs, Willie an' Baron Von Schmoke th' hotel keeper, were discussin' coat-tillyuns with Mrs Razzlebury, an' the question came up for dibbate: Is a society leader born or is a society leader made? 'The only rale society leader I ever knew,' sez Mrs. Razzlebury 'wurruked her way up to th' job' she sez 'She wuz born iv poor but southern parents,' she sez, 'but her versitility an' industhry,' she sez, 'was sich' she sez, 'that whin she grew up' she sez 'she ran a boarding house an' society at one an' th' same time' she sez. It wuz her proud privilege' she sez, 'to say who's who' she sez.

"'Does it cost anything,' sez I, 'to be who?'

"'I decline to answer,'' sezs he, with th' air iv a champaigne freezer, an' Flutehopper, th' divvil, blew out another lamp. An' then I came home."

"It wazn't a very excitin' affair," said Barry.

"No," said Clancy, "but there's no knowin' what might happen if Flutehopper blew out all th' lights. I waz at a wake wantst when me friend McCann knocked over th' lamp. Th' corpse wasn't fit to hold a fun'ral on th' next day."

SANTA CLAUS IN CALIFORNIA

The San Francisco and North Pacific railway is sending out one of the prettiest souvenirs of "Our State" issued this season. It shows Santa Claus in his sleigh, driving his reindeer, and paying a trip to the interior towns on the line of the North Pacific. The contrast between Santa Claus' fur clothes and his wintry rig makes the beautiful summery aspect of the Californian winter appear most attractive.

The Plot that Failed

IF IT HAD OCCURRED during the holiday season it would have made a good Christmas story, but when Bob Green sent the telegram he had been married about a year, he was still fond of his wife, and also extremely jealous of her. Mrs. Green had a past—not a very lurid one, but still a past—and Bob was uneasy. He was always conjuring up strange fancies. He never seemed quite sure that his wife loved him unless she appeared jealous. He knew that his jealousy proceeded from love, and so he wanted her to betray signs of jealousy, too. It never occurred to him that experienced women feign jealousy by way of testimony of affection. But Mrs. Green, notwithstanding her past, was of a calm, reserved nature, and it was difficult to stimulate her to hysterics.

When Bob left Tortoni's that night, after dining with his brother, and resenting the efforts of a soubrette to engage in a flirtation, he conceived the idea of arousing the emerald-eyed monster in his wife's lily-white bosom. The soubrette and her suggestive smiles were responsible for the idea. He thought that if his wife could have witnessed those pantomimic overtures of the pretty soubrette she would begin to think that there was a possibility of his affections being alienated, temporarily, at least. He regretted all that night that his wife had not come to town with him. In the morning he visited a telegraph office with his brother and sent this dispatch:

To Mrs. Bob Green:
Palo Alto;
You can have your hubby now, we had a jolly time last night, DOLLY.

"What are you sending that for?" asked his brother Tom. "Are you hunting for a divorce suit?"

"Oh, I just want to have some fun with Flo," was the reply.

"But you'll make her jealous, and she'll raise a big row, old man."

"I hope so. I want to see her good and jealous just once. I want to see her raise Cain. I'll take a copy of the dispatch, and when she reaches the ebullient point I'll show it to her. Then I'll explain all, and we'll kiss and make up. Come down and see the fun. It will be better than a French farce.

That afternoon Bob and Tom Green got off the train at Palo Alto and were driven to Paloma, the charming home of the Bob Greens.

Mrs. Green was on hand to receive her husband. She was a radiantly beautiful woman, and most becomingly gowned, but despite her pleasant greeting, she seemed a trifle cold. Bob took occasion to wink at his brother knowingly, and a little later on, when they were alone, he remarked that it was working like a charm.

"She'll throw out a hint in a little while," he said, confidently.

But when they were summoned to dinner there was not the faintest sign of a war cloud on the domestic horizon. Bob began to get a little anxious.

"Probably she doesn't care," he soliloquized, under his breath.

"I had a jolly time in town, my dear," he presently remarked, by way of introduction.

"What sort of a jolly time?" she asked.

"I went to a French dinner with a party of friends."

"That's all you men think of—feeding yourselves. Is that your notion of a jolly time?

Bob bit his lip. He was making little headway, and he began to feel that his wife was growing indifferent.

"It wasn't the dinner so much as the company," he replied. "It was a gay crowd, and it wasn't a stag affair, either."

"A party of gentlemen and their wives, I suppose?"

"I don't suppose you'd care if it was a party of gentlemen and their friends' wives," was the somewhat angry retort. "By the way, what were you doing while I was away?"

"I had a pleasant drive, among other things."

"Who was with you?"

"Your friend, Mr. Talbot."

"Driving with Talbot? He's no friend of mine. And what else did you and my friend Mr. Talbot do? he demanded, rising fiercely and glowering at his wife.

His insulting tone was more than she could stand. She arose and swept out of the room. Bob Green dashed out through another door, seized his hat, and went out into the night.

Tom Green was left alone. He had been a silent and awe-struck witness of the domestic imbroglio.

"Yes," he muttered, "it worked like a charm—one of those hoodoo charms."

Bob Green did not return that night. In the morning Tom Green sought his sister-in-law, and asked her if she had received a dispatch the previous day. She replied that she had not. Then he told her about the plot which her husband had so ingeniously concocted, and explained the cause of his surprising conduct. Together they interviewed the young man who acted as Bob's secretary, and he reluctantly confessed that he had received the dispatch. Thinking it was for his employer, and one that he should open, he did so. He then found that it was intended for Mrs. Green, and when he saw the nature of it he thought it would cause trouble and decided to withhold it.

It was with considerable difficulty that Tom Green persuaded his sister-in-law to forgive her husband, but he finally effected a reconciliation. THE JOSHER.

Adelaide Lloyd-Smith

Some time ago there came to this city a lady well known in operatic circles of the east and carrying with her the highest endorsements of prominent critics. She arrived here without a flare of trumpets, without the usual pictures and announcements in the daily press and without giving a reception concert. She has now been here for several months and yet our musicians and music lovers are still waiting to discover the presence of a distinguished singer in their midst. It is this very modesty which makes Mrs. Adelaide Lloyd-Smith, (the subject of TOWN TALK'S Christmas supplement), hesitate to thrust herself forward and she could perhaps continue to shine in obscurity had not some kind friend insisted time and again that she should make her presence known, as San Francisco was sadly in need of good operatic singers. Only about a month ago I was informed of the lady's presence and her prominence in operatic circles. Upon request I listened to her singing and found her an exceedingly accomplished dramatic soprano. Mrs. Smith possesses a splendid range and her voice is flexible and yet resonant. But what astonished me most is the marvelous skill she exhibits in her technical executions. Her colorature work is delightful. It sounds somewhat strange to contend that a dramatic soprano is endowed with colorature qualities, but this is exactly the case with Mrs. Smith.

Mrs. Smith has had considerable experience on the operatic stage. She studied under Marchesi and Etoire Barnili, Adelina Patti's half brother and instructor. She appeared with the foremost operatic companies of this country including the Emma Abbott company, in the following repertory: Mignon, La Traviata, La Sonambula, Ernani, Faust and Il Trovatore. The Musical *Courier* says of her: "Mrs. Lloyd-Smith won the hearts of her audience and scored a magnificent success. Her voice and acting are faultless." Both in emotional and colorature work Mrs. Smith is very strong. At the time of this writing her friends are expecting her to announce a concert and I dare say they will not have long to wait. A. M.

SANTA PASSED HER BY

Though Miss Untidy hung up her stocking.
She found not a blessed thing in it
But a great big Hole; now wasn't it shocking?
Why didn't she think to pin it?

THE BUTLER.

Miss May Hunt will dress your doll for Christmas; price reasonable 817½ Geary street.

To The Unknown God.

SUPREME, Unknown, Whom yet we trace
But dimly through a darkened glass,
When shall the mists that hide Thee pass,
And we behold Thee face to face?

For countless ages we have trod
The lower trails that lead to Thee,
Now on the distant heights we see
The banners of the Hosts of God.

A thousand Gods have we confessed,
And warped our worship age by age,
Creed blotting creed from off the page,
An ever changing palimpsest.

Long through the gloom Thy skies we scanned,
We cried to Thee, but Thou wert dumb,
Yet Faith oft heard a whispered 'Come"
And Fancy felt a guiding hand.

Confirming our audacious guess,
Thy lightnings clove the clouds and seemed
To write Amen to all we dreamed;
Thy crashing thunders answered Yes.

Altars and fanes to Thee we raised
Built on one vague unchanging hope,
That taught us through the gloom to grope,
While on the silent stars we gazed.

We searched the skies for Thee, then turned
The glass upon the atom, till
We saw the life within it thrill
To clasp the mightiest star that burned.

Life yearning unto life—the spark
Within the seed that bursts the sod,
Claims kindred wi h the Greater God,
But never leaps the bridgeless dark.

Hope crying in the gloom, a child
Amid strange lights and shadows lost,
'Twixt doubt and fear perplexed and tossed,
By any whispered word beguiled.

Unfaltering Faith may seek to tear,
And sweep the baffling veil aside—
We know not if the dead deride
Her efforts, but the living hear.

Death laughing ever at her creed,
Blighting each promise ere it bloom,
Till all the past seems but a tomb,
And every hope a broken reed.

A tomb! A broken reed! ah No!
We die, but dying leave behind
That which may teach us yet to find
Where life's immortal waters flow.

A thousand ages yet unborn,
Far richer than the pregnant past,
May bring us to behold at last,
The birth blaze of the coming morn.

Within the growing light we fade
With all the things of yesterday,
That swift-paced Progress flings away,
Or Science scoffs into the shade.

Or as the chiseled fragments fly
Beneath the sculptor's hand, so we
Give all to them who are to be,
As they—the dead—gave us, and die.

Die as all flesh has ever died,
Shall all our labor count for naught?
Shall we who on the fabric wrought,
Like dust at last be blown aside?

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

THE AMBER PHIAL

BY WILLIAM S. MELONEY

THE CLUSTER of incandescent lamps hanging from the center of the ceiling, fills the room with a glaring, blinding light. The glass walls and floor shine like highly polished silver, reflecting in a mystic maze the sinister faces of the surgical instruments lying orderly in their cases. The keen, bright blades of the bistouries and larger knives seem to pierce the glass which keeps them sealed against infection. Standing on skeleton legs the operating table rears its immaculate top in the shower of light. Its arm-rests are turned out, waiting.

The hour of trial has come. Emil is poring over a collection of phials on a metal stand. The little clock set in the wall, just above his head, ticks the minutes off merrily. Its voice is the only sound that breaks the stillness. The hour hand has made its tenth round and a tiny bell marks its passing. Emil looks up. He is talking to himself.

"Thirty minutes more and then—Bah! why should I fear? Do I not know? And if I am wrong, if I fail—I have this. A sip, a wetting of the lips and—"

He sneers and puts the phial he has been holding back on the stand and picks up a larger one. It is filled with a fluid of a delicate amber color. He holds it up to the light, turning it between his fingers with the dainty deftness of touch of a lapidary examining a jewel. There is an exultant fire in his eyes.

'I hold the triumph of the centuries! I, Emil Cassot, have accomplished this! I, at whose ideas they have scoffed! They are all fools! My theory is right! I, alone know the secret, I hold the solution of the mystery of all! Ha, ha ha!"

Emil places the phial in a case and looks at the thermometer on the wall. He runs his fingers over the glass.

"No moisture; everything goes well."

He walks to the end of the room and opens a panel. The thermometer inside tells the same story.

"It could not be better.

"Ah, my old Persian friend, you struck the keynote when you said:

" 'A hair perhaps decides the False and True.

" 'Yes, and a single Alif were the clue—

" 'Could you but find it—to the Treasure house.

" 'And peradventure to The Master too.'

"The 'Single Alif' I have found and the hair dividing. I hold the secret and it is mine! mine!"

He pauses.

"My God, Louise, if I should fail? I cannot! I know I am right! Destroy coagulation, restore the normal temperature of blood and brain, and life must awaken."

It is five minutes before the half hour. Emil places a stand beside the operating table and prepares the instruments he will need. He fills from the phial of amber two syringes, and wraps them carefully in linen cloths.

The clock strikes. He presses a spring near the thermometer panel and pushes back a trap in the wall. A dry, warm breath of air rushes out. He reaches in with arms outstretched and draws forth the body of a woman—no, a goddess. The flesh is tinged with the hue of health and life, but the beautiful bosom is still; no breath moves the delicately rounded breasts. Death's cold hand chills them. Emil carries the body to the operating table and arranges it with gentle hands. He forgets himself and buries his face in the rippling tresses of hair. He kisses the cheeks and the eyes and the brow.

"Oh, Louise! my wife! my darling! For what have I done this? Three days ago I put you away, I mur—

"No, no, no! I am going to bring you back darling, back to life, back to love!"

He stops. He is the surgeon now, Dr. Emil Cassot, the man of science, and he has under control every faculty with which he is endowed. That coolness and precision which have given him high rank as an operator are dominant. He uncovers the syringes and plunging their points into each hip presses the valves until the last drop of amber has entered the body. Then, he passes his hands over the limbs, rubbing them briskly and gradually the veins define themselves against the whiteness of the flesh. He takes a scalpel in one hand and a retractor in the other. Down sinks the blade of the knife between the breasts, over the heart. Blood flows freely from the wound.

"Thank God!"

The operator quickens his movements as he sees it. A few more turns of the wrist and the cartilage holding the ribs to the breast bone is detached. Next, the intercostal muscles between the third, fourth and fifth are severed. He retracts the wound more and plunges his hand into the opening. Grasping the heart firmly he commences to ply it, measuring the contractions of the fingers by his own breathing.

Five minutes pass—ten. They grow to a half hour and race on to midnight. Emil works mechanically. His arm is numb and aching; his face pale and strained. The brow drips with perspiration and his eyes seem to be leaving their sockets. He tries to speak, but his tongue is dry and sticks to the roof of his mouth.

A slight tremor passes through the bosom! The lips open and a faint breath is drawn in.

Emil starts and looks up beseechingly.

Louise's eyelids twitch and her breathing becomes regular. Suddenly she opens wide her eyes. A holy light shines from their depths as they meet her husband's. He attempts to bend over but his body has grown stiff and his legs will not move. The hand on the heart only has strength and soon it too will give up.

His wife's lips move. She is speaking!

"Come Emil! Come! I wait for you! You cannot stay longer for I know the mystery—all! You have sinned and—."

The hand on the heart has stopped. Emil sways for an instant and falls heavily. His body strikes the arm rest and upsets the operating table.

Two corpses lie side by side and the floor runs red with the woman's blood.

S. STROZYNSKI CO.

Established 1872

24 GEARY STREET

The Leading Ladies' Prize Hair Dresser

WIG AND TOUPEE MAKER

Importers of latest Parisian and London novelties and face Cosmetics, will continue as a first-class establishment in every particular. We employ none but experts and sell the best. Its reputation and authority make it, as it always has been, the most reasonable and reliable firm.

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By strictly adhering to the conservative conditions of the old honored custom of the ancient house of Moet & Chandon, the present management's aim is not to turn out immense quantities, but it has well succeeded in its endeavor for recognition on part of the connoisseurs, by catering principally to the aristocratic classes in Europe and better custom all over the world. —Wine Review.

WILLIAM WOLFF & CO.,

Pacific Coast Agents 329 Market Street, S. F

Dividend Notices

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post street. For the half year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after TUESDAY, January 2, 1900.
GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent on term deposits, and three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2nd. 1900.
LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street For the half year ending December 31, 1899 a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on Term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on Ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2, 1899.
GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

By the Winter Fire

LIGHT the lamp and draw the curtain,
Wheel the chairs around the fire,
Where the coals are growing brighter,
And the red blaze leaping higher.

Close outside are night and tempest,
Starless skies and drifting rain,
And the blustering south-wester
Threatens at the winter pane.

Bring we hither book and ballad
Of the famous times of yore;
Merry tales of court and castle
That the world shall see no more.

Open wide the gates of Romance
For the knights of long ago,
Hither led by Don Quixote,
Lion-heart and Ivanhoe.

Let us read some strange old poem,
Treasure of a vanished time;
Every thought a quaint-wrought jewel,
Richly set in antique rhyme.

Thus we dwell in lands enchanted,
Steeped in sunshine still and warm,
And the spell of calm October
Charms away December's storm.

—IRENE CONNELL.

Tales Told by Women's Hands

THE IMITATION of a handwriting is a good deal like learning a foreign language. It is easy enough to say the word. It is the elusive accent that marks the foreigner. For some time those who follow the fashion in chirography have been worshiping at the shrine of the absolutely English hand, with its unyielding lines, few curves, no lines of beauty and ungracious as well as ungraceful angularity. And as a certain amount of angularity in the handwriting always denotes a certain degree of imitativeness, those who attempt to acquire the angular British hand go to the awkward extreme so noticeable in the notes of society fledglings. On the other hand we have the stiff vertical handwriting now taught in our public schools; the suceessor to the ornate Spencerian. That handwriting is an index of character few will deny after a brief examination of the subject. The following character readings were made from specimens placed before me for that purpose.

MRS. JOSEPH SADOC TOBIN writes a hand expressive of vivacity, self-consciousness, determination, originality, affection, demonstrativeness, some quick temper yet an amiable nature. Capacity of reserve and caution seem to be indicated, also tenacity of purpose.

MRS. GEORGE J. BUCKNALL, wife of the physician, writes a refined and cultured hand. It shows artistic perception, aristocratic feeling, delicacy of thought, fluency of speech, energy and much self-respect.

JENNIE C. DUNPHY is tender-hearted, loving, affectionate, sympathetic. A natural lover of ease, she is averse to excitement or to over-exertion. She loves music, art, perfumes, romance and sentiment. She is affable, courteous, vivacious, with a keen sense of humor. She is secretive.

MRS. W. H. CROCKER shows self-consciousness, accumulativeness, a lack of broad sympathy, considerable secretiveness and diplomacy. She also shows social ambition, determination, will power, a quick temper, refinement and love of the beautiful.

MRS. RUDOLPH SPRECKELS has vivacity, style and fluency of speech. She thinks for herself, has a warm affectionate nature and will always be loving, demonstrative and loyal to her friends. Her heart is in the right place. She is emotional rather than phlegmatic and knows how to make friends and what is more, to keep them.

MRS. J. DOWNEY HARVEY is a lady of determination and ambition She is quick, impulsive, active, energetic, very affectionate and demonstrative yet can keep her own counsels. Some tact is observable. She will never be satisfied with what is inferior, inartistic and old-fashioned.

MRS. M. H. DE YOUNG'S writing shows that she possesses ambition, courage and indomitable will. She possesses a naturally quick temper and yet shows equanimity and composure. She is candid, charitable, with a clear head, an active mind, with the ability to plan and to accomplish.

MRS. C. T. MILLS of Mills college writes a hand expressive of her inscrutable character. It is impossible to fathom her thoughts or to know what move she will make next. She is a diplomate. She shows careful economy and prudential use of all her resources. She is secretive yet vivacious, and can rebuke by sarcastic wit. She is tenacious of her rights, would resent any encroachment upon her dignity, is critical yet urbane of speech, and is at times impatient.

DR. DOROTHEA MOORE, chairman of the Civic Section of the California club and a leading spirit in the South Park settlement, writes with an aggressive, irresistible energy that must bear down opposition and crush obstacles by the very force of its earnestness. She is not lacking in tact or sympathy. Her writing shows great mental ability and mental culture, vivacity, trained powers of observation, a logical mind, powers of imagination governed by a sense of what is practical. Strong family feeling is noticeable and a sense of color.

CAROLINE C. JACKSON, the educator whose name has been mentioned by the California club as one fitted to discharge the duties of a school director, shows in her chirography many evidences of culture, refinement, mental ability and gentle dignity. She has not a little of that wholesome self-esteem and self-confidence that goes so far to make a successful executive. She has the logical faculty devoleped to a remarkable degree. She is a critic, has good taste and will never unnecessarily obtrude her opinions upon others. Affection and reserveare noted. Tact, vivacity, quickness at repartee, capacity for keeping her own counsel, marked conscientiousness and tenacity of purpose mark the character.

MRS. J. H. JEWETT writes with firmness and decision. Her lines never waver, nor does she ever mar by indecisive action any plan or project. She is logical, earnest, faithful, determined, able to assert authority and to inspire loyal support. She is a good advocate, a special pleader for any cause to which she is committed. Her mental abilities are of a high order. She is artistic, polished, courteous, is hopeful, ambitious for others and never loses heart. She is tenacious of her opinions, and never abandons an idea or cause that she has adopted.

ELIZA D. KEITH.

The Only Way

In the sanctum of the Sunday editor of the Morning Fake.

HAMMER, the Sunday editor, solus: Thursday, and not a d—d thing done. Here you (to Miss Swift, who is typewriting copy as fast as her fingers and the machine can fly): What in h—l are you idling away the *Fake's* valuable time for?'

Office boy (entering): Lady to see you, sir. Says she has a good story for you.

Hammer: Name?

Office boy: She didn't say.

Hammer: D—n it! Go and get her —— —— name, will you, you —— infernal idiot.

Lady enters, having followed office boy to the door, unobserved by the latter.

Lady (smiling graciously and somewhat patronizingly): Mr. Hammer, I believe? I have a story for you—a good story, about a friend of mine—but you must never tell who told it to you.

Hammer: Be seated, madam.

Lady: I can tell you where to get the pictures and everything.

Hammer: And the consideration?

Lady: Love and af——. Oh, no (hastily and in an embarrassed accent); I meant that I don't want anything for it.

Office boy (entering): Mr. Hammer, Miss Jones wants to see you about the story she is getting up for the Sunday sup.

Hammer: Oh, yes, "Society Girls who Believe that Bathing is unhealthful." Show her up.

Miss Jones (entering timidly and handing over two small photographs): This was all I could get, and these are evening dress. The ladies absolutely refused to be photographed in their bath-robes.

Hammer: D—n the ladies.

Miss Jones (with some spirit): That wouldn't do a particle of good.

Hammer (throwing an ink-well at the office boy, who was just getting ready to announce a new arrival): Fool! Don't you know all those —— society girls want is to get a free ad? You should have made them sit for their pictures, in their nighties even.

Having made what he feels is a very clever joke, Hammer beams kindly on Miss Jones, before sending her out again to obtain pointers on an illustrated article, "How a Chorus Girl Smiles."

Enter Miss Pretty Bright, with a most engaging smile on her face.

Miss Bright: I have just heard of such a sensation. A Stanford student has married a Chinese washerman, but they say he is a half-nephew of the Emperor of China.

Hammer: Substantiated?

Miss Bright: I know the girl quite well; we were schoolmates.

Hammer: D—n schoolmates! I didn't ask you if you knew the girl or her —— grandfather, either. I asked you if the facts were *facts*. Do you hear? Facts! Go immediately and telephone the Chinese consul.

Miss Bright (smothering sobs): Oh, yes, I'll go. I'll do anything (under her breath) if only you won't swear at me.

Hammer (to lady visitor): Your story, madam? Please be as quick as possible, for my time is limited. (To typewriters): Hustle up, you there; the copy must be ready in ten minutes. (To artist, entering): Get out. I'm too —— busy to bother about the picture now.

Lady: Well, you see, I know a gentleman, Mr. Tom Rich who is my husband's chum and he is madly in love with a chorus girl. She has another admirer but he is only a poor reporter, I hear, so of course could never stand up against Tom. The other night they were out at dinner, and Tom gave Rosy a ring that had been in his family for a hundred years.

Hammer: Name of girl? You really must make haste, for I have important work on hand that requires my personal attention.

Lady: Name? Oh, yes. Rosy Brownstone. Wha-a-t?

Hammer: —— —— —— ——! —— ——! —— ——! Good-day, madam. I really must go. Tell your troubles to a policeman. I mean such a story is worthless to me. Who is Tom Rich? A —— —— brainless nobody. [Leaves office quickly.

Lady (to Miss Swift): What was the matter?

Miss Swift. Oh, I don't know. He often acts that way.

Artist (laughing, as if he had just heard the best joke of the season): My jiminy! Don't you know that Rosy Brownstone is old Hammer's best girl? We run her in some pose or other every Sunday in the sup. But Rosy's in the soup now.

THE OFFICE BOY.

YULE TIDE THOUGHTS

BY JAMES M. HAMILTON

Man's highest aim is not alone to glorify our Maker, but to glorify and to enjoy Him. Man was made for happiness. He may wring it from experience, may find it in any walk of life.

In that French doll you bought your child she found unalloyed happiness; at the same time in the narrow streets far from your home the poor wee bairns find equal joy in a rubber one. Both are happy, for the breast is the fountain of happiness. The value of a gift is not in its price.

The justice of the injunction to be of good cheer is everywhere; in human life there is no limit to which it will not go. In middle age it is not the sparkling flame of youth, but the steady, red, hearty fire. Around us are the voices calling us to its plea.

Listen to the pendulum; it will not be long before its voice tells us: "Ring out the old, ring in the new." Listen to the voice of the pines; every leaf will be a tongue that speaks good cheer. Listen to the babbling brook; it will sing. The rivers, the mountains speak of good cheer. There is music in the voices of all nature, and the tune is "Be of good cheer."

Old age is seldom pessimistic. It is the young men who have not seen life and know not its essence who are pessimists.

This is not a world or the age in which to give up to despair. We soon shall see the birth of another century. And the present time, of all the days of the year, there is yet another Voice bidding us be of good cheer, "Peace on Earth, to men Good Will."

—o—

AU REVOIR, PAS ADIEU

"What are you doing?," asked Mr. Malaprop of his wife, on the eve of their departure for Europe.

Mrs. Malaprop smiled benignantly upon him as she paused, pen in hand and a pack of her visiting cards before her, to answer:

"I'm sending cards to our set to let 'em know we are going away."

"And what is that you're writing in the corner?"

"A. P. A., of course."

—THE HISTORIAN.

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

CALIFORNIA'S CHRISTMAS

SNOW-CROWNED, there stand Sierra's sentinel hills
Without the eastern gate.
Engirt with ribbons of a thousand rills
That spring with joy elate,
With scarlet favors decked, (on leafy bed,
For this, the holly bore.)
They plant their feet amid green carpets spread
Upon the valley floor,
Then lifting high their summits, proud and fond,
Laugh out in joyous glee
And bid old Winter's ghosts, which rise beyond,
Approach, peep in, and see.

A sun-kissed vale, locked close in Summer's arms
And hushed to happy sleep—
Unrecked the western waves that boom alarms
As toward the sands they creep—
Where violets smile, and open dewy eyes
To catch the warm sun's gleam;
Where "golden apples" nod to turquoise skies,
And golden poppies dream.

* * * * *

Bend low with me, and as the joy bells cease
To ring from hills to sea,
We'll hear the Master, pass and whisper "Peace,"
Dear heart, to you, to me.

L. CLARE DAVIS.

HOW SHE WORKED HIM.

"Isn't this a beautiful diamond ring that Tom Borland gave me?" asked the Sweet Thing, as she crowded the Good Thing to the end of the sofa and breathed her humid breath upon his flushed cheek.

It was a ring that she had borrowed from her mother and was worth two hundred dollars even to a pawn broker. She knew that the Good Thing would never give her a Christmas present that was less costly than the present of his despised rival.

"I've seen prettier," he replied.

Whereupon the Sweet Thing smiled. She knew that her strategy was not of the General Methuen order.

THE GRAFTER.

THE HOBO'S HOLIDAY

HOW WEARY WRAGGLES MADE CHRISTMAS FOR HIS CHILDREN.

Wraggles came home about a week after Thanksgiving. He had walked several thousand miles since his last visit to his loved ones, and during his absence Mrs. Weary Wraggles had passed away.

When Weary looked at the six little girls, the only legacy left him by the departed Mrs Wraggles, a wave of fatherly feeling rolled over his heart. And when he looked at their twelve little feet, in various stages of boot-dilapidation, he sighed.

Now Weary was resourceful. He had not been solving the complex problem of how to live without working many years, without acquiring a knowledge of the gullibility of the world. Among other things he knew the value of advertising, and this is the advertisement he inserted in a daily paper a week before Christmas:

Twenty useful articles sent on receipt of twenty cents and a two cent stamp. Address W. W. Branch, P. O. "Z."

The six little girls of the Wraggles household were kept out of school for four days before Christmas, to open envelopes and address parcels. Each parcel contained twenty useful articles, all of the same size and brand, for Weary Wraggles had learned early in life that it was both wrong and dangerous to deceive people. The first batch of substantial responses to the advertisement enabled Weary Wraggles to secure a fine stock of black pins and to each of his customers he sent twenty. The night before Christmas he found himself a prosperous merchant, and he filled the stockings of his young without a twinge of conscience.

Which shows that an enterprising father is not a bad sort of a parent to have. THE SCHEMER.

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

WHERE, OH, WHERE ARE THEY?

They tell me that now she has silks and laces,
Gowns and garments of every kind,
Fairy fabrics to match her graces,
Some from Paris, by Worth designed;
Frills and feathers to woo the wind,
Of biking bloomers a dozen pair,
But to what limbo have been consigned
Those old striped stockings she used to wear?

—THE VALET.

THE MISTLETOE

What are the thoughts that come and go,
Beneath the mystic mistletoe?

The mistletoe to me doth say:
"In Britain, Christmas day of eld,
By holy men, long passed away.
The sacred Druid rite was held."

"Where, now the merry chimes are rung,
Once, in their robes of spotless white,
Their solemn chants the Druids sung,
O'er human victims of their rite."

"Yet holier was the Druid priest,
And Druid priest was wiser far,
Than the three wise men of the East,
Who saw and followed Bethlehem's star."

"Oh, would this day, loved and revered,
By the long silent Celt of old,
Were loved again, again were feared,
By hearts within the Druid fold."

These are the thoughts that come and go,
Beneath the mystic mistletoe.

THE ANCIENT BARD.

THE MISTLETOE.

WITHOUT the opportunity to study into the matter, I am inclined to believe that the festival of Christmas, in regard to the mistletoe particularly, was adapted from the festivals of the Druids, taking place upon the finding of the oak's mistletoe. Some outlet had to be found for the Celtic reverence of this parasitic plant; and the early Christian fathers, with their usual ideas of the fitness of things, engrafted upon the birthday of Jesus this plant, whose original worship was of such a different character from the Christians' worship of the Son of God. In this regard, the following, from M. Emile Lefranc, is not uninteresting: "Il [le qui] vient rarement sur le chêne; assui recherchait on avec plus d'empressement le qui de cette dernière espèce. On le croyait semé sur un chêne pas une main divine. C'était ordinairement en *fevrier* que les druides faisaient la rechere." When found, the ceremonies of the cutting, etc., occurred in the "sixième jour de la lune de mars," a long time after Christmas, But *time* never counted with the priest of the early church. THE ERUDITE.

SHE DID NOT OBJECT.

I watched her dimples come and go,
She smiled at me—she smiled, and so
She gave me such a splendid show
I kissed her, 'neath the mistletoe.

THE LOVER.

YOU HAVE NO CHOICE

If you want the best hairdressing
in San Francisco you must go to

LEDERER'S, 123 Stockton St.

Opposite City of Paris.

Dramatic World

THERE IS not much to say about the dramatic season this year. While we had the best plays produced here, we were unable to get the best companies and hence there is nothing much to brag about. The repertory at the Columbia included Willie Collier in The Man From Mexico, Frank Daniels in The Idols' Eye and The Wizard of the Nile, the James-Kidder-Warde star combination, The Sign of the Cross, Blanche Walsh and Melbourne MacDowell in La Tosca and Fedora, The Bostonians, The Moth and the Flame, Henry Miller, Modjeska, Frederick Warde and finally The Christian. As I said before these were all first-class plays, but with the exception of Henry Miller and the Kelcey-Shannon combination they were not first-class companies. Besides the above mentioned companies there appeared a number of others at the Columbia which are not worth enumerating. The California may count among its best attractions Nance O'Neil, who appeared in several engagements with astonishing success, the Frawley company with Blanche Bates and a second engagement after a successful season in Los Angeles. The Frawleys are great favorites here. There were a good many other attractions at the California all of which drew large audiences, but none of which ought to find place in a resumé of first-class productions. The Alcazar deserves credit for giving prominence to local talent. On May eighth Clay M. Greene's His Japanese Wife was given. On July third it produced a clever curtain raiser by Miss Charlotte Thompson entitled Only the Master Shall Blame, and on December fourth Francis Powers' latest play Mother Earth received its initial production and made an instantaneous hit. Among its dramatic productions the Lewis Morrison and Florence Roberts season must be mentioned as the most successful. While speaking of the attention paid to local talent I must not forget the Grand Opera House which produced The Conspirators by H. J. Stewart and Clay M. Greene and His Majesty by H. J. Stewart and Peter Robertson, both operas being well received. On April first the comic opera company made its first appearance at the Grand and has ever since given a series of excellent productions of comic operas and also a few grand operas. The Tivoli grand opera season is reviewed in another part of this paper and the comic opera season was opened with Ferris Hartman on September ninth. This excellent comedian's return was greeted with sincere delight. The Orpheum's greatest attractions were in the musical lines and included the Pasqualis, the Hungarian Boys band, Sada, the gifted violinist, Marguerite Cornille, singing soubrette, and Camille d'Arville, the leading comic opera prima donna. Other items of interest in the dramatic field were the remodeling of the Grand Opera House, California theatre and Tivoli. The burning of the Bush street theatre is to be regarded as an incident of importance in the history of drama during the year. Judging from the present outlook the coming year will be far superior in the presentation of dramatic features than the one just closing. We can however, but wait and see.

Pearl Landers, the youngest Ingenue on the American Stage.

Eleanor Kent, a San Francisco Girl who has made a hit in the East.

Some people achieve fame rapidly, others do not become known until after years of hard struggle, and again others are never able to reach their aim at all. If there exists in an artist, true talent there is but an opportunity necessary to bring him or her into the arena of artistic recognition and this opportunity was presented to Miss Mabel Bowman when she appeared about eight years ago at the Alcazar theatre in some child part. From that time she progressed rapidly until about a year ago when she made an astonishingly great hit as Lizabeth in In Mizzoura. This success was so marked that the entire San Francisco press spoke in laudatory terms of the youthful artist's efforts. Miss Bowman is especially versed in character work, having an inborn talent for mimicry and imitations. She gives evidence of being thoroughly at home on the stage by deporting herself gracefully; she is never affected and she presents her roles as her artistic instinct prompts her. She has recently been engaged by L. R. Stockwell for the part of Tilly in My Friend From India, which she has thus far impersonated to the entire

satisfaction of public and press throughout the interior of this state. When a young actress gives evidence of superior histrionic facility early in life and continues for a series of years without going backwards and without becoming inflated with conceit, as is the case with Miss Bowman, a rosy future may well be predicted for her in her chosen vocation.

Holiday Attractions

The managers of the local theatres have made special efforts to give their patrons a dainty bill of fare for the holidays. For the first time this year do the playhouses present first-class performances, and for the first time is the theatre-goer sure of being well entertained, no matter which place of amusement he may visit. Would that this desirable condition be an indication of the good quality of better dramatic production next year. The most interesting play will be Hall Caine's "The Christian," at the Columbia. It comes fresh from the East, and upon it will be concentrated the attention of public and critics. Like the novel of the same name, it embodies strong dramatic situations and deals mainly with moral questions * * * Another first production in California will be Cumberland '61, by Franklin Fyles, which will be presented by the Frawleys at the California. The action is laid during the time of the civil war, but it is not a war drama, but an idyl of Kentucky home life. * * * The Alcazar will offer "Chimmie Fadden," the dramatization of E. W. Townsend's popular novel. The local color attached to the characters and action of the play make it particularly susceptible to the lover of realism on the stage. The Alcazar management has spared no effort to give an artistic production.

* * * The Orpheum management brought Eugenie Fougere, the idol of the Paris chappies, straight from France to present to its San Francisco patrons a fit holiday spectacle. Fougere is the star of the Paris vaudeville and the genuine article. As an instance of her temperature may be cited the fact that numberless would-be Fougeres are parading under false colors on the American stage, with tremendous success. If these imitators are so successful, how will be the original? Other new attractions will be Claude and Thornton, comedians, and Claude Thardo, monologuist. * * * The Grand Opera House will put on "Sinbad the Sailor" next Thursday afternoon, in luxurious style. There are several brilliant features which ought to receive special attention. Among them is the engagement extraordinary of a large corps de ballet under the direction of the experienced Spanish premiere Senorita Matildita, who for the last few weeks has superintended rehearsals for this occasion. Another gem of the performance will be Frank King's transformation scene, "The Evolution of Nature," containing not less than eight changes, each surpassing the other in magnificence. Charles H. Jones, the stage manager par excellence, has spent much time lately in creating new effects in march movements, and the result of his great skill is "The March of the Silver Knights," which will show a large number of the Grand's beauties in sparkling Amazon attire. * * * George Lask, the ingenious stage manager of the Tivoli, has proved himself once more the staunch friend of the little and big children by diving into the archives of fairydom and bringing to light the ever attractive story of "Little Bo-Peep." The chorus has been greatly enlarged for this occasion, and catchy melodies will invest the magnificent piece with a melodious atmosphere. Hartman is diligently studying new topical songs and bright expressions, so that there will be no lack of fun. Ballets and fairy dances will be in plenty. A transformation scene, "Butterflies," will be one of the richest stage pictures seen in San Francisco for a long while.

Miss Eleanor Kent (Mabel Love) whose portrait is given above, is one of the latest acquisitions to grand opera. That she is beautiful may be readily seen; but to know that she possesses a high soprano of unusual purity and strength and sweetness, that she sings with absolute precision and that she is a very talented actress, one must hear her sing "Marguerite," "Arline," "Elsa," "Erminie" or "Leonora," for she is as versatile as she is graceful. It is not often that a young woman abandons social position to enter stage life, and it is still more rare that in four months she should be recognized as a pronounced success in grand opera. Yet Miss Eleanor Kent, who belongs to a well-known California family, has achieved this success. Natural talent and much beauty, added to a high soprano of unusual excellence, may account for all this. Versatility in a prima donna is a great essential. People think of the "Mad Scene" when Melba is suggested; of "Carmen' when Calve is named, of "Tristan" when one suggests Gruening. But as Marguerite in "Faust," as Elsa in "Lohengrin," as Josephine in "Pinafore," Arline in "Bohemian Girl," or as "Erminie," Miss Kent is equally fascinating, so write the critics of the Baltimore press. Said Mr. Owst in the Baltimore *News:* "Miss Eleanor Kent, who made her debut last [illegible] with the Milton Aborn Opero company at Music hall as Marguerite in 'Faust,' delighted the audience. She has a young, fresh and beautiful voice, and won especial triumph in the garden scene." Dr. Baker, the critic of the Baltimore *Sun*, writing of her appearance as Josephine in Pinafore, said, among other complementary things: "Miss Kent's voice was in fine condition and the numbers seemed especially well suited to her. She strengthened considerably the admirable impression created last week in 'Faust.'

Mr. de Bekker, of the Baltimore *American*, wrote: "Miss Eleanor Kent, a young lady who has a brilliant future before her, made her Baltimore debut last evening at Music hall as Marguerite, and established herself at once a favorite. Although Miss Kent has been on the stage but a few months, her natural aptitude and thorough knowledge of the role made her seem as much at home as a veteran. Her voice, which is of wide range, is exquisitely modulated, sweet, and is used expressively. Miss Kent possesses, moreover, a strong dramatic instinct and a charming personality. She was most cordially received, and was the recipient of many handsome flowers." Mr. Goodman, the music critic of the Baltimore *Herald*, wrote: "She has a young, fresh and beautiful voice, and in her stage presence, made an ideal Marguerite, modest and simple, but refined and graceful in every motion. She was very successful in the jewel scene and heartily recalled several times after the curtain fell."

CHRISTMAS GIFTS
ARTISTIC CALENDARS
WEDGEWOOD WARE
VIENNA NOVELTIES
STYLISH CORRESPONDENCE PAPERS
FINE LEATHER GOODS
CROCKER'S 227-229 POST ST. 215-219 BUSH ST.
OPEN EVENINGS, commencing December 18

An Ideal Ingenue

About four years ago I attended a performance of "Little Lord Fauntleroy," at the Opera House in Santa Cruz, by the Elleford company. On the program I found featured "Little Pearl Landers." At the time I thought that another child actress was going to inflict disappointment upon her rather scanty audience, for at that time there were Little Lord Fauntleroys in plenty, but good exponents of that role were rare. So I did not expect to discover any genius in this "Little Pearl Landers." The curtain was rung up and the play began. Before I knew it I found myself diligently following the work of that "Little Pearl Landers," whose ability I had doubted, and after the conclusion of the play I was convinced that one more talented child actress had been added to the stage. There was so much genuine temperament and intelligent interpretation in Pearl Lander's exposition, and so little of that affected self-confidence which usually permeates the deportment of so-called child actresses, that I was convinced that ere long this very "little" Pearl Landers, who, by the way, was then ten years old and very little indeed, would one day become a noted actress. Although my prophesies included the term "in the near future," I had no idea that Miss Landers would achieve recognition so quickly. Within two or three years she has become known in the larger part of America, while touring with Stockwell in "The Midnight Bell." Then T. Daniel Frawley, who saw her with the Stockwell company at the California, said: "There is the girl to play my ingenue parts." That his judgment was correct cannot be questioned, for, despite her youth, Miss Landers proved an immense attraction during the engagement of the Frawley company in Los Angeles, and her ingenue work here proved very satisfactory. the press throughout the state is lavish in its praise of Miss Landers, and I dare say that she is the youngest successful ingenue on the American stage to-day. She is less than fifteen years old. Mr. Frawley told me some time ago that he had made arrangements to present Ibsen's "Wild Duck" during his present engagement here for the special benefit of Miss Landers, so as to give her an opportunity to show the extent of her talent. I am sure he will not be disappointed. Besides histrionic ability, Miss Landers possesses that mysterious something known as personal magnetism, and for which her personal beauty may in a manner be responsible. Even the press agent has found some good material in Miss Landers which was proved by the freak stories centering in the affections of a Los Angeles youth for the pretty ingenue, published in some of the dailies lately. Miss Landers is going to make her mark in the dramatic world ere many moons have passed.

I have always maintained that Manager Friedlander ought to stay away from chamber music concerts and I am now more convinced than ever that my suspicions are well founded, for he had hardly entered Century hall last Tuesday afternoon, in company with Miss Antoinette Trebelli, while the Holmes quartet played the last movement of the Mendelsohn string quartet in E minor, when a string broke and the number had to be discontinued. But this was not all for even the electric lights refused to get used to Mr. Friedlander's presence as they continually winked their eyes, and the presto movement of Beethoven's assumed such melodramatic dimensions that one was involuntarily reminded of "The Sporting Duchess." Mr. Friedlander, please don't attend any more chamber music concerts.

THE PLAYGOER.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

RACING! RACING! RACING

California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900. From December 18th to Dec 30th inc

Oakland Race Track

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday rain or shine

Five or more Races each day

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the rack in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

R.B. MILROY, Secretary.

AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Beginning Christmas night, limited engagement, LIEBLER & CO. present Hall Caine's powerful play,

"THE CHRISTIAN"

Exery evening (Sunday excepted.)

Matinee Saturday and New Year's day.

California

The Popular House.

'Phone, Main 1731.

Commencing Christmas Eve., Sunday night, December 24th, 1899.

THE FRAWLEY COMPANY in Augustus Pitou's tremendous success,

CUMBERLAND '61

By Franklin Fyles, Co-author of "The Girl I Left Behind Me."etc,

A true picture of historic events. Produced on a most elaborate scale.

Extra matinee Monday, Christmas day.

Getting ready - - - "WITH FLYING COLORS"

Grand Opera House

Morosco Amusement Co., Inc. Lessees.

Telephone Main 532.

Last Two Nights of DIE FLEDERMAUS

Commencing Christmas Matinee Monday next December 25, 1899

Colossal production of the most recent edition, thoroughly up-to date of the Glorious Extravaganza

"SINBAD"

By special arrangement with David Henderson

Special engagement of the renowned Spanish Premiere Senorita Matildita and her fascinating Corps of Coryphees

Charles H. Jones' Christmas Tribute,

The March of the Silver Knights by Beautiful Girls.

New and Picturesque Scenery Magnificent Costumes A Superb cast of Principals

Frank King's beautiful transformation, The Evolution of Nature.

In consequence of the enormous expense incurred by this production, the following scale of prices will prevail: Orchestra, first eight rows, 75 cts: balance of orchestra 50 cts., dress circle, 75 and 50 cts., galleries 10 and 15 cts. At Saturday's Matinee a good reserved seat 25 cts Branch Ticket Office, Emporium.

Alcazar

FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor
MARK THALL, Manager

'Phone Main 254

Beginning with Christmas matinee, Monday December 25th, a sumptuous holiday treat in Ned Townsend's Scintillating dramatization

"CHIMMIE FADDEN"

Seats selling two weeks in advance.

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Orpheum

O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, December 24th.

FOUGERE; Thorne and Carleton, Claude Thardo, Harrigan, the Tramp Juggler. La Sylphe. Mr. and Mrs. Edwin Milton Royle & Co. Gertrude Rutledge. Llewellyn Sisters The Averys.

Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c

Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Special Matinee Christmas Day

Tivoli Opera House

ERNESTINE KRELING, Prop. and Mgr.

Gorgeous holiday production of our annual extravaganza,

"LITTLE BO-PEEP"

Tonight! Tonight! Tonight!

Special matinee Xmas and New Year's and every Saturday.

A superb cast including Ferris Hartman. Brilliant Scenery, Costumes and Effects. Magnificent transformation, "Butterflies."

Hearts and Hearths

IF THERE is one thing in this world that every man who marries ought to do, it is to present his wife with a home. This fact is better understood by the paterfamilias in eastern cities than by the benedicts of this part of the world. The trouble usually is that the young man who is just married, and who does not own a bank account, thinks it is impossible for him to invest in real estate since he has no ready money. That this idea is a fallacy could be explained in a few words by William Corbin, the courteous secretary and general manager of the Continental Building and Loan Association, at 222 Sansome street. This association is the boon of people with moderate-sized incomes. It shows such people how to become house owners, proprietors of real estate. How much better is it to pay your rent to a Building and Loan Association, knowing that it is not being thrown away but is going on the purchase price of a home, than to pay it out for a house in which you can have no part or parcel. The Continental's records show that it has assisted in building up over eight hundred homes, a splendid showing.

The officers of the Association are:

Dr. Ed. E. Hill, president; Captain Oliver Eldridge, vice-president; William Corbin, secretary and general manager; Dr. Hill, Captain Eldridge, Charles Page, R. T. Harding and W. Corbin, directors.

The California Title Insurance and Trust Co., in the Mills building acts as trustee for the Continental, whose attorneys are Page, McCutcheon, Harding & Knight. The Bank of California is the Association's depository.

The Continental has been in existence for over ten years; its solidity is assured. Its authorized capital is $20,000,000.00; subscribed, $10,000,000 00; paid in, $1,500,000.00; monthly income, over $100,000 00. This shows that an investment in shares of the Continental Building and Loan Association is progressive conservative and sound.

"At the punch bowl's brink
Let the thirsty think
What they say in Japan:

" 'First the man takes a drink,
Then the drink takes a drink,
Then the drink takes the man.' "

Thoroughly to enjoy his punch, or any kind of a drink, the man must be sure it is composed of good liquor. Pure brandy, whisky, gin and rum are only to be found in standard brands such as Posthorn, Mistletoe, Swan, Islay Scotch, and the other well known brands of which Charles Meinecke & Co. are the sole agents. The Meineckes are also agents for A de Luze & Sons Bordeaux, the Commentador port and other fine foreign wines.

CONVENIENT AND CENTRAL

The march of progress has brought the central point of business in our city to a location further up town than anyone, ten years ago, would have thought possible. The most desirable office buildings are now those that are situated in the vicinity of Market and Powell streets, the central business point. One of the most conveniently located buildings in the city is that at 40 Ellis street. Its offices and suites are light, sunny and modern in every respect. It is equipped with elevators, gas throughout, light airy lofts, and it is always in a fine state of cleanliness and repair. The sanitary conditions are above criticism.

IT WARMS THE HEART

It has been almost impossible to keep warm during the past fortnight. The days have been cold and the nights have been colder than the days. There is only one thing that produces a genuine feeling of warmth, and that is a glass of good whisky, Chapin & Gore's Old Reserve Bourbon or Chapin & Gore's Rye.

Mrs. Ada Clark is preparing for the semi-annual graduation party of her pupils in dancing, to be held in early January. The graduates this year will be Miss Dupas and Miss Legallet.

SHERIFF'S SALE

BEN B. HASKELL, Plaintiff
vs.
MARGARET DUNTON, Defendant.

Sale.
Justices' Court, No. 14661.
Execution.

Under and by virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Justices' Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of November A. D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein Ben B. Haskell, the above named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Margaret Dunton, defendant, on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1899, which said Judgment was recorded in the Clerk's Office of said Court, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Seventeenth street distant thereon easterly fifty-five feet from the point of intersection formed by the northerly line of Seventeenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, and running thence easterly along said northerly line of Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; and thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet to the point of commencement.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 15th day of January A. D. 1900, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said Execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said Judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best

HENRY S. MARTIN, Sheriff

San Francisco, December 23rd, 1899.

BEN B. HASKELL, 409 California street, San Francisco
Attorney in pro per.

LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

Grand Opera, Symphony and Chamber Music

BY ALFRED METZGER

APPRECIATION of good music in San Francisco has attained larger proportions during the current year than during any previous twelve months. There are two reasons for this satisfactory state of affairs. The first is the artistic success of three grand opera seasons and the other the return of some local students from their fields of instruction and observation. And in addition it may be stated that good symphony and chamber music contributed their mite. The students will be discussed in the regular musical departmen while grand opera, symphony and chamber music will receive attention in this column. The first operatic season this year commenced on March thirteenth at the Grand Opera House. I am sorry to say that as far as true artistic influence is concerned it did not have the desired effect. People were dissatisfied with the personnel of the Melba company. There were not sufficient artists to justify the excessive price of five dollars admission. It is true there was a large orchestra and at the same time the best operatic orchestra in America under the direction of Signor Sepilli—a gifted conductor—but it is one of the shortcomings of the general public to consider the orchestra secondary to the vocalists and hence the lack of artistic efficiency. Aside from Melba, Gadski and perhaps Chalia there was not one vocalist who could claim the price of five dollars for his or her efforts. That season had another peculiar characteristic. The management made strenuous efforts to impress upon the mind of the public that it presented but one really great operatic star and tried its best to suppress every other aspirant for this honor. The heralded star was, of course, Melba. But was she in the mind of the throngs that visited those performances the only great artist? Perish the thought! We discovered a far superior operatic singer than Melba, an actress of fine dramatic temperament—a vocalist of fine dramatic intensity—a musical savant who gave us an "Aida" the like of which had never been heard in San Francisco. I refer to Madame Gadski. She was the true star of the company and the verdict of public and press was unanimous on this subject. Melba did not prove herself the artist which the management tried to stamp her. I will not take away the fame that is attached to her name and will grant that her voice is a matchless colorature soprano. But here it ceases. In order to be a satisfactory operatic artist, elocutionary powers must accompany the musical qualities and thus I claim that Melba—although for some time the idol of the people—will not live in the history of music as one of the mistresses of true operatic art, but rather as one of the apostles of intelli gent advertising. She ought to have adopted the concert stage. During its engagement the Melba company presented the following works: Faust, Aida, La Bohème, Cavalleria, Pagliacci, Carmen, Barber of Seville, Lucia (two acts) and The Huguenots. The season ended Saturday afternoon, March wenty-fifth. As a fad it was one of the greatest successes this ity ever witnessed.

Signor Fernando Avedano the Admired Tenor

On June fifth another grand opera season was inaugurated at the California theatre. This time it was the Lombardi Grand Italian Opera company. And before going any further let me say that Porter Garnett, now dramatic writer of the *Call*, was instrumental in bringing this company here and that hence the public is partly indebted to him for the pleasure obtained from listening to these great artists, Salassa and Avedano. But to return to the Lambardi company. I have never in my experience and travels found an organization that contained so many accomplished artists at one time than this very Lambardi company. Let us sum up. There were Salassa, baritone, Avedano, tenor, Barducci, soprano, Badarocco, tenor, Travaglini, bass, Ferrari, baritone, Russo, tenor, Repetto, soprano, Rossi, soprano, Sostegni, soprano, and Poletini, contralto.

Signor Gaudenzio Salassa, the Great Baritone

There were not less than eleven fine artists. And yet despite this avalanche of great talent and a reduction of prices to one dollar this company proved a financial failure. Why? First, because it was removed from the California to the Alhambra theatre just when it began to attract the public, and secondly, the orchestra and chorus were so confoundedly bad that it gave one a pain to think that such talent and such mediocrity could be found in one place. Aside from the usual repertory of grand operas the Lambardis presented nothing new. However, I may add that Repetto's Lucia was superior to Melba's and an operatic masterpiece. It certainly made a lasting impression on those who heard it. For about six weeks these brave artists struggled for financial supremacy, but to the shame of San Francisco's music lovers and theatre-goers, be it said, that by far the most complete cast of operatic singers ever in this city was compelled to leave without having gained financial support, and the Melba company which from an artistic standpoint (always excepting the orchestra) could not be compared with this organization, left this city with about one hundred thousand dollars net profit.

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But while the Lambardis financial failure is to be deeply deplored it must not altogether be regretted, as it was the cause for Salassa and Avedano to remain here and show us the true value of their artistic souls. The management of the Tivoli Opera House is entitled to gratitude for securing the services of these two artists. And thus we come to the third and most successful grand opera season of the year which is about to take leave. I say most successful for it was, both from a financial and artistic standpoint very satisfactory—which can not be said of either of the preceding seasons. But let me dwell a little longer on the Tivoli management. Not sufficient stress is laid upon the fact that this grand opera season at the Tivoli contributed more toward educating the general public to a higher appreciation of good music than all grand opera seasons,

symphony concerts and chamber music recitals that preceded it. And the main reason for this truth may be sought in the fact that the admission prices were accessible to everybody. A friend of mine told me during that season: "I never had any use for grand opera and would never go near it because I could not afford to spend a dollar admission. But since I attend these Tivoli performances I gradually began to like opera and now I enjoy it thoroughly." And from that time he never missed a performance. Now this is only one example. There are many others like it. But this season is not only to be recommended for its assistance in developing the musical taste in San Francisco, but for its remarkable excellence. I spoke with visitors from the east and Europe and all expressed their astonishment to find San Francisco enjoying a grand opera season of as great merit and for much less admission fees than was offered them in their respective homes. Now I claim that this is something to be proud of, and the Tivoli management should receive the credit which by right belongs to it The male artists, all of which were superior to any in the Melba company, were Salassa, Avedano, Berthald, Mertens and Wanrell. The finished singing of Salassa need not be further commented u: on here nor is it necessary to reiterate the splendid success of Avedano, Berthald and Mertens. But I desire to call attention to G. S. Wanrell whose work did not receive that credit which its artistic finish demanded. I refer not only to the flexibility of the voice, but the care and conscientiousness of execution. And as far as artistic execution in singing is concerned I would select his Mephisto as his best achievement of the season. Mr. Wanrell knows how to sing and I am sure that his efforts ought to have received far more notice by the press.

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The repertory of the Tivoli grand opera season was: Aida, Lucia, Il Trovatore, Faust, Fidelio, Cavalleria, Pagliacci, Gioconda, Rigoletto, Carmen, Romeo and Juliet, Lohengrin, Othello, Ernani, L'Africaine and The Masked Ball. It is well known that Verdi predominated and that this season might well be termed a Verdi season. The sensation was Othello which experienced seventeen performances, each of which was played to a packed house. In this opera Salassa and Avedano did their best work and Anna Lichter proved her title as a grand opera prima donna. She certainly sang that last act with a refinement and taste which gained her the plaudits of the most exacting connoisseurs of music. It was one of the most successful impersonations of that character seen here. Another exemplary characterization was the Fidelio of Mary Linck who in this gave evidence of dramatic instinct and vocal knowledge which should raise her far above the average operatic singer. And by the way I will also call attention to the fact that Barron Berthald made a sensation with his Lohengrin, Turridu and Canio. After sixteen weeks of successful grand opera (July 31-December 2), the Tivoli discontinued its great performances, and Salassa and Avedano returned to Italy where they will continue their triumphs at La Scala, Milan, and whence they will return to us next fall laden with fresh laurels. They will also bring with them two prima donnas. So let us look forward to a brilliant season next year.

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From grand opera let us pass to symphony. There are still lingering in the memory of the true musicians the last few symphony concerts under Fritz Scheel. The fifth concert took place on January twelfth and brought Wagner's Faust overture and Beethoven's symphony No. 1 in C op. 21. The sixth concert occurred on January twenty-sixth and included Mendelssohn's Midsummer Night's Dream and Goldmark's A Rustic Wedding. The seventh concert was given on February ninth and contained Wagner's Lohengrin overture and Moszkowsky's Joan of Arc. At the eighth and final concert on February twenty-third Wagner's Tannhauser overture and Dvorak's New World symphony were played. With this season the most successful symphony season, as far as attendance was concerned, ended in San Francisco. Soon after the conclusion of these concerts Fritz Scheel left for Philadelphia where he was elected leader of the Symphony orchestra of that city. After considerable guess work as to who would be his successor Mr. Holmes was backed by Mrs. Phœbe Hearst whose generosity in musical matters is deserving of the highest recognition and thanks. To her San Francisco is indebted for some excellent musical treats Henry Holmes made his initial bow as symphony leader on Thursday afternoon December seventh before three thousand people the largest audience ever attending a symphony concert. Judging from the applause accorded him he made a deep impression on the public. But recently the announcement was made that owing to the success of the last concert a series of five symphony concerts will be given beginning January eighteenth.

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Not only did grand opera and symphony experience a successful season, but chamber music, too, forged ahead remarkably. The Minetti quartet, now in its fourth season, gave the last concert of the third season on January twenty-first. The program included then, Beethoven's string quartet in A major, Schumann's Maerchenbilder for viola and piano op. 112 and Dvorak's string quartet in F major. On this occasion Henry Holmes appeared here for the first time in public The Minetti quartet includes Giulio Minetti, first violin, Ferdinand Stark, second violin, Charles Heinsen, viola and Arthur Weiss, 'cello. On October twenty-second the Minetti quartet opened its second season under very auspicious circumstances. There were a great many more subscribers and the quality of the three concerts which have taken place so far justify one in pronouncing the Minetti quartet the leading chamber music organization in the extreme west. Last February Henry Holmes together with Miss Ernestine Goldmann gave a series of chamber music concerts at the Philomath club and on November seventh Mr. Holmes brought out his chamber music quartet which gave a series of six satisfactory concerts. The Holmes quartet includes Henry Holmes, first violin, Hother Wismer, second violin, Armand Solomon, viola and Theodore Mansfeldt, cello. With the Minetti quartet appeared Otto Bendix and Hermann Genss, pianists, and the Holmes quartet had for its pianists Arthur Fickenscher and Miss Ernestine Goldmann. The event of the last chamber music season was the appearance of the Kneisel quartet at Sherman--Clay hall on May twenty-sixth and twenty-seventh. It was a good sign of the musical taste of our public to find the hall crowded at both concerts. The Kneisel quartet proved itself entitled to the position of the leading chamber music quartet now existing. This closes the review of this season's events in grand opera, symphony and chamber music and it is a mighty good showing. For next season, we know so far of a concert by Miss Antoinette Trebelli who arrived here recently, a series of operatic concerts by Madame Gadski a grand opera season by Emma Calvé and the Tivoli Opera House, symphony concerts by Henry Holmes and the San Francisco Symphony orchestra and chamber music concerts by the Minetti quartet.

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Where Curiosity Led

LANGLEY racked his brains to recall where he had met the woman before. There was something about her that was strangely familiar to him.

She was about thirty, perhaps, but marks of dissipation on her face made her look older. Her hair was bleached several shades lighter than the hue of nature. There was an air of refinement about her, and he noticed that her dress was simple and that she wore no jewels.

She began chatting almost as soon as she had tasted her soup. She seemed embarrassed now, a feeling that had not intruded itself when she accepted Langley's invitation to keep him company at dinner after the introduction he had requested from the hotel clerk. After the first few remarks, she kept her eyes determinedly fixed upon her plate.

All through the soup and fish and salad he tried to recall where he had met her, and was just about to give up the task as useless when a sudden gleam in the dark eyes, raised one moment to his, recalled his scattered recollections.

"Flossy!," he exclaimed, "My God! Flossy, how came you here?"

She was a girl he had known in his boyhood under vastly different conditions. Her father owned a ranch adjoining his father's in Santa Clara county, and Flossy had been his playmate and schoolmate. She was brought up so strictly, in such a quiet, pure atmosphere. He could not understand how it had all come about.

"Tell me, Flossy, what made you?," he asked.

There was defiance, boredom, perhaps a trifle of sadness in the tones that answered:

"To tell you the truth, dear old fellow, it was my d——d curiosity that did the trick."

She rose from the table, donned her hat and wrap before Langley's deprecating hand could reach her.

"Fill in the blanks to suit yourself," she said, opening the door, "good-bye—good-bye."

* * * * * *

"And did you never see Flossy again?" I asked.

But Langley had just ordered another bottle of wine, and my query remained unanswered. THE TRAVELER.

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The frequency of fires lately in buildings that had been supposed to be safe has led the public to examine more closely into the condition of its dwelling places. A hotel, of all buildings, to be deserving of patronage must be fire-proof. This necessity applies to a hotel patronized by travelers, as well as to the hostelry used as a residence. The California hotel, which is one of the handsomest structures in San Francisco, thoroughly modern in its architecture and furnishings, is absolutely fire-proof. No other hotel in the city has its rooms heated by steam, insuring a uniform temperature such as is enjoyed in the hotels of New York and Chicago. The California's elevators run all night, and its electric lights can be turned on at all hours.

General R. H. Warfield, proprietor of the California, ranks among the most experienced hotel managers in the United States. His wide experience renders him well fitted for such a position as that which he now holds. The hotel has been fitted with the latest modern improvements. Its cuisine is celebrated and its service is perfection itself.

THE DIAMOND PALACE

A wail went over swelldom when it was learned that owing to the closing of the Kimberly diamond mines in South Africa, the precious stones had advanced in value over eighty per cent. It is a fact that the market is still on the rise. In spite of this, Colonel A. Andrews announces that until after the holidays he will sell at the original figures. The Diamond Palace, established since pioneer days at 221 Montgomery street, is one of the show-places of San Francisco. No tourist or globe trotter would think of making a visit to our city without seeing Colonel Andrews' beautiful store. Its ceilings are paneled with jewels and the effect when the electric arcs are lighted, is magnificent.

The publishers of the *Dramatic Review* naturally feel pride in the success that has been attained by their weekly. Its circulation has steadily increased and they have subscribers all over the United States. They will get out a New Year's number next week, and it will no doubt bear out the promise of the earlier issues.

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World of Letters

AS A CONTEMPORARY writer said, not long ago: "The subject of literature as a profession is being threshed out in Sir Walter Besant's paper, the *Author*, which is really a trade journal. Sir Walter has been an optimist on this subject. However, while holding forth on the rights of authors, or contracts and terms, he has forgotten how to charm us with his fiction; and he has helped to crowd the market with all sorts and conditions of scribblers. Some of these now seem to have repudiated him, and to regret their introduction into Letters, which, they are cynical enough to say, are still Grub street. Journalism is pointed out to the aspirant as a wide field. But even journalism is crowded with non-professional writers. I have had intimate knowledge of one of the most successful six-penny weeklies, and out of fifty more or less regular correspondents, not more than five were actual journalists. In fiction the proportion of amateurs is even greater, nor is there anything surprising in this, for readers crave variety. The first book is generally autobiographical, and also, generally the best, though of the least value commercially. The situation is certainly ironic, in Sir Walter's case especially. Despite the literary agent, Letters for the ruck of writers is a mere crutch. The Poet Laureate lives by journalism, and even Austin Dobson is in the government service." Sir Walter Besant has been industriously "spieling" and calling for 'all hands and the cook" to come forward and engage in a profession that would not only secure a good living and a speedy bank account, but would insure "as much social consideration as a bishop," that one cannot but agree with Mr. Bullock, the aforesaid correspondent. Indeed, the situation is more than ironic, it is decidedly comic. Here is the brave and bold Sir Walter reaching out his helping hand and calling to all within sound of his voice to come and stand beside him on the rock of security, while the waves have cut the ground from under his feet. The truth of the matter is that since education is no longer confined to the few, and as all our schools and colleges devote the bulk of their efforts to literary matters, there is always a host of amateurs quite as capable of filling the average journalistic position as those who have already gained a foothold. All that has been needed is a little knowledge of the mechanism of putting copy into shape so as not to take up more of an editor's time than it was worth, and the regular journalist has been so thoughtful in establishing "schools" and classes for this purpose, that like Sir Walter Besant he finds himself elbowed aside by his own pupils, whose work often has the added value of being fresh and unhackneyed. These "schools of journalism" keep dangling before the eyes of their pupils and would-be pupils, the golden plum that is supposed to be just ready to drop into their pockets, and every clerk, teacher and briefless lawyer is led on to believe that tomorrow, next week or next year, fame and fortune will be at his beck and call. The delusion is precisely of the same nature as that of expecting to win a fortune in a lottery.

Tolstor's much discussed novel, "The Awakening," otherwise "Resurrection," over which he and John Brisben Walker of the *Cosmopolitan* had such a falling out, is being published in unique form in England. There are six booklets in paper covers, in a wrapper of coarse, buff paper, secured by a rubber band Each part is sold for a penny (two cents), separately or as a whole. The list of characters appears on each cover, while the title page bears texts from Matthew, John and Luke. The form of publication is highly commended both in regard to convenience and artistic appearance and will probably be adopted for other aud higher priced books. Though the theme of "The Awakening" did not commend itself one has to admit the absurdity of some of Mr. Walker's emendations, such as the substitution of "supple limbs" for "sturdy legs' and other similar emendations. Maslova did not accept the mythical Queen of Spain as a prototype in other matters than anatomy. How does Mr. Walker justify the production in his magazine of actresses and other "types of beauty" whose generous display of physical "charms" does not stop short at the waist line? Is it quite permissible to present "limbs" and "lower extremities" where all references to "leg" is barred?

William Dean Howells is distinctly in favor of the so-called plagiarisms of literature. He argues that many obscure, mediocre and forgotten writers have had good ideas that they have not succeeded in making the most of. Their thoughts, even if well expressed, are lost to the world and as useless as ungerminated seeds, and an author happening upon such treasure trove is justified in appropriating it to his own use. Mr. Howells says that in all other arts, music, painting, sculpture, architecture, etc., such adaptations are common and are accepted as a matter of course and without complaint. He thinks artists in words ought to view the matter with the same eyes and rather feel flattered that they had done something worth being appropriated than make complaint that they have been defrauded. Mr. Howells having "made his own market" can afford to look on with complacency at the struggles of others. He might not express the same leniency if he found himself acting in the capacity of a Fortunatus' purse. It will be remembered that a few years ago he protested against paying as much for a seat at the theatre as the price of a good book which could be read and re-read and loaned to friends besides. Since then his "Hazard of New Fortunes" has been dramatized and one has to wonder a bit whether his opinion was in any way modified by the circumstance.

THE BOOKWORM.

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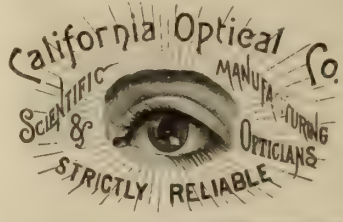

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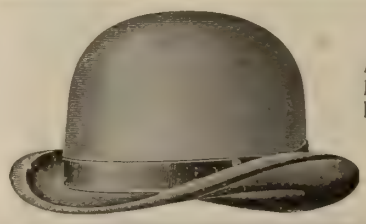

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Music World

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N GLANCING through this edition of TOWN TALK my readers will find an article devoted to grand opera, symphony and chamber music which gives a correct resumé of the higher class of music practiced during the waning year. It will be found therein that San Francisco was very prosperous as far as these phases of the art are concerned and it is now but fair to look through the programs of our regular concerts and find whether our musical season in general exhibits equal improvement. Before devoting any space to our local artists permit me to pay some attention to visiting talent The first thorough musical treat we had this year was the engagement of Moritz Rosenthal, who gave his first concert at Metropolitan hall on the evening of January third. He proved himself a technician of marvelous dexterity and a financial success during this first visit. For it will be remembered that his second visit was a sad financial failure, which it ought to have been. His second visit consisted of nothing more nor less than rival or opposition concerts to Emil Sauer who played here April nineteenth and twenty-first, while Rosenthal was advertised loudly to appear on April twenty-fifth and twenty-sixth. It was therefore not surprising that the people punished such despicable jealousy and flocked to Sauer. It is an injury to art and a discouragement to the enthusiasm of those who like to admire genius to find a great artist possessed of such petty traits of character. On February sixth we listened with pleasure to Theresa Carreno, whose poetic execution on the piano is admired everywhere. Sauer, as I stated before, appeared on April nineteenth. He did not prove to be the master that Rosenthal is, but made for himself hosts of admirers because of the poetry with which he imbued his renditions. There was one more concert of importance by a visitor which although not belonging in the above mentioned class should not be altogether omitted. I refer to the concert of Gerome Helmont, the young violinist.

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And now let us look to our own musicians. On January tenth Mrs. Mary Fairweather began her interesting discourses on Wagner's Music Dramas which must be classed among the most instructive and intelligent events of the season. At Sherman-Clay hall the following concerts occurred: On March second, Mrs. J. E Birmingham gave her first concert after her return from Europe convincing her listeners of the magnificence of her beautiful contralto and the excellence of her executionary powers. On May twenty fifth Irwin Eveleth Hassell, one of San Francisco's most promising pianists, bade farewell to his native town to complete his studies in Berlin. On June fifteenth Miss Daisy Mae Cressy gave a very satisfactory initial concert after her return from abroad. On August tenth Emil Steinegger said good-bye to his many friends as he was about to seek further instruction in Vienna. On September seventh Miss Meta Asher and Harry Samuels appeared for the first time since their return from Europe. The young lady showed considerable poetic temperament and also a fine taste and execution, while the young violinist exhibited a vigor and technical facilty which is bound to land him in the first ranks ere long. On September twenty-eighth Miss Clara Kalisher presented herself before our music lovers in order to receive judgment as to the benefits gained in Paris. She proved herself endowed with a flexible contralto which has since brought her fame in the east. There are but two more concerts of importance which took place at Sherman--Clay hall, namely, the concert by Madame Genevra Johnstone--Bishop on November sixteenth and Mrs. Birmingham's concert on December fifth. In

Miss Meta Asher, Pianist

the lecture field we have once more a series of lectures by Mrs. Mary Fairweather on "From Scale to Symphony," which proved instructive, and a course of three excellent lectures by Robert Tolmie on "Music and its Relation to Other Arts." Among the compositions brought out during the year were two masses by Adolph Locher and Alois F. Lejeal, both of which were successful. I must not omit to mention a string quartet by Alois F. Lejeal which was played last week at the Musicians' club concert. Another event of importance was the organization of a concert company by Herbert A. Kidder of Sacramento which contains some of our best local talent. In its ranks may be found Miss Maude Fay, who thus made her first appearance and was greeted with enthusiasm in the interior towns of this state, Mrs. J. E. Birmingham, Miss Alma Perglund and Miss Marion Barrington, all of this city. The portraits of these young local singers will be found accompanying this article. And now having overhauled the last year let us close it fitly by giving Vladimir de Pachmann a hearty welcome next week.

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The concert of the Neapolitan Mandolin and Guitar club, which was given at Association auditorium on Thursday evening December seventh under the direction of Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood, was one of the most successful musical events of the season. The hall was packed to overflowing and among the audience were many of the most prominent members of San Francisco' social cult. The concert was furthermore an artistic triumph and the large audience present was lavish in bestowing its approval upon the artistic selections. The Neapolitan Mandoline and Guitar club includes: Mandolines, Mrs. T. P. Bryant and Misses Elizabeth G. Edmeads, Jessie McDonald Jamieson, Dagmar A Johnson, Hazel Montgomery, Phœbe Winslow Painter, Helen Powell, Flora H. Walter, Edna Montgomery; guitars, Mesdames J. F. McCauley and George W. Rosekrans, Misses Grace Foulds, Catherine M. Johnson, Annie Montgomery, Q. Eugenie Montgomery, Lizzie Darwina

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Painter, Maud Simons, Marin Waterhouse; Miss Theresa Sherwood, director, Miss Lily Sherwood, accompanist. The club was assisted by Miss Ella V. McCloskey, contralto, Mr. A. Horatio Cogswell, baritone, Signor S. Martinez, pianist, and Miss Julia J. Heffernan, accompanist.

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Among the most important events of the year was the purchase of Giacomo Minkowsky's now celebrated comic opera "The Smugglers of Badayez" by the Bostonians. And I will now fulfill my recent promise to publish some of the opinions of the Eastern press on this able work: New York *Herald*, October 20, 1899: "The work is a tuneful composition of the modern Italian school. It made a hit. A novel intermezzo between acts one and two, in which cello and viola are used hidden behind the curtain, was redemanded several times." * * * New York *Journal*, October 20, 1899: "Much of the music is light and tuneful, and it has the dreamy sensuous swing of the Italian school. The audience which saw and applauded the opera completely filled the theatre." * * * Curtis Dunham in New York *Journal*, October 24, 1899: "Before the end of the overture last night it was plain that the Brooklyn audience was grateful to the Bostonians for investing in the talents of Minkowsky. Early in the first act it began expressing its gratitude with a sincerity and spontaneity that could not be mistaken. There were recalls for nearly all of the principals. The Smugglers of Badayez' is understood not to be due in Manhattan until quite late in the season. That is a pity—but it is worth waiting for." * * * Brooklyn *Daily Eagle*, October 24, 1899: "There can be little doubt that the Bostonians have secured another successful opera in 'The Smugglers of Badayez.' The people who saw it were clearly delighted with it. They were generous in their applause and did not approve without discrimination." * * * Philadelphia *Times*, November 7, 1899: "The music throughout, solo and concerted, is of a high order, and while not without the popular quality of melody, shows a master hand in the composer. Each and every number was encored from one

Henry Holmes, Leader of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and Holmes Chamber Music Quartet

to five times, and finally Mr. Barnabee had to ask the large audience to refrain from more demands in order that the play might proceed."

¶ ¶

The committee under whose auspices the recent symphony concert was given organized permanently last Monday evening under the title of San Francisco Symphony association. It was decided to give a series of five concerts on January eighteenth, February first, February fifteenth, March first and March fifteenth at the Grand Opera House. Phil Hastings was engaged as business manager. Since this announcement has been made in the daily papers scores of symphony enthusiasts have invaded the music store of Sherman, Clay & Co. in order to ascertain the date of the opening sale. This surely points toward a successful season.

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The third concert of the Minetti quartet occurred at Sherman-Clay hall on Friday afternoon of last week. Notwithstanding the inclement weather there was a large audience present which certainly listened to the best chamber music concert heard here this season. I refer particularly to the rendition of the Goldmark piano quintet in B flat major op. 30, which was executed with an artistic skill that spurred the audience on to acknowledging the excellence of the work with the most enthusiastic manifestations of delight. It was nobly done. I liked especially the adagio movement with its broad, sombre strains, the beauty of which was exceedingly impressive. The ensemble work of the quartet was as usual faultless, the attack spontaneous and the execution denoted delicate taste. I was so much more surprised at this spontaneity of ensemble work and attack as there was a new member in the quartet. Ferdi-

Giulio Minetti, Concertmaster of the San Francisco Symphony Orchestra and Leader of the famous Minetti Quartet

nand Stark has not played in a quartet for years and hence was somewhat of a stranger. Besides those initiated into the mysteries of ensemble work know that the substitution of a new member for an old one overthrows the whole fabric of unanimity as every player possesses his certain qualities with which his fellow players must become acquainted. It so happens that quartet players become accustomed to each other's playing and a change in the personnel causes no end of trouble. It spoke well for the efficiency of the Minetti quartet as well as that of Mr. Stark that the change was not noticeable in the uniformity of the playing. Herman Genss played the piano part with that painstaking care which marks the work of the careful musician and artist. Mr. Genss had shown his talent on previous occasions, but he had so far no opportunity to show his efficiency as an ensemble player. He demonstrated last week that he is entitled to the highest recognition in that class of work. Miss Margarethe Bruntsch was the vocalist and this leads me to a vital question regarding chamber music. I think it is a shame to permit a vocalist to sing in a chamber music concert unless he or she is fully entitled to such distinction. Chamber music belongs to the highest class of music and only the foremost and most accomplished vocalists should be engaged for such affairs. We have some excellent vocalists here, some of whom could certainly be able to meet all requirements of a chamber music concert. But neither Miss Bruntsch nor Mrs. Richards—although both are accomplished—could be responsible exponents for such occasions. In order to prevent any disagreeable impression it would be far better for the leaders of local quartets to refrain from engaging any vocalists at all. Besides Giulio Minetti the other members of the quartet are entitled to praise for their individual work.

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On Friday evening December eighth Peter C. Allen's excellent pastorale "Adria and Aeon" was presented at the Dietz Opera House before a large and fashionable audience. The proceeds were divided among the Oakland charity associations. Mr. Allen wrote the pastorale especially for production by Miss Florence Sharon and Miss Pauline Fore and a sextet of strings. A musical program preceded the pastorale in which Miss Jean Hush, violinist, the Madrigal club of women's voices and a chorus of men participated. The synopsis of the pastorale is as follows:

"The rising curtain discloses a sylvan scene: Adria, a beautiful shepherdess, is in search of her brother. As she calls him an answer is heard from one gradually approaching, and Aeon, a noble youth, appears. Adria, disconcerted, hides in the thicket while Aeon eagerly searches for the maid whose voice has charmed him. As Adria watches the youth she realizes that he is the hero of her dreams. Unable to escape she is finally discovered by Aeon, who exclaims that she is the maiden of his nightly visions. Mutual confessions and vows of eternal constancy close the story."

Mr. Allen deserves to be heartily congratulated on this splendid work and it is to be hoped that it will be given in this city ere long.

¶ ¶

A pleasant Christmas concert was given at Byron Mauzy hall on Thursday evening of last week. The participants on

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the program were: S. Martinez, Miss Gussie Newport, Bernard Mollenhauer, Misses Theresa and Lily Sherwood, H. Clay Wysham, Robert Lloyd, Mrs. W. J. Batchelder and Mrs. F. S. Gutterson.

¶ ¶

The closing concert of the fall term at Mills college was given under the direction of Louis Lisser last Tuesday evening. The participants were: violins, Misses Dyberg, Furth, Gertrude Eells, Alice M. Woodbury, Grace Newton, Johnson, Kelley, Hegele, Glass, Ringer, Richards, Connelley, McDermott, Opal Miller, Maud Culton, Finley, Mi ler, Whipple, Dorothy E. Cooley, Willie C. Finley and Grace Elmore. Piano class is under direction of Louis Lisser, the violin class in the care of Giulio Minetti and the vocal class is directed by H. B. Pasmore.

¶ ¶

W. C. Campbell, choir director of Calvary Presbyterian church, has prepared a special Christmas eve musical service for tomorrow evening. The numbers consist of: Organ prelude, R. D. Burness; Christmas anthem, "The Nativity" (J. H. Brewer) by the choir; recitative and aria from "The Messiah," D. M. Lawrence; recitative and aria "O Thou That Tellest" Miss Van Pelt; recitative and aria from 'The Messiah," W. C. Campbell; soprano solo, "The Babe of Light and Glory," (Dressler), Mrs Susie Hert-Mark, violin obligato by Henry Larsen; aria alto and soprano solos, Miss Isella Van Pelt and Mrs. Susie Hert-Mark; anthem, choir; organ postlude Hallelujah chorus, R. D. Burness. ALFRED METZGER.

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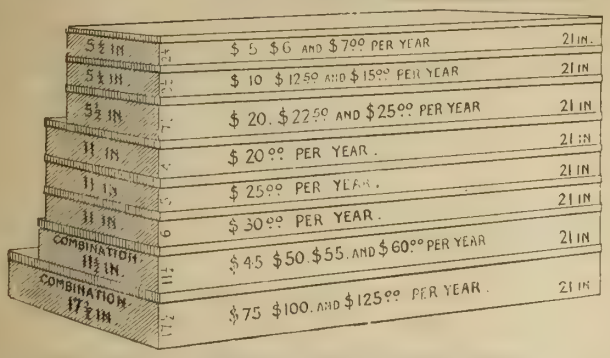

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STATEMENT OF CONDITION

AT CLOSE OF BUSINESS, JULY 31, 1899

ASSETS		LIABILITIES	
Loans	$11,802,745.47	Capital, paid up	$ 500,000.00
Bonds, Stocks and Warrants	1,104,232.88	Surplus	5,750,000.00
Real Estate	1,263,924.15	Undivided Profits	1,380,537.49
Furniture and Fixtures	13,845.29	Deposits, Banks and Bankers	1,591,947.90
Miscellaneous Assets	10,7[illegible]9.74	Deposits, Individual	8,674,290.37
Due from Banks and Bankers	1,088,419.30		$17,866,775.76
Cash	2,588,888.93		
	$17,866,775.76		

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AR.	Los Angeles	7.45 A. M.	Wed. & Saturdays
LV.	Los Angeles	8.00 A. M.	" "
AR.	El Paso	7.12 A. M.	Thurs. & Sundays
LV.	El Paso	9.25 A. M.	" "
AR.	New Orleans	7.45 P. M.	Fridays & Mondays
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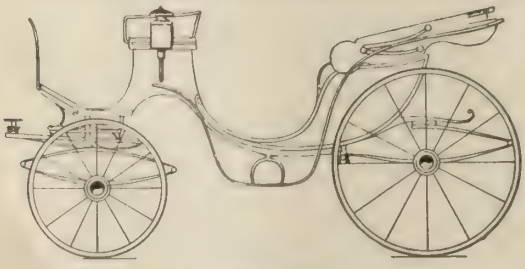

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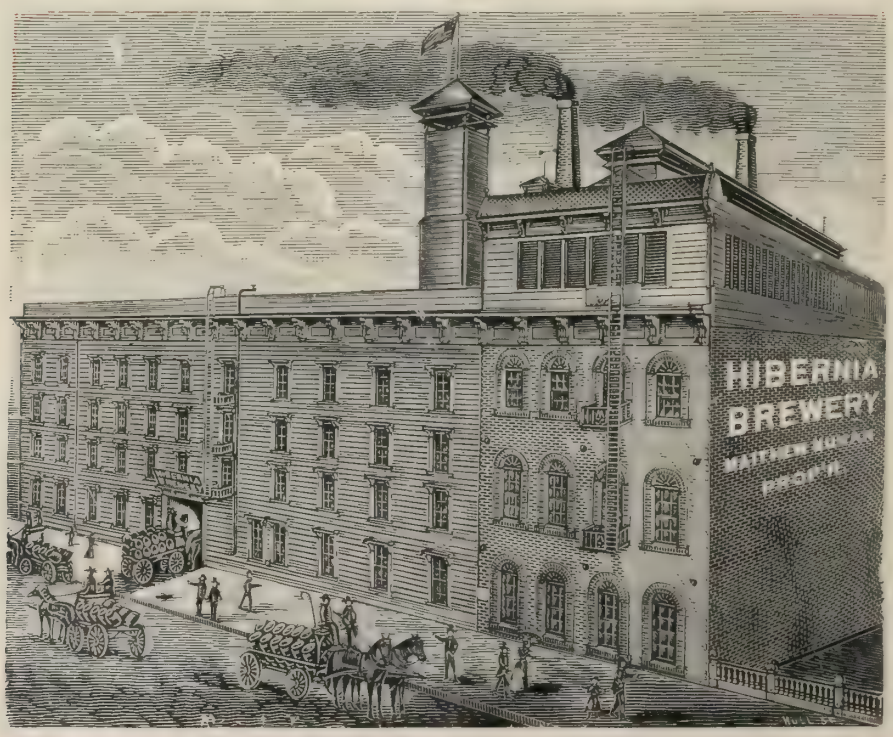

MATTHEW NUNAN, = = Proprietor.

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Town Talk

THE LEADING WEEKLY OF SAN FRANCISCO

VOL. 8—NO. 383 SAN FRANCISCO, DECEMBER 30, 1899 PRICE, 10 CENTS

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TOWN TALK

San Francisco, December 30, 1899

THIS JOURNAL IS PUBLISHED WEEKLY BY

TOWN TALK PUBLISHING CO.

Theo. F. Bonnet, - - - Editor

40 Ellis Street, Third Floor Telephone Main 5725

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Pay no money to persons representing themselves to be connected with TOWN TALK unless a written authority to receipt for the same is shown and accept no receipt unless it be on our printed blanks.

OUR OPINION

The War and the Critics

THE war in South Africa is a fruitful theme for the military critics of the press. The unexpected having happened the journalistic warriors find much to write about. If the British had swept the Boers before them, the critics would have stated that it was the natural consequence of a conflict between the trained soldier and the farmer. But the reverse having happened the critics feel that it is their duty to explain the unusual course of events. It appears to be the consensus of opinion that the British have erred in battle tactics and inadequate reconnoissance, and that they were handicapped by a lack of artillery. The Intelligence Department has been censured for gross negligence, and the British generals have been blamed for not ascertaining whether they had all the trump cards before beginning the game. The capacity of the Boers for conceiving and executing strategic movements never enters into the calculations of the critics. The failure of the British to accomplish their purpose is all the average newspaper warrior considers. Yet the Boers have played an important part in each of those South African engagements and perhaps the defeat of the British was not due to their delinquencies alone, but rather to the skill and tenacity of their opponents coupled with the advantage which the latter enjoyed in the matter of position. The mobility of the Boers has surely made an impression on military men. After each engagement with Methuen they were ready to fight again, and when Gatacre attempted to surprise them at Stormberg he found himself surrounded by six thousand men, although he had estimated their strength at three thousand. Perhaps his intelligence was accurate when he received it, a few days before the engagement, and that subsequently reinforcements arrived. When the war is over we may learn the truth, and perhaps we may learn that there was less blundering than the critics have imagined.

The Latest Suggestion in Reference to the Divorce Evil

BISHOP DOANE, a clergyman of high repute, has become alarmed over the frequency of divorce, and having given the matter careful consideration he has reached the conclusion that there is only one way of checking it, and that is by creating "a wholesome public opinion in whose atmosphere the thing cannot live." Bishop Doane appears to have very little confidence in the influence of the church. He thinks that church rules designed to perpetuate the matrimonial bond would have little effect, but he feels that the church could assist in creating the wholesome public opinion. The truth of the matter is that Bishop Doane, like many other clergymen, has not the courage of his convictions. He believes it to be the duty of the church to check divorce by stringent rules, but he is afraid to urge their enactment. His policy is to popularize religion by adapting it to the temperament of the people; so, instead of making rules that might cause a loss of patronage, he prefers to foster a wholesome public opinion. There is no doubt that if divorce led more generally to social ostracism, it would be less common, but society will never draw the line at divorced people. Divorce is an expedient to which the leaders of society resort. And though a dignified matron of society may today entertain a deep-rooted prejudice against divorce, perhaps tomorrow she may be sympathizing with a very intimate relation who has passed through the mill. It would be absurd to expect society to insist upon the durability of marriage. The problem is one that should be handled by the church, and until the church takes hold of it the obligation imposed by the marriage ceremony will continue to be regarded with indifference.

If Austin Would Only Resign

MR. RUDYARD KIPLING has made such a hit in London since the opening of the war in South Africa, that it has been suggested that Mr. Alfred Austin might obtain forgiveness for many of the crimes that he has perpetrated in verse by resigning his job as Poet Laureate, and giving the Queen a chance to fill the vacancy by appointing the clever versifier from the Antipodes. Mr. Austin is the most heartrending failure as Poet Laureate that the people of England have ever known. But his unworth was never so severely emphasized as it has been since the beginning of the stirring events in the Transvaal. His efforts to write up to the events of the period would be funny if they were not pitiful and humiliating to all Britishers. Judging from the inane and badly constructed verse that has come from the Austin pen during the past few months, the muse has been obtaining a divorce from him for incompatibility of temperament. Meanwhile Kipling has ingratiated himself into British favor by writing jingle, which,

being imbued with the spirit of the times has been gladly accepted as genuine poetry. He has made the Chamberlain policy popular by stirring ballads that are declaimed in the London music halls, and the authorities are beginning to regard him as a valuable assistant in rousing enthusiasm. Joe Chamberlain is a very much abused man at present, and Kipling has done much to assuage the severity of the storm of censure that has descended upon the colonial secretary. Besides he has been very active in drumming up recruits for South Africa, having constituted himself an amateur recruiting sergeant in the county of Sussex. He is therefore qualifying himself for the position of Poet Laureate in more ways than one.

The Era of Progress Has Set In

SAN FRANCISCO has awakened from its lethargy. The decision of the people in favor of a bond-issue for the extension of Golden Gate park to the main artery of the city and for the establishment of a system of boulevards unparalleled in extent and magnificence in any city on the globe, was in the nature of a farewell to silurianism. The education of the taxpayers—thanks to the perseverance of a young, energetic and progressive Mayor—has been completed and the bright destiny of San Francisco now appears to be within easy reach of realization. Several years ago we felt that not until a certain number of funerals took place could this city advance as it should. It was being held in restraint by the exponents of a policy of retrenchment. They were alarmists who predicted that if necessary improvements were projected private property would be confiscated by corrupt politicians. The suggestion of a bond-issue provoked the most frantic protests and taxpayers were impressed with the notion that San Francisco should progress by easy stages on a dollar limit basis. The supposition is warranted that the required number of funerals has taken place and that the people are convinced that the predatory politicians are no longer in a position to confiscate private property.

The beautiful combinations of colors in monogram stamping as executed by Messrs. Cooper & Co., the Art Stationers, show the very great superiority of their ability in this particular line.

SHERIFF'S SALE

BEN B. HASKELL, Plaintiff vs. MARGARET DUNTON, Defendant.	Sale. Justices' Court, No. 14661. Execution.

Under and by virtue of an Execution, issued out of the Justices' Court, of the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, on the 14th day of November A. D. 1899, in the above entitled action, wherein Ben B. Haskell, the above named plaintiff, obtained a Judgment against Margaret Dunton, defendant, on the 2nd day of November A. D. 1899, which said Judgment was recorded in the Clerk's Office of said Court, I am commanded to sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton, in and to all that certain lot, piece or parcel of land, situate, lying, and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and described as follows:

All that certain lot, piece or parcel of land situate, lying and being in the City and County of San Francisco, State of California, and bounded and more particularly described as follows: Commencing at a point in the northerly line of Seventeenth street distant thereon easterly fifty-five feet from the point of intersection formed by the northerly line of Seventeenth street with the easterly line of Noe street, and running thence easterly along said northerly line of Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; thence at right angles northerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet; thence at right angles westerly and parallel with Seventeenth street twenty-five feet; and thence at right angles southerly and parallel with Noe street ninety-one and one-half feet to the point of commencement.

Public Notice is hereby given that on Monday the 22nd day of January A. D. 1900, at 12 o'clock, noon, of that day, in front of the New City Hall, Larkin street wing, in the City and County of San Francisco, I will, in obedience to said Execution, sell all the right, title and interest of the above named defendant, Margaret Dunton in and to the above described property, or so much thereof as may be necessary to raise sufficient money to satisfy said Judgment, with interests and costs, etc., to the highest and best bidder, for lawful money, of the United States.

HENRY S. MARTIN, Sheriff

San Francisco, December 30th, 1899.

BEN B. HASKELL, 409 California street, San Francisco
Attorney in pro per.

A Custom More Honored in the Breach.

THE criticism continues to be made that the people of the United States are lacking in their show of respect of national symbols. That the criticism is justified there is no doubt. Repeated testimony to its justness is furnished in this city every time a regiment marches away or returns from the Philippines. Not more than one in one thousand men bares the head at sight of the American flag or when the national air is played. Of late years an effort is being made in the public schools to inculcate a respect of national symbols, but grown people should be persuaded to set an example for the young. Indifference in pose and manner when the national air is played or sung, or when the national colors are displayed is too common. This indifference has been attributed heretofore to the fact that we are not a military nation, but that may no longer be urged as an excuse. We have succeeded in inspiring respect for the flag on foreign soil, and we should not be coldly indifferent to the glorious memories that it revives. Even in Cuba, it is reported, it is now a common sight to witness thousands standing uncovered at the close of an evening concert in a plaza when the American national air is played by one of the military bands. It should not be said of native born Americans that they show less respect for the national air than do those of a foreign country. Some people are laboring under the impression that this country has no national air, but "The Star Spangled Banner" has been officially declared our national hymn, and its delightful strains should always impel us to respectful pose. The military regulations call for this, and the civic proprieties should demand it. The American people were never more impressively reminded of their duty in this matter than they were a short time ago on the occasion of a football game between the Annapolis and West Point Cadets on Franklin Field, Philadelphia. The Annapolis players were first on the field and were tumbling about awaiting their rivals' appearance when the band began to play "The Star Spangled Banner." At once every cadet, whether sailor or soldier, stood at attention and uncovered as he was bound to do by regulation. The military men present obeyed the instincts of their training immediately, and then all present followed this example, and the assemblage of nearly twenty-five thousand persons stood in silence and in the attitude of respect until the music ceased.

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UNE NUIT BLANCHE

[AUGUST 25, 1899]

YON cold gray tower by some strange necromancy
Changes to fire and air
Like to those astral shapes which dreamers fancy
Embodied spirits wear.

And that fair dome is all a lucent fretwork,
Rounded in woven fire;
Some wizard hand has caught it in a network
A mesh of golden wire

And as the long dark street bursts into glory
All roofed and walled with gold,
It brings to mind those Nights of Eastern story
By ancient poets told.

Once, ere the dawn a palace fair was builded
By slaves of lamp and ring,
But mightier servitors their power have wielded
To rear this wondrous thing.

And who are these who walk its bright roof under,
Children of earth and day?
Or are they wanderers from some world of wonder,
Some planet far away?

And rarer jewels crown it and bedeck it
Than gems of cave or mine,
These rubies, sapphires, diamonds, that fleck it
Are wrought of flame divine.

But at a touch this beauty evanescent
As frostwork in the sun
Shall vanish with its glory iridescent
When this strange night is done.

Yet not again shall I with wonted vision
View the dull street of yore.
A glamour of this radiance Elysian
Shall clothe it evermore.

IRENE CONNELL

The Saunterer

SIGHED Presiding Judge Daingerfield the other day: "I'm getting worn out, indeed I am. I find my duties on the bench to be so engrossing, so exacting that I really feel sometimes as though I should have to give it up. I am seriously thinking of retiring from the bench."

A crowd of sympathizing attorneys listened attentively and wore appropriate expressions of regret upon their countenances. One said deferentially:

"What will you do, then, judge, in that event? Will you resume the study of law?"

It is fortunate for Judge Daingerfield that one of his standard principles is never to take a lawyer seriously.

The Probate Judge of Department 9 has had a good deal to say lately about the lawyers. His Honor appears to be in a continuous state of siege; first it is one estate, then another. He has his own ideas as to the proper compensation to allow attorneys, and it is surprising how few legal luminaries can be found to fall in with his views. So the Probate Judge has heard recently that he will be violently opposed when he offers himself to the public in 1900.

"I'll furnish them with ammunition," he says. "I shall be glad when the year 1900 has passed by and I can step down and out." Which, if taken literally, would mean that Judge Coffey does not want another six years on the bench. For all that, it is the writer's opinion that the name of James Vincent Coffey will be found in the list of candidates when the time comes. It ought to be a spirited election, for there is so little else to think about. True, the presidential election is on, but that is in national politics. The municipal ticket will be made up solely of candidates for Superior Judge and Justice of the Peace. It is already said that the four democratic nominees will be Judges Lawlor, Coffey, Daingerfield and Wallace. Little Judge Belcher and Judge Bahrs are expecting renomination on the republican ticket.

I heard a good story on ex-Judge Robert Ferral the other day. He was counsel for the defense of a celestial on trial before Judge Lawlor and a jury for robbery. It occurred only the other day. Well, one of the witnesses for the prosecution was a burly policeman, named Edwards, "Big Jack" Edwards. During the course of his testimony he happened to remark that two events of the night of the robbery happened within a certain number of minutes of each other. This was considered important, so Judge Ferral subjected the officer to a sharp cross-examination.

"Are you sure of the number of minutes you mention?" he asked.

"I think I am," was the officer's reply

"Oh, you are, are you?" sarcastically said the Judge. "Do you think you can gauge time so accurately as all that?"

The man in blue modestly confessed that he thought he could.

"Very well," snapped the judge, whipping out his watch. "I'll test you. Now sit there and reckon one minute, right now. Are you ready? Go!"

The seconds flew by and the officer sat there gazing steadily in front of him and twirling his thumbs. Just about half a second from the time he said, "Now!" Judge Ferral was staggered. He let the officer go. The feat also roused the enthusiasm of the prosecuting attorney, Governor Salomon, and when court had adjourned he followed the officer out of court. He invited him into the District Attorney's office and, closing the door, said.

"Edwards, tell me how you managed to guess that time so accurately? I have a system for that; tell me yours. Did you swing your hands like this"—motioning back and forth—"or did you simply count in your head?"

The officer smiled.

"Oh, no, governor," he replied. "I didn't have a system. I just looked up at the clock."

POMMERY

SEC BRUT

Universally acknowledged by connoisseurs the Highest Grade Champagne

CHAS. GRAEF & CO., Sole Agents New York and San Francisco.

JOHN CAFFREY, Pacific Coast Representative.

When the legislature made an appropriation for the benefit of John C. Pelton the people of this state had a natural right to hope that they had heard the last of the Pioneer Mendicant, but no! Last week John C. Pelton bobbed up at the County Teachers' Institute in Los Angeles and to such good purpose that the deluded pedagogues of that paradise of the Pacific have pledged themselves to turn over one per cent of their salaries for the next year to the plausible old faker. As has been pointed out before John C. Pelton was neither the first teacher, the first public school teacher, nor the founder of our public school system. His venture was a private affair from first to last, though he was paid one thousand dollars a month from the city treasury. He even had, rent free, the basement and furniture of rooms in one of the churches, which had been fitted up for educational purposes, so that instead of the state owing him any recognition it is quite the other way. Mr. Pelton has a son and daughter in comfortable circumstances, both of whom, I am informed, have offered him a maintenance conditioned upon his ceasing to beg from the public, but he is so thoroughly imbued with the idea of his importance that he is unwilling to accede to their request. One thing that puzzles many a one is how a man so extremely destitute as he represents himself to be can find money with which to travel all over the state.

Nobody will ever accuse the Herolds of undue haste in the institution of divorce proceedings. It was over three years ago that the bohemian ménage of the Herolds in Haight street was broken up. About that time a sensational story reached the newspaper offices. It was the story of a surprise party—an impromptu, informal affair to which nobody was invited. I understood that the sequel would develop in the divorce court, but a few months later came the report that the Herolds had been reconciled. It now appears, though, that they were not. Mr. Herold made no effort to prevent his wife from obtaining the decree. It appears that he even supplied her with an attorney, for it was his friend "Ole" Bill Foote that had charge of the case. Mrs. Herold is quoted in the *Chronicle* as stating that she does not care for herself, and that she wants to appear in the right light before the world. I don't know what she means, but I sincerely hope she will have her wish. By all means put the lady in the right light—the calcium preferred—before the world, and at the same time let us have a little slow music with a tenor solo.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Herold have been married before. Mrs. Herold, who was Bessie Grim in her maiden days, was a Mrs. Smith when she married Rudolph Herold. The latter married Miss Van Bergen from whom he was subsequently divorced.

Dr. H. J. Stewart, the musician, is anxious to place the ethics of the musical profession on a higher plane by prohibiting members from advertising. He urges all first class musicians to rely on their merit and abandon the advertising columns. Dr. Stewart is one of the most judicious advertisers in his profession, but if he had relied on his ability, which is unquestioned, he would not have attained the success that he has so steadily enjoyed. Having established a reputation which insures him an income, he now seeks to persuade his younger and less fortunate rivals to struggle in obscurity. If Dr. Stewart could have his way the musical profession would be like the medical—overrun by charlatans who, while scorning to advertise in a legitimate way, seek by various cunning and shallow tricks to have themselves lauded in the press. All doctors strive to keep their names before the public and they have many ways of attaining their end. If advertising were prohibited by the ethics of the musical profession does any one believe that Dr. H. J. Stewart would throw up his job as musical critic of the *Post* or that he would refrain from signing his screed?

The Christmas jinks of the Bohemians last Saturday night was the most successful in the history of the club. The musical features were perhaps the most enjoyable. Three orchestras appeared in succession during the festivities, Stark's players winding up the low jinks just as the cable cars began to move Sunday morning. One of the most amusing features was the pantomime in which Frank Coffin appeared as a chic heroine of the tenderloin intent upon raising funds enough to appease the wrath of her importunate landlady, who was impersonated by Donald Graham. One of the scenes was located in a private room of a French restaurant where the insolvent damsel kept an engagement with a generous and jovial man-about-town in the person of "Doc" Martin. The selection of Martin for that rollicking role was regarded as peculiarly appropriate, as was evident from the uproarious reception he was given when he joined his fair frail one. The most realistic piece of acting was that of Graham when he deposited the money, paid by Martin in liquidation of the room rent, in his stocking. It was apparent that this trick was amusingly reminiscent.

Divorce is rapidly becoming a habit among us and not a day passes that I do not hear a story of this or that one who is contemplating a legal separation. The Deuprey divorce case, that startled the newspaper reading world during the Christmas holidays, was surprising because of the length of time the parties to the suit had been married. The social standing of both husband and wife made their suit the subject of comment. When Judge Hillyer's daughter Flora married Eugene Deuprey it was considered one of the most perfect love matches that had ever been recorded in social history. Several children

OLD STYLE
HAND MADE
R.B.HAYDEN
SOUR MASH
NELSON CO. KY.

The finest of hand-made Sour Mash Whiskies produced in Nelson Co., Ky. Distilled by the Greenbrier Distilling Co., Greenbrier, Nelson Co., Ky.

CHARLES MEINECKE & CO.,
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came to bless the union and the eldest girl was always an especial favorite with her father. The lawyer lost no time, apparently, in securing a new matrimonial partner. On Thursday he took a trip to Nevada with Mrs. Florence Craig and in Reno the latter became his wife.

Mrs. Deuprey's sister, Miss Nellie Hillyer, after her début was counted among the most popular girls in society. Mrs. Hearst took a fancy to her and invited her for a season in Washington, D.C., also I believe taking her abroad.

Ardup: Were you out at the track yesterday?
Highflyer: Yes, on the last race; about five hundred dollars.

The gossips of society are getting more and more loquacious every day. Stories of society's misdoings are flooding the newspaper offices, for the gossips are envious and malicious and like to see their yarns in print. I have neither the taste nor the space for these unwholesome winter revelations of the club and boudoir, but I must confess that I was somewhat interested the other day in what purported to be the true story of why a certain very prominent member of the Blingum set inherited her fortune to the exclusion of the relatives of the man from whom it flowed. I was asked to tell the story but must decline to do so for it would subserve no good purpose and might inflict much pain. That is the kind of stories that I prefer to leave untold.

At the performance of "The Christian" on Tuesday evening I noticed several theatre parties. One, which occupied two stage boxes, was chaperoned by the Henry Crockers.

Though the British idea of a Christmas card may not be so artistic as the American notion, it is much more clever in its literary aspect. Captain Sealby of the *Coptic*, who is now in London, sent his San Francisco friends several specimens of the English holiday greeting. One, received by George T. Bromley, has a little duck attached to the card and the accompanying legend reads:

Hoping you will be fairly in the swim this Christmas.

Today let your conduct be merry and wise,
And when you are getting too frisky
I don't say you ought-er, quite *take to the water*,
But pray have a care with the whiskey.

As gaily the bottle goes sailing around
Duck one or two times, take my warning,
Keep more on Dry Land, you'll be able to stand
And won't *swim* so much in the morning.

If you had any doubt as to when the twentieth century begins I suppose it was removed when Sir Oracle, better known as "Hoch der Kaiser" put an end to all discussion by declaring in favor of January 1900. It is unfortunate that the Kaiser did not speak before, for many of our learned men have already declared that the twentieth century does not begin until 1901. Some of the most profound scholars in this country have stated that to argue that the twentieth century begins in 1900 is to contend that a century consists of only ninety-nine years, but nevertheless there was a controversy and it was becoming acrimonious. It is therefore fortunate, that the great Wise Gazaba, the War Lord and Christian Emperor, has issued his fiat. After all, it is a good thing for the world to have a supreme infallible authority, in whom we can rely and to whom we can refer for the settlement of all bets.

The Press club's next function is to be dubbed a "Good Luck" entertainment, its purpose being to remove the hoodoo that is said to have settled upon the club immediately after the now famous Thirteen dinner, at which Ed Clough invoked the curses of all the deities of misfortune, bad luck and misery that he had ever been familiar with. The "Good Luck" entertainment has been set for January thirteenth—ominous date for a hoodoo-dispelling function. I hear that there are to be some novel features.

Maud: I'm glad Tom didn't send me gloves this year; he never did get the right size.
Lucy: What did he send you?
Maud: Hosiery.

Colonel Richard Henry Savage, author of "My Official Wife," has been talking to the members of the College Women's club. At a banquet given by the club at Sherry's, in New York city, last month Colonel Savage said, among other things about 'The Model American and European Woman": "The European woman needs the firmest control of her emotional nature. Our bright-minded Eves only need barriers against change and recklessness. The *head* needs development abroad; the *heart* here. It is surely out of good form to approach any advanced woman now in the sugared ways of jollying or a sickly sentimentality, and yet no one can deny that the finer courtesies, the 'old lavender' of life, are being rapidly forgotten among our materialistic youth."

The illustration craze appears to be getting more violent in the office of the dailies. It appears to be the rule to run a prominent man's picture every time he opens his mouth, and if he fails to close it for a week to keep the picture standing. I am an admirer of David Starr Jordan and also of Benjamin Ide Wheeler. I like to hear them talk when they have anything to say and I like their personal appearance, but I am getting tired of being confronted by their pictures every time I take up a daily paper. Within the past month each of the college presidents has had his phiz published in this city at least twenty-five times. I don't blame them for being illustrated so often; they can't help it. But I should like to know whether those pictures are regarded by the editors of the dailies as news features. And if so, I should like to know why biographical sketches of Jordan and Wheeler are not also published with the pictures.

Just the thing to take camping, a bottle of Chapin and Gore's old Reserve Bourbon.

Quintonica...

For heads that need more hair. Quintonica keeps the scalp healthy and encourages a heavy, healthy growth . . . .

FOR SALE BY

G. LEDERER, 123 Stockton St.
Opposite City of Paris.

When the late lamented Loring Pickering passed away I supposed that there was no longer a market for the effusions of the obituary poet. His vocation was gone, I thought, but I was mistaken. He has transferred his services from the *Call* to the *Star* of Washington, D. C. The death-notice column of that journal always contains obituary poetry of a most melancholy character. It is kept in stock and is disposed of at cost price. But so great is the demand on the poet that sometimes his Pegasus gets jaded and declines to respond to the incessant urging of his master. And hence I have occasionally found the same verse, with slight variations, doing duty for the bereaved of more than one departed. On the nineteenth instant there was some obituary poetry in the *Star* beginning with these lines:

"Two long years have passed away,
Two sad years since that fatal day."

On the following day there appeared this notice:

IN MEMORIAM.

WISSMAN. In loving remembrance of our darling EILEEN, who died one year ago today, December 20, 1898.

One long year has passed away,
One sad year since that fatal day;
The one we dearly loved and prized
Lay cold and dead before our eyes.

We miss her little footsteps,
We miss her everywhere;
Home is not what it used to be
Since our darling is not here.
FROM MAMMA, PAPA AND SISTER.

Out in this benighted region where sentiment does not run into obituary poetry, that sort of thing might be regarded as a joke. But it isn't. Mamma, papa and sister were never more serious in their lives than when they rushed into print to tell their grief to the world. And, by the way, they didn't beat out Uncle John and Aunt Jane by more than a hair, as is evident from the following which appeared on the same day in the same column of the same up-to-date newspaper of Washington, D. C.

WISSMAN. In loving remembrance of our darling niece, EILEEN, who died one year ago today, December 20, 1898.

When we see the precious blossom
That we tended with such care
Quickly taken from our bosom,
How our hearts almost despair.
Round her little grave we linger
Till the setting sun is low,
Feeling all our hopes have perished
With the flower we cherished so.
FROM UNCLE JOHN AND AUNT JANE.

Word comes from New York that Mrs. George Crocker is being very much embarrassed by the demands being made upon her by several of her Californian friends, who, now that she has entered through the portals of Gotham's Four Hundred, expect her to smuggle them in on the ground floor. One of the most persistent of these friends is a San Francisco matron whose ambition is to shine as a leader of smart functions. She has succeeded so well among the immature aristocrats of this city that she sighs for new realms to conquer; besides she still has a daughter on her hands. But Mrs. Crocker has given her no encouragement. Then there is a handsome young girl in her senior year at Vassar who is said to be a relative of Mrs. Crocker. She bases fond hopes of social advancement on this relationship, but her family has a peculiar past that may interfere with their plans.

Apropos of TOWN TALK's late remarks anent Ellen Beach Yaw, the Los Angeles girl now in London, this citation from the *Referee* is interesting. The *Referee* is, by the way, an ultra-critical weekly of London. "The small part of the titular heroine of the piece falls to Miss Ellen Beach Yaw, a new-comer, whose high notes are said to be the most remarkable thing ever produced in the United States of America. Miss Yaw's abnormally high notes make me lift my eyebrows. They fill me with amazement and I marvel how she reaches so high. It is just as if one stretched out one's hand and touched the sky. Miss Yaw is certainly an accomplished vocalist, but Heaven will forgive me, I hope, for thinking that there was just a something comical in the artificialities of her wonderful bravura singing. It always makes me smile when a vocalist juggles in this fashion, and, on my honour, I do not understand to what sentiment in the audience it is intended to appeal. Yet, in justice to Miss Yaw, who has an ingratiating manner (and a not aggressive American accent), I must say that she does not smile at the finish as some of them do, with an air of 'Well, what do you think of that?'"

Never was the presence of youngsters among the masculine dancers more noticeable than at the golf cotillon last Saturday afternoon. The first set was filled with college boys and the kid contingent made Mr. Greenway look exactly like a grandpapa. Norris Davis, Willard Drown, George Cadwalader and Max McNutt are all mere boys but as they know how to dance they suited the buds who were their partners. There was some disappointment expressed that all the men did not appear in golf costume The assembly was a medley of morning dress, military uniforms and golf suits. While the affair may be termed a success, since it was so enjoyable, I question whether it was appropriate to the season. Afternoon affairs of this nature are rather suited to the social menu of a summer resort than for a season in town. However since the dancers liked the golf cotillon, I suggest to Mr. Greenway that he arrange next a yachting german, where boating costumes will be the rule.

The success of the golf cotillon has led others to think up novel entertainments. There is nothing new about a calico ball, for this form of function has for many years been a prominent feature of the social programs of fraternal lodges. In the swim, however, the calico ball has the virtue of novelty. And a calico ball will be given by Miss Adelaide Murphy tonight at her parents' home in Pacific avenue. Miss "Attie" Murphy is one of the "jolly" clique and her most intimate friend is Mrs. Sam Buckbee. Like the latter, she dearly loves to get up something out of the beaten track in the amusement line. Miss Murphy returned from London full of plans in regard to her manner of keeping "open house" at the family mansion this winter. This calico ball is the result of much thought and I understand several surprises in the way of novel decorations and costumes are on the ordre du soir.

Engraved Wedding Announcements and Invitations

A. M. ROBERTSON, 126 Post Street San Francisco

Oratorical honors have lately been bestowed on Colonel Beck of the Governor's staff, Bohemian club and also Anglo-California bank. The Elks of Stockton imported Colonel Beck to their town a few weeks ago, to fill the position of orator at their memorial exercises. I am indebted to him for a neatly printed pamphlet containing his oration. After reading it I concluded that Colonel Beck was entitled to classification in the silver-tongued fraternity. But the colonel is a modest man and makes no pretensions to oratorical ability. Though born with a silver tongue he is content to pursue the even tenor of his way in banking circles, but his natural gift has come out from under the bushel, and perhaps hereafter I may hear more of him on the rostrum.

Act III—Glory's Apartments.
"Say Your Prayers, Glory."

Considerable astonishment was expressed by visitors at the Hopkins' loan exhibition last week, who saw the picture of "The Man with the Hoe" for the first time, that the canvas was not larger. The philistine evidently judged the size of the Millet painting by the furor created over the poem of the same name. Probably some of the visitors thought the painting was an illustration of the poem. The Millet canvas, which is the genuine article, was loaned by Mrs. Will Crocker, and was the central point of interest among many interesting exhibits.

Something will have to be done to make the Thursday evenings at the Hopkins' more inspiring. They are always well attended but in spite of the fine musical programs arranged by Sir Henry Heyman, the affairs lack go. Mr. Fletcher, the Institute's curator, is continually on the alert for bright ideas in art exhibitions. That the general public appreciates the Institute is shown by the large attendance on "free" days. But the Thursday musical evenings are certainly dull.

Writes my London correspondent: Everybody just now is doing something for the English soldier, his wife and little ones. The American residents are lending a hand in their several ways to provide assistance and good cheer for those left behind when Tommy Atkins went to the front. Among Americans in London is Carrie Roma, who is doing her share in the entertainments given by volunteers from social and professional circles. Madame Roma, as the Californian singer is now titled, sang at the National Sporting club's charity concert on the fourteenth of the month, other participants being Mrs. Brown-Potter, Mrs. Langtry, Mrs. Beerbohm Tree, Signor Tito Mattei, Frank Lawton, Marie Tempest, Vesta Tilley and Florence St. John. She was also on the bill of Irene Szilassy's smart "café chantant" given at the Royal Institute Galleries on the eighth of December under the patronage of the Princess Christian, Duchess of York and others of the royal swim. This was for the benefit of the *Daily Telegraph* shilling fund for widows and orphans. At the Royal Institute Madame Roma presided at the tea table—that specially English adjunct at all functions—prior to the concert and as she says "poured tea and hobnobbed with my lady."

Mademoiselle Fougère, the latest feminine star at the Orpheum, is the same little Frenchwoman who was reported some months ago to have chased Jim Jeffries from Paris to New York. Very few theatregoers in this country knew that there was such a woman as Fougère until the dispatches told the story of her frantic infatuation for the big, brawny prizefighter from the citrus belt, and her efforts to keep within hugging distance. When Jeffries met this eccentric damsel in Paris he was under the surveillance of two vigilant managers who were intent upon preventing a diminution of his chances in the impending big fight. They therefore lured him away from Paris, and landed him safely in New York. During Fougère's stay in New York she saw a great deal of Jeffries, but would not confess to more than a platonic affection. She has been quoted as saying:

"Monsieur Jeffries comes to see me? Ah, non! He comes every day, yes—but to see my dog—my parrot; not me, ah no!"

From recent developments it appears that young Mr. Abe Leach was not the gay cavalier who figured in a sensational scene in a Mason street resort some months ago. Mr. Leach is or was a friend of the young Oakland society woman whose pleasures were so rudely interrupted on that occasion by an indignant spouse, but I have been assured that her escort was an entirely different individual. I therefore gladly pen the correction, for though Mr. Leach has never protested or requested a retraction, I feel that in justice to him I should state that he was in no way implicated. Being one of Oakland's gayest young bachelors he has had many adventures, but that was not one of them.

An old litigant named Andrew Smith had some fun with O'Donnell, of the law firm of Jones & O'Donnell, the other day. It appears that he engaged the firm to represent him in a case before Judge Hunt. Some testimony was taken on both sides; there was some wrangling among counsel, and while Andrew Smith looked on in amazement, O'Donnell, who appeared in court, said:

"Your honor, we submit the case."

Whereupon Judge Hunt promptly gave judgment against Smith and for his opponent. Smith shook his head, said nothing, but walked out of court and hunted up the nearest library. The next day he appeared in Jones & O'Donnell's office, a book under his arm and the lines of wrath upon his face

"Where's Mr. O'Donnell?" he asked, gruffly.

"He's engaged, sir. He'll be engaged for some time."

"Hmph. Is he in?"

"Yes, sir," said the boy. "There's his hat," pointing to a plug hat hanging against the office wall.

Smith sat down to wait, and just then Hu Jones, O'Donnell's partner, came in. Seeing Smith there, and apparently angry, he inquired what was the matter.

"Your partner, sir, has deceived me," roared Smith. "He threw me down before Judge Hunt. I heard him do it. He submitted my case. I heard the words, 'We submit the case.' Now see here, sir,"—and out came the book, a Webster's dictionary. Smith pointed to the place and read: "Submit. Verb. To yield; to give up." Then he roared: "He submitted my case. He gave it up. He's a traitor, a rascal. But I'll get even with him yet." So saying, Smith made a rush for the wall, seized O'Donnell's hat and danced upon it until his fury was exhausted. Then he rushed out of the office.

"My fiancé told me he loved me more today than he did yesterday," said Lydia Monibags.

"No doubt. I saw him reading Bradstreet's yesterday," said her Boston chum.

The reception given by Baroness W. von Meyerinck on Wednesday evening at her home in Fulton street was a thoroughly enjoyable affair. The occasion was in honor of Miss Maude Fay. Music formed the major portion of the program, and the vocal selections were interspersed with vivacious conversation and delicious refreshments.

Miss Oakland looked at the pile of notes before her and burst into tears.

They were all refusals to her "Old Girl" party.

"I thought all your old schoolmates had agreed to attend," said her mother.

"On the contrary," returned Miss Oakland, again casting her eye over the pile of regrets, "only six of the little sisters, whom I invited to fill up, have agreed to come."

Which shows that the New Woman is still Sensitive on the Age Question.

A GENERAL FAVORITE

When brave King Henry of Navarre
Was wont to journey forth in war,
His servants hastened from afar
With wine to quench his thirst.
And *Jurancon* he drank, alone—
His only wine, let it be known!
Of wines—Chauché et Bon—all own
Your *Jurancon* is first.

The new Board of Supervisors has started out well by selecting Tom Jennings as chairman of the Finance Committee. Mr Jennings has had a training that peculiarly fits him for that important position, and I am confident that he will perform the duties that devolve upon him capably and conscientiously. But the duties are not of the most agreeable character for the city's creditors—and there are many of them—are not easily mollified. The supervisors that are soon to go out of office have involved the city in debt by spending more money than was appropriated for the last six months of their term, and as a consequence there will be the usual deficit at the end of the fiscal year.

"Know thyself," said the preacher.

"Easy to say," said the Englishman in the congregation, "but who's going to perform the introduction?"

The editor of a New York trade paper devoted to men's fashions. which recently attracted my attention, appears to have worked himself into a spasm over misstatements on the subject nearest to his heart, which have recently been published in Boston, under such titles as "The Latest Swell Styles for Men," and "What Men in the Swim are Wearing." He thinks that the writers who deceive people in such important matters, should be compelled to wear stripes behind prison bars. He was particularly grieved over the statement that "men's trousers fit snugly at the knee and flare at the feet." He suggests that such trousers must be made by women's tailors. The men of Boston have been led astray by the statement that the "sack-coat" is longer than it used to be and that "the Tuxedo" is the dress coat of the year. The editor of

Dividend Notices

MUTUAL SAVINGS BANK OF SAN FRANCISCO, 33 Post street. For the half year ending December 31, 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate of three (3) per cent per annum on all deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after TUESDAY, January 2, 1900.

GEORGE A. STORY, Cashier.

SAN FRANCISCO SAVINGS UNION, 532 California street, corner Webb. For the half year ending with the 31st of December 1899, a dividend has been declared at the rate per annum of three and three-fourths (3¾) per cent on term deposits, and three and one-eighth (3⅛) per cent on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after Tuesday, January 2nd. 1900.

LOVELL WHITE, Cashier.

THE GERMAN SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 526 California street For the half year ending December 31. 1899 a dividend has been declared at the rate of four (4) per cent per annum on Term deposits and three and one-third (3⅓) per cent per annum on Ordinary deposits, free of taxes, payable on and after January 2, 1899.

GEO. TOURNY, Secretary.

SAVINGS AND LOAN SOCIETY, 101 Montgomery St —Dividend Notice— The Board of Directors declared a dividend for the term ending December 31, 1899, at the rate of three and sixty one-hundreths (3.60) per cent per annum on term deposits, and three (3) per cent per annum on ordinary deposits, free of taxes, and payable on and after January 2, 1900. Dividends not called for are added to and bear the same rate of dividend as the principal from and after January 1, 1900.

CYRUS W. CARMANY, Cashier.

THE CONTINENTAL BUILDING AND LOAN ASSOCIATION of California, 222 Sansome Street, San Francisco, has declared for the six months ending December 31st, 1899, a dividend of 12 per cent per annum to Class "A" stock, 10 per cent per annum to Class "F" stock, 6 per cent per annum on Term Deposits and 5 per cent per annum on Ordinary Deposits.

CAPT. OLIVER ELDRIDGE, President.
WILLIAM CORBIN, Secretary

A. D. Cheshire, President and Manager — Blair T. Scott, Vice President — W. O. MacDougall, Secretary

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the Trade paper thinks that such misinformation must be given to the papers of Massachusetts by second-rate actors and Western "kings of the dudes."

Richard S. Copley, known far and wide over the United States as the advance courier of great musical attractions, is at present in town with Vladimir De Pachmann. Mr. Copley used to have many kind words to say for the beauty of Californian girls, but during this visit he has not been so profuse in his compliments. It is not that he no longer likes the Californian feminine. Far from it. But he is now a benedict of nearly three months' standing. The bride, who did not accompany her husband on his westward trip, was Miss Cissy Mills of New York.

THE BLESSING and the curse alternate rise;
One day I swear that thou art fairer far
Than the chaste beauty of that silver star
That nightly hangs her lamp in western skies.
The next—I look on thee with other eyes—
The beauty has all vanished, and thou art
Foul as a leper, and thy traitor heart
Seems but a sink of craftiness and lies.

One day my fingers bind about thy brow
The freshest buds of spring, most sweet and fair
The next I cancel every tender vow,
And tear them off, and plant a blister there.
Swayed by the changing moon tides ebb and flow,
So to thy fickle heart these moods I owe.

Society is interested in a series of five symphony concerts under the auspices of Mrs. Phoebe A. Hearst which will be given at the Grand Opera House on the afternoons of Thursdays beginning January eighteenth. The orchestra will consist of sixty-six musicians under direction of Henry Holmes. It promises to be a most successful season. The interest taken in the productions of symphonies has steadily gained since the first series projected by Adolph Bauer at the Tivoli. It was said, a short time ago, that Fritz Scheel would soon return from Philadelphia and would be chosen to lead the new series of concerts. But Mr. Holmes is to be the director.

"There goes a man that had money once, but now he is a broken-down bum and nobody speaks to him."
"Why is he given the overlook?"
"Because he was a member of the Board of Supervisors of 1899."

The American Guild of Organists will hold an examination for the diploma of associateship on January seventeenth, nineteen hundred. Candidates in this state can take the examination in San Francisco; the practical tests being under the supervision of Dr. H. J. Stewart and Wallace A. Sabin F. R. C. O., who will be happy to furnish details to intending candidates. The theoritical papers will be worked here and forwarded to the Guild of Organists, New York, for examination. Entries can be made up to January tenth, nineteen hundred.

The Century problem's dead easy
As easy as Blank's little pills;
A much harder riddle to answer
Is how to get rid of my bills.

The New York society scribes appear to take it very deeply to heart that Miss Mary Crocker is not a prize beauty. They seem sad because they have discovered that the little heiress from California is not an incipient Langtry and that her figure lacks the curves of a venus. The society scribblers seem to fancy that because Miss Crocker was the owner of millions she shonld also number among her possessions a perfect face and figure. Probably in New York the inheritor of millions also receives with his inheritance the gift of beauty. But I will remind the Gotham critic who deigns to pass upon the face and figure of the young Californienne that she is fresh from the schoolroom. It can scarcely be judged now whether she is beautiful or the reverse. At twenty-five she may be numbered among the professional beauties of America. It was the ugly duckling, was it not, who became a swan?

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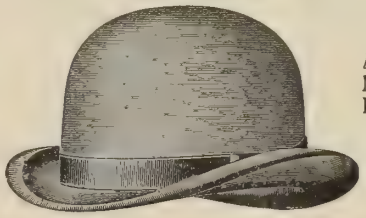

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A New York society paper, which never loses an opportunity to take a smash at San Francisco's Four Hundred, recently made some stinging allusions in a sarcastic vein to existing social conditions to which I referred a short time ago. They were evidently based upon information obtained from one of my paragraphs, which, however, did not warrant the sneering comments of the New Yorker. Referring to the prominence of the railroad set in the swim, my eastern contemporary says:

"They have long been barred from the elect, most of whom boast an ancestry of miners, whisky sellers or restaurant keepers. And the elect naturally resent the invasion. Think of Mrs. Monroe Salisbury—the first lady of San Francisco—the wife of a respectable stage driver and horse dealer, finding herself compelled to hob-nob with the wives and daughters of ordinary railway magnates! This is shameful, and I think the true aristocracy of Frisco should strenuously resent it. It is said that the open-door policy will create no end of social wars before the season is over. There's no use talking."

There is, of course, not the slightest danger of social wars in San Francisco. There are tiffs and tilts occurring every day but they are of no consequence. There is more or less bickering, and jealousies are fomented, but whenever you find people of wealth and leisure commingling for social diversion you will also find dissension. This is particularly noticeable among people whose social status has not been clearly defined. The elect of San Francisco embraces many of this class, but they are given such sway that they seldom have a grievance. Snubbing is practiced to a very limited extent in our so called smart set, the reason being perhaps that where there are so many glass houses nobody has the temerity to begin throwing bricks.

The marriage of Miss Gertrude Forman and Mr. Arthur Brander will take place on January tenth at the residence of James V. Coleman. Miss Lillie Spreckels will be the maid of honor. The wedding will be a very elaborate affair.

It is astonishing how much ignorance of pen etiquette prevails in this city even among those who by every right in the world ought to know better. Especially noticeable has been this lack since the tea-giving habit has become a mania. One of the most prominent matrons in the swim said to me the other day:

"I wish you would say something about the way people respond to tea invitations."

Pressed for an explanation she added:

"I mean there is no need of responding at all. But the last time I sent out cards for a matinee reception quite a batch of acceptances arrived within a few days." To invitations received for a large reception no answer is necessary. While it used to be the custom to send one's visiting card on the day of the function if one could not attend, and to drop a card if one were present, this is no longer the rule. If one wishes, the card may be thus deposited and this is certainly a pleasing courtesy. However, my London and New York correspondents write me that the card custom has gradually been banished in those cities. You go or you do not go to the reception, but no notification of either course need be made.

The dealers in hosiery are hopeful and happy, for stockings are "in." That is to say, no longer is plain solid black hosiery the proper thing. Colored, and very gay-colored hose at that, is worn now by the woman who wishes to be up with the times. When black stockings are worn they are not necessarily sombre, for the lisle thread or silk is woven in open-work. Some of the new black hose is so delicately filigreed that it looks like lace. Plaid stockings are popular and the brighter the plaid the greater the popularity of the hose.

The latest story about the Paris Commission is that there is some dissatisfaction among the members over the prominence of Secretary Varney Gaskill. Varney has been taking such an active part in the affairs of the commission that nobody else has been heard of in connection with the preparations for the invasion of Paris. Even "Ole" Bill Foote has been in the background for several weeks, and of course that will never do. It is against the religion of the "Ole Bills" to repose in the background when there is anything doing in the forefront, and I predict that Foote will be heard from after the show opens in Paris. He is now studying French and expects to be able to speak it like a native when he gets over to the other side.

Brown: When do you think the twentieth century begins?
Cynicus: I don't think about it; why should I? I'll never see the end of it.

Dr. Rodney, the Chico physician who is now in jail on a charge of forgery, has few hopes of getting out. Even his friends consider the prospects of his rescue from state prison very slim. The case was one of the sensations of Butte county a short time ago, and is still kept prominently in the public eye. The physician, who had a large practice, did not apparently lay by anything for a rainy day. I hear that his wife, to keep the wolf from the door, is knitting silk undervests for sale among those able to indulge in these luxuries.

Where is Ambrose Bierce? I suppose he is enjoying a respite from literary work, but where? Several weeks ago, the *Examiner* announced that

Holiday Sale of handsome French "dress hats"—Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

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Bierce had started for Washington to correspond for the paper, but he appears to be spending a long time on the road. A week after the *Examiner's* announcement, Bierce made his appearance in Los Angeles but since then I have lost track of him.

Between the acts of "The Christian" the other evening I amused myself in figuring out a society cast for the Hall Caine play. What a perfect John Storm, from a physical standpoint, would Paul Jarboe make. Jack Casserly would look Lord Robert Ure to the letter, while Fred Greenwood could impersonate Horatio Drake. Mr. Jarboe seems to grow more ascetic-looking day after day. Mr. Casserly, who is as good and patriotic an American as walks the earth, looks more British than a real Briton. Mr. Greenwood is the clubman and squire of dames par excellence. But with the possible exception of Miss Mary Bell Gwin, I could think of no woman sufficiently lithe of figure, with the requisite dash and fire, to fill successfully the role of Glory Quayle.

Lottie: The law's delays didn't cut much figure in the Deuprey case, did they?

Marie: No, nor in the Herold case either, though that was a case of a woman marrying in haste and divorcing at leisure.

The formal opening of the new Hitchcock (formerly Selborne) School took place on Monday, December eighteenth. The new school buildings, which replace those that were destroyed by fire, are beautiful and commodious. Bishop Nicholas presided at the dedication of the new buildings. A reception followed the exercises.

Another young man who was known about town as a good fellow has got himself into trouble. There is nothing easier than to make one's self "a good fellow" with other people's money, It is a vain conceit that prompts men to splurge on misappropriated capital. It is a strange anomaly in nature, this love of ostentatious show, born as it is of a vanity which subordinates self respect to the yearning for ephemeral admiration and glory. Some men like to spend their money lavishly and they pride themselves upon having the reputation of being good fellows. Their exhibitions of generosity are always accompanied by pyrotechnic display, for their prodigality affords them no pleasure if it has failed to attract attention. If they can get that sort of satisfaction without putting their hands into other people's pockets, there can be no serious objection to their stimulating the circulation of coin.

And, by the way, the expose of Borlini's delinquencies shows another financial institution of San Francisco in a very bad light. It is evident that the methods of the American Bank and Trust company are somewhat loose. They are more of a trusting than of a banking character. It appears that there was no particular reason why Mr. Borlini should have quit the primrose path along which he had been cutting a wide swath for several years, for none of the bank officials would have discovered any irregularities if the young man had not absented himself to enjoy his honeymoon. The whole affair is of a somewhat remarkable character. What right had the bank officials or the officers of a surety company to place Borlini under "private arrest?" If he were guilty of a crime it was their duty to report the matter to the authorities. There is such a thing as compounding a felony, and either Borlini is innocent or else certain prominent citizens are guilty of a serious crime.

Maud: How shocking! Nellie is in love with a bartender.

Flo: Where did she get acquainted with him?

Maud: In the drug store where he is employed to mix cocktails for ladies only.

On Wednesday night at the Christmas ride of the San Francisco Riding club, I was struck with the preponderance of the Jewish element among the equestrians and the spectators. The most brilliant riding, aside from that of Charlie de Young, was accomplished by Dr. Rothschild and Mr. Greenebaum. Interest in the club is, I am told, largely kept up by the Jewish members, who are enthusiasts over horseflesh and equestrian feats. While this speaks well for the Jewish members, it does not redound so largely to the credit of the Christian contingent of our swim. A knowledge of riding and an understanding of horses should certainly be included in the curriculum of every person of wealth and leisure. This branch of learning is as much a part of an education as French or German.

Take them as a whole it is our Jewish residents who support most of the amusement enterprises of the city. They are the cultured element. They have their children take lessons in music and the languages. Their money keeps the theatres open. When seasons of symphony and chamber music concerts are proposed their names head the subscription lists. They are the largest patrons of sporting enterprises. They are the most liberal spenders at florists' and confectioners' shops.

Another fact has gone to prove that birth no longer cuts much of a figure in Californian society.

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Once upon a time, even in these wooly western wilds, families numbered among the aristocracy looked with eyes of disdain upon the merely monied. But the times have surely changed. On New Year's day Miss Mary Bell Gwin, a society girl of southern birth, will marry young Mr. Follis, one of the new-rich. As an even stronger proof of the change in society's attitude, on Thursday Mrs. Florence Blythe Hinckley, heroine of the newspaper-celebrated Blythe case, was united to A. A. Moore Jr., a scion of one of Oakland's very inner circle. Not only this, but the bridegroom's mother, noted for the conservatism of her views, will present the bride to the Oakland swim at a large reception she will give on New Year's day.

This lowering of the barrier between the newly rich and blue blooded aristocracy is a sign of the spread of democratic sentiments, and of the development of a wholesome atmosphere in the highest social circles. If Florence Blythe Hinckley Moore gains admission to the set in which her latest husband is a prominent figure, then the most plebeian aspirant for social honors should not be without hope. It seems but yesterday since Florence Blythe, the daughter of Julia Ashcroft, came over from the slums of London to claim the fortune of her father, Thomas Blythe. But it was through no fault of the little English girl that she was born under conditions that were far from propititous and that augured poorly for the gilded happiness that fortune had in store for her. She has been well trained in this country and is in every way fitted for the high social position to which it now appears that she is destined to ascend.

Apropos of the marriage, I was amused to read in the *Examiner's* account of the affair these lines:

> The mother of the child had died before the father, and Florence was in the care of her grandparents on her mother's side.

How quickly are the main features of a celebrated case forgotten! Florence Blythe's mother did not die before the father. Julia Ashcroft was the mother of Florence Blythe and she survived both her husband, Joe Ashcroft, and old Tom Blythe. Julia Ashcroft came to this city with her baby girl and was a witness in the long and bitter contest before Judge Coffey. She alone could give positive testimony as to the paternity of the child. Efforts were made to prove that Joe Ashcroft was the father, but Mrs. Ashcroft thought that she ought to know and testified positively that Florence was the daughter of the Californian millionaire. Photographs were produced to show a resemblance between Joe Ashcroft and Florence and then the other side produced photographs to show that the girl bore a striking likeness to Blythe. These various photographs occupied the attention of the court for several days and Judge Coffey finally decided that Blythe was the father.

And, by the way, now that recollections of the most celebrated case ever tried in the probate court of this state have been revived I am reminded of the fact that Mrs. Moore's name never was Blythe. The most puzzling question that confronted Judge Coffey on the trial was the one involving the identity of the dead millionaire. It was even more complex than those involving the paternity of Florence and the widowhood of Alice Edith Dickason. It was proved that the millionaire assumed the name of Blythe, and attorneys representing various claimants tried to prove that their clients were the next of kin either on the mother's or father's side. It was proved to the satisfaction of Judge Coffey that his mother's name was Savage, that fact being of record in the Hibernia bank where he had money on deposit, and that his real name was Williams. The Williams heirs produced a family Bible which threw considerable light on the subject

Stylish Dress Hats $5.00, Mrs. S. R. Hall, 10 Kearny street.

Jones: I see that Edwin Markham has rushed into print to explain why he wrote "The Man with the Hoe."

Brown: He would interest a great many more people if he would tell us how he managed to live to explain.

There has been much crimination and recrimination during the week between two of the leading dailies. As far as I have been able to ascertain, the bone of contention is in the office of Chief of Police. The *Bulletin* started the controversy by accusing the editor of the *Examiner* of plotting to secure control of the Police Department. The *Examiner* came back with an accusation to the effect that the *Bulletin* had been subsidized by the politicians who were trying to secure an extra session of the legislature. And the battle has been waging fiercely ever since. Meanwhile I. W. Lees is *acting* Chief of Police, and I think that to get rid of him is a matter of paramount importance. Mr. Lees is making a hard fight to hold on to his job, and there are few men that can summon greater influences to their assistance that old Isaiah, but I think that his days are numbered. If the portals of the Poor House were yawning for him he could not make a more desperate struggle to cling to the job that has proved so remunerative. I earnestly hope to see him succeeded by a man who is not on the pay-rolls of the lottery companies, and who will not conduct the department as an agency for a Chicago detective firm or in the interest of bunco-steerers and other crooks.

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Chase
Out the old!
Ring in
The new
And glad year of 1900!
What care I
Whether
The twentieth century
Now begins?
The bells are ringing
Out the old
And in
The new.
What th'otel do I care for the bells?
Merry bells
Or
Any other kind
Of bells?
I'm thinking of the bills,
Tailor bills,
Booze bills
And dinner bills;
My heart with misery
Their presentation
Fills.
Steamer Day is coming
With its
Bills, bills, bills, bills;
And already
I have got
The chills
That the mad expostulation
Of my creditors
Instills.
My room rent's due,
My club dues, too,
And my bar-bills
Fall
Into
Line.
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright,
Knowing that
I'm broke.
All
The accounts that I
Accu-
Mulated in ninety-nine
Are voluminously
Swelling,
And my creditors
Are yelling
For the payment of their bills!
There's that
Bill for violets
At Brown's, the florists.
She
For whom I bought them
Is dead—
To me.
And there's that
Bill for candy. Oh, how that
Girl adored
Chocolates,
Among other things!
And that
Jeweler's bill—
But
Enough
Their contemplation thrills
Me with
Despair.
For, I'm up against it sure.
So, I may
As well
Whoop
It
Up
Good and plenty.
Bartender bring
On
The
Wine.

THE SPORT.

THE FIRE AND THE BOOK

The Lady Journalist was sore distraught. Her beautiful Summer Home had been devoured by the greedy Fire Fiend and as she contemplated the ruins her grief was unspeakable. Suddenly a Bright Idea entered her frantic soul and reflected itself in her bohemianesque countenance.

The Lady Journalist had recently taken unto herself a Husband and was so busily engrossed with her Marital Duties that she had no time for Newspaper Work, and as a consequence her Creditors had become both numerous and bothersome. She appeased them with the information that she was writing a Book—the work of her life—which would bring her Great Riches.

Hence the Bright Idea.

"Ah, the book!" she murmured. After all, how fortunate that the fire occurred! Now I can tell my creditors that the book—the work of my life—upon which I depended for relief from financial distress, was devoured by the flames."

And thus it was that a fire which destroyed a Home proved a Blessing and a Source of Great Comfort.

THE DUN.

—o—

IT WAS WINE

"My heart is full of love for you," sighed Cholly Gold, as he prostrated himself at Pet Perkins' feet, in the conservatory.

But she had seen him getting away with several quarts of champagne at the Christmas dinner, and spurned him.

She believed his attitude was due to another cause.

THE DINER OUT.

"We give TOWN TALK the place of honor in order to remark its general attractiveness in printing and paper; a thing which many of our eastern contemporaries might imitate to advantage.—Choir Journal, Boston, Mass.

MIDNIGHT REFLECTIONS

THE YEAR IS DYING with its hopes and fears,
Its few faint smiles, its many bitter tears;
Another comes when strikes the midnight hour,
Will Fortune light my path, or will it lower
With Disappointment's clouds? Beyond the power
Or ken of aught of mortal birth to say,
The evil is sufficient to the day.
And they, I ween, are happiest who defy
Sunshine or shadow, bright or cloudy sky,
And to the future look with calm philosophy.

BRONTROSE.

The Glad New Year

ABOUT one o'clock on New Year's morning Lenox found himself alone. He had become disconnected in some manner from the group of merry companions who had been seeing the old year out in hilarious style. He no longer felt on his arm the soft touch of a fair hand. Though he listened for a moment in the darkness, hoping to hear the swish of her petticoats, no pleasing frou-frou from silken skirt reached his strained auditory nerve.

Lenox still carried in his hand an empty champagne bottle. Thrust forth from his pocket was the horn with which he had been awaking the echoes but a short time before. The din of bells and horns was already dying out. The New Year was well in.

Nineteen hundred! The twentieth century!

A carriage rolled by and Lenox caught a glimpse of the occupants. There was a man, fair and distingué looking; a woman, fairer still and appearing pale and fragile smothered as she was in furs; and a young girl of perhaps fifteen years.

Lenox shrank back into the shadow, but he need not have feared. They did not see him.

Once upon a time Lenox had been nearer to that fragile woman than was the fair and distingué looking man who now rode with her. Lenox had been instrumental in bringing that young girl into the world.

How vile, contrasted with the purity and innocence written on that young girl's face, seemed the life Lenox was living. How for an instant could he have tolerated the companionship of that woman the touch of whose soft fingers still lingered on his arm? The memory of some of the stories they had told at the midnight supper came back to him. He remembered some of the jests they had made over the lighted punch bowl. He had laughed at them then, but with the thought of that young girl, his own daughter, blushes rose to the hardened cheeks from which they had long been strangers.

The new year—the day when men were permitted to cast off the sins of the old twelvemonth and begin anew.

Lenox thought of that first false step he had made. That was long ago. He had committed the crime for her sake, for that pale, fragile woman, but when discovery came she was the first to leave him. His father had given her money to return to her own people, in the north, and she had gone there with the three children. It was his father, too, who had provided her with the means of living, all these years.

He had committed a crime for her sake—and she was the first to betray him.

His boys must be eight and twelve years of age now, and the girl fifteen. It was the daughter who was always his favorite. She was the first born and she had his own mother's beautiful eyes. She was a Lenox.

It would almost be worth while to brace up and start in on a new life. It would be hard, for such a corpse as Lenox had become in his native city is not easily resuscitated. But to win the right to have that young girl call him "father," to twine her arms about his neck and acknowledge him her parent—that would be worth striving for

The face of the fair, distingué looking man came before him. No doubt She had married again. He did not know. Her home for years had been in the north, and he had never heard one word from her after the courts had freed her from him.

But what if she were another's wife? His children were his own.

By this time, Lenox had reached the door of the lodging-house which was his home He paused at the door of his room. There was a bright light within and the sound of gay voices reached him as he stood without.

The merry companions whom he had lost in the crowded street had searched him out.

The new year—a new life before him. There, within, were the chains of the old drawing him backward.

Out, in the darkness, lay the hard, cold path of strife against the powers that would keep him down.

Between the two lay the other road—death by his own hand. To end it all, to give it all up, was so easy. No one would miss him. His children no longer heard his name. His father would rejoice that the black sheep no longer lived to disgrace him

There lay his duty, up the hill of difficulty. There lay his temptation, in the fields of pleasure. There lay his inclination, in the dark river of oblivion.

He still paused.

Then the door was thrown open. A flood of light flashed upon him.

"Here he is," cried many merry voices

"We have made fresh punch," cried one of the company, "we must drink the new century in with éclat."

A soft, white hand was laid upon Lenox's arm and he was dragged into the room. —THE PESSIMIST.

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LASH'S KIDNEY AND LIVER BITTERS
BETTER THAN PILLS.

NEW YEAR'S—1900.

I'll drink no more of luscious liquor,
I'll play no more at gay old golf,
And if my resolutions flicker
I'll *then* swear off from swearing off.

—THE CHAPPIE.

—o—

THE HEATHEN.

[WITH APOLOGIES TO HALL CAINE]

ACT III, showing the apartment of Fury Frail, a beautiful vaudeville artist.

Enter Dolly Dove, in pale blue silk gown, with white apron fancifully trimmed, and with her sewing in her hand.

Miss Frail (who is sitting before the fire, gazing moodily into the flames): What are you sewing, Dolly dear?

Dolly (bursting into tears, and holding up a flannel nightie in miniature): Don't ask me.

Fury (turning around fiercely): Tell me his name.

Dolly (weeping bitterly): Lord Covert Cure.

Fury (stamping her foot and tearing her hair): Villain! And you a trained nurse, too. You ought to have been more careful.

Exit Dolly, examining with interest a large solitaire on her third finger.

Enter Lt. John Tempest of the Salvation Army.

Tempest: Oh, Fury, why cannot I forget you?

Fury (sinking down at his feet): Oh, because you can't, I suppose.

Tempest (reaching for an umbrella but compromising on the poker): Recite me a verse of "The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck," Fury. Be a good girl.

Fury (going to the mirror over the mantel and carefully disarranging her red curls, at the same time loosening the top hook of her gown): Come and kiss me, John.

Tempest (holding up the poker): Recite for me, Fury.

Fury (casting herself upon a divan and whirling around in serpentine gyrations): Oh, John kiss me.

Tempest (throwing aside the poker and making for the divan): Oh, *Fury*!

ACT IV, showing interior of Salvation Army hall. Great noise heard without.

Enter John Tempest and Brother Peter.

Peter: I shall kill Lord Covert when I see him.

Tempest: No, let me reason with him.

Exit Brother Peter. Enter Lord Covert.

Tempest: I am quite sure Dolly will be a nice wife for you, Cure.

Covert (laughing heartily): Well, I am quite as positive that she would suit you better.

Tempest: I think the bishop would be willing to perform the ceremony.

Covert: Bishop be hanged. Dolly and I never talked of ceremonies.

Tempest: You took advantage of an innocent girl.

Covert (laughing with more zest than before): Did you couple that adjective with the name of a hospital nurse? Good-by, Tempest, wish I could oblige you; sorry can't; good-day.

Exit Covert. Enter Fury.

Fury: Oh, John, hear that noise without. They want your blood.

Tempest: Don't let it worry you. It is only my Sunday school scholars; they can be pacified with pennies.

Exit John. Enter Horatio Fake.

Horatio: I wish to tell you, Fury, that I love you If there is no other road to your favor than holy matrimony, why then I am ready to marry you.

Fury: Thanks awfully, but I love another.

Horatio: If that is the case, let me perform the office of a parent and join your hands

Fury: Certainly, here he comes through the window.

Propelled by the mob of Sunday school scholars, John Tempest is forced into the room.

Tempest: Excuse the abrupt entrance, but they would permit me to come no other way.

Fury: Mr. Fake, whom I have just refused, wishes to give me formally to you.

Tempest: How kind. Now we can begin the world anew together.

Tableau "God bless you, my children," with Horatio Fake in the role of the father.

THE DEADHEAD.

A DREAM

IN FOUR SECTIONS

I.

This burning cannot quenched be
No, not with tears of blood;
No mournful groans of misery
Will here do any good.

II.

From the tenderloin
This is the news: He smokes, drinks and wastes
The lamps of night in revel; is not more manlike
Than a woman; hardly thinks of conscience
And I see there
A man who is the abstract of all the faults
That all men own to.

III.

Thus, hopeless of all remedy
Here dyingly he sinks
Into the jaws of misery—
And seas of whisky drinks.

IV.

A burning lake, a furnace hot,
A burning oven too,
Must be the portion, share and lot
Of those who evil do—
And mix their drinks.

THE PENITENT.

—o—

A FATAL BLUNDER.

"I have reconsidered my decision; our engagement is off."

Rebecca Flamosin's eyes flashed.

"Why this sudden change of heart?" he demanded.

"A moment ago I told you I was ill last night, and your exclamation of surprise was in the form of an interrogatory couched in unpardonable language. No man that says '*Was* you?' is qualified to serve in the capacity of husband to an educated woman."

Van Fleet wished that he could recall those words, but he knew that it would be impossible to mollify the fair Rebecca.

—THE PEDAGOGUE.

—o—

ASHES OF ROSES

FROM ardent-beaming eyes enthrallment shone.
Rose-envied lips invited love to stay.
The fairest flushes from the cheek of Dawn
Were given to tint the perfect-moulded clay.
The perfumed dusk about soft tresses flung
Its rarest shades to crown her loveliness.
She wandered, glad earth's fairest ones among,
A devil guised in God's own perfectness.

—LEAVENWORTH MACNAB.

—o—

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE

ON NEW YEAR'S EVE, long years ago,
Ere Temple Bar was leveled low,
I strolled along the Strand and Fleet,
I mean, of course, the classic street,
Then Ludgate Hill I mounted slow.

I paused in Paternoster Row,
At Amen Corner there, for Oh!
I heard Paul's bells a paean beat
On New Year's Eve.

Their music drowned the Bells of Bow,
In Cheapside near, for such a flow
Of rhythmic ringing, full and sweet,
Did greet me then, it still doth greet
Me through the years where'er I go
On New Year's Eve.

LOUIS A. ROBERTSON.

Dramatic World

COMPACT STRUCTURES of dramatic composition must be erected upon a firm foundation consisting of a certain purpose. That is to say the author by means of his characters must point out his thoughts and ideas and impress them effectively upon the mind of the public. A drama without a purpose or motif is absolutely worthless. It is some time since that San Francisco had the satisfaction of seeing the production of a new drama of merit and it is therefore not surprising to find the theatre-goers crowd the Columbia since "The Christian" began its run here. There is always a demand for good plays here, provided they really deserve the patronage of the public which besides good plays has the right to demand good productions. "The Christian" has the earmarks of a good drama, for it has a motif; I may even say it has two motives. One is based upon the religious and the other upon the worldly side of life: the devout and those independent of religious thought are placed in juxtaposition, as it were. Now in order to make an instantaneous and lasting impression upon the public, the author must choose extremes to carry out his plans. Hall Caine selects for the accomplishment of his religious purpose John Storm, whose ideas are of fanatic fierceness, while on the other hand he chooses Glory Quayle to show the worldly life. He brings her into surroundings whose moral atmosphere needs purifying. Both characters are to be met in life. It is a grave mistake to assume that John Storm is an unusual personage. On the contrary, he is met almost every day, particularly in the old world. He is one of those strict adherents to their faith whose devoutness often approaches the fanaticism of a diseased mind. He is one of those religious monomaniacs who set themselves the task to save souls. They form the extremes in the class termed the ministers of the gospel. Hall Caine had to choose an extreme in order to make an impression, for if he had selected an ordinary, phlegmatic priest of God, he could not have brought out the thought he intended to convey. The author went still further. He did not only ask his character to save souls, but save one particular soul—that of his sweetheart, that of the girl he loved best in the world and whom he would rather see perish than fall a victim to the corruption that pollutes the purity of the world. John Storm represents the good in life—the church—our religion, and Glory Quayle is human. In order to make the picture very striking he chose a woman for this part, as she is the weaker human, and as in this guise the zeal of Storm could be formed and the dramatic situations enhanced. Lord Ure and his associates represent the evil and corrupt. Whenever good and evil stand on either side of man in a drama, it is a moral principle that the man being lured into the meshes of the evil must be rescued by the good. In order to accomplish this result a struggle is essential and this struggle will always be found to be the dramatic climax of the entire action. We find this climax of "The Christian" in the third act, in Glory's apartments. Hall Caine calls it "The Triumph of Love" only another name for the "Triumph of the Good." When John Storm stands over his beloved asking her to say her last prayers because he was the messenger of God and had been commanded to save her soul, and when Glory begs him to remember their childhood days when he loved her so much, this is the decisive moment. Will he kill her to save her soul from corruption or will he fall victim to the prayers of his still beloved friend? His frown does not relax, his attack becomes fiercer and he is on the point of committing an awful deed when fear inspires a happy thought in Glory—she unloosens her hair and displays the child of former days. John cannot withstand this charm but falls helplessly into the arms that are eager to embrace him. The good is victorious. But it seems to me this is rather a weak conclusion of a highly dramatic tension. The staunch clergyman, the fanatic who believes himself acting under the command of the Deity to save that soul which is already becoming soiled by questionable association—no matter how repulsive the action might be, no matter whether it would please the audience or not, the play should end in a tragedy. In the eyes of the world and the church Glory has become an outcast by entering upon the career of a music-hall singer and partaking of petits soupers and race track pleasures. In the eyes of John Storm, the fanatic, her body is lost and he must save her soul ere it is too late. There can be no other solution but the death of Glory which means at the same time her liberation from the net of sin. No matter how virtuous she may have been in the eyes of the church she is judged by her surroundings. The possibility of a really dramatic climax is ruined by an everyday relaxation. It might better have ended the way the novel concludes, with the passing of Storm. J. M. Colville, by reason of his striking physique and resonant voice as well as his declamatory ability, makes an ideal John Storm while Effie Elssler is rather a little too advanced in years and not quite attractive enough in person to give us an exact idea of the bewitching Glory. In the climax to the third act, where she unloosens her hair, she falls flat and is unable to infuse the theme with that passionate abandon which should form its central force. Edward Emery must be regarded as a successful Lord Ure because he plays the part with the necessary nonchalance and self possession which form the main characteristics of a genuine aristocratic villain. Scenery and stage effects are excellent. The performance must be regarded as a financial and social success. Next Monday begins the second week of "The Christian." The next attraction at the Columbia will be the James-Kidder-Hanford star combination.

Grand Opera House

NEVER in the history of Morosco's has anything approaching the performance of "Sinbad" been witnessed. Every complimentary adjective that can be applied to a performance can be used without exaggeration for it is certainly one of the most costly and complete productions seen here for some time. While the eye enjoys the picturesque costumes, brilliant scenery and pretty women, the ear is gratified by delightful music and wholesome humor. To dwell at length on the many charms of this excellent performance with its graceful ballets, superb transformation scene and its inspiring marches would require more space than I can spare today. But I can honestly advise my readers to witness it, as a production of much merit. I hardly know what else to say. These Christmas spectacles all serve but one purpose, that of delighting the eye rather than the ear, and in this "Sinbad" meets all requirements. The theatre was well patronized throughout the past week and many were turned away at the holiday performances. The extravaganza will be retained at the Grand throughout next week and will be supplemented by new specialties. There will be a special New Year's matinee, when the usual matinee prices of twenty-five and fifty cents will prevail.

Orpheum

SINCE the event of Anna Held San Francisco has not seen a genuine French music-hall singer. We have had Cornille, but she was entirely too refined for the occasion and did not come up to the expectation of the chappies. Now comes Fougère and shows us once more the "real thing" in French soubrette work. I understand that her suggestive and risqué songs drove her from New York during a moral wave which struck the metropolis. The sensational hit made by Fougère at the Orpheum shows that our audience appreciate true art, no matter where it may be found. A good French music-hall singer must, after all, be an artist—and an actress particularly. One need not understand the French language to discover that Fougère sings something real naughty. Her interpretation is plain enough. But she does it with such chic and such natural abandon that its riskiness does not become offensive. It is one of those things which elicit the remark that it all depends how a thing is said. Surely Fougere is an artist in the truest sense of the word. Next week's bill includes Billy Price and H. L. Frillman, one of the cleverest minstrel teams in the country, who have but recently adopted the vaudeville stage and have made a hit. They will present a comedy sketch entitled "A Deserted Mansion." The Rosines, comedy acrobats, directly from Europe; Dorothy Drew, a clever comedienne, and Douglas and Ford, song and dance artists conclude the new bill. The hold-overs include, besides Fougere, Thorne and Carleton, La Sylphe, the Averys and the biograph. There will be a special New Year's matinee.

A large audience filled Kohler-Chase hall on Thursday evening, when Miss Elena Roeckel gave her debut song recital. During the past year, Miss Roeckel has made vast strides of improvement and constant practice has accomplished much with a naturally fine organ. Her voice is a deep contralto of most agreeable quality. The tone is velvety and rich. Miss Roeckel sang through a program of eleven numbers embracing oratorio, operatic arias, and ballads. It is unusual to find a singer of such immature years capable of interpreting Handel sacred aria, or such a selection as Rubinstein's dainty "Dew Drop". Miss Roeckel has a very pleasing and graceful stage presence, which adds much to the charm of her vocalism. She received a great many flowers and at the end of her pro-

gram the applause was still so enthusiastic that she had to respond to the encore. She sang "Annie Laurie," giving the old ballad with delightful expression. Her program was: He was Despised, He gave His back to the smiters (Messiah), and "O, had I Jubal's lyre" (Joshua), Handel; Cavatina Tancredi, Rossini; Cantabile Samson and Delilah, Saint-Saens; Habanera, Carmen, Bizet; Dew Drop, Rubinstein; and Haiden-Roslein, Schubert; Ever leal, Marina, Roeckel; Invano, Tosti; La Naranjera, Scochdopole.

California T. DANIEL FRAWLEY has gone into melodrama for good. "Cumberland 61" is a worthy companion to "The Sporting Duchess, and "The Fatal Card." And still despite the shooting, the burning of the bridge and the dark actions of the villain, there are some idyllic scenes in this play. A bright character is that of Pink impersonated by Pearl Landers. This youthful actress shows new accomplishments each time she appears in a new role. It is well known that ingenues are all very much alike and it requires one of the keenest intellects to be versatile. Pearl Landers succeeds every time in introducing something new into her role. Her mischievousness is never brought out in the same manner nor is her deportment imbued with the same characteristics. She endeavors to draw distinctions in the various ingenue roles she assumes and never falls into that bad habit of playing everything alike. I admire originality in any actress and despise imitation. For this reason I believe Pearl Landers will rise rapidly in the vocation she has chosen. The costumes she wears are not only picturesque but they are correct and true copies of the fashion of '61, even to the slippers. Another well impersonated character is that of the widow, by Miss Van Buren, who is becoming more efficient the further the season advances. Her "Missouri widow" is a happy dramatic picture and convinces me of the lady's natural talent. Miss Van Buren appears to be a conscientious worker who studies her characters thoroughly ere she learns her lines, and comes before her audience thoroughly versed in the role she assumes. Harrington Reynolds continues to give the patrons of the California a correct portrayal of a "refined" villain. He shuns all unnecessary violence in the delivery of his lines and deports himself in an unassuming manner. Somehow T. Daniel does not succeed very rapidly in making a reputation for himself as an actor. Somehow or other Mr. Frawley is too hasty in his declamation. He ought to be more deliberate and bring out his phrases with more sedateness. In this manner he could emphasize the various ideas far more effectively. I am sure that Mr. Frawley's acting would be valuable if he would slacken the pace of his declamation. A man who possesses such admirable skill in the imparting of situations and stage direction in general as Mr. Frawley does ought to be able to do some clever work himself. An event of importance at the California will be the first presentation in America of that famous English melodrama, "With Flying Colors," tomorrow night. It is divided into sixteen scenes and was written by Seymour Hicks and Fred C. Latham. It is still being produced with great success at the Adelphi theatre, London, where it begun its run last August. As in all melodramas virtue and villainy appear in extremes in order to produce exaggerated dramatic climaxes, but the manner in which the various plots are interwoven is said to be unique as well as original. Three weeks were consumed by the Frawley company in the preparation of this elaborate piece and the members are cast in roles which fit them admirably.

Music lovers are interested in the appearance of Emma Nevada at the California on Monday evening, January eighth. De Pachman has been induced to give two more recitals at Sherman-Clay hall next week on Thursday and Saturday afternoons.

Alcazar THE ALCAZAR management made an admirable guess at the taste of its large patronage when it selected "Chimmie Fadden" as its holiday attraction. There is hardly anything better adapted to please the entertainment loving public than the fortunes of the American gamin raised and bred in the slums, who has associated constantly with questionable characters and still retains his own honor and virtue. There is a certain satisfaction in being told that good ones exist among evil and hence "Chimmie Fadden" will continue to remain the idol of both young and old. Forrest Seabury grasps fully all the possibilities of Ned Townsend's hero. He uses the Bowery slang in a manner that does not offend your sense of refinement. He does not overact his part nor does he resort to stage tricks which are ever introduced in character parts of this kind. I think Seabury's conception of Chimmie is intelligent and bright and deserving of much encouragement. He has the making of a useful actor in him and if he presents other roles as ably as Chimmie there cannot be any question as to the nature of his future success. Let me include a word of praise for Ernest Howell, who assumed the role of Moxie. He shows indisputable talent in the line of heavy work. To impersonate a villain is not a grateful task, but if properly executed it will pave the way to greater achievements. Mr. Howell displays a leaning toward this class of dramatic work. He controls his temperament, does not let any desire for ranting get away with him and sticks faithfully to the true portrayal of his role. Another clever piece of work is the Mrs. Murphy of Marie Howe. This accomplished artist is efficient in anything that may be placed in her care. A more versatile actress I have never found. Notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Murphy is a depicable character, Miss Howe plays the part so artistically that the humor overshadows the lack of principle and the intoxicated old woman becomes not at all offensive. On the contrary, the audience seems to enjoy her considerably. "The Mysterious Mr. Bugle" will be the next attraction at the Alcazar, with Irene Everett-Hayman in the leading role. The Alcazar's new leading lady, May Blaney, will appear for the first time in "Lady Windemere's Fan," on January fifteenth. She comes direct from London.

Las Lomas Parlor No. 72, N. D. G. W. entertained its friends at a "Nimrod" social last week. Those contributing to the program were Miss Eunice Miller and Miss Hazel Dugan, cake walk; Miss Lillian Gregory, sunshine dance; James Maguire, tenor solo, accompanied by Miss Nicols; dialogue between the ancient and Modern lady and Uncle Sam, Misses Wiedenthal and Curtis and Master Lang; fan dance, Miss Eunice Miller; recitation, Master Slater; song and dance, Miss Georgette Orr; piano solo, Mrs. M. Barnett. The program was concluded with a farce, the characters of which were assumed by Miss May Layton and W. Moller.

Tivoli THERE can not be any doubt that Christmas spectacles should be arranged so that they will be especially acceptable to children, for the little ones ought to have the theatres given up to them at least once a year. The Tivoli has succeeded very well with its holiday production, "Little Bo-Peep." The scenery, ballads and costumes, which after all form the main features of an extravaganza, are admirable. I cannot but compliment Ida Wyatt upon her originality and cleverness in arranging the ballets. The ballet in the first act

is a pretty conceit. It is gracefully executed, picturesquely presented and one of those dainty and bright pictures that refresh your mind and force you to applaud. Another equally interesting creation is the Japanese ballet in the third act. The music and figures work harmoniously together in making a pleasing impression and I was not surprised to find an enthusiastic encore demanded. But the most unique and effective ballet of them all is the rag-time ballet. The costumes are simply dazzling, the calcium light effects beautiful and the scenery magnificent. Old and familiar melodies are played to dainty dance movements and the finale of the ballet consists of a potpourri of well selected choruses from the catchiest coon songs. The effect upon the audience is instantaneous and the applause deafening One of the most elegant transformation scenes ever witnessed in San Francisco is the one by Oscar L. Fest entitled "Butterflies." Dazzling drops, richly attired figures, effective traps and handsome designs form the main features of this scene. But the most gorgeous of it all is the climax consisting of a background of glittering butterflies enhanced by fourteen pretty girls attired in butterfly fashion and moving wings of exceedingly pretty design. It is a scene which will impress itself permanently upon the mind of youth and adult alike. The topical songs are all clever and Ferris Hartman, Alf Wheelan and William Schuster create the mirth of the evening. All in all it is a performance well worth attending several times. In addition to the regular performances at night and Saturday afternoons there will be a special matinee on New Year's day.

WESTERN TURF ASSOCIATION
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Second meeting, January 1 to 13, 1900, inclusive.

Six high-class running races every week-day, rain or shine, beginning at 1:30 p. m.

The ideal winter race track of America Patrons step directly from the railroad cars into a superb grand stand, glass-enclosed, where comfortably housed in bad weather they can enjoy an unobstructed view of the races.

Trains leave Third and Townsend Streets at 9:00, 10:40 and 11.30 a. m., 12:15 12:35, 12:50 and 1:25 p. m., returning immediately after last race and at 4:45 p. m. Rear cars reserved for women and their escorts. No smoking. Valencia Street 10 minutes later.

SAN JOSE AND WAY STATIONS- Arrive at San Bruno at 12:45 p. m. Leave San Bruno at 4:00 and 4:45 p. m.

RATES

From San Francisco to Tanforan and return, including admission to track, $1 25.

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AMUSEMENTS

COLUMBIA THE LEADING THEATER

Second Week Begins with Special Matinee New Year's Day.

An unqualified success.

Liebler & Co. present Hall Caine's powerful play,

"THE CHRISTIAN"

The great theatrical event of the season in this city

California The Popular House. 'Phone, Main 1731.

Commencing Sunday night, December 31st. (2) Matinees (2) Monday, New Year's Day and Saturday Afternoon. (2) Sundays (1) Ending Sunday Night, January 7th.

The tremendous English success,

"WITH FLYING COLORS"

From the Adelphi Theatre, London.

Still Running—With prospects for a second year's run. The biggest production ever made in San Francisco. First performance in America. 24 hours ahead of Boston. 16 New, Magnificent Scenes. Over 60 Speaking Characters in the play. Original surprises.

Tuesday Night Jan. 9th, "The Princess and the Butterfly" Monday, Jan. 8th the great diva, EMMA NEVADA.

Grand Opera House Morosco Amusement Co., Inc. Lessees. Telephone, Main 532.

The Greatest Extravaganza Production Ever Witnessed in San Francisco.

Flatteringly indorsed by the Entire Press of the City, who do not discern a single blemish in it.

At 8 o'clock sharp.

"SINBAD"

Beautiful Ballets. Beautiful Marches Beautiful Costumes. Beautiful Girls. Beautiful Songs. Clever Artists. Funny Comedians. Side Splitting Jokes. Frank King's Magnificent Transformation.

In consequence of the enormous expense of this production the following prices will prevail: Orchestra, first eight rows, 75c; balance of house, 25c and 50c; Galleries, 10c and 15c. Saturday matinee, prices 25c and 50c. Extra matinee New Year's Day. Branch ticket office Emporium.

Orpheum O'Farrell between Stockton and Powell Streets.

Week Commencing Sunday Matinee, December 31st.

Billy Rice and W. Frillman; The Rosines; Dorothy Drew; Douglas and Ford; FOUGERE; Thorne and Carleton; La Sylphe; The Averys; Biograph.

Reserved Seats, 25c Balcony, 10c Opera Chairs and Box Seats, 50c

Regular Matinees Wednesday, Saturday and Sunday.

Special Matinee New Year's Day

Alcazar FRED BELASCO, Lessee and Proprietor. MARK THALL, Manager. 'Phone Main 254

He is a howling hit.

Beginning with New Year's matinee, last week of

"CHIMMIE FADDEN"

Regular matinees Saturday and Sunday.

Week of January 8th - - - 'THE MYSTERIOUS MR. BUGLE"

Tivoli Opera House ERNESTINE KRELING, Prop. and Mgr.

Tonight and Every Evening. Matinees New Year's Day and Saturdays.

The Gorgeous Holiday Extravaganza,

"LITTLE BO-PEEP"

Just the play for the children.

Brilliant transformation, "Butterflies." Clown, Japanese and Rag-time Ballets. Comic Songs, Jokes, Situations etc. etc.

Popular Prices, 25 and 50 cents. Telephone for seats Bush 9.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE

SPECIAL!!!

Thursday Afternoons, Jan. 18th, Feb. 1st and 15th and March 1st and 15th at 3:15 o'clock.

FIVE SYMPHONY CONCERTS

Under the direction of

HENRY HOLMES

Orchestra of SIXTY-SIX Pieces.

Subscription Price for Series, $5, $4, $3, $2 and $1.

Sale opens at Sherman, Clay & Co's, Thursday, Jan. 4th at 9 A. M. and closes Thursday, Jan 11th at 5 P. M.

Seats for Single Concert, $1.50, $1.00, 75, 50 and 25.

RACING! RACING! RACING

California Jockey Club

Winter Meeting, 1899-1900. From December 18th to Dec 30th inc.

Oakland Race Track

Racing Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday rain or shine

Five or more Races each day

Races start at 2:15 P. M. sharp.

Ferry boats leave San Francisco at 12 M. and 12:30, 1, 1:30, 2, 2:30 and 3 P. M., connecting with trains stopping at the entrance to the track. Buy your ferry tickets to Shell Mound. All trains via Oakland mole connect with San Pablo avenue electric cars at Seventh and Broadway, Oakland; also all trains via Alameda mole connect with San Pablo electric cars at Fourteenth and Broadway, Oakland. These electric cars go direct to the rack in fifteen minutes.

Returning trains leave the track at 4:15 and 4:45 P. M. and immediately after the last race. THOMAS H. WILLIAMS JR., President.

R.B. MILROY, Secretary.

Music World

Concerts and recitals not regularly announced in the advertising columns will only be noticed after they have taken place.

TURNING back in the files of TOWN TALK I find in the issue of October twenty-eighth the following statement made by me: "I am not at all backward to accuse anyone of either falsehood or ignorance, if he make either positive statements or insinuations to the fact that any critic signs his name to articles in whose truth he does not believe I do not think there is a critic in San Francisco who would praise a man and sign his name to a puff if he is not fully convinced that in his opinion the statement is based upon facts. However it occasionally occurs that paid articles, instead of being published separately, are included in the regular music department The reason for this is merely a personal favor of the writer and there is no "sale" about the matter. * * * The serious musical columns of a paper are not open to anyone who does not deserve to be mentioned in them, not even if he pays for it and they are open to everyone who is deserving of honest praise whether he pays for it or not. The criticism above the signature of a critic depends solely upon the writer and not upon the business office and when I say this I speak from years of experience in this line of work."

¶ ¶

In connection with these remarks I contended that it is permissible for a critic to attach his name to a notice for which the business office received remuneration, *provided* such notice contains the honest opinion of the critic regarding the subject of the sketch. Some time after the publication of the above remarks H. J. Stewart commented on these ideas,declaring my stand an illegitimate one. I, at that time, thought he misunderstood my statements and on our next meeting I explained the matter to him. The manner in which he evaded my arguments and the nature of his replies to my questions convinced me that he purposely misquoted me and that the reasons for his grievance was the fact that I encourage James Hamilton Howe and Cantor E. J. Stark and because no notice of his new opera, "The Conspirators" appeared in the *Musical Courier*. Notwithstanding these facts I refrained from answering the article in the *Post*. But on December eighteenth H. J. Stewart once more repeated his charges in the following manner: "There are those in the musical profession in this city who appear to think that payment for laudatory press notices is a perfectly legitimate thing. Now, an advertisement in the proper column of a paper is not only harmless but often necessary. But no words of censure can be too severe for those who seek to corrupt the integrity of the press by payment for notices which are presumed to reflect the honest opinion of the writer, especially when signed with his name. Such a system strikes at the root of all honest criticism. Unfortunately, some writers not only accept such commissions as being in the ordinary line of business, but openly defend the practice. Apparently they are blind to the fact that as soon as their position is understood their comments upon musical affairs cease to have any value with the public. Even their honest and unbiased opinions are regarded with suspicion, for, as the poet says, 'the trail of the serpent is over all.' "

¶ ¶

I accept these remarks as referring to me, because no one but myself spoke of these matters in print, and H. J. Stewart told me so himself during our conversation.

¶ ¶

In TOWN TALK of August twenty-sixth you will find a photo of H. J. Stewart's studio accompanied by a notice in the regular music department. I don't know whether or not there was any arrangement with the business office regarding this write-up, but I do know that it appeared Before writing that notice I attended one of Mr. Stewart's recitals in order to convince myself of the ability of those whom he calls his pupils, and finding excellent material I knew that I could express a favorable opinion regarding Mr. Stewart's ability as an instructor (I was then not aware of certain matters which I shall divulge anon). So a few days after that recital I called on Mr. Stewart and told him that I was going to include his write-up in my department. This was all done of my own free will. The business office had nothing to do with it. Mr. Stewart not only did not object to this procedure, but seemed rather pleased with it. That he all at once became indignant and horrified because I treat all musicians alike, irrespective of financial matters, is a riddle to me. Consistency, Mr. Stewart, where is your consistency?

And now let me pass to another matter. I don't deny that I have my faults and one of them is to protest against the censure of those who are themselves not free from blemish. And so I protest against the insinuations and false accusations of H. J. Stewart, because he is not fit to censure me nor is he worthy of bearing the title of critic. If it is not legitimate for a critic to publish over his signature his honest opinion of the work of musicians, is it legitimate to lure away pupils from teachers by promising them church positions? If it is illegitimate for a critic to write favorably about an honestly earned reputation of a good musician (even if paid for) is it legitimate to present singers as your pupils after they have studied for years with somebody else? These are questions which I should like to see answered by H. J. Stewart, the public censor.

¶ ¶

Some time ago H. J. Stewart asked me to publish the fact that Miss Grace I. Davis received a position at a prominent church and desired me to add that she was his pupil. I heard and was positively convinced that Miss Davis received her foundational instruction at the Von Meyerinck School of Music. So I omitted to add the name of the teacher in order to be just to both instructors. Last Saturday Mr. Stewart complained to the office of TOWN TALK because his "pupil recital" was not mentioned by me. There were two reasons for this. First, one cannot expect to receive consideration from those whom one injures and purposely maligns, and secondly, I should not call half of those vocalists who appeared at that concert H. J. Stewart's pupils. As a matter of fact, I know that Miss Alma Berglund studied for years with Francis Stuart and only for weeks with H. J. Stewart. Neither can I discover any improvement, but find her straining her voice, which may be her fault although I doubt it very much. Mrs A. Z. Jennings is an experienced vocalist who studied abroad and is anything but a pupil. Mrs. Eva Tenney and Miss Grace Davis, I understand, have studied with other teachers. Why then should I mention this affair as H. J. Stewart's "pupil recital" or "recital by the pupils of H. J. Stewart?" It would be unfair. It would be an injustice, and that is the plain truth. I despise discussions and hence never commence them until attacked.

¶ ¶

The musical events of the week were undoubtedly the De Pachman piano recitals which occurred at the California theatre on Tuesday, Thursday and Friday afternoons. That De Pachman met fully all the high opinions entertained of his playing by reason of the many eulogies which the eastern critics showered over him cannot be denied, for he proved himself in truth a poet of the piano. The first impression one receives in listening to his recital is the exceeding delicacy of his attack which although womanly in its nature is yet sufficiently broad to recognize the positiveness of the man. As an instance I will cite his pianissimo. Did you ever hear such a pianissimo? Its caressing, dainty, soft quality stands unchallenged in the history of modern pianists. No one can imagine a more perfect interpretation of the musical velvet than this very pianissimo of De Pachman's, and yet you will find a broadness and sublimity intermingled with it which make it altogether different from all other pianissimos. It is

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a creation of itself; something original; something unheard of—a new step in the development of touch. Another characteristic of De Pachman's playing is his attack. There is no crushing force to it nor does it come within miles of those other attacks which are vulgarly termed "thumbing." But it is firm and yet so delightfully tender. In fact everything De Pachman plays sounds tender—almost approaching weakness—and still there lingers through it all strength and breadth. This may sound like paradoxes, but it is the strangeness of De Pachman's virtuosity which inspire these sentiments. He is a genius by birth. He dives into the unknown depths of grand compositions and hauls therefrom jewels of great brilliancy. He tells us by his interpretation the why and wherefore of every phrase. His whole recital is an explanation; a playful, tender, fatherly relation of something worth having, a pianistic lesson as it were, illustrated by marvelous execution. We recognized immediately the capriciousness of the third movement of the Weber sonata and it was not necessary to look on the program for an explanation. This capriciousness became at times humorously realistic and we could not refrain from smiling. His runs and trills are limpid and his entire technic is dependent upon the character of the composition. The fine poetry of his playing manifests itself in the selection of emotional pieces rather than melodramatic creations and his skill in execution is prevalent in the rendering of studies. He plays, for instance, compositions which a student practices daily and makes it thus possible for this very student to receive an idea. I could advise nothing better for a pupil than to attend recitals where he is able to hear those pieces interpreted which form part of his musical education. A man who instructs rather than astonishes is the true apostle of art and De Pachman appears to me a great man who gathers around him those thirsty for knowledge in order to divide with them the lavish wealth with which Providence has so kindly provided him.

¶ ¶

Owing to the special articles in the Christmas edition of TOWN TALK I was unable to devote attention to the concert given by the Musician's club at Sherman-Clay hall on December fourteenth. The program was exclusively devoted to works of local composers and proved an artistic success. The purpose of the concert was to give publicity to two string quartets for which prizes were awarded by Arthur Foote of Boston. One by Alois F. Lejeal received first prize (a gold medal) and another by Chas. E. Pemberton of Los Angeles was honored with the second prize (a silver medal). The work of Alois F. Lejeal was certainly the more meritorious of the two. It contained originality in themes, expressed certain ideas and showed the intelligence and musicianly taste of its author. While some passages were reminiscent, they were made valuable by the judiciousness of their harmonic construction. The quartet is bright and spirited, and its vigor is refreshing. I will also select a cycle of three songs by W. A. Sabin, W. J. McCoy and Oscar Weil as excellent contributions to local musical works. Henry Holmes remarked to the lady who rendered these songs that in London he never heard such good works as these brought out and he complimented particularly the song of McCoy entitled "To the Rain Drops" as embodying the idea of its contents. The rain drops could be heard distinctly and the descriptive powers of the composer were strikingly manifest. A romance by Giulio Minetti for violin and piano received an encore and much laudatory comment for its beauty, and songs by Ad. Locher, P. C. Allen, John H. Pratt and Theo. Vogt were sung with much success. The executants were: Mrs. C. O. Richards, Alfred Kelleher, Fred Maurer, Hother Wismer, Homer Henley and the Minetti quartet.

¶ ¶

From Berlin, under date of November twenty-fourth, Irwin Eveleth Hassell writes me: "Well, I have seen the entire 'Niebelungen Ring' with the exception of the 'Götterdämmerung'. Let me begin with the first performance. The prelude to 'Rheingold' begins with a single note, E flat, way down in the bass, to represent the state of undisturbed rest and quiet at the bottom of the Rhine, which note imperceptibly swells and assumes an oscillating movement like that of the waves; it gradually becomes louder; the swaying of the water almost makes you feel a corresponding undulation in your own emotions. Then the theme of the Rhine daughters swells up in the orchestra, one of the most beautiful themes in the whole piece; the curtain rises and discloses the bottom of the Rhine and the three Rhine daughters swimming; it is all dark—their singing is beautiful. Soon Alberich, a dwarf or Niebelung, comes from a cave into the Rhine, but it is so dark that you cannot see him; a sudden ray of light from the rising sun falls on the gold that lies on a rock and he determines to possess it. The Undines tell him that he who forges a ring from the gold acquires universal powers, but he must first renounce love. He renounces love and snatches away the gold. Then the Rhine sinks and with a most magnificent transformation scene you are transplanted to the regions of the Niebelungs, or gnomes, who live underground and do mining, forging metals and other work. The scenery is beautiful, representing caves under the ground. No one is seen, but the orchestra in the meantime is describing in an unmistakable way the vocation of the gnomes. You hear them beating on their little anvils and indulging in various kinds of peculiar pursuits. At times the music becomes strikingly humorous. Then, after the humor is passed, you are brought once more to the serious side of this world's struggles.

¶ ¶

"The next scene shows us Wotan and Fricka. Herr Bachmann, who takes the part of Wotan, has a deep, rich bass voice, but he is not a good actor and his singing is always the same, so that if he sings much at a time you become somewhat wearied, nevertheless he has a magnificent voice. Then Loge (Herr Sommer) appears. He was the hero of the evening. He is the most graceful man I ever saw, a perfect actor, so sly, so devilish—the very quintessence of the part he interpreted. He has a beautiful tenor voice, as clear and ringing as a silver bell. He represented the god of fire and thus the composer put in his mouth 'whizzing' phrases the fierceness and force of which remind one truly of fire and flames. The next scene is among the Niebelungs. Alberich is there and so is Mime (Herr Lieban). A comical scene ensues. Herr Lieban is an excellent comedian, possessing a fine baritone. His pronunciation is admirable. Then Wotan and Loge enter. Wotan is determined to get the gold from Alberich. During the action Alberich, through the power of the ring, changes himself into a dragon. Finally Wotan and Loge overpower him, fetter him and drag him up a mountain. The following scene transpires on the mountain. Wotan, by dint of force, wrenches the ring from Alberich who sinks crushed to the ground. Then in an impressive scene Alberich curses the ring and all who possess it. Herr Krasa, who impersonated that character, did it very well. After some reluctance Wotan delivers the ring to the giants as their guerdon for building Walhalla. In the last scene Thor alights on a rock and strikes it with a hammer. Whereupon a great storm arises which is excellent but too brief. The thunder and lightning is marvelously realistic. The rain falls in torrents. Thereafter appears a magnificent rainbow which overbridges the stage and on which all the gods and goddesses pass to Walhalla. In the meantime the orchestra plays a most majestic march and all at once the sad song of the Rhine-daughter rises from below, bewailing the loss of the gold. Then amid the sublime strains of the march the curtain drops. Thus ends 'Rheingold'—the first of the ring."

¶ ¶

I have at hand some interesting programs of Christmas services at some of our prominent churches. The first Unitarian church had made especially elaborate preparations. The choir consisted of nine members including Miss Daisy Cohn, soprano; Mme. Louise Barnardi, soprano; Miss Florence Doane, soprano. Miss Adeline E. Birchler, alto; Miss Grace Ewing, alto; W. G. Wood, tenor; Carl Thrower, tenor; J. C. Hughes, bass; Frederick T. Knewing, bass. Arthur Weiss was specially engaged for a cello solo. H. Bretherick was the organist and choir director. * * St. Paul's Episcopal church had also an excellent Christmas program prepared. James Hamilton Howe is now organist and director at that church. The choir consists of the following quartet: Miss Helen Merrihew, soprano, Miss Rosina Rosin, contralto; Arthur C. Lawrence, tenor, and Hugh Williamson, bass. * * The last of a series of three organ recitals by Franklin Palmer, organist of St. Dominic's church, will occur tomorrow evening. The program will include:

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¶ ¶

The junior class of J. Louis von der Mehden Jr's students gave a satisfactory recital at the studio of their instructor last Wednesday morning. The pupils did very neatly and showed marked improvement since their last appearance, which proves that Mr. von der Mehden is an able teacher. It is the foundational work which counts the most in a good musical education and Mr. von der Mehden has successfully solved this problem of fundamental education. The pupils, who were heartily applauded and encouraged, were: Joseph Stark, Leon Beilhes, Elsa Stark, Albert Hubert, Blanche Beilhes, Sheila Smith, Pearl Beilhes, Herbert Gloesser, Mary C. Hayes and Fritz Barkan.

¶ ¶

I have before me the semi-annual announcement of the National Conservatory of Music of New York. I find therein that the semi-annual entrance examinations will occur as follows: Piano and organ, January second; viola, 'cello, contrabass, harp and all other orchestral instruments, January third; singing, January fourth, and composition, January fourth.

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Emil Paur is the director. For the benefit of our local composers I append here the following announcement in full and hope that some may take advantage of the competition:

¶ ¶

Announcement. The National Conservatory of Music of America, thoroughly convinced by the success of its previous concours that through a yearly award of prizes for the best works, American composers will be encouraged and stimulated to higher efforts and the cause of music greatly advanced, hereby announces that for the Sixth Annual Concours the subjects of prizes and general conditions shall be as follows: Subjects and prizes. For the best symphony, three hundred dollars, for the best overture two hundred dollars, for piano or violin concerto two hundred dollars. General conditions. 1. Composers must be natives of the United States, and not over forty years of age. 2. Each work should be submitted in manuscript form and be absolutely new to the public. 3. The merits of each work will be passed upon by a special jury of five competent judges. 4. The National Conservatory of Music of America reserves the right to give two public performances of the works to which prizes shall be awarded, which works shall afterwards be the property of their respective composers and authors. 5. Manuscripts must be sent in for examination to the National Conservatory of Music of America, 128 East 17th street, between September twenty-first and January fifteenth, 1900. Each composition requiring the co-operation of an orchestra for its performance must include the orchestral score. The orchestral parts need only be furnished by the successful competitors. The public award of prizes will be made on or about April fifteenth, 1900. 6. Composers and authors are at liberty to use either their own name or nom de plume.

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DIFFERENCES, by Hervey White. This book gives an episode in the life of a young girl who feels she has a mission. Acting upon this she enters a Settlement House. Full of enthusiasm and schemes for the betterment of the poor around them, she assumes the responsibility of one family, a young workman whose wife being dead is both father and mother to the two little children left to his sole care. Genevieve, the young enthusiast, deeply interested, spends two or three evenings out of the week in the poor home of the man, making clothing for the children while he sits by smoking his pipe and in his shirt sleeves. Warily indeed comes the influence within which she is drawn. Unconsciously fate works its way and finally this young girl, grown up in the midst of refined surroundings and cultured people, with a fair share of what money can give, breaks her engagement with a young man of her own class, when she discovers that she loves the workman, and for him she forfeits home and friends and the heirship to a fine property, to marry the laboring man who has not even risen above his condition. He has much intrinsic goodness but withal is rather a weak character. Indeed the episode of life in the Settlement House determines her future. The story closes for the reader just as they have been married and have returned to the humble little home that Genevieve herself has secured and furnished. They have a girl who had been a nurse in the Settlement to care for the little boy (one child having died). They have all had supper together. The nurse has taken little Joe off to bed. The newly married pair sit in silence and awkwardness. It flashes over Genevieve that perhaps she has made a mistake. At this moment the husband comes to her and taking her in his arms exclaims: "*My own dear wife*!" As the story says, "Then the strong man came to his kingdom." This is the glamour of the romance. What of the awakening? When the importance of little things is revealed, then how about Genevieve? Can the veneering of appearances ever be anything to her but a trial and humiliation? When the habits of the workman confront her patience daily and her whole manner of living is a constant apology even to herself, and with every unconscious vulgarity of the man her love is constantly explaining to her conscience; when the mask has dropped from the fair face of a false and impossible hope, can her natural self longer contend with her *un*natural self? No; faith gives no hold upon such a future and the story of Genevieve in cold daylight must read rather as a warning than an excusable exception. In such a case there is always something lacking in the woman whose heart can lead her to the coarser ways of life when the choice is open to her. Such a union is almost revolting. The story is well written, full of interest, and would be a fit subject for controversy. Much could be advanced from either point of view—and perhaps it may teach its lesson to silly young enthusiasts, who confound goodness with poverty and riches with a wrong way of living. [Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.]

A LOCAL HABITATION by Walter Leon Sawyer: This story is wrought by a masterly hand. Each characterization is in fine relief. Carter, the young newspaperman, starting out to study life in the South End with the purpose of writing a book, is in the end nearly caught in his own trap—the everlasting danger of playing with fire. He is saved by the foolish things that are often as wisdom unawares. Cynicism dashed cold water in the face of young love, the rose coloring fades and he learns the pitiless revelation that sentiment is only a half-bred feeling within the dingy walls of a lodging-house. Jenks is great in his capacity for general caviler at the world's mistakes, and he delights in pointing out pitfalls to the unwary. Cartery is in a quandary (a term for a kind of love) from which he is saved by his own cowardice in the face of acquaintances, particularly his newspaper associates. He has had his experience, he has lived in a lodging-house, made love to a shop girl, and in the end he is the worst for it. As Jenks says. "The taint of Puritanism in your blood hasn't sufficed to preserve you sinless, but it has prevented you from becoming human. * * * 'Unstable as water thou shalt not excel,' he quoted in a tone that was hardened with bitterness. 'Did you ever hear that text? It means a man that flirts with every emotion until he has becomes incapable of a genuine passion; it means you. God hates a wabbler—so do I. To hell with you.' The door closed. Carter finishes his packing and leaves. * * * Yet as he set his face toward the heart of the busy town memory, a conscience, whispers that now he was consenting to losses that outweighed all gains, that he was leaving behind something the years could not restore." [Small, Maynard & Co , Boston]

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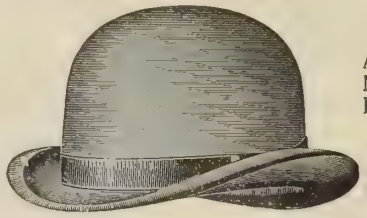

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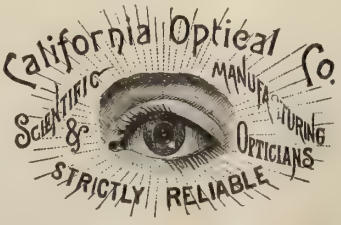

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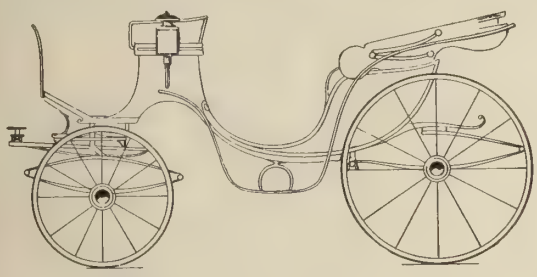

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